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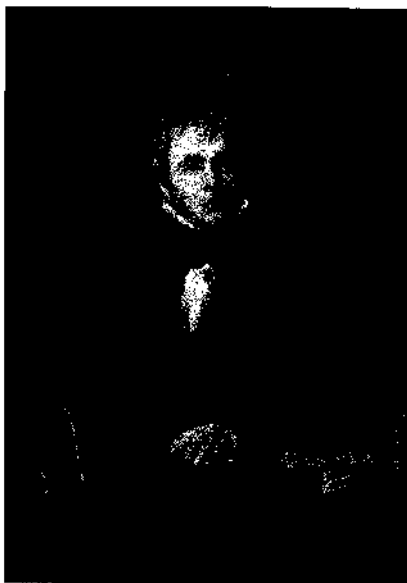
The Edinburgh Edition

CRITICAL AND
MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS
THE EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY

ETC.

EIGHT VOLUMES IN THREE

III



SIR WALTER SCOTT

CRITICAL AND MIS-
CELLANEOUS ESSAYS
KINGS OF NORWAY
ETC.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE

VOLUME III.

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VOLUME VI

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MISCELLANIES.

PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTIONS,¹

[1837.]

IT appears to be, if not stated in words, yet tacitly felt and understood everywhere, that the event of these modern ages is the French Revolution. A huge explosion, bursting through all formulas and customs ; confounding into wreck and chaos the ordered arrangements of earthly life ; blotting-out, one may say, the very firmament and skye's loadstars,—though only for a season. Once in the fifteen-hundred years such a thing was ordained to come. To those who stood present in the actual midst of that smoke and thunder, the effect might well be too violent: blinding and deafening, into confused exasperation, almost into madness. These onlookers have played their part,

¹ LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. 9.—*Histoire Parlementaire de la Revolution Francaise, ou Journal des Assemblies Nationales depts 1789 jusqu'en 1815. contenant la Narration des Evenemens, les Debats, &c. &c.* (Parliamentary History of the French Revolution, or Journal of the National Assemblies from 1789 to 1815 : containing a Narrative of the Occurrences, Debates of the Assemblies ; Discussions in the chief Popular Societies, especially in that of the Jacobins, Records of the Commune of Paris; Sessions of the Revolutionary Tribunal; Reports of the leading Political Trials ; Detail of the Annual Budgets; Picture of the Moral Movement, extracted from the Newspapers, Pamphlets, &c. of each Period : preceded by an Introduction on the History of France till the Convocation of the States-General.) By P. J. B. Buchez and P. C. Roux. Tomes I^{re}-23^m et seq. Paris, 1833-36.

were it with the printing-press or with the battle-cannon, and are departed; their work, such as it was, remaining behind them;—where the French Revolution also remains. And i ow, for us who have receded to the distance of some half-century, the explosion becomes a thing visible, surveyable: we see its flame and sulphur-smoke blend with the clear air (far *under* the stars); and hear its uproar as part of the sick noise of life,—loud, indeed, yet embosomed too, as all noise is, in the infinite of silence. It is an event which can be looked on; which may still be execrated, still be celebrated and psalmodied; but which it were better now to begin understanding. Really there are innumerable reasons why we ought to know this same French Revolution as it was: of which reasons (apart altogether from that of 'Philosophy teaching by Experience,' and so forth), is there not the best summary in this one reason, that we so *wish* to know it? Considering the qualities of the matter, one may perhaps reasonably feel that since the time of the Crusades, or earlier, there is no chapter of history so well worth studying.

Stated or not, we say, this persuasion is tacitly admitted, and acted upon. In these days everywhere you find it one of the most pressing duties for the writing guild, to produce history on history of the French Revolution. In France it would almost seem as if the young author felt that he must make this his proof-shot, and evidence of craftsmanship: accordingly they do fire-off *Histoires, Precis of Histoires, Annates, Pastes* (to say nothing of Historical Novels, *Git Biases, Dantons, Barnaves, Grangeneuves*), in rapid succession, with or without effect. At all events it is curious to look upon; curious to contrast the picturing of the same fact by the men of this generation and position with the picturing of it by the men of the last. From Barruel and Fantin Desodoards to Thiers and Mignet there is a distance I Each individual takes up the Phenomenon according to his own point of vision, to the structure of his optic organs;—gives, consciously, some poor crotchety picture of several things; unconsciously some picture of himself at least. And the Phenomenon, for its part, subsists there, all the while, unaltered; waiting to be pictured as often as you like, its entire meaning not to be compressed into any picture drawn by man.

Thiers's *History*, in **ten** volumes foolscap-octavo, contains,

if we remember rightly, one reference ; and that to a book, not to the page or chapter of a book. It has, for these last seven or eight years, a wide or even high reputation; which latter it is as far as possible from meriting. A superficial air of order, of clearness, calm candour, is spread over the work ; but inwardly, it is waste, inorganic ; no human head that honestly tries can conceive the French Revolution *so*. A critic of our acquaintance undertook, by way of bet, to find four errors per hour in Thiers : he won amply on the first trial or two.² And yet readers (we must add), taking all this along with them, may peruse Thiers with comfort in certain circumstances, nay even with profit; for he is a brisk man of his sort; and does tell you much, if you knew nothing.

Mignet's, again, is a much more honestly-written book ; yet also an eminently unsatisfactory one. His two volumes contain far more meditation and investigation in them than Thiers's ten: their degree of preferability, therefore, is very high; for it may be said: Call a book diffuse, and you call it in all senses bad; the writer could not find the right word to say, and so said many more or less wrong ones ; did not hit the nail on the head, only smote and bungled about it and about it. Mignet's book has a compactness, a rigour, as of riveted rods of iron: this also is an image of what symmetry it has;—symmetry, if not of a living earth-born Tree, yet of a firm well-manufactured Gridiron. Without life, without colour or verdure : that is to say, Mignet is heartily and altogether a *prosaist*; you are too happy that he is not a *quack* as well! It is very mortifying, also, to study his philosophical reflections ; how he jingles and rumbles a quantity of mere abstractions and dead logical formulas, and calls it Thinking;—rumbles and rumbles, till he judges there may be enough; then begins again narrating. As thus :

¹ The Constitution of 1791 was made on such principles as had resulted from the ideas and the situation of France. It was the work of

² Thiers says, 'Notables consented with eagerness' (vol i p. 10), whereas they properly did not consent at all; 'Parlement recalled on the 10th of September' (for the 15th), and then 'Seance Royale took place on the 20th of the same month' (19th of quite a different month, not the same, nor next to the same); 'D'Espriment a young Councillor' (of forty and odd); 'Dupont a young man' (turned of sixty), &c. &c.

the middle class, which chanced to be the strengest then: for, as is well known, whatever force has the lead will fashion the institutions according to its own arms. Now this force, when it belongs to one, is despotism; when to several, it is privilege; when to all, it is right: which latter state is the ultimatum of society, as it was its beginning. France had finally arrived thither, after passing through feudalism, which is the aristocratic institution; and then through absolutism, which is the monarchic one.

'The work of the Constituent Assembly perished, not so much by its own defects as by the assaults of factions. Standing between the aristocracy and the multitude, it was attacked by the former, and stormed and won by the latter. The multitude would never have become supreme, had not civil war and the coalition of foreign states rendered its intervention and help indispensable. To defend the country the multitude required to have the governing of it: thereupon (*alors*) it made *its* revolution, as the middle class had made its. The multitude too had its *Fourteenth of July*, which was the *Tenth of August*; its Constituent, which was the Convention; its Government, which was the Committee of *Salut Public*; but, as we shall see,' &c.³

Or thus ; for there is the like at the end of every chapter:

' But royalty had virtually fallen, on the Tenth of August; that day was the insurrection of the multitude against the middle class and constitutional throne, as the Fourteenth of July had been the insurrection of the middle classes against the privileged classes and an absolute throne. The Tenth of August witnessed the commencement of the dictatorial and arbitrary epoch of the Revolution. Circumstances becoming more and more difficult, there arose a vast war, which required increased energy; and this energy, unregulated, inasmuch as it was popular, rendered the sway of the lower class an unquiet, oppressive and cruel sway.' 'It was not any way possible that the *Bourgeoisie* (middle class), which had been strong enough to strike-down the old government and the privileged classes, but which had taken to repose after this victory, could repulse the Emigration and united Europe. There was needed for that a new shock, a new faith; there was needed for that a new Class, numerous, ardent, not yet fatigued, and which loved its Tenth of August, as the Burgherhood loved its Fourteenth of,' &c. &c.⁴

So uncommonly *lively* are these Abstractions (at bottom only occurrences, similitudes, days of the month, and suchlike), which rumble here in the historical head! Abstractions really of **the** most lively, insurrectionary character; nay, which pro-

² Chap. iv. vol. i. p. 271.

⁴ Chap. v. vol. i. p. 371.

duce offspring, and indeed are oftenest parricidally devoured thereby:—such is the jingling and rumbling which calls itself Thinking. Nearly so, though with greater effect, might algebraical *x*'s go rumbling in some Pascal's or Babbage's mill. Just so, indeed, do the Kalmuck people pray: quantities of written prayers are put in some rotary pipkin or calabash (hung on a tree, or going like the small barrel-churn of agricultural districts); this the devotee has only to whirl and churn; so long as he whirls, it is prayer; when he ceases whirling, the prayer is done. Alas, this is a sore error, very generally, among French thinkers of the present time. One ought to add, that Mignet takes his place at the head of that brotherhood of his; that his little book, though abounding too in errors of detail, better deserves what place it has than any other of recent date.

The older Desodoardses, Barruels, Lacretelles, and suchlike, exist, but will hardly profit much. Toulangeon, a man of talent and integrity, is very vague; often incorrect for an eye-witness; his military details used to be reckoned valuable; but, we suppose, Jomini has eclipsed them now. The Abbe' Montgaillard has shrewdness, decision, insight; abounds in anecdotes, strange facts and reports of facts: his book being written in the form of Annals, is convenient for consulting. For the rest, he is acrid, exaggerated, occasionally altogether perverse; and, with his hastes and his hatreds, falls into the strangest hallucination;—as, for example, when he coolly records that 'Madame de Stael, Necker's daughter, was seen (*on vit*) distributing 'brandy to the *Gardes Francaises* in their barracks; that 'D'Or leans Egalite' had a pair of *man-skin* breeches,'—leather breeches, of human skin, such as they did prepare in the tannery of Meudon, but *too late* for D'Orteans! The history by *Deux Amis de la Liberte* if the reader secure the original edition, is perhaps worth all the others; and offers (at least till 1792, after which it becomes convulsive, semi-fatuous here and there, in the remaining dozen volumes) the best, correctest, most picturesque narrative yet published. It is very correct, very picturesque; wants only *foreshortening*, shadow and compression; a work of decided merit; the authors of it, what is singular, appear not to be known.

Finally, our English histories do likewise abound: copious if not in facts, yet in reflections on facts. They will prove to the most incredulous that this French Revolution was, as Chamfort said, no 'rose-water Revolution;' that the universal insurrectionary abrogation of law and custom was managed in a most unlawful, uncustomary manner. He who wishes to know how a solid *Custos rotulorum*, speculating over his port after dinner, interprets the phenomena of contemporary Universal History, may look in these books : he who does not wish that, need not look.

On the whole, after all these writings and printings, the weight of which would sink an Indraman, there are, perhaps, only some three publications hitherto that can be considered as forwarding essentially a right knowledge of this matter. The *first* of these is the *Analyse du Momteur*, complete expository Index, and Syllabus of the Moniteur Newspaper from 1789 to 1799; a work carrying its significance in its title ;— provided it be faithfully executed; which it is well known to be. Along with this we may mention the series of Portraits, a hundred in number, published with the original edition of it: many of them understood to be accurate likenesses. The natural face of a man is often worth more than several biographies of him, as biographies are written. These hundred Portraits have been copied into a book called *Seines de la Revolution*, which contains other pictures, of small value, and some not useless writing by Chamfort; and are often to be found in libraries. A republication of Vernet's Caricatures' would be a most acceptable service, but has not been thought of hitherto. The *second* work to be counted here is the *Choix des Rapports, Opinions et Discours*, in some twenty volumes, with an excellent index : parliamentary speeches, reports, &c. are furnished in abundance; complete illustration of all that this Senatorial province (rather a wearisome one) can illustrate. *Thirdly*, we have to name the Collection of *Memoirs*, completed several years ago, in above a hundred volumes. Booksellers Baudouin, Editors Berville and Barriere, have done their utmost ; adding notes, explanations, rectifications, with portraits also if you like : *Louvet, Riouffe* and the two volumes of *Me-*

⁵ See Mercier's *Nouveau Paris*, vol. iv. p. 354.

moirs on the Prisons are the most attractive pieces. This Baudouin Collection, therefore, joins itself to that of Petitot, as a natural sequel.

And now a *fourth* work, which follows in the train of these, and deserves to be reckoned along with them, is this *Histoire Parlementaire* of Messieurs Buchez and Roux. The Authors are men of ability and repute; Buchez, if we mistake not, is Dr Buchez, and practises medicine with acceptance; Roux is known as an essayist and journalist: they once listened a little to Saint-Simon, but it was before Saint-Simonism called itself 'a religion,' and vanished in Bedlam. We have understood there is a certain bibliomaniac military gentleman in Paris, who in the course of years has amassed the most astonishing collection of revolutionary ware: books, pamphlets, newspapers, even sheets and handbills, ephemeral printings and paintings, such as the day brought them forth, he there without end.⁶ Into this warehouse, as indeed into all manner of other repositories, Messrs. Buchez and Roux have happily found access: the *Histoire Parlementaire* is the fruit of their labours there. A Number, two forming a Volume, is published every fortnight: we have the first Twenty-two Volumes before us, which bring-down the narrative to January 1793; there must be several other Volumes out, which we have not yet seen.

Conceive a judicious compilation with such resources. Parliamentary Debates, in summary, or (where the occasion warrants it) given at large; this is by no means the most interesting part of the matter: we have excerpts, notices, hints of all imaginable sorts; of Newspapers, of Pamphlets, of Sectionary and Municipal Records, of the Jacobins' Club, of Placard-journals, nay of Placards and Caricatures. No livelier

⁶ It is generally known that a similar collection, perhaps still larger and more curious, lies buried in the British Museum here,—inaccessible for want of a proper catalogue. Some eighteen months ago, the respectable sub-librarian seemed to be working at such a thing • by respectful application to him, you could gain access to his room, and have the satisfaction of mounting on ladders, and reading the outside titles of his books, which was a great help. Otherwise you could not in many weeks ascertain so much as the table of contents of this repository; and after days of weary waiting, dusty rummaging, and sickness of hope deferred, gave-up the enterprise as a • game not worth the candle.'

emblem of the time, in its actual movement and tumult, could be presented. The Editors connect these fragments by expositions such as are needful; so that a reader coming unprepared to the work can still know what he is about. Their expositions, as we can testify, are handsomely done : but altogether apart from these, the excerpts themselves are the valuable thing. The scissors, in such a case, are independent of the pen. One of the most interesting English biographies we have is that long thin Folio on Oliver Cromwell, published some five-and-twenty years ago, where the editor has merely clipt-out from the contemporary newspapers whatsoever article, paragraph, or sentence he found to contain the name of Old Noll, and printed them in the order of their dates. It is surprising that the like has not been attempted in other cases. Had seven of the eight Translators of Faust, and seventy-times-seven of the four-hundred-fourscore-and-ten Imaginative Authors, but thrown-down the writing-instrument, and turned to the old newspaper files judiciously with the cutting one!

We can testify, after not a little examination, that the Editors of the *+Histoire Parlementaire* are men of fidelity, of diligence; that their accuracy in regard to facts, dates and so forth, is far beyond the average. Of course they have their own opinions, prepossessions even; but these are honest prepossessions, which they do not hide ; which one can estimate the force of, allow for the result of. Wilful falsification, did the possibility of it lie in their character, is otherwise out of the question. But, indeed, our Editors are men of earnestness, of strict principle ; of a faith, were it only in the republican Tricolor. Their democratic faith, truly, is palpable, thorough-going ; as it has a right to be, in these days, since it likes. The thing you have to praise, however, is that it is? a quiet faith, never an hysterical one; never expresses itself otherwise than with a becoming calmness, especially with a becoming brevity. The hoarse deep croak of Marat, the brilliant sharp-cutting gaiety of Desmoulins, the dull bluster of Prudhomme, the cackling garrulity of Brissot, all is welcomed with a cold gravity and brevity; all is illustrative, if not of one thing, then of another. Nor are the royalist Royous, Suleaus, Peltiers forgotten: *Acts of the Apostles, King's Friend,*

nor *Crowing of the Cock*: these, indeed, are more sparingly administered; but at the right time, as is promised, we shall have more. In a word, it may be said of this *Histoire Parlementaire*, that the wide promise held-out in its title-page is really in some respectable measure fulfilled. With a fit Index to wind it up (which Index ought to be not good only but excellent, so much depends on it here), this Work bids fair to be one of the most important yet published on the History of the Revolution. No library, that professes to have a collection in this sort, can dispense with it.

A *Histoire Parlementaire* is precisely the house, or say rather, the unbuilt city, of which the single brick *can* form a specimen. In so rich a variety, the only difficulty is where to choose. We have scenes of tragedy, of comedy, of farce, of farce-tragedy oftenest of all; there is eloquence, gravity; there is bluster, bombast and absurdity: scenes tender, scenes barbarous, spirit-stirring, and then flatly wearisome: a thing waste, incoherent, wild to look upon; but great with the greatness of reality; for the thing exhibited is no vision, but a fact. Let us, as the first excerpt, give this tragedy of old Foulon, which all the world has heard of, perhaps not very accurately. Foulon's life-drama, with its hasty cruel sayings and mean doings, with its thousandfold intrigues, and 'the people eating grass if they like,' ends in this miserable manner. It is the Editors themselves who speak; compiling from various sources:

'Towards five in the morning (Paris, 22d July 1789), M. Foulon was brought in; he had been arrested at Vitry, near Fontainebleau, by the peasants of the place. Doubtless this man thought himself very guilty towards the people' (say, very hateful); 'for he had spread abroad a report of his death; and had even buried one of his servants, who happened to die then, under his own name. He had afterwards hidden himself in an estate of M. de Sartines'; where he was detected and seized.

'M. Foulon was taken to the Hotel-de-Ville, where they made him wait. Towards nine o'clock, the assembled Committee had decided that he should be sent to the Abbaye prison. M. de Lafayette was sent for, that he might execute this order; he was abroad over the Districts: he could not be found. During this time a crowd collected in the square; and required to see Foulon. It was noon: M. Bailly

came down ; **the** people listened to him ; but still persisted. In the end they penetrated into the great hall of the H6tel-de-Ville ; would see Foulon, " whom," say they, " you are wanting to smuggle-off from justice." Foulon was presented to them. Then began this remarkable dialogue. M. de la Poize, an Elector: " Messieurs, every guilty person should be judged." " Yes, judged directly, and then hanged " — M. Osselin: " To judge, one must have judges; let us send M. Foulon to the tribunals." " No, no," replied the people; " judge him just now." — " Since you will not have the common judges," said M. Osselin, " it is indispensable to appoint others." " Well, judge him yourselves." — " We have no right either to judge or to create judges; do you name them." " Well," cried the people, " M. le cure of Saint-Etienne then, and M. le Cure of Saint-Andre." — Osselin: " Two judges are not enough; there needs seven." Thereupon the people named Messrs. Quatremer, Varangue, &c. " Here are seven judges indeed," said Osselin; " but we still want a clerk." " Be you clerk." — " A king's Attorney." " Let it be M. Duveyner." — " Of what crime is M. Foulon accused?" asked Duveyrier. " He wished to harass the people; he said he would make them eat grass; he was in the plot; he was for national bankruptcy; he bought-up corn." The two ciuites then rose, and declared that they refused to judge; the laws of the church not permitting them. " They are right," said some. " They are cozening us," said others; " and the prisoner all the while is making; his escape." At these words there rose a frightful tumult in the Hall. " Messieurs," said an Elector, " name four of yourselves to guard him." Four men accordingly were chosen; sent into the neighbouring apartment, where Foulon was. " But will you judge, then?" cried the crowd. " Messieurs, you see there are two judges wanting," — " We name M. Badly and M. Lafayette." " But M. Lafayette is absent; one must either wait for him, or name some other." — " Well then, name directly, and do it yourself."

¹ At length the Electors agreed to proceed to judgment; Foulon was again brought in. The foremost part of the crowd joined hands, and formed a chain several ranks deep, in the middle of which he was received. At this moment M. Lafayette came in; went and took his place at the board among **the** Electors; and then addressed to the people a discourse, of which the *Ami du Roi* and the Records of **the** Townhall, the **two** authorities **we** borrow from here, give different reports.

Lafayette's speech, according to both versions, is to the effect that Foulon is guilty; but that he doubtless has accomplices ; that he must be taken to the Abbaye prison, and investigated there. " Yes, yes, to prison! Off with him, off" cried the crowd **The Deux Amis** add another not insignificant

HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, II

circumstance, that poor Foulon himself, hearing this conclusion of Lafayette's, clapped hands; whereupon the crowd said, " See ! they are both in a story !" Our Editors continue and conclude:

' At this moment there rose a great clamour in **the** square. " It is the Palais Royal coming," said one. " It is the Faubourg Saint-Antoine," said another. Then a well-dressed person (*homme bien mis*) advanced towards the board, and said, " *Vous vous moquez !* What is the use of judging a man who has been judged these thirty years?" At this word, Foulon was clutched; hurled-out to the square; and finally tied to the fatal rope, which hung from the *Lanterne* at the corner of the Rue de la Vannerie. The rope was afterwards cut; the head was put on a pike, and paraded,'—with 'grass' in the mouth of it, they might have added !⁷

The *Revolutions de France et de Brabant*, Camille Desmoulins's Newspaper, furnishes numerous extracts, in the earlier Volumes; always of a remarkable kind. This *Procureur-General de la Lanterne* has a place of his own in the history of the Revolution; there are not many notabler persons in it than he. A light harmless creature; as he says of himself, ' a man born to write verses; ' but whom Destiny directed to overthrow Bastilles, and go to the guillotine for doing that. How such a man will comport himself in a French Revolution, as he from time to time turns-up there, is worth seeing. Of loose headlong character; a man stuttering in speech; stuttering, infirm in conduct too, till one huge idea laid hold of him: a man for whom Art, Fortune or himself would never do much, but to whom Nature had been very kind! One meets him always with a sort of forgiveness, almost of underhand love, as for a prodigal son. He has good gifts, and even acquirements; elegant law-scholarship, quick sense, the freest joyful heart: a fellow of endless wit, clearness, soft lambent brilliancy; on any subject you can listen to him, if without approving, yet without yawning. As a writer, in fact, there is nothing French, that we have heard of, superior or equal to him for these fifty years. Probably some French editor, some day or other, will *sift* that journalistic rubbish, and produce out of it, in small neat compass, a *Life and Remains* of this

poor Camille. We pick-up three light fractions, illustrative of him and of the things he moved in ; they relate to the famous Fifth of October (1789), when the women rose in insurrection. The Palais Royal and Marquis Saint-Huruge have been busy on the King's *veto*, and Lally Tollendal's proposal of an upper house:

'Was the Palais Royal so far wrong,' says Camille, 'to cry out against such things? I know that the Palais-Royal Promenade is strangely miscellaneous; that pickpockets frequently employ the *liberty of the press* there, and many a zealous patriot has lost his handkerchief in the fire of debate. But, for all that, I must bear honourable testimony to the promenaders in this Lyceum and Stoa. The Palais-Royal Garden is the focus of patriotism: there do the chosen patriots rendezvous, who have left their hearths and their provinces to witness this magnificent spectacle of the Revolution of 1789, and not to witness without aiding in it. They are Frenchmen; they have an interest in the Constitution, and a right to concur in it. How many Parisians too, instead of going to their Districts, find it shorter to come at once to the Palais Royal! Here you have not to ask a President if you may speak, and wait two hours till your turn comes. You propose your motion; if it find supporters, they set you on a chair: if you are applauded, you proceed to the redaction; if you are hissed, you go your ways. It is very much the mode the Romans followed; their Forum and our Palais Royal resemble one another.'⁸

Then, a few days farther on,—the celebrated military dinner at Versailles, with the white cockades, black cockades, and ' *O Richard, O mon Roi !* ' having been transacted :

¹ *Paris, Sunday 4th October.* The King's Wife had been so gratified with it, that this *brotherly repast* of Thursday must needs be repeated. It was so on the Saturday, and with aggravations. Our patience was worn out: you may suppose whatever patriot observers there were at Versailles hastened to Paris with the news, or at least sent-off despatches containing them. That same day (Saturday evening) all Pans set itself astir. It was a lady, first, who, seeing that her husband was not listened-to at his District, came to the bar of the Cafe de Foi, to denounce the anti-national cockades. M. Marat flies to Versailles; returns like lightning; makes a noise like the four blasts of doom, crying to us, Awake, ye dead ! Danton, on his side, sounds the alarm in the *Cordeliers*. On Sunday this immortal Cordeliers District posts its manifesto; and that very day they would have gone to Versailles, had not M. Crevecœur, their commandant, stood in the way.

People seek-out their arms, however; sally-out to the streets, in chase of anti-national cockades. The law of reprisals is in force; these cockades are torn off, trampled under foot, with menace of the *Lanterne* in case of relapse. A military gentleman, picking-up his cockade, is for fastening it on again; a hundred canes start into the air, saying *Veto*. The whole Sunday passes in hunting-down the white and the black cockades; in holding council at the Palais Royal, over the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, at the end of Bridges, on the Quais. At the doors of the coffee-houses, there arise free conferences between the Upper House, of the coats that are within, and the Lower House, of jackets and wool-caps, assembled *extra muros*. It is agreed upon that the audacity of the aristocrats increases rapidly; that Madame Villepatour and the Queen's women are distributing enormous white cockades to all comers in the *Œil de-Bœuf*; that M. Lecointre, having refused to take one from their hands, has all but been assassinated. It is agreed upon that we have not a moment to lose; that the boat which used to bring us flour from Corbeil morning and evening, now comes only once in two days:—do they plan to make their attack at the moment when they have kept us for eight-and-forty hours in a fasting state? It is agreed upon,' &c.⁹

—We hasten to the catastrophe, which arrives on the morrow. It is related elsewhere, in another leading article:

'At break of day, the women rush towards the Hotel-de-Ville. All the way, they recruit fresh hands, among their own sex, to march with them; as sailors are recruited at London: there is an active press of women. The *Quai de la Ferraille* is covered with female crimps. The robust kitchen-maid, the slim mantua-maker, all must go to swell the phalanx; the ancient devotee, tripping to mass in the dawn, sees herself for the first time carried off, and shrieks *Help!* whilst more than one of the younger sort secretly is not so sorry at going, without mother or mistress, to Versailles to pay her respects to the august Assembly. At the same time, for the accuracy of this narrative, I must remark that these women, at least the battalion of them which encamped that night in the Assembly Hall, and had marched under the flag of M. Maillard, had among themselves a Presidentess and Staff; and that every woman, on being borrowed from her mother or husband, was presented to the Presidentess or some of her aides-de-camp, who engaged to watch over her morality, and insure her honour for this day.

'Once arrived on the Place de Greve, these women piously begin letting down the *Lanterne*; as in great calamities, you let down the shrine of Saint Genevieve, Next they are for mounting into the Hotel-de-Ville. The Commandant had been forewarned of this movement; he knew that all insurrections have begun by women, whose maternal

⁹ Vol. lii. p. 63.

bosom the bayonet of the satellites of despotism respects. Four-thousand soldiers presented a front bristling with bayonets ; kept them back from the step: but behind these women there rose and grew every moment a nucleus of men, armed with pikes, axes, bills; blood is about to flow on the place ; the presence of these Sabine women hindered it. The National Guard, which is not purely a machine, as the Minister of War would have the soldier be, makes use of its leason. It discerns that these women, now for Versailles, are going to the root of the mischief. The four-thousand Guards, already getting saluted with stones, think it reasonablest to open a passage; and, like waters through a broken dike, the floods of the multitude inundate the Hotel-de-Ville.

'It is a picture interesting to paint, and one of the greatest in the Revolution, this same army of ten-thousand Judiths setting forth to cut-off the head of Holofernes; forcing the Hotel-de-Viile ; arming themselves with whatever they can lay hands on; some tying ropes to the cannon-trains, arresting carts, loading them with artillery, with powder and balls for the Versailles National Guard, which is left without ammunition; others driving-on the horses, or seated on cannon, holding the redoubtable match; seeking for their generalissimo, not aristocrats with epaulettes, but Conquerors of the Bastille !'¹⁰

So far Camille on veto, scarcity and the Insurrection of Women, in the end of 1789. As it is not fit that all our scenes should be of tragedy or low-tragedy, the reader will perhaps consent now to a touch of the moral-sublime. Let him enter the Hall of the Jacobins with us. All men have heard of the Jacobins' Club ; but not all would think of looking for comedy or the moral-sublime there. Nevertheless so it is. Ah ! the sublime of the Jacobins was not always of the *blue-light* pandemonial sort; far otherwise once ! We will give this passage from the *Journal of the Jacobins' Debates*; not as one of the best, but as one of the pleasantest for English readers. Fancy that high Hall, with its seats for fifteen-hundred, ' rising in amphitheatre to the cornice of the dome ;' its Tribune elevated to mid air; Galleries and Ladies' Gallery full; President seated ; shrill *Huissiers* perambulating with their rods and liveries, sounding forth "*Silence! Silence!*" Consider that it is the 18th of December 1791 (free monarchic constitution solemnly accepted six weeks ago); and read:

'The confluence of strangers was so great that besides the new gallery erected for them, the old ones were quite full, as well as those on

¹⁰ Vol. iii. p. 110.

the opposite side of the Hall; and nevertheless a great multitude of citizens who could not find room or admittance on any terms.

'The reading of the announcements and select correspondence was scarcely begun, when the Hall resounded with applauses at the entrance of the three united Flags, of the English, the American and French Nation, which wore to be placed in the Hall; as the Society of *Friends of the Revolution* in London had placed them in theirs.

'Cries of "Liberty forever! The Nation forever! The three Free Peoples of the Universe forever (*Vivent les trois peuples libres de l'univers*) I" are reechoed with enthusiasm by the galleries and visitors: the expression, no less sincere than lively, of that ardour, of that love for Equality and Brotherhood, which Nature has engraved on the hearts of all men; and which nothing but the continued efforts of despots, in all classes, have managed to efface more or less.

'A Deputation of Ladies is introduced; Ladies accustomed to honour the galleries with their presence: they had solicited permission to offer a pledge of their enthusiasm for Liberty to the Constitutional Whig, who came lately to the National Assembly with the congratulation of this class of free Englishmen.

'The Deputation enters, amid the applauses of the meeting: a young Citizeness carries in her hand the Gift of these Ladies, lays it on the President's table, while the Lady-Deputies mount to the Tribune, to pronounce the following discourse.

**The Lady-speaker.* We are not Roman Dames; we bring no jewels; but a tribute of gratitude for the feelings you have inspired us with. A Constitutional Whig (*Wigh*), a Brother, an Englishman, formed, few days ago, the object of one of your sweetest umtings (*etreintes*). What a charm had that picture! Souls of sensibility were struck with it; our hearts are yet full of emotion (*Applause*). This day you afford to that Brother, and to yourselves, a new enjoyment: you suspend to the dome of our temple three Flags, American, English, French.

'*From all sides.* The Three Nations, *Vivent les trois nations! Vive la Liberte!*

¹*Lady-speaker.* The union of the Three free Peoples is to be cemented: forbid not us also, Messieurs, to contribute towards that. Your pure feelings prescribe it for us as a duty. Messieurs, accept a garland.—And you, English Brother, accept another from the hands of innocence: it is the work of sisterhood; friendship gives it you. Receive also, O good Patriot, in the name of the French *Citoyennes* who are here, this Ark of Alliance, which we have brought for our brethren the Constitutional Whigs (*Wighs*): within it are enclosed the Map of France, divided into eighty-three departments; the Cap of Liberty (*Applause*); the Book of the French Constitution; a Civic Crown; some Ears of Wheat (*Applause*); three Flags; a National Cockade; and **these words** in the two languages, *To live free or die.*

• *The whole Hall.* To live free or die!

'*Lady-speaker.* Let this immortal homage done to Liberty be, for the English and the French, a sacred pledge of their union. Forget not to tell our brothers how you have received it. Let it be deposited with the brotherliest ceremonial! Invite all Englishmen to participate in this family act. Let it be precious to them as Nature herself.—Tell your wives, repeat to your children, that innocent maids, faithful spouses, tender mothers, after having done their household duties, and contributed to make their families and husbands happy, came and made this offering to their Country. Let one cry of gladness peal over Europe; let it roll across the waters to America. Hark! Amid the echoes, Philadelphia and the Far West repeat like us, *Liberty forever!*

'*The whole Hall.* Liberty forever!

* *Lady-speaker.* Tyrants! your enemies declare themselves. Nations will no longer battle with each other; startly united, they will possess all Languages, and make of them but one Language. Strong in their Freedom they will be inseparable forever.—

'Universal applauses: the Hall resounds long with cries, repeated by the Galleries and the Society, of *Vive la Nation, vive la Liberte!* The Three Nations! The Patriot Women!

'*M. de la Source, Vice-president.* Since Nature has willed that the world should owe to you its sweetest moments, this enthusiasm of yours with which you fill all hearts shall never be lost, never forgotten in the flight of ages: it stands engraved on our hearts in indelible characters.—(*Then turning to the Deputies of the Whigs*) As for you, Brothers, tell your countrymen what we are; tell them that in France the women too can love their country and show themselves worthy of Liberty; tell them that the union, of which you see the emblems, shall be imperishable as the Free Peoples are; that we have henceforth only one sort of bonds, the bonds which unite us to the Free, and that these shall be eternal as virtue.

¹ *The Whig Deputy.* Mesdames and M. le President, I really am not prepared to make a speech' (how true to the "leg-of-mutton or postprandial style!")—'for really I did not expect such a reception; but I hope you will excuse me. I have written to England, I have described the reception I met with here: I have had answers, but not from our Society, because that requires time; the Society must meet first and then answer.—I wish it were in my power' (postprandially!)¹ to express what my heart feels. This feeling towards you is not the work of a day, but indeed that of a year(!), for in August last, our Society wrote to M. Potion, who, however, assures me that the Letter never reached him; and therefore—¹¹

—and so on, in **the** postprandial style; bringing down mat-

ters to the solid business-level again. Few readers, it is to be expected, have witnessed on the unelastic stage of mere Earth anything so dramatic as this.

We terminate with a scene of a very different complexion, though but some few months farther on, that is to say in *September 1792* ! Felemhesi (anagram for *Mehee Fits*), in his *Verite toute entiere*, a Pamphlet really more veracious than most, thus testifies, after a good deal of preambing :

' I was going to my post about half-past two' (Sunday the 2d of September, tocsins all ringing, and Brunswick just at hand); ' I was passing along the Rue Dauphine ; suddenly I hear hisses. I look, I observe four hackney-coaches, coming in a train, escorted by the Federes of the Departments.

' Each of these coaches contained four persons : they were individuals' (priests) 'arrested in the preceding domiciliary visits. Billaud-Varenes, Procureur-Substitute of the Commune, had just been interrogating them at the H6tel-de-Ville; and now they were proceeding towards the Abbaye, to be provisionally detained there. A crowd is gathering ; the cries and hisses redouble : one of the prisoners, doubtless out of his senses, takes fire at these murmurs, puts his arm over the coach-door, gives one of the Federes a stroke over the head with his cane. The Federe, in a rage, draws his sabre, springs on the carriage-steps, and plunges it thrice-over into the heart of his aggressor. I saw the blood come out in great jets. "Kill every one of them ; they are scoundrels, aristocrats !" cry the people. The Federes all draw their sabres, and instantly kill the three companions of the one who had just perished. I saw, at this moment, a young man III a white nightgown stretch himself out of that same carriage : his countenance, expressive but pale and worn, indicated that he was very sick ; he had gathered his staggering strength, and, though already wounded, was crying still, "*Grace, grace, Mercy, pardon !*" but in vain;—a mortal stroke united him to the lot of the others.

' This coach, which was the hindmost, now held nothing but corpses ; it had not stopped during the carnage, which lasted about the space of two minutes. The crowd increases, *crescit eundo* ; the yells redouble. The coaches are at the Abbaye. The corpses are hurled into the court • the twelve living prisoners dismount to enter the committee-room. Two are sacrificed on alighting; ten succeed in entering. The committee had not had time to put the slightest question, when a multitude, armed with pikes, sabres, swords and bayonets, dashes in, seizes the accused, and kills them. One prisoner, already much wounded, kept hanging by the skirts of a Committee-member, and still struggled against death.

•Three yet remained ; one of whom was the Abbe Sicard, Teacher of the Deaf and Dumb. The sabres were already over his head, when Monnot, the watchmaker, flung himself before them, crying, " Kill me rather, and not this man, who is useful to our country !" These words, uttered with the fire and impetuosity of a generous soul, suspended death. Profiting by this moment of calm, Abbe Sicard and the other two were got conveyed into the back part of the room.'

Abbe' Sicard, as is well known, survived ; and the narrative which he also published exists,—sufficient to prove, among other things, that •Felemhesi' had but two eyes, and his own share of sagacity and heart; that he has *misseen*, miscounted, and, knowingly or unknowingly, misstated not a little,—as one poor man, in these circumstances, might. Felemhesi continues, we only inverting his arrangement somewhat :

'Twelve scoundrels, presided by Maillard, with whom they had probably combined this project beforehand, find themselves " by chance" among the crowd ; and now, being well known one to another, they unite themselves " in the name of the sovereign people," whether it were of their own private audacity, or that they had secretly received superior orders. They lay hold of the prison-registers, and turn them over; the turnkeys fall a-trembling; the jailor's wife and the jailor faint; the prison is surrounded by furious men; there is shouting, clamouring: the door is assaulted, like to be forced; when one of the Committee-members presents himself at the outer gate, and begs audience: his signs obtain a moment of silence; the doors open, he advances, gets a chair, mounts on it, and speaks: " Comrades, friends," said he, " you are good patriots; your resentment is just. Open war to the enemies of the common good; neither truce nor mercy; it is a war to the death! I feel, like you, that they must all perish. And yet, if you are good citizens, you must love justice. There is not one of you but would shudder at the notion of shedding innocent blood." " Yes, yes !" reply the people.—" Well, then, I ask of you if, without inquiry or investigation, you fling yourselves like mad tigers on your fellowmen——?" Here the speaker is interrupted by one of the crowd, who, with a bloody sabre in his hand, his eyes glancing with rage, cleaves the press, and refutes him in these terms: " Tell us, Monsieur le Citoyen, explain to us, then, would the *sacres gueux* of Prussians and Austrians, if they were at Paris, investigate for the guilty? Would they not cut to the right and left, as the Swiss on the Tenth of August did? Well! I am no speaker, I cannot stuff the ears of any one: but I tell you, I have a wife and five children, whom I leave with my Section here, while I go and fight the enemy; and it is not my bargain that the villains in this Prison, whom other villains outside will

open the door to, shall go and kill my wife and children in the mean while ! I have three boys, who I hope will be usefuler to their country one day than these rascals you want to save Any way, you have but to send them out; we will give them arms, and fight them number for number. Die here, or die on the frontiers, I am sure enough to be killed by these villains, one day; but I mean to sell them my life; and, be it I, be it others, the Prison shall be purged of these *sacres gueux-la*." " He is right!" responds the general cry.—And so the frightful 'purgation' proceeds.

' At five in the afternoon, Billaud-Varennes, Procureur-Substitute, arrives; he had-on his sash, and the small puce coat and black wig we are used to see on him: walking over carcasses, he makes a short harangue to the people, and ends thus: "People, thou art sacrificing thy enemies; thou art in thy duty." This cannibal speech lends them new animation. The killers blaze-up, cry louder than ever for new victims:—how to stanch this new thirst of blood? A voice speaks from beside Billaud; it was Maillard's voice: "There is nothing more to do here; let us to the *Carmes!*" They run thither: in five minutes more, I saw them trailing corpses by the heels. A killer (I cannot say a man), in very coarse clothes, had, as it would seem, been specially commissioned to despatch the Abbe' Lenfant; for, apprehensive lest the prey might be missed, he takes water, flings it on the corpses, washes their blood-smear'd faces, turns them over, and seems at last to ascertain that the Abbe Lenfant is among them.¹²

This is the September Massacre, the last Scene we can give as a specimen. Thus, in these curious records of the *Histoire Parlementaire*, as in some Ezekiel Vision become real, does Scene after Scene disclose itself, now in rose-light, now in sulphurous black, and grow ever more fitful, dream-like,—till the Vendemiaire Scene come, and Napoleon blow-forth his grape-shot, and Sansculottism be no more !

Touching the political and metaphysical speculations of our two Editors, we shall say little. They are of the sort we lamented in Mignet, and generally in Frenchmen of this day: a jingling of formulas;—unfruitful as that Kalmuck prayer ! Perhaps the strangest-looking particular doctrine we have noticed is this : that the French Revolution was at bottom an attempt to realise Christianity, and fairly put it in action, in our world. For eighteen centuries (it is not denied) men had been doing more or less that way; but they set their shoulder rightly to the

¹² VoL xviii. p. 169.

wheel, and gave a dead-lift, for the first time *then*. Good M. Roux ! And yet the good Roux does mean something by this; and even something true. But a marginal annotator has written on our copy, ' For the love of Heaven, Messieurs, *humez vos fortuities* : make away with your formulas; take off your faceted spectacles ; open your eyes a little, and look! There is, indeed, here and there, considerable rumbling of the rotatory calabash, which rattles and rumbles, concerning Progress of the Species, *Doctrine du Progres Exploitations, le Christ, le Verbe*, and what not; written in a vein of deep, even of intense seriousness ; but profitable, one would think, to no man or woman. In this style M. Roux (for it is he, we understand) painfully composes a Preface to each Volume, and has even given a whole introductory History of France : we read some seven or eight of his first Prefaces, hoping always to get some nourishment; but seldom or never cut him open now. Fighting, in that way, behind cover, he is comparatively harmless ; merely wasting you so many pence per number : happily the space he takes is small. Whoever wants to form for himself an image of the actual state of French Meditation, and under what surprising shackles a French thinking man of these days finds himself gyved, and mechanised, and reduced to the verge of *zero*, may open M. Roux's Prefaces, and see it as in an expressive summary.

We wish our two French friends all speed in their business ; and do again honestly recommend this *Histoire Parlementaire* to any and all of our English friends who take interest in that subject.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.¹

[1838]

AMERICAN Cooper asserts, in one of his books, that there is • an instinctive tendency in men to look at any man who has • become distinguished.' True, surely: as all observation and survey of mankind, from China to Peru, from Nebuchadnezzar to Old Hickory, will testify ! Why do men crowd towards the improved-drop at Newgate, eager to catch a sight? The man about to be hanged is in a distinguished situation. Men crowd to such extent, that Greenacre's is not the only life choked-out there. Again, ask of these leathern vehicles, cabriolets, neat-flies, with blue men and women in them, that scour all thorough-fares, Whither so fast ? To see dear Mrs. Rigmarole, the distinguished female; great Mr. Rigmarole, the distinguished male I Or, consider that crowning phenomenon, and summary of modern civilisation, a *soiree* of lions. Glittering are the rooms, well-lighted, thronged ; bright flows their undulatory flood of blonde-gowns and dress-coats, a soft smile dwelling on all faces ; for behold there also flow the lions, hovering distinguished : oracles of the age, of one sort or another. Oracles really pleasant to see; whom it is worth while to go and see : look at them, but inquire not of them, depart rather and be thankful. For your lion-soiree admits not of speech ; there lies the speciality of it. A meeting together of human creatures ; and yet (so high has civilisation gone) the primary aim of human meeting, that soul might in some articulate utterance unfold itself to soul, can be dispensed with in it. Utterance there is not; nay there is a certain grinning play of tongue-fence, and make-believe of utterance, considerably worse than none.

¹ LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW, NO. 12.—*Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott, Baronet.* Vols, I.-VI. Edinburgh, 1837.

For which reason it has been suggested, with an eye to sincerity and silence in such *lion-soirees*, Might not each lion be, for example, ticketed, as wine-decanterers are? Let him carry, slung round him, in such ornamental manner as seemed good, his silver label with name engraved; you lift his label, and read it, with what farther ocular survey you find useful, and speech is not needed at all. O Fenimore Cooper, it is most true there is 'an instinctive tendency in men to look at any man that has become distinguished;' and, moreover, an instinctive desire in men to become distinguished and be looked at!

For the rest, we will call it a most valuable tendency this; indispensable to mankind. Without it, where were star-and-garter, and significance of rank; where were all ambition, money-getting, respectability of gig or no gig; and, in a word, the main impetus by which society moves, the main force by which it hangs together? A tendency, we say, of manifold results; of manifold origin, not ridiculous only, but sublime;—which some incline to deduce from the mere gregarious purblind nature of man, prompting him to run, 'as dim-eyed animals do, towards any glittering object, were it but a scoured tankard, and mistake it for a solar luminary,' or even 'sheep-like, to run and crowd because many *have* already run!' It is indeed curious to consider how men do make the gods that themselves worship. For the most famed man, round whom all the world rapturously huzzahs and venerates, as if his like were not, is the same man whom all the world was wont to jostle into the kennels; not a changed man, but in every fibre of him the same man. Foolish world, what went ye out to see? A tankard scoured bright: and do there not lie, of the self-same pewter, whole barrowfuls of tankards, though by worse fortune all still in the dim state?

And yet, at bottom, it is not merely our gregarious sheep-like quality, but something better, and indeed best: what has been called 'the perpetual fact of hero-worship;' our inborn sincere love of great men! Not the gilt farthing, for its own sake, do even fools covet; but the gold guinea which they mistake it for. Veneration of great men is perennial in the nature of man; this, in all times, especially in these, is one of the blessedest facts predicable of him. In all times, even in these

seemingly so disobedient times, 'it remains a blessed fact, so cunningly has Nature ordered it, *that whatsoever man ought to obey, he cannot but obey*. Show the dullest clodpole, show the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul higher than himself is actually here ; were his knees stiffened into brass, he must down and worship.' So it has been written; and may be cited and repeated till known to all. Understand it well, this of 'hero-worship' was the primary creed, and has intrinsically been the secondary and ternary, and will be the ultimate and final creed of mankind; indestructible, changing in shape, but in essence unchangeable; whereon polities, religions, loyalties, and all highest human interests have been and can be built, as on a rock that will endure while man endures. Such is hero-worship; so much lies in that our inborn sincere love of great men !— In favour of which unspeakable benefits of the reality, what can we do but cheerfully pardon the multiplex ineptitudes of the semblance ; cheerfully wish even *lion-soïrees*, with labels for their lions or without that improvement, all manner of prosperity? Let hero-worship flourish, say we; and the more and more assiduous chase after gilt farthings while guineas are not yet forthcoming. Herein, at lowest, is proof that guineas exist, that they are believed to exist, and valued. Find great men if you can; if you cannot, still quit not the search; in defect of great men, let there be noted men, in such number, to such degree of intensity as the public appetite can tolerate.

Whether Sir Walter Scott was a great man, is still a question with some; but there can be no question with any one that he was a most noted and even notable man. In this generation there was no literary man with such a popularity in any country; there have only been a few with such, taking-in all generations and all countries. Nay, it is farther to be admitted that Sir Walter Scott's popularity was of a select sort rather; not a popularity of the populace. His admirers were at one time almost all the intelligent of civilised countries; and to the last included, and do still include, a great portion of that sort. Such fortune he had, and has continued to maintain for a space of some twenty or thirty years. So long the

observed of all observers ; a great man, or only a considerable man; here surely, if ever, is a singularly circumstanced, is a 'distinguished' man I In regard to whom, therefore, the 'instinctive tendency' on other men's part cannot be wanting. Let men look, where the world has already so long looked. And now, while the new, earnestly expected *Life* * by his son-in-law and literary executor' again summons the whole world's attention round him, probably for the last time it will ever be so summoned; and men are in some sort taking leave of a notability, and about to go their way, and commit him to his fortune on the flood of things,—why should not this Periodical Publication likewise publish its thought about him? Readers of miscellaneous aspect, of unknown quantity and quality, are waiting to hear it done. With small inward vocation, but cheerfully obedient to destiny and necessity, the present reviewer will follow a multitude: to do evil or to do no evil, will depend not on the multitude but on himself. One thing he did decidedly wish ; at least to wait till the Work were finished: for the Six promised Volumes, as the world knows, have flowed over into a Seventh, which will not for some weeks yet see the light. But the editorial powers, wearied with waiting, have become peremptory; and declare that, finished or not finished, they will have their hands washed of it at this opening of the year. Perhaps it is best. The physiognomy of Scott will not be much altered for us by that Seventh Volume ; the prior Six have altered it but little;—as, indeed, a man who has written some two-hundred volumes of his own, and lived for thirty years amid the universal speech of friends, must have already left some likeness of himself. Be it as the peremptory editorial powers require.

First, therefore, a word on the *Life* itself. Mr. Lockhart's known powers justify strict requisition in his case. Our verdict *i general would be, that he has accomplished the work he schemed for himself in a creditable workmanlike manner. It is true, his notion of what the work was, does not seem to have been very elevated. To picture-forth the life of Scott according to any rules of art or composition, so that a reader, on adequately examining it, might say to himself, " There is Scott, there is the physiognomy and meaning of Scott's ap-

pearance and transit on this earth ; such was he by nature, so did the world act on him, so he on the world, with such result and significance for himself and us : " this was by no manner of means Mr. Lockhart's plan. A plan which, it is rashly said, should preside over every biography! It might have been fulfilled with all degrees of perfection, from that of the *Odyssey* down to *Thomas Ellwood* or lower. For there is no heroic poem in the world but is at bottom a biography, the life of a man : also, it may be said, there is no life of a man, faithfully recorded, but is a heroic poem of its sort, rhymed or unrhymed. It is a plan one would prefer, did it otherwise suit; which it does not, in these days. Seven volumes sell so much dearer than one ; are so much easier to write than one. The *Odyssey*, for instance, what were the value of the *Odyssey* sold per sheet? One paper of *Pickwick*; or say, the inconsiderable fraction of one. This, in commercial algebra, were the equation : *Odyssey* equal to *Pickwick* divided by an unknown integer.

There is a great discovery still to be made in Literature, that of paying literary men by the quantity they *do not* write. Nay, in sober truth, is not this actually the rule in all writing; and, moreover, in all conduct and acting? Not what stands aboveground, but what lies unseen *under* it, as the root and subterrene element it sprang from and emblem'd forth, determines the value. Under all speech that is good for anything there hes a silence that is better. Silence is deep as Eternity; speech is shallow as Time. Paradoxical does it seem? Woe for the age, woe for the man, quack-ridden, bespeached, bespouted, blown about like barren Sahara, to whom this world-old truth were altogether strange!—Such we say is the rule, acted on or not, recognised or not; and he who departs from it, what can he do but spread himself into breadth and length, into superficiality and saleability; and, except as filigree, become comparatively useless? One thinks, Had but the hog-head of thin wash, which sours in a week ready for the kennels, been *distilled*, been concentrated! Our dear Fenimore Cooper, whom we started with, might, in that way, have given us one *Natty Leatherstocking*, one melodious synopsis of Man and Nature in the West (for it lay in him to do it), almost as

MISCELLANIES.

a Saint-Pierre did for the Islands of the East; and the hundred Incoherences, cobbled hastily together by order of Colburn and Company, had slumbered in Chaos, as all incoherences ought if possible to do. Verily this same genius of diffuse-writing, of diffuse-acting, is a Moloch; and souls pass through the fire to him, more than enough. Surely, if ever discovery was valuable and needful, it were that above indicated, of paying by the work *not* visibly done!—Which needful discovery we will give the whole projecting, railwaying, knowledge-diffusing, march-of-intellect and otherwise promotive and locomotive societies in the Old and New World, any required length of centuries to make. Once made, such discovery once made, we too will fling cap into the air, and shout, "*lo Pæan ! the Devil is conquered;*"—and, in the *mean* while, study to think it nothing miraculous that seven biographical volumes are given where one had been better; and that several other things happen, very much as they from of old were known to do, and are like to continue doing.

Mr. Lockhart's aim, we take it, was not that of producing any such highflown work of art as we hint at: or indeed to do much other than to print, intelligibly bound together by order of time, and by some requisite intercalary exposition, all such letters, documents and notices about Scott as he found lying suitable, and as it seemed likely the world would undertake to read. His Work, accordingly, is not so much a composition, as what we may call a compilation well done. Neither is this a task of no difficulty; this too is a task that may be performed with extremely various degrees of talent: from the *Life and Correspondence of Hannah More*, for instance, up to this *Life of Scott*, there is a wide range indeed. Let us take the Seven Volumes, and be thankful that they are genuine in their kind. Nay, as to that of their being seven and not one, it is right to say that the public so required it. To have done other, would have shown little policy in an author. Had Mr. Lockhart laboriously compressed himself, and instead of well-done compilation, brought out the well-done composition, in one volume instead of seven, which not many men in **England are** better qualified to do, there can be no doubt but his

readers for the time had been immeasurably fewer. If the praise of magnanimity be denied him, that of prudence must be conceded, which perhaps he values more.

The truth is, the work, done in this manner too, was good to have : Scott's Biography, if uncomposed, lies printed and indestructible here, in the elementary state, and can at any time be composed, if necessary, by whosoever has a call to that. As it is, as it was meant to be, we repeat, the work is vigorously done. Sagacity, decision, candour, diligence, good manners, good sense : these qualities are throughout observable. The dates, calculations, statements, we suppose to be all accurate; much laborious inquiry, some of it impossible for another man, has been gone into, the results of which are imparted with due brevity. Scott's letters, not interesting generally, yet never absolutely without interest, are copiously given ; copiously, but with selection ; the answers to them still more select. Narrative, delineation, and at length personal reminiscences, occasionally of much merit, of a certain rough force, sincerity and picturesqueness, duly intervene. The scattered members of Scott's Life do lie here, and could be disentangled. In a word, this compilation is the work of a manful, clear-seeing, conclusive man, and has been executed with the faculty and combination of faculties the public had a right to expect from the name attached to it.

One thing we hear greatly blamed in Mr. Lockhart: that he has been too communicative, indiscreet, and has recorded much that ought to have lain suppressed. Persons are mentioned, and circumstances, not always of an ornamental sort. It would appear there is far less reticence than was looked for. Various persons, name and surname, have 'received pain:' nay the very Hero of the Biography is rendered unheroic; unornamental facts of him, and of those he had to do with, being set forth in plain English: hence 'personality,' 'indiscretion,' or worse, • sanctities of private life,' &c. &c. How delicate, decent is English Biography, bless its mealy mouth ! A Damocles' sword of *Respectability* hangs forever over the poor English Life-writer (as it does over poor English Life in general), and reduces him to the verge of paralysis. Thus it has been said, ' there are no English lives worth reading except those of

' Players, who by the nature of the case have bidden Re-
' spectability good-day.' The English biographer has long felt that if in writing his Man's Biography, he wrote down anything that could by possibility offend any man, he had written wrong. The plain consequence was, that, properly speaking, no biography whatever could be produced. The poor biographer, having the fear *not* of God before his eyes, was obliged to retire as it were into vacuum; and write in the most melancholy, straitened manner, with only vacuum for a result. Vain that he wrote, and that we kept reading volume on volume: there was no biography, but some vague ghost of a biography, white, stainless; without feature or substance; *vacuum*, as we say, and wind and shadow,—which indeed the material of it was.

No man lives without jostling and being jostled; in all ways he has to *elbow* himself through the world, giving and receiving offence. His life is a battle, in so far as it is an entity at all. The very oyster, we suppose, comes in collision with oysters: undoubtedly enough it does come in collision with Necessity and Difficulty; and helps itself through, not as a perfect ideal oyster, but as an imperfect real one. Some kind of remorse must be known to the oyster; certain hatreds, certain pusillanimities. But as for man, his conflict is continual with the spirit of contradiction, that is without and within; with the evil spirit (or call it, with the weak, most necessitous, pitiable spirit), that is in others and in himself. His walk, like all walking (say the mechanics), is a series of *falls*. To paint man's life is to represent these things. Let them be represented, fitly, with dignity and measure; but above all, let them be represented. No tragedy of *Hamlet* with the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire! No ghost of a biography, let the Damocles' sword of Respectability (which, after all, is but a pasteboard one) threaten as it will! One hopes that the public taste is much mended in this matter; that vacuum-biographies, with a good many other vacuities related to them, are withdrawn or withdrawing into vacuum. Probably it was Mr. Lockhart's feeling of what the great public would approve, that led him, open-eyed, into this offence against the small criticising public: we joyfully accept the omen

Perhaps then, of all the praises copiously bestowed on his Work, there is none in reality so creditable to him as this same censure, which has also been pretty copious. It is a censure better than a good many praises. He is found guilty of having said this and that, calculated not to be entirely pleasant to this man and that; in other words, calculated to give him and the thing he worked in a living set of features, not leave him vague, in the white beatified-ghost condition. Several men, as we hear, cry out, "See, there is something written not entirely pleasant to me!" Good friend, it is pity; but who can help it? They that will crowd about bonfires may, sometimes very fairly, get their beards singed; it is the price they pay for such illumination; natural twilight is safe and free to all. For our part, we hope all manner of biographies that are written in England will henceforth be written so. If it is fit that they be written otherwise, then it is still fitter that they be not written at all: to produce not things but ghosts of things can never be the duty of man.

The biographer has this problem set before him: to delineate a likeness of the earthly pilgrimage of a man. He will compute well what profit is in it, and what disprofit; under which latter head this of offending any of his fellow-creatures will surely not be forgotten. Nay, this may so swell the disprofit side of his account, that many an enterprise of biography, otherwise promising, shall require to be renounced. But once taken up, the rule before all rules is to do *it*, not to do the ghost of it. In speaking of the man and men he has to deal with, he will of course keep all his charities about him; but all his eyes open. Far be it from him to set down aught *untrue*; nay, not to abstain from, and leave in oblivion, much that is true. But having found a thing or things essential for his subject, and well computed the for and against, he will in very deed set down such thing or things, nothing doubting,—*having*, we may say, the fear of God before his eyes, and no other fear whatever. Censure the biographer's prudence; dissent from the computation he made, or agree with it; be all malice of his, be all falsehood, nay be all offensive avoidable inaccuracy, condemned and consumed; but know that by this plan only, executed as was possible, could the biographer hope

to make a biography ; and blame him not that he did what it had been the worst fault not to do.

As to the accuracy or error of these statements about the Ballantynes and other persons aggrieved, which are questions much mooted at present in some places, we know nothing at all. If they are inaccurate, let them be corrected ; ii the inaccuracy was avoidable, let the author bear rebuke and punishment for it. We can only say, these things carry no look of inaccuracy on the face of them; neither is anywhere the smallest trace of ill-will or unjust feeling discernible. Decidedly the probabilities are, and till better evidence arise, the fair conclusion is, that this matter stands very much as it ought to do. Let the clatter of censure, therefore, propagate itself as far as it can. For Mr. Lockhart it virtually amounts to this very considerable praise, that, standing full in the face of the public, he has set at nought, and been among the first to do it, a public piece of cant; one of the commonest we have, and closely allied to many others of the fellest sort, as smooth as it looks.

The other censure, of Scott being made unheroic, springs from the same stem; and is, perhaps, a still more wonderful flower of it. Your true hero must have no features, but be white, stainless, an impersonal ghost-hero! But connected with this, there is a hypothesis now current, due probably to some man of name, for its own force would not carry it far : That Mr. Lockhart at heart has a dislike to Scott, and has done his best in an underhand treacherous manner to dishero him ! Such hypothesis is actually current: he that has ears may hear it now and then. On which astonishing hypothesis, if a word must be said, it can only be an apology for silence, —'That there are things at which one stands struck silent, as at first sight of the Infinite." For if Mr. Lockhart is fairly chargeable with any radical defect, if on any side his insight entirely fails him, it seems even to be in this, that Scott is altogether lovely to him; that Scott's greatness spreads out for him on all hands beyond reach of eye ; that his very faults become beautiful, his vulgar worldlinesses are solid prudences, proprieties ; and of his worth there is no measure. Does not **the** patient Biographer dwell on his *Abbots*, *Pirates*, and hasty

theatrical scene-paintings ; affectionately analysing them, as if they were Raphael-pictures, time-defying *Hamlets*, *Othellos*? The Novel-manufactory, with its 15,000/. a-year, is sacred to him as creation of a genius, which carries the noble victor up to Heaven. Scott is to Lockhart the unparalleled of the time ; an object spreading-out before him like a sea without shore. Of *that* astonishing hypothesis, let expressive silence be the only answer.

And so in sum, with regard to *Lockhart's Life of Scott*, readers that believe in us shall read it with the feeling that a man of talent, decision and insight wrote it ; wrote it in seven volumes, not in one, because the public would pay for it better in that state ; but wrote it with courage, with frankness, sincerity ; on the whole, in a very readable, recommendable manner, as things go. Whosoever needs it can purchase it, or purchase the loan of it, with assurance more than usual that he has ware for his money. And now enough of the written *Life* ; we will glance a little at the man and his acted life.

Into the question whether Scott was a great man or not, we do not propose to enter deeply. It is, as too usual, a question about words. There can be no doubt but many men have been named and printed *great* who were vastly smaller than he : as little doubt moreover that of the specially *good*, a very large portion, according to any genuine standard of man's worth, were worthless in comparison to him. He for whom Scott is great may most innocently name him so ; may with advantage admire his great qualities, and ought with sincere heart to emulate them. At the same time, it is good that there be a certain degree of precision in our epithets. It is good to understand, for one thing, that no popularity, and open-mouthed wonder of all the world, continued even for a long series of years, can make a man great. Such popularity is a remarkable fortune ; indicates a great adaptation of the man to his element of circumstances ; but may or may not indicate anything great in the man. To our imagination, as above hinted, there is a certain apotheosis in it ; but in the reality no apotheosis at all. Popularity is as a blaze of illumination, or alas, of conflagration, kindled round a man ;

showing what is in him ; not putting the smallest item more into him ; often abstracting much from him ; conflagrating the poor man himself into ashes and *caput mortuum* ! And then, by the nature of it, such popularity is transient; your 'series of years,' quite unexpectedly, sometimes almost all on a sudden, terminates ! For the stupidity of men, especially of men congregated in masses round any object, is extreme. What illuminations and conflagrations have kindled themselves, as if new heavenly suns had risen, which proved only to be tar-barrels and terrestrial locks of straw ! Profane Princesses cried out, " One God, one Farinelli!"—and whither now have they and Farinelli danced ?

In Literature too there have been seen popularities greater even than Scott's, and nothing perennial in the interior of them. Lope de Vega, whom all the world swore by, and made a proverb of; who could make an acceptable five-act tragedy in almost as many hours ; the greatest of all popularities past or present, and perhaps one of the greatest men that ever ranked among popularities : Lope himself, so radiant, far-shining, has not proved to be a sun or star of the firmament; but is as good as lost and gone out; or plays at best in the eyes of some few as a vague aurora-borealis, and brilliant ineffectuahty. The great man of Spain sat obscure at the time, all dark and poor, a maimed soldier; writing his *Don Quixote* in prison. And Lope's fate withal was sad, his popularity perhaps a curse to him ; for in this man there was something ethereal too, a divine particle traceable in few other popular men ; and such far-shining diffusion of himself, though all the world swore by it, would do nothing for the true life of him even while he lived : he had to creep into a convent, into a monk's cowl, and learn, with infinite sorrow, that his blessedness had lain elsewhere ; that when a man's life feels itself to be sick and an error, no voting of bystanders can make it well and a truth again.

Or coming down to our own times, was not August Kotzebue popular ? Kotzebue, not so many years since, saw himself, if rumour and hand-clapping could be credited, the greatest man going; saw visibly his Thoughts, dressed-out in plush and pasteboard, permeating and perambulating civilised Eu-

rope; the most iron visages weeping with him, in all theatres from Cadiz to Kamtchatka; his own 'astonishing genius' meanwhile producing two tragedies or so per month : he, on the whole, blazed high enough : he too has gone out into Night and *Orcus*, and already is not. We will omit this of popularity altogether; and account it as making simply nothing towards Scott's greatness or non-greatness, as an accident, not a quality.

Shorn of this falsifying *nimbus*, and reduced to his own natural dimensions, there remains the reality, Walter Scott, and what we can find in him : to be accounted great, or not great, according to the dialects of men. Friends to precision of epithet will probably deny his title to the name 'great.' It seems to us there goes other stuff to the making of great men than can be detected here. One knows not what idea worthy of the name of great, what purpose, instinct or tendency, that could be called great, Scott ever was inspired with. His life was worldly ; his ambitions were worldly. There is nothing spiritual in him; all is economical, material, of the earth earthy. A love of picturesque, of beautiful, vigorous and graceful things; a genuine love, yet not more genuine than has dwelt in hundreds of men named minor poets : this is the highest quality to be discerned in him.

His power of representing these things, too, his poetic power, like his moral power, was a genius *in extenso*, as we may say, not *in intenso*. In action, in speculation, *broad* as he was, he rose nowhere high; productive without measure as to quantity, in quality he for the most part transcended but a little way the region of commonplace. It has been said, 'no man has written as many volumes with so few sentences that can be quoted.' Winged words were not his vocation ; nothing urged him that way: the great Mystery of Existence was not great to him ; did not drive him into rocky solitudes to wrestle with it for an answer, to be answered or to perish. He had nothing of the martyr ; into no 'dark region to slay monsters for us,' did he, either led or driven, venture down : his conquests were for his own behoof mainly, conquests over common market-labour, and reckonable in good metallic coin of the realm. The thing he had faith in, except power, power

of what sort soever, and even of the rudest sort, would be difficult to point out. One sees not that he believed in anything ; nay he did not even disbelieve ; but quietly acquiesced, and made himself at home in a world of conventionalities; the false, the semi-false and the true were alike true in this, that they were there, and had power in their hands more or less. It was well to feel so; and yet not well! We find it written, 'Woe to them that are at ease in Zion;' but surely it is a double woe to them that are at ease in Babel, in Dom-daniel. On the other hand, he wrote many volumes, amusing many thousands of men. Shall we call this great ? It seems to us there dwells and struggles another sort of spirit in the inward parts of great men !

Brother Ringletub, the missionary, inquired of Ram-Dass, a Hindoo man-god, who had set up for godhood lately, What he meant to do, then, with the sins of mankind ? To which Ram-Dass at once answered, He had fire *enough in his belly* to burn-up all the sins in the world. Ram-Dass was right so far, and had a spice of sense in him ; for surely it is the test of every divine man this same, and without it he is not divine or great,—that he *have* fire in him to burn-up somewhat of the sins of the world, of the miseries and errors of the world : why else is he there ? Far be it from us to say that a great man must needs, with benevolence prepense, become a ' friend of humanity;' nay that such professional self-conscious friends of humanity are not the fatalest kind of persons to be met with in our day. All greatness is unconscious, or it is little and nought. And yet a great man without *such* fire in him, burning dim or developed, as a divine behest in his heart of hearts, never resting till it be fulfilled, were a solecism in Nature. A great man is ever, as the Transcendentalists speak, possessed with an *idea*.

Napoleon himself, not the superfinest of great men, and ballasted sufficiently with prudences and egoisms, had nevertheless, as is clear enough, an idea to start with: the idea that Democracy was the Cause of Man, the right and infinite Cause. Accordingly he made himself • the armed Soldier of Democracy ;' and did vindicate it in a rather great manner. Nay, to the very last, he had a kind of idea ; that, namely, of ' *La*

' *carriere ouverte aux talens*, The tools to him that can handle • them ;' really one of the best ideas yet promulgated on that matter, or rather the one true central idea, towards which all the others, if they tend anywhither, must tend. Unhappily it was in the military province only that Napoleon could realise this idea of his, being forced to fight for himself the while : before he got it tried to any extent in the civil province of things, his head by much victory grew light (no head can stand more than its quantity); and he lost head, as they say, and became a selfish ambitionist and quack, and was hurled out; leaving his idea to be realised, in the civil province of things, by others! Thus was Napoleon; thus are all great men : children of the idea; or, in Ram-Dass's phraseology, furnished with fire to burn-up the miseries of men. Conscious or unconscious, latent or unfolded, there is small vestige of any such fire being extant in the inner-man of Scott.

Yet on the other hand, the surliest critic must allow that Scott was a genuine man, which itself is a great matter. No affectation, fantasticality or distortion dwelt in him ; no shadow of cant. Nay withal, was he not a right brave and strong man, according to his kind ? What a load of toil, what a measure of felicity, he quietly bore along with him ; with what quiet strength he both worked on this earth, and enjoyed in it; invincible to evil fortune and to good ! A most composed invincible man; in difficulty and distress knowing no discouragement, Samson-like carrying off on his strong Samson-shoulders the gates that would imprison him ; in danger and menace laughing at the whisper of fear. And then, with such a sunny current of true humour and humanity, a free joyful sympathy with so many things ; what of fire he had all lying so beautifully *latent*, as radical latent heat, as fruitful internal warmth of life ; a most robust, healthy man ! The truth is, our best definition of Scott were perhaps even this, that he was, if no great man, then something much pleasanter to be, a robust, thoroughly healthy and withal very prosperous and victorious man. An eminently well-conditioned man, healthy in body, healthy in soul; we will call him one of the *healthiest* of men.

Neither is this a small matter: health is a great matter, both to the possessor of it and to others. On the whole, that

humorist in the Moral Essay was not so far out, who determined on honouring health only ; and so instead of humbling himself to the high-born, to the rich and well-dressed, insisted on doffing hat to the healthy : coroneted carriages with pale faces in them passed by as failures, miserable and lamentable; trucks with ruddy-cheeked strength dragging at them were greeted as successful and venerable. For does not health mean harmony, the synonym of all that is true, justly-ordered, good; is it not, in some sense, the net-total, as shown by experiment, of whatever worth is in us ? The healthy man is the most meritorious product of Nature so far as he goes. A healthy body is good; but a soul in right health,—it is the thing beyond all others to be prayed for; the blessedest thing this earth receives of Heaven. Without artificial medicament of philosophy, or tight-lacing of creeds (always very questionable), the healthy soul discerns what is good, and adheres to it, and retains it; discerns what is bad, and spontaneously casts it off. An instinct from Nature herself, like that which guides the wild animals of the forest to their food, shows him what he shall do, what he shall abstain from. The false and foreign will not adhere to him; cant and all fantastic diseased incrustations are impossible;—as Walker the *Original*, in such eminence of health was *he* for his part, *could* not, by much abstinence from soap-and-water, attain to a dirty face ! This thing thou canst work with and profit by, this thing is substantial and worthy; that other thing thou canst not work with, it is trivial and inapt: so speaks unerringly the inward monition of the man's whole nature. No need of logic to prove the most argumentative absurdity absurd; as Goethe says of himself, 'all this ran down from me like water from a man in wax-cloth dress.' Blessed is the healthy nature; it is the coherent, sweetly cooperative, not incoherent, self-distracting, self-destructive one ! In the harmonious adjustment and play of all the faculties, the just balance of oneself gives a just feeling towards all men and all things. Glad light from within radiates outwards, and enlightens and embellishes.

Now all this can be predicated of Walter Scott, and of no British literary man that we remember in these days, to any such extent,—if it be not perhaps of one, the most opposite

imaginable to Scott, but his equal in this quality and what holds of it: William Cobbett! Nay there are other similarities, widely different as they two look; nor be the comparison disparaging to Scott: for Cobbett also, as the pattern John Bull of his century, strong as the rhinoceros, and with singular humanities and genialities shining through his thick skin, is a most brave phenomenon. So bounteous was Nature to us; in the sickliest of recorded ages, when British Literature lay all puking and sprawling in Werterism, Byronism, and other Sentimentalism tearful or spasmodic (fruit of internal *wind*), Nature was kind enough to send us two healthy Men, of whom she might still say, not without pride, "These also were made in England; such limbs do I still make there!" It is one of the cheerfulest sights, let the question of its greatness be settled as you will. A healthy nature may or may not be great; but there is no great nature that is not healthy.

Or, on the whole, might we not say, Scott, in the new vesture of the nineteenth century, was intrinsically very much the old fighting Borderer of prior centuries; the kind of man Nature did of old make in that birthland of his? In the saddle, with the foray-spear, he would have acquitted himself as he did at the desk with his pen. One fancies how, in stout *Beardie* of Harden's time, he could have played *Beardie's* part; and *been* the stalwart buff-belted *terra filius* he in this late time could only delight to draw. The same stout self-help was in him; the same oak and triple brass round his heart. He too could have fought at Redswire, cracking crowns with the fiercest, if that had been the task; could have harried cattle in Tynedale, repaying injury with compound interest; a right sufficient captain of men. A man without qualms or fantasticalities; a hard-headed, sound-hearted man, of joyous robust temper, looking to the main chance, and fighting direct thitherward; *valde stalwartus homo!*—How much in that case had slumbered in him, and passed away without sign! But indeed who knows how much slumbers in many men? Perhaps our greatest poets are the *mute* Miltons; the vocals are those whom by happy accident we lay hold of, one here, one there, as it chances, and *make* vocal. It is even a question, whether, had not want, discomfort and distress-warrants been busy at

Stratford-on-Avon, Shakspeare himself had not lived killing calves or combing wool ! Had the Edial Boarding-school turned out well, we had never heard of Samuel Johnson ; Samuel Johnson had been a fat schoolmaster and dogmatic gerundgrinder, and never known that he was more. Nature is rich : those two eggs thou art eating carelessly to breakfast, could they not have been hatched into a pair of fowls, and have covered the whole world with poultry ?

But it was not harrying of cattle in Tynedale, or cracking of crowns at Redswire, that this stout Border-chief was appointed to perform. Far other work. To be the song-singer and pleasant tale-teller to Britain and Europe, in the beginning of the artificial nineteenth century ; here, and not there, lay his business. Beardie of Harden would have found it very amazing. How he shapes himself to this new element ; how he helps himself along in it, makes it too do for him, lives sound and victorious in it, and leads over the marches such a spoil as all the cattle-droves the Hardens ever took were poor in comparison to ; this is the history of the life and achievements of *our* Sir Walter Scott, Baronet ;—whereat we are now to glance for a little ! It is a thing remarkable ; a thing substantial ; of joyful, victorious sort ; not unworthy to be glanced at. Withal, however, a glance here and there will suffice. Our limits are narrow ; the thing, were it never so victorious, is not of the sublime sort, nor extremely edifying ; there is nothing in it to censure vehemently, nor love vehemently ; there is more to wonder at than admire ; and the whole secret is not an abstruse one.

Till towards the age of thirty, Scott's life has nothing in it decisively pointing towards Literature, or indeed towards distinction of any kind ; he is wedded, settled, and has gone through all his preliminary steps, without symptom of renown as yet. It is the life of every other Edinburgh youth of his station and time. Fortunate we must name it, in many ways. Parents in easy or wealthy circumstances, yet unencumbered with the cares and perversions of aristocracy ; nothing eminent in place, in faculty or culture, yet nothing deficient ; all around is methodic regulation, prudence, prosperity, kind-

heartedness ; an element of warmth and light, of affection, industry and burgherly comfort, heightened into elegance; in which the young heart can wholesomely grow. A vigorous health seems to have been given by Nature; yet, as if Nature had said withal, " Let it be a health to express itself by mind, hot by body," a lameness is added in childhood ; the brave little boy, instead of romping and bickering, must learn to think ; or at lowest, what is a great matter, to sit still. No rackets and trundling-hoops for this young Walter; but ballads, history-books and a world of legendary stuff, which his mother and those near him are copiously able to furnish. Disease, which is but superficial, and issues in outward lameness, does not cloud the young existence; rather forwards it towards the expansion it is fitted for. The miserable disease had been one of the internal nobler parts, marring the general organisation ; under which no Walter Scott could have been forwarded, or with all his other endowments could have been producible or possible. ' Nature gives healthy children much; ' how much ! Wise education is a wise unfolding of this; often ' it unfolds itself better of its own accord.'

Add one other circumstance : the place where; namely, Presbyterian Scotland. The influences of this are felt incessantly, they stream-in at every pore. 'There is a country • accent,' says La Rochefoucault, 'not in speech only, but in ' thought, conduct, character and manner of existing, which • never forsakes a man.' Scott, we believe, was all his days an Episcopalian Dissenter in Scotland; but that makes little to the matter. Nobody who knows Scotland and Scott can doubt but Presbyterianism too had a vast share in the forming of him. A country where the entire people is, or even once has been, laid hold of, filled to the heart with an infinite religious idea, has 'made a step from which it cannot retrograde.' Thought, conscience, the sense that man is denizen of a Universe, creature of an Eternity, has penetrated to the remotest cottage, to the simplest heart. Beautiful and awful, the feeling of a Heavenly Behest, of Duty god-commanded, over-canopies all life. There is an inspiration in such a people : one may say in a more special sense, 'the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.' Honour to all the brave and true;

everlasting honour to brave old Knox, one of the truest of the true ! That, in the moment while he and his cause, amid civil broils, in convulsion and confusion, were still but struggling for life, he sent the schoolmaster forth to all corners, and said, " Let the people be taught:" this is but one, and indeed an inevitable and comparatively inconsiderable item in his great message to men. His message, in its true compass, was, " Let men know that they are men; created by God, responsible to God; who work in any meanest moment of time what will last through eternity." It is verily a great message. Not ploughing and hammering machines, not patent-digesters (never so ornamental) to digest the produce of these : no, in no wise; born slaves neither of their fellow-men, nor of their own appetites ; but men! This great message Knox did deliver, with a man's voice and strength; and found a people to believe him.

Of such an achievement, we say, were it to be made once only, the results are immense. Thought, in such a country, may change its form, but cannot go out; the country has attained *majority*; thought, and a certain spiritual manhood, ready for all work that man can do, endures there. It may take many forms : the form of hard-fisted money-getting industry, as in the vulgar Scotchman, in the vulgar New Englander; but as compact developed force and alertness of faculty, it is still there ; it may utter itself one day as the colossal Scepticism of a Hume (beneficent this too though painful, wrestling Titan-like through doubt and inquiry towards new belief); and again, some better day, it may utter itself as the inspired Melody of a Burns : in a word, it is there, and continues to manifest itself, in the Voice and the Work of a Nation of hardy endeavouring considering men, with whatever that may bear in it, or unfold from it. The Scotch national character originates in many circumstances ; first of all, in the Saxon stuff there was to work on; but next, and beyond all else except that, in the Presbyterian Gospel of John Knox. It seems a good national character; and on some sides not so good. Let Scott thank John Knox, for he owed him much, little as he dreamed of debt in that quarter! No Scotchman of **his** time was more entirely Scotch than Walter Scott: **the**

good and the not so good, which all Scotchmen inherit, ran through every fibre of him.

Scott's childhood, school-days, college-days, are pleasant to read of, though they differ not from those of others in his place and time. The memory of him may probably enough last till this record of them become far more curious than it now is. " So lived an Edinburgh Writer to the Signet's son in the end of the eighteenth century," may some future Scotch novelist say to himself in the end of the twenty-first! The following little fragment of infancy is all we can extract. It is from an Autobiography which he had begun, which one cannot but regret he did not finish. Scott's best qualities never shone out more freely than when he went upon anecdote and reminiscence. Such a master of narrative and of himself could have done personal narrative well. Here, if anywhere, his knowledge was complete, and all his humour and good-humour had free scope :

' An odd incident is worth recording. It seems, my mother had sent a maid to take charge of me, at this farm of Sandy-Knowe, that I might be no inconvenience to the family. But the damsel sent on that important mission had left her heart behind her, in the keeping of some wild fellow, it is likely, who had done and said more to her than he was like to make good. She became extremely desirous to return to Edinburgh; and, as my mother made a point of her remaining where she was, she contracted a sort of hatred at poor me, as the cause of her being detained at Sandy-Knowe. This rose, I suppose, to a sort of delirious affection; for she confessed to old Alison Wilson, the house-keeper, that she had carried me up to the craigs under a strong temptation of the Devil to cut my throat with her scissors, and bury me in the moss. Alison instantly took possession of my person, and took care that her confidant should not be subject to any farther temptation, at least so far as I was concerned. She was dismissed of course, and I have heard afterwards became a lunatic.

' It is here, at Sandy-Knowe, in the residence of my paternal grandfather, already mentioned, that I have the first consciousness of existence ; and I recollect distinctly that my situation and appearance were a little whimsical. Among the odd remedies recurred to, to aid my lameness, some one had recommended that so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped, and swathed-up in the skin warm as it was flayed from the carcass of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlour in the farmhouse, while my grandfather, a venerable old

man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl. I also distinctly remember the late Sir George M'Dougal of Mackerstown, father of the present Sir Henry Hay M'Dougal, joining in the attempt. He was, God knows how, a relation of ours; and I still recollect him, in his old-fashioned military habit (he had been Colonel of the Greys), with a small cocked-hat deeply laced, an embroidered scarlet waistcoat, and a light-coloured coat, with milk-white locks tied in a military fashion, kneeling on the ground before me, and dragging his watch along the carpet to induce me to follow it. The benevolent old soldier, and the infant wrapped in his sheepskin, would have afforded an odd group to uninterested spectators. This must have happened about my third year (1774), for Sir George M'Dougal and my grandfather both died shortly after that period.²

We will glance next into the '*Liddesdale Raids*.' Scott has grown-up to be a brisk-hearted jovial young man and Advocate: in vacation-time he makes excursions to the Highlands, to the Border Cheviots and Northumberland; rides free and far, on his stout galloway, through bog and brake, over the dim moory Debatable Land,—over Flodden and other fields and places, where, though he yet knew it not, his work lay. No land, however dim and moory, but either has had or will have its poet, and so become not unknown in song. Liddesdale, which was once as prosaic as most dales, having now attained illustration, let us glance thitherward: Liddesdale too is on this ancient Earth of ours, under this eternal Sky; and gives and takes, in the most incalculable manner, with the Universe at large! Scott's experiences there are rather of the rustic Arcadian sort; the element of whisky not wanting. We should premise that here and there a feature has, perhaps, been aggravated for effect's sake :

¹ During seven successive years,' writes Mr. Lockhart (for the Autobiography has long since left us), 'Scott made a *raid*, as he called it, into Liddesdale with Mr. Shortreed, sheriff-substitute of Roxburgh, for his guide; exploring every rivulet to its source, and every ruined *peel* from foundation to battlement. At this time no wheeled carriage had ever been seen in the district;—the first, indeed, was a gig, driven by Scott himself for a part of his way, when on the last of these seven excursions. There was no inn nor publichouse of any kind in the whole valley; the travellers passed from the shepherd's hut to the minister's manse, and again from the cheerful hospitality of the manse to the rough

and jolly welcome of the homestead; gathering, wherever they went, songs and tunes, and occasionally more tangible relics of antiquity,—even such a "rowth of auld knicknackets" as Burns ascribes to Captain Grose. To these rambles Scott owed much of the materials of his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*; and not less of that intimate acquaintance with the living manners of these unsophisticated regions, which constitutes the chief charm of one of the most charming of his prose works. But how soon he had any definite object before him in his researches seems very doubtful. "He was makin' *himsell* a' the time," said Mr. Shortreed; "but he didna ken maybe what he was about till years had passed: at first he thought o' little, I daresay, but the queer-ness and the fun."

' "In those days," says the Memorandum before me, "advocates were not so plenty—at least about Liddesdale;" and the worthy Sheriff-substitute goes on to describe the sort of bustle, not unmixed with alarm, produced at the first farmhouse they visited (Willie Elliot's at Millburnholm), when the honest man was informed of the quality of one of his guests. When they dismounted, accordingly, he received Mr. Scott with great ceremony, and insisted upon himself leading his horse to the stable. Shortreed accompanied Willie, however; and the latter, after taking a deliberate peep at Scott, "out-by the edge of the door-cheek," whispered, "Weel, Robin, I say, de'il hae me if I's be a bit feared for him now; he's just a chield like ourselves, I think." Half-a-dozen dogs of all degrees had already gathered round "the advocate," and his way of returning their compliments had set Willie Elliot at once at his ease.

' According to Mr. Shortreed, this good man of Millburnholm was the great original of Dandie Dinmont.' * * * 'They dined at Millburnholm; and, after having lingered over Willie Elliot's punch-bowl, until, in Mr. Shortreed's phrase, they were "half-glowrin'," mounted their steeds again, and proceeded to Dr. Elliot's at Cleugh-head, where ("for," says my Memorandum, "folk werena very nice in those days") the two travellers slept in one and the same bed,—as, indeed, seems to have been the case with them throughout most of their excursions in this primitive district. Dr. Elliot (a clergyman) had already a large Ms. collection of the ballads Scott was in quest of.' * * * 'Next morning they seem to have ridden a long way for the express purpose of visiting one "auld Thomas o' Tuzzilehope," another Elliot, I suppose, who was celebrated for his skill on the Border pipe, and in particular for being in possession of the real lilt' of *Dick c' the Cowe*. Before starting, that is, at six o'clock, the ballad-hunters had, "just to lay the stomach, a devilled duck or twae and some *London porter*." Auld Thomas found them, nevertheless, well disposed for "breakfast" on their arrival at Tuzzilehope; and this being **over, he**

³ Loud **tune**: German, *lallen*.

delighted them with one of the most hideous and unearthly of all specimens of "riding music," and, moreover, with considerable libations of whisky-punch, manufactured in a certain wooden vessel, resembling a very small milkpail, which he called "Wisdom," because it "made" only a few spoonfuls of spirits,—though he had the art of replenishing it so adroitly, that it had been celebrated for fifty years as more fatal to sobriety than any bowl in the parish. Having done due honour to "Wisdom," they again mounted, and proceeded over moss and moor to some other equally hospitable master of the pipe. "Ah me," says Shortreed, "sic an endless fund o' humour and drollery as he then had wi' him! Never ten yards but we were either laughing or roaring and singing. Wherever we stopped, how brawlie he suited himself to everybody I Pie aye did as the lave did; never made himself the great man, or took ony airs in the company. I've seen him in a' moods in these jaunts, grave and gay, daft and serious, sober and drunk—(this, however, even in our wildest rambles, was rare)—but, drunk or sober, he was aye the gentleman. He lookit excessively heavy and stupid when he *was fou*, but he was never out o' gude humour."

These are questionable doings, questionably narrated; but what shall we say of the following, wherein the element of whisky plays an extremely prominent part? We will say that it *is* questionable, and not exemplary, whisky mounting clearly beyond its level; that indeed charity hopes and conjectures here may be some aggravating of features for effect's sake!

' On reaching, one evening, some *Charlieshope* or other (I forget the name) among those wildernesses, they found a kindly reception, as usual; but, to their agreeable surprise after some days of hard living, a measured and orderly hospitality as respected liquor. Soon after supper, at which a bottle of elderberry-wine alone had been produced, a young student of divinity, who happened to be in the house, was called upon to take the "big ha' Bible," in the good old fashion of "Burns's Saturday Night;" and some progress had been already made in the service, when the good-man of the farm, whose "tendency," as Mr. Mitchell says, "was soporific," scandalised his wife and the dominie by starting suddenly from his knees, and, rubbing his eyes, with a stentorian exclamation of "By——, here's the keg at last!" and in tumbled, as he spoke the word, a couple of sturdy herdsman, whom, on hearing a day before of the advocate's approaching visit, he had despatched to a certain smuggler's haunt, at some considerable distance, in quest of a supply of *run* brandy from the Solway Frith. The pious "exercise" of the household was hopelessly interrupted. With a thousand apologies for his hitherto shabby entertainment, this jolly Elliot, or Armstrong, had the welcome keg mounted on the table without a moment's delay; and gentle and simple, not forgetting the dominie, continued

carousing about it until daylight streamed-in upon the party. Sir Walter Scott seldom failed, when I saw him in company with his Liddesdale companion, to mimic with infinite humour the sudden outburst of his old host on hearing the clatter of horses' feet, which he knew to indicate the arrival of the keg—the consternation of the dame—and the rueful despair with which the young clergyman closed the book.⁴

From which Liddesdale *raids*, which we here, like the young clergyman, close not without a certain rueful despair, let the reader draw what nourishment he can. They evince satisfactorily, though in a rude manner, that in those days young advocates, and Scott like the rest of them, were *alive* and alert,—whisky sometimes preponderating. But let us now fancy that the jovial young Advocate has pleaded his first cause; has served in yeomanry drills; been wedded, been promoted Sheriff, without romance in either case; dabbling a little the while, under guidance of Monk Lewis, in translations from the German, in translation of Goethe's *Gotz with the Iron Hand*;—and we have arrived at the threshold of the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, and the opening of a new century.

Hitherto, therefore, there has been made out, by Nature and Circumstance working together, nothing unusually remarkable, yet still something very valuable; a stout effectual man of thirty, full of broad sagacity and good humour, with faculties in him fit for any burden of business, hospitality and duty, legal or civic:—with what other faculties in him no one could yet say. As indeed, who, after lifelong inspection, can say what is in any man? The uttered part of a man's life, let us always repeat, bears to the unuttered unconscious part a small unknown proportion; he himself never knows it, much less do others. Give him room, give him *impulses* he reaches down to the Infinite with that so straitly-imprisoned soul of his; and *can* do miracles if need be! It is one of the comfortablest truths that great men abound, though in the unknown state. Nay, as above hinted, our greatest, being also by nature our *quietest*, are perhaps those that remain unknown! Philosopher Fichte took comfort in this belief, when from all pulpits and editorial desks, and publications periodical and stationary, he could hear nothing but the infinite chattering and twittering of

⁴ VoL i. pp. 195-199.

commonplace become ambitious; and in the infinite stir of motion nowhither, and of din which should have been silence, all seemed churned into one tempestuous yesty froth, and the stern Fichte almost desired 'taxes on knowledge' to allay it a little;—he comforted himself, we say, by the unshaken belief that Thought did still exist in Germany; that thinking men, each in his own corner, were verily doing their work, though in a silent latent manner.⁵

Walter Scott, as a latent Walter, had never amused all men for a score of years in the course of centuries and eternities, or gained and lost several hundred thousand pounds sterling by Literature; but he might have been a happy and by no means a useless,—nay, who knows at bottom whether not a still usefuler Walter ! However, that was not his fortune. The Genius of rather a singular age,—an age at once destitute of faith and terrified at scepticism, with little knowledge of its whereabouts, with many sorrows to bear or front, and on the whole with a life to lead in these new circumstances,—had said to himself: What man shall be the temporary comforter, or were it but the spiritual comfit-maker, of this my poor singular age, to solace its dead tedium and manifold sorrows a little ? So had the Genius said, looking over all the world, What man? and found him walking the dusty Outer Parliament-house of Edinburgh, with his advocate-gown on his back; and exclaimed, That is he!

The *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* proved to be a well from which flowed one of the broadest rivers. Metrical Romances (which in due time pass into Prose Romances); the old life of men resuscitated for us : it is a mighty word ! Not as dead tradition, but as a palpable presence, the past stood before us. There they were, the rugged old fighting men ; in their doughty simplicity and strength, with their heartiness, their healthiness, their stout self-help, in their iron basnets, leather jerkins, jack-boots, in their quaintness of manner and costume ; there as they looked and lived : it was like a new-discovered continent in Literature; for the new century, a bright El Dorado,—or else some fat beatific land of Cockaigne, and Paradise of Donothings. To the opening nineteenth century,

⁵ Fichte, *Über das Wesen des Gelehrten*.

in its languor and paralysis, nothing could have been welcomer. Most unexpected, most refreshing and exhilarating; behold our new El Dorado; our fat beatific Lubberland, where one can enjoy and do nothing! It was the time for such a new Literature; and this Walter Scott was the man for it. The *Lays*, the *Marmions*, the *Ladys* and *Lords* of Lake and Isles, followed in quick succession, with ever-widening profit and praise. How many thousands of guineas were paid-down for each new Lay; how many thousands of copies (fifty and more sometimes) were printed off, then and subsequently; what complimenting, reviewing, renown and apotheosis there was : all is recorded in these Seven Volumes, which will be valuable in literary statistics. It is a history, brilliant, remarkable; the outlines of which are known to all. The reader shall recall it, or conceive it. No blaze in his fancy is likely to mount higher than the reality did.

At this middle period of his life, therefore, Scott, enriched with copyrights, with new official incomes and promotions, rich in money, rich in repute, presents himself as a man in the full career of success. ' Health, wealth, and wit to guide them' (as his vernacular Proverb says), all these three are his. The field is open for him, and victory there; his own faculty, his own self, unshackled, victoriously unfolds itself,—the highest blessedness that can befall a man. Wide circle of friends, personal loving admirers; warmth of domestic joys, vouchsafed to all that can true-heartedly nestle down among them; light of radiance and renown given only to a few: who would not call Scott happy? But the happiest circumstance of all is, as we said above, that Scott had in himself a right healthy soul, rendering him little dependent on outward circumstances. Things showed themselves to him not in distortion or borrowed light or gloom, but as they were. Endeavour lay in him and endurance, in due measure; and clear vision of what was to be endeavoured after. Were one to preach a Sermon on Health, as really were worth doing, Scott ought to be the text. Theories are demonstrably true in the way of logic; and then in the way of practice they prove true or else not true : but here is the grand experiment, Do they turn-out well? What boots it that a man's creed is the wisest, that his system of principles

is the superfineſt, if, when ſet to work, the life of him does nothing but jar, and fret itſelf into *holes* ? They are untrue in that, were it in nothing elſe, theſe principles of his; openly convicted of untruth;—fit only, ſhall we ſay, to be rejected as counterfeits, and flung to the dogs ? We ſay not that; but we do ſay, that ill-health, of body or of mind, is *defeat*, is battle (in a good or in a bad cauſe) with bad ſucceſs ; that health alone is victory. Let all men, if they can manage it, contrive to be healthy ! He who in what cauſe ſoever ſinks into pain and diſeaſe, let him take thought of it; let him know well that it is not good *he* has arrived at yet, but ſurely evil,—may, or may not be, on the way towards good.

Scott's healthineſs ſhewed itſelf deciſively in all things, and nowhere more deciſively than in this : the way in which he took his fame ; the eſtimate he from the firſt formed of fame. Money will buy money's worth ; but the thing men call fame, what is it ? A gaudy emblazonry, not good for much,—except, indeed, as it too may turn to money. To Scott it was a profitable pleaſing ſuperfluity, no neceſſary of life. Not neceſſary, now or ever! Seemingly without much effort, but taught by Nature, and the inſtinct which inſtructs the ſound heart what is good for it and what is not, he felt that he could always do without this ſame emblazonry of reputation ; that he ought to put no truſt in it; but be ready at any time to ſee it paſs away from him, and to hold on his way as before. It is incalculable, as we conjecture, what evil he eſcaped in this manner; what perversions, irritations, mean agonies without & name, he lived wholly apart from, knew nothing of. Happily before fame arrived, he had reached the mature age at which all this was eaſier to him. What a ſtrange Nemesis lurks in the felicities of men ! In thy mouth it ſhall be ſweet as honey, in thy belly it ſhall be bitter as gall! Some weakly-organised individual, we will ſay at the age of five-and-twenty, whoſe main or whole talent reſts on ſome prurient ſuſceptivity, and nothing under it but ſhallowneſs and vacuum, is clutched hold of by the general imagination, is whirled aloft to the giddy height; and taught to believe the divine-ſeeming meſſage that he is a great man : ſuch individual ſeems the luckieſt of men: and, alas, is he not the unluckieſt ? Swallow not the Circe-

draught, O weakly-organised individual; it is fell poison ; it will dry up the fountains of thy whole existence, and all will grow withered and parched ; thou shalt be wretched under the sun !

Is there, for example, a sadder book than that *Life of Byron* by Moore ? To omit mere prurient susceptivities that rest on vacuum, look at poor Byron, who really had much substance in him. Sitting there in his self-exile, with a proud heart striving to persuade itself that it despises the entire created Universe ; and far off, in foggy Babylon, let any pitifulest whipster draw pen on him, your proud Byron writhes in torture,—as if the pitiful whipster were a magician, or his pen a galvanic wire struck into the Byron's spinal marrow ! Lamentable, despicable,—one had rather be a kitten and cry mew ! O son of Adam, great or little, according as thou art lovable, those thou livest with will love thee. Those thou livest *not* with, is it of moment that they have the alphabetic letters of thy name engraved on their memory, with some signpost likeness of thee (as like as I to Hercules) appended to them? It is not of moment; in sober truth, not of any moment at all! And yet, behold, there is no soul now whom thou canst love freely,—from *one* soul only art thou always sure of reverence enough ; in presence of no soul is it rightly well with thee ! How is thy world become desert; and thou, for the sake of a little babblement of tongues, art poor, bankrupt, insolvent not in purse, but in heart and mind ! 'The Golden Calf of self-love,' says Jean Paul, ' has grown into a burning Phalaris' Bull, to consume its owner and worshipper.' Ambition, the desire of shining and outshining, was the beginning of Sin in this world. The man of letters who founds upon his fame, does he not thereby alone declare himself a follower of Lucifer (named *Satan*, the Enemy), and member of the Satanic school ? _____

It was in this poetic period that Scott formed his connexion with the Ballantynes ; and embarked, though under cover, largely in trade. To those who regard him in the heroic light, and will have *Vates* to signify Prophet as well as Poet, this portion of his biography seems somewhat incongruous. Viewed as it stood in the reality, as he was and as it was, the enter-

prise, since it proved so unfortunate, may be called lamentable, but cannot be called unnatural. The practical Scott, looking towards practical issues in all things, could not but find hard cash one of the most practical. If by any means cash could be honestly produced, were it by writing poems, were it by printing them, why not? Great things might be done ultimately; great difficulties were at once got rid of,—manifold higgings of booksellers, and contradictions of sinners hereby fell away. A printing and bookselling speculation was not so alien for a maker of books. Voltaire, who indeed got no copyrights, made much money by the war-commissariat, in his time; we believe, by the victualling branch of it. St. George himself, they say, was a dealer in bacon in Cappadocia. A thrifty man will help himself towards his object by such steps as lead to it. Station in society, solid power over the good things of this world, was Scott's avowed object; towards which the precept of precepts is that of Iago, *Put money in thy purse.*

Here, indeed, it is to be remarked, that perhaps no literary man of any generation has less value than Scott for the immaterial part of his mission in any sense: not only for the fantasy called fame, with the fantastic miseries attendant thereon; but also for the spiritual purport of his work, whether it tended hitherward or thitherward, or had any tendency whatever; and indeed for all purports and results of his working, except such, we may say, as offered themselves to the eye, and could, in one sense or the other, be handled, looked at and buttoned into the breeches-pocket. Somewhat too little of a fantast, this *Vates* of ours! But so it was: in this nineteenth century, our highest literary man, who immeasurably beyond all others commanded the world's ear, had, as it were, no message whatever to deliver to the world; wished not the world to elevate itself, to amend itself, to do this or to do that, except simply pay him for the books he kept writing. Very remarkable; fittest, perhaps, for an age fallen languid, destitute of faith and terrified at scepticism? Or, perhaps, for quite another sort of age, an age all in peaceable triumphant motion? Be this as it may, surely since Shakspeare's time there has been no great speaker so unconscious of an aim in speaking as Walter Scott. Equally unconscious these two utterances; equally the sincere complete pro-

ducts of the minds they came from: and now if they were equally *deep* ? Or, if the one was living fire, and the other was futile phosphorescence and mere resinous firework? It will depend on the relative worth of the minds; for both were equally spontaneous, both equally expressed themselves unencumbered by an ulterior aim. Beyond drawing audiences to the Globe Theatre, Shakspeare contemplated no result in those plays of his. Yet they have had results I Utter with free heart what thy own *dæmon* gives thee: if fire from heaven, it shall be well; if resinous firework, it shall be—as well as it could be, or better than otherwise!

The candid judge will, in general, require that a speaker, in so extremely serious a Universe as this of ours, have something to speak about. In the heart of the speaker there ought to be some kind of gospel-tidings, burning till it be uttered; otherwise it were better for him that he altogether held his peace. A gospel somewhat more decisive than this of Scott's, —except to an age altogether languid, without either scepticism or faith! These things the candid judge will demand of literary men; yet withal will recognise the great worth there is in Scott's honesty if in nothing more, in his being the thing he was with such entire good faith. Here is a something, not a nothing. If no skyborn messenger, heaven looking through his eyes; then neither is it a chimera with his systems, crotchets, cants, fanaticisms, and 'last infirmity of noble minds,'—full of misery, unrest and ill-will; but a substantial, peaceable, terrestrial man. Far as the Earth is under the Heaven does Scott stand below the former sort of character; but high as the cheerful flowery Earth is above waste Tartarus does he stand above the latter. Let him live in his own fashion, and do honour to him in that.

It were late in the day to write criticisms on those Metrical Romances: at the same time, we may remark, the great popularity they had seems natural enough. In the first place, there was the indisputable impress of worth, of genuine human force, in them. This, which lies in some degree, or is thought to lie, at the bottom of all popularity, did to an unusual degree disclose itself in these rhymed romances of Scott's. Pictures were actually painted and presented; human emotions conceived and

and then the prose romances of the Author of Waverley, would not have followed as they did, must remain a very obscure question ; obscure, and not important. Of the fact, however, there is no doubt, that these two tendencies, which may be named *Gotzism* and *Werterism*, of the former of which Scott was representative with us, have made, and are still in some quarters making the tour of all Europe. In Germany too there was this affectionate half-regretful looking-back into the Past; Germany had its buff-belted watch-tower period in literature, and had even got done with it before Scott began. Then as to *Werterism*, had not we English our Byron and his genus? No form of Werterism in any other country had half the potency; as our Scott carried Chivalry Literature to the ends of the world, so did our Byron Werterism. France, busy with its Revolution and Napoleon, had little leisure at the moment for Gotzism or Werterism; but it has had them both since, in a shape of its own: witness the whole 'Literature of Desperation' in our own days; the beggarliest form of Werterism yet seen, probably its expiring final form: witness also, at the other extremity of the scale, a noble-gifted Chateaubriand, Gotz and Werter both in one.—Curious: how all Europe is but like a set of parishes of the same county; participant of the self-same influences, ever since the Crusades, and earlier;—and these glorious wars of ours are but like parish-brawls, which begin in mutual ignorance, intoxication and boastful speech; which end in broken windows, damage, waste and bloody noses; and which one hopes the general good sense is now in the way towards putting down, in some measure!

But leaving this to be as it can, what it concerned us here to remark, was that British Werterism, in the shape of those Byron Poems, so potent and poignant, produced on the languid appetite of men a mighty effect. This too was a 'class' of feelings deeply important to modern minds; feelings which 'arise from *passion incapable of being converted into action*, 'which belong to an age as indolent, cultivated and unbelieving as our own!' The 'languid age without either faith or *scepticism' turned towards Byronism with an interest altogether peculiar: here, if no cure for its miserable paralysis and languor, was at least an indignant statement of the misery; an

indignant Ernulphus' curse read over it,—which all men felt to be something. Half-regretful lookings into the Past gave place, in many quarters, to Ernulphus' cursings of the Present. Scott was among the first to perceive that the day of Metrical Chivalry Romances was declining. He had held the sovereignty for some half-score of years, a comparatively long lease of it; and now the time seemed come for dethronement, for abdication: an unpleasant business; which however he held himself ready, as a brave man will, to transact with composure and in silence. After all, Poetry was not his staff of life; Poetry had already yielded him much money; *this* at least it would not take back from him. Busy always with editing, with compiling, with multiplex official commercial business, and solid interests, he beheld the coming change with unmoved eye.

Resignation he was prepared to exhibit in this matter ;—and now behold there proved to be no need of resignation. Let the Metrical Romance become a Prose one ; shake off its rhyme-fetters, and try a wider sweep ! In the spring of 1814 appeared *Waverley*; an event memorable in the annals of British Literature; in the annals of British Bookselling thrice and four times memorable. Byron sang, but Scott narrated ; and when the song had sung itself out through all variations onwards to the *Don Juan* one, Scott was still found narrating, and carrying the whole world along with him. All bygone popularity of chivalry-lays was swallowed up in a far greater. What 'series' followed out of *Waverley*, and how and with what result, is known to all men ; was witnessed and watched with a kind of rapt astonishment by all. Hardly any literary reputation ever rose so high in our Island ; no reputation at all ever spread so wide. Walter Scott became Sir Walter Scott, Baronet, of Abbotsford ; on whom Fortune seemed to pour her whole cornucopia of wealth, honour and worldly goad; the favourite of Princes and of Peasants, and all intermediate men. His 'Waverley series,' swift-following one on the other apparently without end, was the universal reading; looked for like an annual harvest, by all ranks, in all European countries.

A curious circumstance superadded itself, that the author though known was unknown. From the first most people suspected, and soon after the first few intell'

doubted, that the Author of *Waverley* was Walter Scott. Yet a certain mystery was still kept up ; rather piquant to the public ; doubtless very pleasant to the author, who saw it all ; who probably had not to listen, as other hapless individuals often had, to this or the other long-drawn 'clear proof at last,' that the author was not Walter Scott, but a certain astonishing Mr. So-and-so ;—one of the standing miseries of human life in that time. But for the privileged Author it was like a king travelling incognito. All men know that he is a high king, chivalrous Gustaf or Kaiser Joseph ; but he mingles in their meetings without cumber of etiquette or lonesome ceremony, as Chevalier du Nord, or Count of Lorraine : he has none of the weariness of royalty, and yet all the praise, and the satisfaction of hearing it with his own ears. In a word, the *Waverley* Novels circulated and reigned triumphant; to the general imagination the ' Author of *Waverley*' was like some living mythological personage, and ranked among the chief wonders of the world.

How a man lived and demeaned himself in such unwonted circumstances, is worth seeing. We would gladly quote from Scott's correspondence of this period ; but that does not much illustrate the matter. His letters, as above stated, are never without interest, yet also seldom or never very interesting. They are full of cheerfulness, of wit and ingenuity ; but they do not treat of aught intimate; without impeaching their sincerity, what is called sincerity, one may say they do not, in any case whatever, proceed from the innermost parts of the mind. Conventional forms, due consideration of your own and your correspondent's pretensions and vanities, are at no moment left out of view. The epistolary stream runs on, lucid, free, glad-flowing ; but always, as it were, *parallel* to the real substance of the matter, never coincident with it. One feels it hollowish under foot. Letters they are of a most humane man of the world, even exemplary in that kind; but with the man of the world always visible in them;—as indeed it was little in Scott's way to speak, perhaps even with himself, in any other fashion. We select rather some glimpses of him from Mr. Lockhart's record. The first is of dining with Royalty or Prince-Regentship itself; an almost official matter:

' On hearing from Mr. Croker (then Secretary to the Admiralty) that Scott was to be in town by the middle of March (1815), the Prince said, "Let me know when he comes, and I'll get-up a snug little dinner that will suit him;" and, after he had been presented and graciously received at the *levee*, he was invited to dinner accordingly, through his excellent friend Mr Adam (now Lord Chief Commissioner of the Jury Court in Scotland), who at that time held a confidential office in the royal household. The Regent had consulted with Mr. Adam, also, as to the composition of the party. "Let us have," said he, "just a few friends of his own, and the more Scotch the better;" and both the Commissioner and Mr. Croker assure me that the party was the most interesting and agreeable one in their recollection. It comprised, I believe, the Duke of York—the Duke of Gordon (then Marquess of Huntly)—the Marquess of Hertford (then Lord Yarmouth)—the Earl of Fife—and Scott's early friend, Lord Melville. "The Prince and Scott," says Mr. Croker, "were the two most brilliant story-tellers, in their several ways, that I have ever happened to meet; they were both aware of their *forte*, and both exerted themselves that evening with delightful effect. On going home, I really could not decide which of them had shone the most. The Regent was enchanted with Scott, as Scott with him; and on all his subsequent visits to London, he was a frequent guest at the royal table." The Lord Chief Commissioner remembers that the Prince was particularly delighted with the poet's anecdotes of the old Scotch judges and lawyers, which his Royal Highness sometimes *capped* by ludicrous traits of certain ermine sages of his own acquaintance. Scott told, among others, a story, which he was fond of telling, of his old friend the Lord Justice-Clerk Braxfield; and the commentary of his Royal Highness on hearing it amused Scott, who often mentioned it afterwards. The anecdote is this: Braxfield, whenever he went on a particular circuit, was in the habit of visiting a gentleman of good fortune in the neighbourhood of one of the assize towns, and staying at least one night, which, being both of them ardent chess-players, they usually concluded with their favourite game. One Spring circuit the battle was not decided at daybreak; so the Justice-Clerk said, "Weel, Donald, I must e'en come back this gate, and let the game lie ower for the present:" and back he came in October, but not to his old friend's hospitable house; for that gentleman had in the interim been apprehended on a capital charge (of forgery), and his name stood on the *Porteous Roll*, or list of those who were about to be tried under his former guest's auspices. The laird was indicted and tried accordingly, and the jury returned a verdict of *guilty*. Braxfield forthwith put on his cocked hat (which answers to the black cap in England), and pronounced the sentence of the law in the usual terms—"To be hanged by the neck until you be dead; and may the Lord have mercy upon your unhappy soul!" Having concluded this awful formula in his most

sonorous cadence, Braxfield, dismounting his formidable beaver, gave a familiar nod to his unfortunate acquaintance, and said to him in a sort of chuckling whisper, "And now, Donald my man, I think I've checkmated you for ance." The Regent laughed heartily at this specimen of Macqueen's brutal humour; and "I 'faith, Walter," said he, "this old big-wig seems to have taken things as coolly as my tyrannical self. Don't you remember Tom Moore's description of me at breakfast—

"The table spread with tea and toast,
Death-warrants and the *Morning Post*?"

'Towards midnight, the Prince called for "a bumper, with all the honours, to the Author of *Waverley*;" and looked significantly, as he was charging his own glass, to Scott. Scott seemed somewhat puzzled for a moment, but instantly recovering himself, and filling his glass to the brim, said, "Your Royal Highness looks as if you thought I had some claim to the honours of this toast. I have no such pretensions; but shall take good care that the real Simon Pure hears of the high compliment that has now been paid him." He then drank-off his claret; and joined with a stentorian voice in the cheering, which the Prince himself timed. But before the company could resume their seats, his Royal Highness, "Another of the same, if you please, to the Author of *Marmion*,—and now, Walter my man, I have checkmated you for *ance*." The second bumper was followed by cheers still more prolonged: and Scott then rose, and returned thanks in a short address, which struck the Lord Chief Commissioner as "alike grave and graceful." This story has been circulated in a very perverted shape.' * * * 'Before he left town he again dined at Carlton House, when the party was a still smaller one than before, and the merriment if possible still more free. That nothing might be wanting, the Prince sang several capital songs."

Or take, at a very great interval in many senses, this glimpse of another dinner, altogether unofficially and much better described. It is James Ballantyne the printer and publisher's dinner, in St. John Street, Canongate, Edinburgh, on the birth-eve of a *Waverley* Novel:

'The feast was, to use one of James's own favourite epithets, *gorgeous*; an aldermanic display of turtle and venison, with the suitable accompaniments of iced punch, potent ale, and generous Madeira. When the cloth was drawn, the burly præses arose, with all he could muster of the port of John Kemble, and spouted with a sonorous voice the formula of Macbeth,

"Fill full!
I drink to the general joy of the whole table!"
'Vol. iii. pp. 340-343'

This was followed by "the King, God bless him!" and second came—"Gentlemen, there is another toast which never has been nor shall be omitted in this house of mine: I give you the health of Mr. Walter Scott, with three times three!" All honour having been done to this health, and Scott having briefly thanked the company, with some expressions of warm affection to their host, Mrs. Ballantyne retired;—the bottles passed round twice or thrice in the usual way; and then James rose once more, every vein on his brow distended; his eyes solemnly fixed on vacancy, to propose, not as before in his stentorian key, but with "bated breath," in the sort of whisper by which a stage-conspirator thrills the gallery,—"*Gentlemen, a bumper to the immortal Author of Waverley!*"—The uproar of cheering, in which Scott made a fashion of joining, was succeeded by deep silence; and then Ballantyne proceeded—

" In his Lord-Burleigh look, serene and serious,
A something of imposing and mysterious"—

to lament the obscurity, in which his illustrious but too modest correspondent still chose to conceal himself from the plaudits of the world; to thank the company for the manner in which the *nominis umbra* had been received; and to assure them that the Author of Waverley would, when informed of the circumstance, feel highly delighted—"the proudest hour of his life," &c. &c. The cool, demure fun of Scott's features during all this mummery was perfect; and Erskine's attempt at a gay *nonchalance* was still more ludicrously meritorious. Aldiborontiphoscophornio, however, bursting as he was, knew too well to allow the new Novel to be made the subject of discussion. Its name was announced, and success to it crowned another cup; but after that, no more of Jedediah. To cut the thread, he rolled out unbidden some one of his many theatrical songs, in a style that would have done no dishonour to almost any orchestra—*The Maid of Lodi*, or perhaps *The Bay of Biscay, O!* — or *The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft*. Other toasts followed, interspersed with ditties from other performers; old George Thomson, the friend of Burns, was ready, for one, with *The Moorland Wedding*, or *Willie brew'd a peck o' maut*;—and so it went on, until Scott and Erskine, with any clerical or very staid personage that had chanced to be admitted, saw fit to withdraw. Then the scene was changed. The claret and olives made way for broiled bones and a mighty bowl of punch; and when a few glasses of the hot beverage had restored his powers, James opened *ore rotundo* on the merits of the forthcoming Romance. "One chapter—one chapter only!" was the cry. After "*Nay, by'r Lady, nay!*" and a few more coy shifts, the proof-sheets were at length produced, and James, with many a prefatory hem, read aloud what he **considered as the** most striking dialogue they contained.

'The first I heard so read was the interview between Jeanie Deans, the Duke of Argyle and Queen Caroline, in Richmond Park; and, notwithstanding some spice of the pompous tricks to which he was addicted, I must say he did the inimitable scene great justice. At all events, the effect it produced was deep and memorable; and no wonder that the exulting typographer's *one dumper more to Jedediah Clelshbotham* preceded his parting-stave, which was uniformly *The Last Words of Marmion*, executed certainly with no contemptible rivalry of Braham.'

Over at Abbotsford things wear a still more prosperous aspect. Scott is building there, by the pleasant banks of the Tweed; he has bought and is buying land there; fast as the new gold comes in for a new Waverley Novel, or even faster, it changes itself into moory acres, into stone, and hewn or planted wood:

'About the middle of February' (1820), says Mr. Lockhart, 'it having been ere that time arranged that I should marry his eldest daughter in the course of the spring,—I accompanied him and part of his family on one of those flying visits to Abbotsford, with which he often indulged himself on a Saturday during term. Upon such occasions, Scott appeared at the usual hour in court, but wearing, instead of the official suit of black, his country morning-dress, green jacket and so forth, under the clerk's gown.'—'At noon, when the Court broke up, Peter Mathieson was sure to be in attendance in the Parliament Close; and, five minutes after, the gown had been tossed off; and Scott, rubbing his hands for glee, was under weigh for Tweedside. As we proceeded,' &c.

'Next morning there appeared at breakfast John Ballantyne, who had at this time a shooting or hunting-box a few miles off, in the vale of the Leader, and with him Mr. Constable, his guest; and it being a fine clear day, as soon as Scott had read the church-service and one of Jeremy Taylor's sermons, we all sallied out before noon on a perambulation of his upland territories; Maida (the hound) and the rest of the favourites accompanying our march. At starting we were joined by the constant henchman, Tom Purdie,—and I may save myself the trouble of any attempt to describe his appearance, for his master has given us an inimitably true one in introducing a certain personage of his Red-gauntlet:—"He was, perhaps, sixty years old; yet his brow was not much furrowed, and his jet-black hair was only grizzled, not whitened, by the advance of age. All his motions spoke strength unabated; and, though rather undersized, he had very broad shoulders, was square-made, thin-flanked, and apparently combined in his frame muscular strength and activity; the last somewhat impaired, perhaps, by years,

⁷ Vol. iv. pp. 166-168.

but the first remaining in full vigour. A hard and harsh countenance; eyes far sunk under projecting eyebrows, which were grizzled like his hair; a wide mouth, furnished from ear to ear with a range of unimpaired teeth of uncommon whiteness, and a size and breadth which might have become the jaws of an ogre, completed this delightful portrait." Equip this figure in Scott's cast-off green jacket, white hat and drab trousers; and imagine that years of kind treatment, comfort and the honest consequence of a confidential *grieve*^s had softened away much of the hardness and harshness originally impressed on the visage by anxious penury, and the sinister habits of a *black-fisher*;—and the Tom Purdie of 1820 stands before us.

'We were all delighted to see how completely Scott had recovered his bodily vigour, and none more so than Constable, who, as he puffed and panted after him, up one ravine and down another, often stopped to wipe Ins forehead, and remarked, that "it was not every author who should lead him such a dance." But Purdie's face shone with rapture as he observed how severely the swag-bellied bookseller's activity was tasked. Scott exclaimed exultingly, though, perhaps, for the tenth time, "This will be a glorious spring for our trees, Tom!"—"You may say that, Sheriff," quoth Tom,—and then lingering a moment for Constable—"My certy," he added, scratching his head, "and I think it will be a grand season for *our bulks* too." But indeed Tom always talked of *our bulks*, as if they had been as regular products of the soil as *our aits* and *our birks*. Having threaded first the Hexilcleugh and then the Rhymer's Glen, we arrived at Huntly Burn, where the hospitality of the kind *Weird Sisters*, as Scott called the Miss Fergusons, reanimated our exhausted bibliopoles, and gave them courage to extend their walk a little farther down the same famous brook. Here there was a small cottage in a very sequestered situation' (named Chiefswood), 'by making some little additions to which Scott thought it might be converted into a suitable summer residence for his daughter and future son-in-law.' * * * 'As we walked homeward, Scott being a little fatigued, laid his left hand on Tom's shoulder, and leaned heavily for support, chatting to his "Sunday pony," as he called the affectionate fellow, just as freely as with the rest of the party; and Tom put in his word shrewdly and manfully, and grinned and grunted whenever the joke chanced to be within his apprehension. It was easy to see that his heart swelled within him from the moment the Sheriff got his collar in his gripe."

That Abbotsford became infested to a great degree with tourists, wonder-hunters, and all that fatal species of people, may be supposed. Solitary Ettrick saw itself populous: all paths were beaten with the feet and hoofs of an endless mis-

cellany of pilgrims. As many as 'sixteen parties' have arrived at Abbotsford in one day; male and female; peers, Socinian preachers, whatsoever was distinguished, whatsoever had love of distinction in it! Mr. Lockhart thinks there was no literary shrine ever so bepilgrimed, except Ferney in Voltaire's time, who, however, was not half so accessible. A fatal species! These are what Schiller calls 'the flesh-flies;' buzzing swarms of bluebottles, who never fail where any taint of human glory or other corruptibility is in the wind. So has Nature decreed. Scott's *healthiness*, bodily and mental, his massive solidity of character, nowhere showed itself more decisively than in his manner of encountering this part of his fate. That his bluebottles were blue, and of the usual tone and quality, may be judged. Hear Captain Basil Hall (in a very compressed state):

'We arrived in good time, and found several other guests at dinner. The public rooms are lighted with oil-gas, in a style of extraordinary splendour. The' &c.—'Had I a hundred pens, each of which at the same time should separately write down an anecdote, I could not hope to record one-half of those which our host, to use Spenser's expression, "welled out alway."—'Entertained us all the way with an endless string of anecdotes;'—'came like a stream of poetry from his lips;'—'path muddy and scarcely passable, yet I do not remember ever to have seen any place so interesting as the skill of this mighty magician had rendered this narrow ravine.'—'Impossible to touch on any theme, but straightway he has an anecdote to fit it.'—'Thus we strolled along, borne, as it were, on the stream of song and story.'—'In the evening we had a great feast indeed. Sir Walter asked us if we had ever read Chnstabel.'—'Interspersed with these various readings were some hundreds of stones, some quaint, some pathological.'—'At breakfast today we had, as usual, some 150 stories—God knows how they came in.'—'In any man so gifted—so qualified to take the loftiest, proudest line at the head of the literature, the taste, the imagination of the whole world!'—'For instance, he never sits at any particular place at table, but takes' &c. &c.¹⁰

Among such worshippers, arriving in 'sixteen parties a-day,' an ordinary man might have grown buoyant; have felt the god, begun to nod, and seemed to shake the spheres. A slightly splenetic man, possessed of Scott's sense, would have swept his premises clear of them: Let no bluebottle approach here, to disturb a man in his work,—under pain of sugared *squash*

¹⁰ Vol. v. pp. 375-402.

(called quassia) and king's yellow ! The good Sir Walter, like a quiet brave man, did neither. He let the matter take its course ; enjoyed what was enjoyable in it; endured what could not well be helped ; persisted meanwhile in writing his daily portion of romance-copy, in preserving his composure of heart; — in a word, accommodated himself to this loud-buzzing environment, and made it serve him, as he would have done (perhaps with more ease) to a silent, poor and solitary one. No doubt it affected him too, and in the lamentablest way fevered his internal life, though he kept it well down ; but it affected him *less* than it would have done almost any other man. For his guests were not all of the bluebottle sort; far from that. Mr. Lockhart shall furnish us with the brightest aspect a British Ferney ever yielded, or is like to yield : and therewith we will quit Abbotsford and the dominant and culminant period of Scott's life:

' It was a clear, bright September morning, with a sharpness in the air that doubled the animating influence of the sunshine, and all was in readiness for a grand coursing-match on Newark Hill. The only guest who had chalked-out other sport for himself was the stanchest of anglers, Mr. Rose; but he too was there on his *shelty*, armed with his salmon-rod and landing-net, and attended by his Hives, and Charlie Purdie, a brother of Tom, in those days the most celebrated fisherman of the district. This little group of Waltonians, bound for Lord Somerville's preserve, remained lounging about, to witness the start of the main cavalcade. Sir Walter, mounted on Sibyl, was marshalling the order of procession with a huge hunting-whip; and among a dozen frolicsome youths and maidens, who seemed disposed to laugh at all discipline, appeared, each on horseback, each as eager as the youngest sportsman in the troop, Sir Humphry Davy, Dr. Wollaston, and the patnarch of Scottish belles-lettres, Henry Mackenzie. The Man of Feeling, however, was persuaded with some difficulty to resign his steed for the present to his faithful negro follower, and to join Lady Scott in the sociable, until we should reach the ground of our *battue*. Laidlaw, on a strong-tailed wiry Highlander, yclept *Hoddin Grey*, which carried him nimbly and stoutly, although his feet almost touched the ground as he sat, was the adjutant. But the most picturesque figure was the illustrious inventor of the safety-lamp. He had come for his favourite sport of angling, and had been practising it successfully with Rose, his travelling companion, for two or three days preceding this; but he had not prepared for coursing fields, or had left Charlie Purdie's troop for Sir Walter's on a sudden thought, and his fisherman's costume—a brown

hat with flexible brim, surrounded with line upon line of catgut, an innumerable fly-hooks—jack-boots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon, made a fine contrast with the smart jackets, white-cord breeches, and well-polished jockey-boots of the less distinguished cavaliers about him. Dr. Wollaston was in black; and with his noble serene dignity of countenance might have passed for a spoiting archbishop. Mr. Mackenzie, at this time in the 76th year of his age, with a white hat turned up with green, green spectacles, green jacket, and long brown leathern gaiters buttoned upon his nether anatomy, wore a dog-whistle round his neck, and had, all over, the air of as resolute a devotee as the gay captain of Huntly Burn. Tom Purdie and his subalterns had preceded us by a few hours with all the greyhounds that could be collected at Abbotsford, Darnick, and Melrose; but the giant Maida had remained as his master's orderly, and now gambolled about Sibyl Grey, barking for mere joy like a spaniel puppy.

¹ The order of march had been all settled, and the sociable was just getting under weigh, when *the Lady Anne* broke from the line, screaming with laughter, and exclaimed, "Papa, papa, I knew you could never think of going without your pet !" Scott looked round, and I rather think there was a blush as well as a smile upon his face, when he perceived a little black pig frisking about his pony, and evidently a self-elected addition to the party of the day. He tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy soon found a strap round its neck, and was dragged into the background ;— Scott, watching the retieat, repeated with mock pathos the first verse of an old pastoral song—

" What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie'
My only beast, I had na mae,
And wow! but I was vogie !"

—the cheers were redoubled—and the squadron moved on.

¹ This pig had taken, nobody could tell how, a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging its pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his *tail* along with the greyhounds and terriers : but, indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers;—but such were the facts. I have too much respect for the vulgarly calumniated donkey, to name him in the same category of pets with the pig and the hen ; but a year or two after this time, my wife used to drive a couple of these animals in a little garden-chair, and whenever her father appeared at the door of our cottage, we were sure to see Hannah More and Lady Morgan (as Anne Scott had wickedly christened them) trotting from their pasture, to lay

their noses over the paling, and, as Washington Irving says of the old white-haired hedger with the Parisian snuff-box, "to have a pleasant crack wi' the laird."¹¹

' There' at Chiefs wood ' my wife and I spent this summer and autumn of 1821; the first of several seasons which will ever dwell on my memory as the happiest of my life. We were near enough Abbotsford to partake as often as we liked of its brilliant and constantly varying society; yet could do so without being exposed to the worry and exhaustion of spirit which the daily reception of new-comers entailed upon

¹¹ Vol. v. pp. 7-10.

On this subject let us report an anecdote furnished by a correspondent of our own, whose accuracy we can depend on: ' I myself was acquainted with ' a little Blenheim cocker, one of the smallest, beautifullest and wisest of lap-dogs or dogs, which, though Sir Walter knew it not, was very singular in its behaviour towards him. *Shandy*, so hight this remarkable cocker, was ' extremely shy of strangers ' promenading on Prince's street, which in fine ' weather used to be crowded in those days, he seemed to live in perpetual ' fear of being stolen; if anyone but looked at him admiringly, he would draw ' back with angry timidity, and crouch towards his own lady-mistress. One ' day a tall, irregular, busy-looking man came halting by; the little dog ran ' towards him, began fawning, frisking, licking at his feet: it was Sir Walter ' Scott ! Had Shandy been the most extensive reader of Reviews, he could ' not have done better. Every time he saw Sir Walter afterwards, which ' was some three or four times in the course of visiting Edinburgh, he repeated ' his demonstrations, ran leaping, frisking, licking the author of Waver- ' ley's feet. The good Sir Walter endured it with good humour; looked ' down at the little wise face, at the silky shag-coat of snow-white and ' chestnut-brown, smiled, and avoided hitting him as they went on, - till ' a new division of streets or some other obstacle put an end to the interview. ' In fact he was a strange little fellow, this Shandy. He has been known to ' sit for hours looking out at the summer moon, with the saddest, wisfulest ' expression of countenance, altogether like a Werterean Poet. He would ' have been a poet, I daresay, if he could have found a *publisher*. But his ' moral tact was the most amazing. Without reason shown, without word ' spoken or act done, he took his likings and dishkings, unalterable; really ' almost unerring. His chiefaversion, I should say, was to the genus *quack*, ' above all to the genus *acrid-quack*; these, though never so clear-starched, ' bland-smihng and beneficent, he absolutely would have no trade with. ' Their very sugar-cake was unavailing. He said with emphasis, as clearly ' as barking could say it "Acnd-quack, avaunt!" Would to Heaven many ' a prime-minister, and high person in authority, had such an invaluable ' talent! On the whole, there is more in this universe than our philosophy ' has dreamt of. A dog's instinct is a voice of Nature too; and farther, it ' has never babbled itself away in idle jargon and hypothesis, but always ' adhered to the practical, and grown in silence by continual communion with ' fact. We do the animals injustice. Their body resembles our body, Buf- ' fon says; with its four limbs, with its spinal marrow, main organs in the ' head and so forth: but have they not a kind of soul, equally the rude draught ' and imperfect imitation of ours? It is a strange, an almost solemn and pa- ' thetic thing to see an intelligence imprisoned in that dumb rude form; ' struggling to express itself out of that;—even as we do out of our imprison- ' ment; and succeed very imperfectly!

all the family, except Sir Waiter himself. But, in truth, even he was not always proof against the annoyances connected with such a style of open housekeeping. Even his temper sank sometimes under the solemn applauses of learned dulness, the vapid raptures of painted and periwigged dowagers, the horse-leech avidity with which underbred foreigners urged their questions, and the pompous simpers of condescending magnates. When sore beset at home in this way, he would every now and then discover that he had some very particular business to attend to on an outlying part of his estate; and, craving the indulgence of his guests over-night, appear at the cabin in the glen before its inhabitants were astir in the morning. The clatter of Sibyl Grey's hoofs, the yelping of Mustard and Spice, and his own joyous shout of *reveille* under our windows, were the signal that he had burst his toils, and meant for that day to "take his ease in his inn." On descending, he was to be found seated with all his dogs and ours about him, under a spreading ash that overshadowed half the bank between the cottage and the brook, pointing the edge of his woodman's-axe, and listening to Tom Purdie's lecture touching the plantation that most needed thinning. After breakfast he would take possession of a dressing-room upstairs, and write a chapter of *The Pirate*; and then, having made-up and despatched his packet for Mr. Ballantyne, away to join Purdie wherever the foresters were at work—and sometimes to labour among them as strenuously as John Swanston—until it was time either to re-join his own party at Abbotsford, or the quiet circle of the cottage. When his guests were few and friendly, he often made them come over and meet him at Chiefswood in a body towards evening; and surely he never appeared to more amiable advantage than when helping his young people with their little arrangements upon such occasions. He was ready with all sorts of devices to supply the wants of a narrow establishment; he used to delight particularly in sinking the wine in a well under the *brae* ere he went out, and hauling up the basket just before dinner was announced,—this primitive device being, he said, what he had always practised when a young housekeeper, and in his opinion far superior in its results to any application of ice: and in the same spirit, **whenever the weather** was sufficiently genial, he voted for dining out of **doors** altogether, which at once got rid of the inconvenience of **very small** rooms, and made it natural and easy for the gentlemen to help the ladies, so that the paucity of servants went for nothing.¹²

. Surely all this is very beautiful; like a picture of Boccaccio's: the deal of a country life in our time. Why could it not last? Income was not wanting: Scott's official permanent income was amply adequate to meet the expense of all that was valu-

¹² Vol v. pp. 123, 124

able in it; nay, of all that was not harassing, senseless and despicable. Scott had some 2,000/. a-year without writing books at all. Why should he manufacture and not create, to make more money; and rear mass on mass for a dwelling to himself, till the pile toppled, sank crashing, and buried him in its ruins, when he had a safe pleasant dwelling ready of its own accord? Alas, Scott, with all his health, was *infected*; sick of the fearfulest malady, that of Ambition 1 To such length had the King's baronetcy, the world's favour and 'sixteen parties a-day,' brought it with him. So the inane racket must be kept up, and rise ever higher. So masons labour, ditchers delve; and there is endless, altogether deplorable correspondence about marble-slabs for tables, wainscoting of rooms, curtains and the trimmings of curtains, orange-coloured or fawn-coloured: Walter Scott, one of the gifted of the world, whom his admirers call the most gifted, must kill himself that he may be a country gentleman, the founder of a race of Scottish lairds.

It is one of the strangest, most tragical histories ever enacted under this sun. So poor a passion can lead so strong a man into such mad extremes. Surely, were not man a fool always, one might say there was something eminently distracted in this, *end* as it would, of a Walter Scott writing daily with the ardour of a steam-engine, that he might make 15,000/. a-year, and buy upholstery with it. To cover the walls of a stone house in Selkirkshire with nicknacks, ancient armour and genealogical shields, what can we name it but a being bit with delirium of a kind? That tract after tract of moorland in the shire of Selkirk should be joined together on parchment and by ring-fence, and named after one's name,—why, it is a shabby small-type edition of your vulgar Napoleons, Alexanders, and conquering heroes, not counted venerable by any teacher of men!—

'The whole world was not half so wide
To Alexander when he cried
Because he had but one to subdue,
As was a narrow paltry tub to
Diogenes; who ne'er was said,
For aught that ever I could read,
To whine, put finger i' the eye and sob,
Because he had ne'er another tub.'

Not he! And if, 'looked at from the Moon, which itself is far from Infinitude,' Napoleon's dominions were as small as mine, *what*, by any chance of possibility, could Abbotsford landed-property ever have become? As the Arabs say, there is a black speck, were it no bigger than a bean's eye, in every soul; which, once set it a-workmg, will overcloud the whole man into darkness and quasi-madness, and hurry him balefully into Night!

With respect to the literary character of these Waverley Novels, so extraordinary in their commercial character, there remains, after so much reviewing, good and bad, little that it were profitable at present to say. The great fact about them is, that they were faster written and better paid for than any other books in the world. It must be granted, moreover, that they have a worth far surpassing what is usual in such cases; nay, that* if Literature had no task but that of harmlessly amusing indolent languid men, here was the very perfection of Literature; that a man, here more emphatically than ever elsewhere, might fling himself back, exclaiming, "Be mine to lie on this sofa, and read everlasting Novels of Walter Scott!" The composition, slight as it often is, usually hangs together in some measure, and *is* a composition. There is a free flow of narrative, of incident and sentiment; an easy masterlike coherence throughout, as if it were the free dash of a master's hand, 'round as the O of Giotto.'¹³ It is the perfection of extemporaneous writing. Farthermore, surely he were a blind critic who did not recognise here a certain genial sunny freshness and picturesqueness; paintings both of scenery and figures, very graceful, brilliant, occasionally full of grace and glowing brightness blended in the softest composure; in fact,

¹³ 'Venne a Firenze' (il cortigiano del Papa), 'e andato una mattina in 'bottega di Giotto, che lavorava, gli chiese un poco di disegno per mandarlo 'a sua Santita. Giotto, che garbatissimo era, prese un foglio, ed in quello con un pennello tinto di rosso, fermato il braccio al fianco per fame compasso, e girato la mano fece un tondo si pan di sesto e di profilo, che fu a vederlo una meraviglia. Clo fatto ghignando disse al cortigiano, Eccovi 'il disegno.' . . . 'Onde il Papa, e molti cortigiani intendenti conobbero 'percio, quanto Giotto avanzasse d' eccellenza tutti gli altri pitton del suo tempo. Divolgatasi poi questa cosa, ne nacque il proverbio, che ancora e 'in uso dirsi a gli uomini di grossa pasta: *Tu sei piu tondo che l'O di Giotto,*' —Vasari, *Vite* (Roma, 1759), i. 46.

a deep sincere love of the beautiful in Nature and Man, and the readiest faculty of expressing this by imagination and by word. No fresher paintings of Nature can be found than Scott's; hardly anywhere a wider sympathy with man. From Davie Deans up to Richard Cœur-de-Lion; from Meg Merrilies to Die Vernon and Queen Elizabeth! It is the utterance of a man of open soul; of a brave, large, free-seeing man, who has a true brotherhood with all men. In joyous picturesqueness and fellow-feeling, freedom of eye and heart; or to say it in a word, in general *healthiness* of mind, these Novels prove Scott to have been amongst the foremost writers.

Neither in the higher and highest excellence, of drawing character, is he at any time altogether deficient; though at no time can we call him, in the best sense, successful. His Baillie Jarvies, Dinmonts, Dalgettys (for their name is legion), do look and talk like what they give themselves out for; they are, if not *created* and made poetically alive, yet deceptively *enacted* as a good player might do them. What more is wanted, then? For the reader lying on a sofa, nothing more; yet for another sort of reader, much. It were a long chapter to unfold the difference in drawing a character between a Scott, and a Shakspeare, a Goethe. Yet it is a difference literally immense; they are of different species; the value of the one is not to be counted in the coin of the other. We might say in a short word, which means a long matter, that your Shakspeare fashions his characters from the heart outwards; your Scott fashions them from the skin inwards, never getting near the heart of them! The one set become living men and women; the other amount to little more than mechanical cases, deceptively painted automatons. Compare Fenella with Goethe's Mignon, which, it was once said, Scott had 'done Goethe the honour' to borrow. He has borrowed what he could of Mignon. The small stature, the climbing talent, the trickiness, the *mechanical case*, as we say, he has borrowed; but the soul of Mignon is left behind. Fenella is an unfavourable specimen for Scott; but it illustrates in the aggravated state, what is traceable in all the characters he drew.

To the same purport indeed we are to say that these famed books are altogether addressed to the every-day mind; that

for any other mind there is next to no nourishment in them. Opinions, emotions, principles, doubts, beliefs, beyond what the intelligent country gentleman can carry along with him, are not to be found. It is orderly, customary, it is prudent, decent; nothing more. One would say, it lay not in Scott to give much more; getting out of the ordinary range, and attempting the heroic, which is but seldom the case, he falls almost at once into the rose-pink sentimental,—descries the Minerva Press from afar, and hastily quits that course; for none better than he knew it to lead nowhither. On the whole, contrasting *Waverley*, which was carefully written, with most of its followers, which were written extempore, one may regret the extempore method. Something very perfect in its kind might have come from Scott; nor was it a low kind: nay, who knows how high, with studious self-concentration, he might have gone; what wealth Nature had implanted in him, which his circumstances, most unkind while seeming to be kindest, had never impelled him to unfold?

But after all, in the loudest blaring and trumpeting of popularity, it is ever to be held in mind, as a truth remaining true forever, that Literature *has* other aims than that of harmlessly amusing indolent languid men: or if Literature have them not, then Literature is a very poor affair; and something else must have them, and must accomplish them, with thanks or without thanks; the thankful or thankless world were not long a world otherwise! Under this head there is little to be sought or found in the *Waverley Novels*. Not profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification, for building up or elevating, in any shape! The sick heart will find no healing here, the darkly-struggling heart no guidance: the Heroic that is in all men no divine awakening voice. We say, therefore, that they do not found themselves on deep interests, but on comparatively trivial ones; not on the perennial, perhaps not even on the lasting. In fact, much of the interest of these Novels results from what may be called contrasts of costume. The phraseology, fashion of arms, of dress and life, belonging to one age, is brought suddenly with singular vividness before the eyes of another. A great effect this; yet by the very nature of it, an altogether temporary one. Consider, brethren,

shall not we too one day be antiques, and grow to have as quaint a costume as the rest? The stuffed Dandy, only give him *time*, will become one of the wonderfulest mummies. In antiquarian museums, only two centuries hence, the steeple-hat will hang on the next peg to Franks and Company's patent, antiquarians deciding which is uglier: and the Stulz swallow-tail, one may hope, will seem as incredible as any garment that ever made ridiculous the respectable back of man. Not by slashed breeches, steeple-hats, buff-belts, or antiquated speech, can romance-heroes continue to interest us; but simply and solely, in the long-run, by being men. Buff-belts and all manner of jerkins and costumes are transitory; man alone is perennial. He that has gone deeper into this than other men, will be remembered longer than they; he that has not, not. Tried under this category, Scott, with his clear practical insight, joyous temper, and other sound faculties, is not to be accounted little,—among the ordinary circulating-library heroes he might well pass for a demi-god. Not little; yet neither is he great; there were greater, more than one or two, in his own age: among the great of all ages, one sees no likelihood of a place for him.

What, then, is the result of these Waverley Romances? Are they to amuse one generation only? One or more! As many generations as they can; but not all generations: ah no, when our swallow-tail has become fantastic as trunk-hose, they will cease to amuse!—Meanwhile, as we can discern, their results have been several-fold. First of all, and certainly not least of all, have they not perhaps had this result: that a considerable portion of mankind has hereby been sated with mere amusement, and set on seeking something better? Amusement in the way of reading can go no farther, can do nothing better, by the power of man; and men ask, Is this what it can do? Scott, we reckon, carried several things to their ultimatum and crisis, so that change became inevitable: a great service, though an indirect one.

Secondly, however, we may say, these **Historical Novels have taught all men this truth, which looks like a truism, and yet was as good as unknown to writers of history and others, till so taught: that the bygone ages of the world were actually**

filled by living men, not by protocols, state-papers, controversies and abstractions of men. Not abstractions were they, not diagrams and theorems ; but men, in buff or other coats and breeches, with colour in their cheeks, with passions in their stomach, and the idioms, features and vitalities of very men. It is a little word this; inclusive of great meaning ! History will henceforth have to take thought of it. Her faint hearsays of * philosophy teaching by experience' will have to exchange themselves everywhere for direct inspection and embodiment : this, and this only, will be counted experience; and till once experience have got in, philosophy will reconcile herself to wait at the door. It is a great service, fertile in consequences, this that Scott has done; a great truth laid open by him;—correspondent indeed to the substantial nature of the man ; to his solidity and veracity even of imagination, which, with all his lively discursiveness, was the characteristic of him.

A word here as to the extempore style of writing, which is getting much celebrated in these days. Scott seems to have been a high proficient in it. His rapidity was extreme ; and the matter produced was excellent, considering that: the circumstances under which some of his Novels, when he could not himself write, were dictated, are justly considered wonderful. It is a valuable faculty this of ready-writing; nay farther, for Scott's purpose it was clearly the only good mode. By much labour he could not have added one guinea to his copyright; nor could the reader on the sofa have lain a whit more at ease. It was in all ways necessary that these works should be produced rapidly ; and, round or not, be thrown off like Giotto's O. But indeed, in all things, writing or other, which a man engages in, there is the indispensablest beauty in knowing *how to get done*. A man frets himself to no purpose ; he has not the sleight of the trade; he is not a craftsman, but an unfortunate borer and bungler, if he know not when to have done. Perfection is unattainable : no carpenter ever made a mathematically accurate right-angle in the world ; yet all carpenters know when it is right enough, and do not botch it, and lose their wages, by making it too right. Too much painstaking speaks disease in one's mind, as well as too little. The

adroit sound-minded man will endeavour to spend on each business approximately what of pains it deserves ; and with a conscience void of remorse will dismiss it then. All this in favour of easy-writing shall be granted, and, if need were, enforced and inculcated.

And yet, on the other hand, it shall not less but more strenuously be inculcated, that in the way of writing, no great thing was ever, or will ever be done with ease, but with difficulty ! Let ready-writers with any faculty in them lay this to heart. Is it with ease, or not with ease, that a man shall *do his best*, in any shape; above all, in this shape justly named of 'soul's travail,' working in the deep places of thought, embodying the True out of the Obscure and Possible, environed on all sides with the uncreated False ? Not so, now or at any time. The experience of all men belies it; the nature of things contradicts it. Virgil and Tacitus, were they ready-writers ? The whole *Prophecies of Isaiah* are not equal in extent to this cobweb of a Review Article. Shakspeare, we may fancy, wrote with rapidity ; but not till he had thought with intensity: long and sore had this man thought, as the seeing eye may discern well, and had dwelt and wrestled amid dark pains and throes, —though his great soul is silent about all that. It was for him to write rapidly at fit intervals, being ready to do it. And herein truly lies the secret of the matter: such swiftness of mere writing, after due energy of preparation, is doubtless the right method ; the hot furnace having long worked and simmered, let the pure gold flow out at one gush. It was Shakspeare's plan; no easy-writer he, or he had never been a Shakspeare. Neither was Milton one of the mob of gentlemen that write with ease ; he did not attain Shakspeare's faculty, one perceives, of even writing fast *after* long preparation, but struggled while he wrote. Goethe also tells us he 'had nothing sent him in his sleep ;' no page of his but he knew well how it came there. It is reckoned to be the best prose, accordingly, that has been written by any modern. Schiller, as an unfortunate and unhealthy man, '*konnte nie fertig werden*, sever could get done;' the noble genius of him struggled not wisely but too well, and wore his life itself heroically out. Or did Petrarch write easily ? Dante sees himself 'growing lean'

over his *Divine Comedy*; in stern solitary death-wrestle with it, to prevail over it, and do it, if his uttermost faculty may : hence, too, it is done and prevailed over, and the fiery life of it endures forevermore among men.

No : creation, one would think, cannot be easy; your Jove has severe pains, and fire-flames, in the head out of which an armed Pallas is struggling! As for manufacture, that is a different matter, and may become easy or not easy, according as it is taken up. Yet of manufacture too, the general truth is that, given the manufacturer, it will be worthy in direct proportion to the pains bestowed upon it ; and worthless always, or nearly so, with no pains. Cease, therefore, O ready-writer, to brag openly of thy rapidity and facility ; to thee (if thou be in the manufacturing line) it is a benefit, an increase of wages; but to me it is sheer loss, worsening of my pennyworth : why wilt thou brag of it to me ? Write easily, by steam if thou canst contrive it, and canst sell it; but hide it like virtue ! " Easy writing," said Sheridan, " is sometimes d—d hard reading." Sometimes ; and always it is sure to be rather useless reading, which indeed (to a creature of few years and much work) may be reckoned the hardest of all.

Scott's productive facility amazed everybody; and set Captain Hall, for one, upon a very strange method of accounting for it without miracle;—for which see his Journal, above quoted from. The Captain, on counting line for line, found that he himself had written in that Journal of his almost as much as Scott, at odd hours in a given number of days; ' and as for the ' invention,' says he, ' it is known that this costs Scott nothing, ' but comes to him of its own accord.' Convenient indeed !— But for us too Scott's rapidity is great, is a proof and consequence of the solid health of the man, bodily and spiritual; great, but unmiraculous ; not greater than that of many others besides Captain Hall. Admire it, yet with measure. For observe always, there are two conditions in work : let me fix the quality, and *you* shall fix the quantity ! Any man may get through work rapidly who easily satisfies himself about it. Print the *talk* of any man, there will be a thick octavo volume daily; make his writing three times as good as his talk, there will be the third part of a volume daily, which still is good work. To write with

never such rapidity in a passable manner, is indicative not of a man's genius, but of his habits; it will prove his soundness of nervous system, his practicality of mind, and in fine, that he has the knack of his trade. In the most flattering view, rapidity will betoken health of mind : much also, perhaps most of all, will depend on health of body. Doubt it not, a faculty of easy-writing is attainable by man I The human genius, once fairly set in this direction, will carry it far. William Cobbett, one of the healthiest of men, was a greater improviser even than Walter Scott: his writing, considered as to quality and quantity, of Rural Rides, Registers, Grammars, Sermons, Peter Porcupines, Histories of Reformation, ever-fresh denouncements of Potatoes and Paper-money, seems to us still more wonderful. Pierre Bayle wrote enormous folios, one sees not on what motive-principle : he flowed-on forever, a mighty tide of ditch-water ; and even died flowing, with the pen in his hand. But indeed the most unaccountable ready-writer of all is, probably, the common Editor of a Daily Newspaper. Consider his leading articles; what they treat of, how passably they are done. Straw that has been thrashed a hundred times without wheat; ephemeral sound of a sound ; such portent of the hour as all men have seen a hundred times turn out inane : how a man, with merely human faculty, buckles himself nightly with new vigour and interest to this thrashed straw, nightly thrashes it anew, nightly gets-up new thunder about it; and so goes on thrashing and thundering for a considerable series of years; this is a fact remaining still to be accounted for, in human physiology. The vitality of man is great.

Or shall we say, Scott, among the many things he carried towards their ultimatum and crisis, carried this of ready-writing too, that so all men might better see what was in it ? It is a valuable consumption. Not without results;—results, at some of which Scott as a Tory politician would have greatly shuddered. For if once Printing have grown to be as Talk, then DEMOCRACY (if we look into the roots of things) is not a bug-bear and probability, but a certainty, and event as good as come ! ' Inevitable seems it me.' But leaving this, sure enough the triumph of ready-writing appears to be even now; everywhere the ready-writer is found bragging strangely of his readi-

ness. In a late translated *Don Carlos*, one of the most indifferent translations ever done with any sign of ability, a hitherto unknown individual is found assuring his reader, * The reader will possibly think it an excuse, when I assure him ' that the whole piece was completed within the space of ten • weeks, that is to say, between the sixth of January and the • eighteenth of March of this year (inclusive of a fortnight's in- ' terruption from over-exertion) ; that I often translated twenty ' pages a-day, and that the fifth act was the work of five days.'¹⁴ O hitherto unknown individual, what is it to me what time it was the work of, whether five days or five decades of years ? The only question is, How well hast thou done it ?

So, however, it stands: the genius of Extempore irresistibly lording it, advancing on us like ocean-tides, like Noah's deluges —of ditch-water ! The prospect seems one of the lamentablest. To have all Literature swum away from us in watery Extempore, and a spiritual time of Noah supervene ? That surely is an awful reflection ; worthy of dyspeptic Matthew Bramble in a London fog ! Be of comfort, O splenetic Matthew ; it is not Literature they are swimming away ; it is only Book-publishing and Book-selling. Was there not a Literature *before* Printing or Faust of Mentz, and yet men wrote extempore ? Nay, before Writing or Cadmus of Thebes, and yet men spoke extempore ? Literature is the Thought of thinking Souls ; this, by the blessing of God, can in no generation be swum away, but remains with us to the end.

Scott's career, of writing impromptu novels to buy farms with, was not of a kind to terminate voluntarily, but to accelerate itself more and more ; and one sees not to what wise goal it could, in any case, have led him. Bookseller Constable's bankruptcy was not the ruin of Scott; his ruin was, that ambition, and even false ambition, had laid hold of him; that his way of life was not wise. Whither could it lead ? Where could it stop ? New farms there remained ever to be bought, while new novels could pay for them. More and more success but gave more and more appetite, more and more audacity. The

¹⁴ *Don Carlos*, a Dramatic Poem, from the German of Schiller. Mannheim and London, 1837.

impromptu writing must have waxed ever thinner; declined faster and faster into the questionable category, into the condemnable, into the generally condemned. Already there existed, in secret, everywhere a considerable opposition party; witnesses of the Waverley miracles, but unable to believe in them, forced silently to protest against them. Such opposition party was in the sure case to grow; and even, with the impromptu process ever going on, ever waxing thinner, to draw the world over to it. Silent protest must at length have come to words; harsh truths, backed by harsher facts of a world-popularity overwrought and worn-out, behoved to have been spoken;—such as can be spoken now without reluctance, when they can pain the brave man's heart no more. Who knows? Perhaps it was better ordered to be all *otherwise*. Otherwise, at any rate, it was. One day the Constable mountain, which seemed to stand strong like the other rock mountains, gave suddenly, as the icebergs do, a loud-sounding crack; suddenly, with huge clangor, shivered itself into ice-dust; and sank, carrying much along with it. In one day Scott's high-heaped money-wages became fairy-money and nonentity; in one day the rich man and lord of land saw himself penniless, landless, a bankrupt among creditors.

It was a hard trial. He met it proudly, bravely,—like a brave proud man of the world. Perhaps there had been a prouder way still: to have owned honestly that he *was* unsuccessful, then, all bankrupt, broken, in the world's goods and repute; and to have turned elsewhere for some refuge. Refuge did lie elsewhere; but it was not Scott's course, or fashion of mind, to seek it there. To say, Hitherto I have been all in the wrong, and this my fame and pride, now broken, was an empty delusion and spell of accursed witchcraft! It was difficult for flesh and blood. He said, I will retrieve myself, and make my point good yet, or die for it. Silently, like a proud strong man, he girt himself to the Hercules' task, of removing rubbish-mountains, since that was it; of paying large ransoms by what he could still write and sell. In his declining years, too; misfortune is doubly and trebly unfortunate that befalls us then. Scott fell to his Hercules' task like a very man, and went on with it unweariedly; with a noble cheerfulness, while his life-

strings were cracking, he grappled with it, and wrestled with it, years long, in death-grips, strength to strength ;—and *it* proved the stronger ; and his life and heart did crack and break : the cordage of a most strong heart ! Over these last writings of Scott, his *Napoleons*, *Demonologies*, *Scotch Histories*, and the rest, criticism, finding still much to wonder at, much to commend, will utter no word of blame ; this one word only, Woe is me ! The noble war-horse that once laughed at the shaking of the spear, how is he doomed to toil himself dead, dragging ignoble wheels ! Scott's descent was like that of a spent projectile ; rapid, straight down ;—perhaps mercifully so. It is a tragedy, as all life is ; one proof more that Fortune stands on a restless *globe* ; that Ambition, literary, warlike, politic, pecuniary, never yet profited any man.

Our last extract shall be from Volume Sixth ; a very tragical one. Tragical, yet still beautiful ; waste Ruin's havoc borrowing a kind of sacredness from a yet sterner visitation, that of Death ! Scott has withdrawn into a solitary lodging-house in Edinburgh, to do daily the day's work there ; and had to leave his wife at Abbotsford in the last stage of disease. He went away silently ; looked silently at the sleeping face he scarcely hoped ever to see again. We quote from a Diary he had begun to keep in those months, on hint from Byron's *Ravenna Journal* : copious sections of it render this Sixth Volume more interesting than any of the former ones :

' *Abbotsford, May II* (1826).— * * It withers my heart to think of it, and to recollect that I can hardly hope again to seek confidence and counsel from that ear, to which all might be safely confided. But in her present lethargic state, what would my attendance have availed ? —and Anne has promised close and constant intelligence. I must dine with James Ballantyne today *en famille* I cannot help it ; but would rather be at home and alone. However, I can go out too. I will not yield to the barren sense of hopelessness which struggles to invade me.

' *Edinburgh, — Mrs. Brown's lodgings, North St. David Street— May 12.* —I passed a pleasant day with kind J. B., which was a great relief from the black dog, which would have worried me at home. He was quite alone.

' Well, here I am in Arden. And I may say with Touchstone, "When I was at home I was in a better place;" I must, when there is occasion, draw to my own Baillie Nicol Jarvie's consolation—" One

cannot carry the comforts of the Saut-Market about with one." Were I at ease in mind, I think the body is very well cared for. Only one other lodger in the house, a Mr. Shandy,—a clergyman, and, despite his name, said to be a quiet one.'

'*May 14.*—A fair good-morrow to you, Mr. Sun, who are shining so brightly on these dull walls. Methinks you look as if you were looking as bright on the banks of the Tweed; but look where you will, Sir Sun, you look upon sorrow and suffering.—Hogg was here yesterday, in danger, from having obtained an accommodation of 100*l.* from James Ballantyne, which he is now obliged to repay. I am unable to help the poor fellow, being obliged to borrow myself.'

'*May 15.*—Received the melancholy intelligence that all is over at Abbotsford.'

'*Abbotsford, May 16.*—She died at nine in the morning, after being very ill for two days—easy at last. I arrived here late last night Anne is worn out, and has had hystencs, which returned on my arrival. Her broken accents were like those of a child, the language as well as the tones broken, but in the most gentle voice of submission. "P001 mamma—never return again—gone forever—a better place." Then, when she came to herself, she spoke with sense, freedom and strength of mind, till her weakness returned. It would have been inexpressibly moving to me as a stranger—what was it then to the father and the husband? For myself, I scarce know how I feel; sometimes as firm as the Bass Rock, sometimes as weak as the water that breaks on it. I am as alert at thinking and deciding as I ever was in my life. Yet, when I contrast what this place now is, with what it has been not long since, I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne; an impoverished, an embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, who could always talk-down my sense of the calamitous apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone.—Even her foibles were of service to me, by giving me things to think of beyond my weary self-reflections.

I have seen her. The figure I beheld is, and is not my Charlotte—my thirty-years companion. There is the same symmetry of form, though those limbs are rigid which were once so gracefully elastic—but that yellow mask, with pinched features, which seems to mock life rather than emulate it, can it be the face that was once so full of **lively** expression? I will not look on it again. Anne thinks her little changed, because the latest idea she **had** formed of her mother is as she appeared under circumstances of extreme pain. Mine go back to a period of comparative ease. If I write long in this way, I shall write-down my resolution, which I should rather write-up, if I could.'

'*May 18.*—* * Cerements of lead and of wood already **hold her; cold earth must have her soon.** But it is **not my Charlotte, it is not the bride of my youth, the mother of my children, that will be laid**

among the ruins of Dryburgh, which we have so often visited in gaiety and pastime No, no.'

'May 22.— * * Well, I am not apt to shink from that which is my duty, merely because it is painful; but I wish this funeral-day over. A kind of cloud of stupidity hangs about me, as if all were unreal that men seem to be doing and talking.'

'May 26.— * * Were an enemy coming upon my house, would I not do my best to fight, although oppressed in spirits; and shall a similar despondency prevent me from mental exertion? It shall not, by Heaven!'

'*Edinburgh, May 30.*—Returned to town last night with Charles. This morning resume ordinary habits of rising early, working in the morning, and attending the Court. * * * I finished correcting the proofs for the Quarterly; it is but a flimsy article, but then the circumstances were most untoward.—This has been a melancholy day—most melancholy. I am afraid poor Charles found me weeping. I do not know what other folks feel, but with me the hysterical passion that impels tears is a terrible violence—a sort of throttling sensation—then succeeded by a state of dreaming stupidity, in which I ask if my poor Charlotte can actually be dead.¹⁵

This is beautiful as well as tragical. Other scenes, in that Seventh Volume, must come, which will have no beauty, but be tragical only. It is better that we are to end here.

And so the curtain falls; and the strong Walter Scott is with us no more. A possession from him does remain; widely scattered; yet attainable; not inconsiderable. It can be said of him, When he departed, he took a Man's life along with him. No sounder piece of British manhood was put together in that eighteenth century of Time. Alas, his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy honesty, sagacity and goodness, when we saw it latterly on the Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it;—ploughed deep with labour and sorrow. We shall never forget it; we shall never see it again. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, take our proud and sad **farewell.**

¹⁵ Vol. vi. pp. 297-307.

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE'S MEMOIRS.¹

[1838.]

THE Lady *Rahel*, or Rachel, surnamed *Levin* in her maiden days, who died some five years ago as Madam Varnhagen von Ense, seems to be still memorable and notable, or to have become more than ever so, among our German friends. The widower, long known in Berlin and Germany for an intelligent and estimable man, has here published successively, as author, or as editor and annotator, so many Volumes, Nine in all, about her, about himself, and the things that occupied and environed them. Nine Volumes, properly, of German Memoirs; of letters, of miscellanies, biographical and autobiographical; which we have read not without zeal and diligence, and in part with great pleasure. It seems to us that such of our readers as take interest in things German, ought to be apprised of this Publication; and withal that there are in it enough of things European and universal to furnish-out a few pages for readers not specially of that class.

One may hope, Germany is no longer to any person that vacant land, of gray vapour and chimeras, which it was to most Englishmen, not many years ago. One may hope that, as readers of German have increased a hundredfold, some partial intelligence of Germany, some interest in things Ger-

¹ LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No.62----I. *Rahel. Ein Buck des Andenkens fur ihre Freunde* (Rachel A Book of Memorial for her Friends). 3 vols. Berlin, 1834.

2. *Gallerie von Bildnssen aus Rahel's Umgang und Briefwechsel* (Gallery of Portraits from Rand's Circle of Society and Correspondence). Edited by K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. 2 vols. Leipzig, 1836

3. *Denkwurordigkeiten und vermischte Schriften* (Memoirs and Miscellaneous Writings). By K. A. Varnhagen von Ense. 4 vols. Mannheim, 1837-38-

man, may have increased in a proportionably higher ratio. At all events, Memoirs of men, German or other, will find listeners among men. Sure enough, Berlin city, on the sandy banks of the Spree, is a living city, even as London is, on the muddy banks of Thames. Daily, with every rising of the blessed heavenly light, Berlin sends up the smoke of a hundred-thousand kindled hearths, the fret and stir of five-hundred - thousand new-awakened human souls;—marking or defacing with *such* smoke-cloud, material or spiritual, the serene of our common all-embracing Heaven. One Heaven, the same for all, embraces that smoke-cloud too, adopts it, absorbs it, like the rest. Are there not dinner-parties, 'aesthetic teas;' scandal-mongenes, changes of ministry, police-cases, literary gazettes? The clack of tongues, the sound of hammers, mounts up in that corner of the Planet too, for certain centuries of Time. Berlin has its royalties and diplomacies, its tramckings, travailings ; literatures, sculptures, cultivated heads, male and female; and boasts itself to be 'the intellectual capital of Germany.' Nine Volumes of Memoirs out of Berlin will surely contain something for us.

Samuel Johnson, or perhaps another, used to say there was no man on the streets whose biography he would not like to be acquainted with. No rudest mortal walking there who has not seen and known experimentally something, which, could he tell it, the wisest would hear willingly from him! Nay, after all that can be said and celebrated about poetry, eloquence and the higher forms of composition and utterance ; is not the primary use of speech itself this same, to utter *memoirs*, that is, memorable experiences to our fellow-creatures ? A fact is a fact; man is forever the brother of man. That thou, O my brother, impart to me truly how it stands with thee in that inner man of thine, what lively images of things past thy memory has painted there, what hopes, what thoughts, affections, knowledges do now dwell there: for this and for no other object that I can see, was the gift of speech and of hearing bestowed on us two. I say not how thou feignest. Thy fictions, and thousand-and-one Arabian Nights, promulgated as fictions, what are they also at bottom but this, things that *are* in thee, though only images of things ? But to bewilder me

with *falsehoods*, indeed ; to ray-out error and darkness,—mis-intelligence, which means misattainment, otherwise failure and sorrow; to go about confusing worse our poor world's confusion, and, as a son of Nox and Chaos, propagate delirium on earth: not surely with *this* view, but with a far different one, was that miraculous tongue suspended in thy head, and set vibrating there I—In a word, do not two things, *veracity* and *memoir-writing*, seem to be prescribed by Nature herself and the very constitution of man? Let us read, therefore, according to opportunity,—and, with judicious audacity, review !

Our Nine printed Volumes we called German Memoirs. They agree in this general character, but are otherwise to be distinguished into kinds, and differ very much in their worth for us. The first book on our list, entitled *Rahel*, is a book of private letters ; three thick volumes of Letters written by that lady; selected from her wide correspondence; with a short introduction, with here and there a short note, and that on Varnhagen's part is all. Then follows, in two volumes, the work named *Gallery of Portraits*; consisting principally of Letters to Rahel, by various persons, mostly persons of note; to which Varnhagen, as editor, has joined some slight commentary, some short biographical sketch of each. Of these five volumes of German Letters we will say, for the present, that they seem to be calculated for Germany, and even for some special circle there, rather than for England or us. A glance at them afterwards, we hope, will be possible.

But the third work, that of Varnhagen himself, is the one we must chiefly depend on here : the four volumes of *Memoirs and Miscellanies*; lively pieces; which can be safely recommended as altogether pleasant reading to every one. They are • *Miscellaneous Writings*, as their title indicates ; in part collected and reprinted out of periodicals, or wherever they lay scattered ; in part sent forth now for the first time. There are criticisms, notices literary or didactic ; always of a praiseworthy sort, generally of small extent. There are narrations ; there is a long personal narrative, as it might be called, of service in the 'Liberation War' of 1814, wherein Varnhagen did duty as a volunteer officer in Tettenborn's corps, among the Cossacks: this is the longest piece, by no means the best. There is far-

ther a curious narrative of Lafayette's escape (brief escape with recapture) from the Prison of Olmutz. Then also there is a curious biography of Doctor Bollmann, the brave young Hanoverian, who aided Lafayette in that adventure. Then other biographies not so curious; on the whole, there are many biographies: Biography, we might say, is the staple article; an article in which Varnhagen has long been known to excel. Lastly, as basis for the whole, there are presented, fitfully, now here, now there, and with long intervals, considerable sections of Autobiography;—not confessions, indeed, or questionable work of the Rousseau sort, but discreet reminiscences, personal and other, of a man who having looked on much, may be sure of willing audience in reporting it well. These are the Four Volumes written by Varnhagen von Ense; those are the Five edited by him. We shall regard his autobiographic memorials as a general substratum, upholding and uniting into a certain coherence the multifarious contents of these publications: it is Varnhagen von Ense's Passage through Life; this is what it yielded him; these are the things and persons he took note of, and had to do with, in travelling thus far.

Beyond ascertaining for ourselves what manner of eyesight and way of judgment this our Memoir-writer has, it is not necessary to insist much on Varnhagen's qualities or literary character here. He seems to us a man peculiarly fitted, both by natural endowment and by position and opportunity, for writing memoirs. In the space of half a century that he has lived in this world, his course has been what we might call erratic in a high degree: from the student's garret in Halle or Tubingen to the Tuileries hall of audience and the Wagram battle-field, from Chamisso the poet to Napoleon the emperor, his path has intersected all manner of paths of men. He has a fine intellectual gift; and what is the foundation of that and of all, an honest, sympathising, manfully patient, manfully courageous heart. His way of life, too erratic we should fear for happiness or ease, and singularly checkered by vicissitude, **has had this considerable advantage, if no other, that it has trained him, and could not but train him, to a certain Catholicism of mind. He has been a student of literature, an author,**

a student of medicine, a soldier, a secretary, a diplomatist. A man withal of modest, affectionate nature; courteous and yet truthful; of quick apprehension, precise in utterance; of just, extensive, occasionally of deep and fine insight: this is a man qualified beyond most to write memoirs. We should call him one of the best memoir-writers we have met with; decidedly the best we know of in these days. For clearness, grace of method, easy comprehensibility, he is worthy to be ranked among the French, who have a natural turn for memoir-writing; and in respect of honesty, valorous gentleness and simplicity of heart, his character is German, not French.

Such a man, conducting us in the spirit of cheerful friendliness along his course of life, and delineating what he has found most memorable in it, produces one of the pleasantest books. Brave old Germany, in this and the other living phasis, now here, now there, from Rhineland to the East-sea, from Hamburg and Berlin to Deutsch-Wagram and the Marchfeld, paints itself in the colours of reality; with notable persons, with notable events. For consider withal in what a time this man's life has lain: in the thick of European things, while the Nineteenth Century was opening itself. Amid convulsions and revolutions, outward and inward,—with Napoleons, Goethes, Fichtes; while prodigies and battle-thunder shook the world, and 'amid the glare of conflagrations, and the noise of falling towns and kingdoms,' a New Era of Thought was also evolving itself: one of the wonderfulest times! On the whole, if men like Varnhagen were to be met with, why have we not innumerable Memoirs? Alas, it is because the men like Varnhagen are *not* to be met with; men with the clear eye and the open heart. Without such qualities, memoir-writers are but a nuisance; which, so often as they show themselves, a judicious world is obliged to sweep into the cesspool, with loudest possible prohibition of the like. If a man is not open-minded, if he is ignorant, perverse, egoistic, splenetic; on the whole, if he is false and stupid, how shall he write memoirs?—

From Varnhagen's young years, especially from his college years, we could extract many a lively little sketch, of figures partially known to the reader: of Chamisso, La Motte Fouque',

Raumer, and other the like ; of Platonic Schleiermacher, sharp, crabbed, shrunken, with his wire-drawn logic, his sarcasms, his sly malicious ways ; of Homeric Wolf, with his biting wit, with his grim earnestness and inextinguishable Homeric laugh, the irascible great-hearted man. Or of La Fontaine, the sentimental novelist, over whose rose-coloured moral-sublime what fair eye has not wept ? Varnhagen found him ' in a pleasant house near the Saale-gate'of Halle, with an ugly good-tempered wife, with a pretty niece, which latter he would not allow to read a word of his romance-stuff, but ' kept it locked from her like poison;' a man jovial as Boniface, swollen-out on booksellers' profit, church-preferments and fat things, 'to the size of a hog'shead;' for the rest, writing with such velocity (he did some hundred-and-fifty weeping volumes in his time) that he was obliged to hold-in, and 'write only two days in the week:' this was La Fontaine, the sentimental novelist. But omitting all these, let us pick-out a family-picture of one far better worth looking at: Jean Paul in his little home at Baireuth,—'little city of my habitation, which I belong to on this side the grave!' It is Sunday, the 23d of October 1808, according to Varnhagen's note-book. The ingenious youth of four-and-twenty, as a rambling student, passes the day of rest there, and luckily for us has kept memorandums :

' *Visit to Jean Paul Friedrich Richter.*—This forenoon I went to Jean Paul's. Friend Harscher was out of humour, and would not go, say what I would. I too, for that matter, am but "a poor nameless student;" but what of that ?

' A pleasant, kindly, inquisitive woman, who had opened the door to me, I at once recognised for Jean Paul's wife by her likeness to her sister. A child was sent off to call its father. He came directly; he had been forewarned of my visit by letters from Berlin and Leipzig; and received me with great kindness. As he seated himself beside me on the sofa, I had almost laughed in his face, for in bending down somewhat he had the very look our Neumann, in his *Versuchen und Hindernissen*, has jestingly given him, and his speaking and what he spoke confirmed that impression. Jean Paul is of stout figure; has a full, well-ordered face; the eyes small, gleaming-out on you with lambent fire, then again veiled in soft dimness; the mouth friendly, and with some slight motion in it even when silent. His speech is rapid, almost hasty, even stuttering somewhat here and there; not without a certain degree of dialect, difficult to designate, but which probably is

some mixture of Prankish and Saxon, and of course is altogether kept down within the rules of cultivated language.

'First of all, I had to tell him what I was charged with in the shape of messages, then whatsoever I could tell in any way, about his Berlin friends. He willingly remembered the time he had lived in Berlin, as Marcus Herz's neighbour, in Leder's house; where I, seven years before, had first seen him in the garden by the Spree, with papers in his hand, which it was privately whispered were leaves of *Hesperus*. This talk about persons, and then still more about Literature growing out of that, set him fairly underway, and soon he had more to impart than to inquire. His conversation was throughout amiable and good-natured, always full of meaning, but in quite simple tone and expression. Though I knew beforehand that his wit and humour belonged only to his pen, that he could hardly write the shortest note without these introducing themselves, while on the contrary his oral utterance seldom showed the like,—yet it struck me much that, in this continual movement and vivacity of mood to which he yielded himself, I observed no trace of these qualities. His demeanour otherwise was like his speaking; nothing forced, nothing studied, nothing that went beyond the burgher tone. His courtesy was the free expression of a kind heart; his way and bearing were patriarchal, considerate of the stranger, yet for himself too altogether unconstrained. Neither in the animation to which some word or topic would excite him, was this fundamental temper ever altered; nowhere did severity appear, nowhere any exhibiting of himself, any watching or spying of his hearer; everywhere kind-heartedness, free movement of his somewhat loose-flowing nature, open course for him, with & hundred transitions from one course to the other, howsoever or whithersoever it seemed good to him to go.

'At first he praised everything that was named of our new appearances in Literature; and then, when we came a little closer to the matter, there was blame enough and to spare. So of Adam Muller's Lectures, of Friednch Schlegel, of Tieck and others. He said, German writers ought to hold by the people, not by the upper classes, among whom all was already dead and gone; and yet he had just been praising Adam Muller, that he had the gift of speaking a deep word to cultivated people of the world. He is convinced that from the opening of the old Indian world nothing is to be got for us, except the adding of one other mode of poetry to the many modes we have already, but no increase of ideas: and yet he had just been celebrating Friedrich Schlegel's labours with the Sanscrit, as if a new salvation were to issue out of that. He was free to confess that a right Christian in these days, if not a Protestant one, was inconceivable to him; **that** changing from Protestantism to Catholicism seemed a monstrous perversion; and with this opinion great hope had been expressed, a few minutes before, that the Catholic spirit in Friedrich Schlegel, combined with the Indian,

would produce much good! Of Schleiermacher he spoke with respect, signified, however, that he did not relish his *Plato* greatly; that in Jacobi's, in Herder's soaring flight of soul he traced far more of those divine old sages than in the learned acumen of Schleiermacher; a deliverance which I could not let pass without protest. Fichte, of whose *Addresses to the German Nation*, held in Berlin under the sound of French drums, I had much to say, was not a favourite of his; the decisiveness of that energy gave him uneasiness; he said he could only read Fichte as an exercise, "gymnastically," and that with the purport of his Philosophy he had now nothing more to do.

'Jean Paul was called out, and I stayed a while alone with his wife. I had now to answer many new questions about Berlin; her interest in persons and things of her native town was by no means sated with what she had already heard. The lady pleased me exceedingly; soft, refined, acute, she united with the loveliest expression of household goodness an air of higher breeding and freer management than Jean Paul seemed to manifest. Yet, in this respect too, she willingly held herself inferior, and looked-up to her gifted husband. It was apparent everyway that their life together was a right happy one. Then three children, a boy and two girls, are beautiful, healthy, well-conditioned creatures. I had a hearty pleasure in them; they recalled other dear children to my thoughts, whom I had lately been beside! * * *

'With continual copiousness and in the best humour, Jean Paul (we were now at table) expatiated on all manner of objects. Among the rest, I had been charged with a salutation from Rahel Levin to him, and the modest question, "Whether he remembered her still?" His face beamed with joyful satisfaction: "How could one forget such a person?" cried he impressively. "That is a woman alone of her kind: I liked her heartily well, and more now than ever, as I gam in sense and apprehension to do it; she is the only woman in whom I have found genuine humour, the one woman of this world who had humour!" He called me a lucky fellow to have such a friend; and asked, as if proving me and measuring my value, How I had deserved that?

'*Monday, 24th October.*—Being invited, I went a second time to dine. Jean Paul had just returned from a walk; his wife, with one of the children, was still out. We came upon his writings; that questionable string with most authors, which the one will not have you touch, which another will have you keep jingling continually. He was here what I expected him to be; free, unconstrained, good-natured, and sincere with his whole heart. His *Dream of a Madman*, just published by Cotta, was what had led us upon this. He said he could write such things at any time; the mood for it, when he was in health, lay in his own power; he did but seat himself at the harpsichord, and fantasying for a while on it, in the wildest way, deliver himself over to the feeling of the moment, and then write his imaginings,—according to a certain

predetermined course, indeed, which however he would often alter as he went on. In this kind he had once undertaken to write a *Hell*, such as mortal never heard of; and a great deal of it is actually done; but not fit for print. Speaking of descriptive composition, he also started as in fright when I ventured to say that Goethe was less complete in this province; he reminded me of two passages in *Werter*, which are indeed among the finest descriptions. He said that to describe any scene well, the poet must make the bosom of a man his *camera obscura*, and look at it through *this*, then would he see it poetically. * * *

'The conversation turned on public occurrences, on the condition of Germany, and the oppressive rule of the French. To me discussions of that sort are usually disagreeable; but it was delightful to hear Jean Paul express, on such occasion, his noble patriotic sentiments; and, for the sake of this rock-island, I willingly swam through the empty tide of uncertain news and wavering suppositions which environed it. What he said was deep, considerate, hearty, valiant, German to the marrow of the bone. I had to tell him much; of Napoleon, whom he knew only by portraits; of Johannes von Muller; of Fichte, whom he now as a patriot admired cordially; of the Marquess de la Romana and his Spaniards, whom I had seen in Hamburg. Jean Paul said he at no moment doubted but the Germans, like the Spaniards, would one day rise, and Prussia would avenge its disgrace, and free the country; he hoped his son would live to see it, and did not deny that he was bringing him up for a soldier. * * *

'*October 25th.*—I stayed to supper, contrary to my purpose, having to set-out next morning early. The lady was so kind, and Jean Paul himself so trustful and blithe, I could not withstand their entreaties. At the neat and well-furnished table (reminding you that South Germany was now near), the best humour reigned. Among other things, we had a good laugh at this, that Jean Paul offered me an introduction to one of what he called his dearest friends in Stuttgart,—and then was obliged to give it up, having irrecoverably forgotten his name! Of a more serious sort, again, was our conversation about Tieck, Friedrich and Wilhelm Schlegel, and others of the romantic school. He seemed in ill-humour with Tieck at the moment. Of Goethe he said: "Goethe is a consecrated head; he has a place of his own, high above us all" We spoke of Goethe afterwards, for some time: Jean Paul, with more and more admiration, nay with a sort of fear and awe-struck reverence.

'Some beautiful fruit was brought-in for dessert. On a sudden, Jean Paul started up, gave me his hand, and said: "Forgive me, I must go to bed! Stay you here in God's name, for it is still early, and chat with my wife; there is much to say between you, which my talking has kept back. I am a *Spiessburger*" (of the Club of Odd Fellows), "and my hour is come for sleep." He took a candle, and said good.

night. We parted with great cordiality, and the wish expressed on both sides, that I might stay at Baireuth another time.'

These biographic phenomena; Jean Paul's loose-flowing talk, his careless variable judgments of men and things; the prosaic basis of the free-and-easy in domestic life with the poetic Shandean, Shakspearean, and even Dantesque, that grew from it as its public outcome; all this Varnhagen had to rhyme and reconcile for himself as he best could. The loose-flowing talk and variable judgments, the fact that Richter went along, 'looking only right before him as with blinders on,' seemed to Varnhagen a pardonable, nay an amiable peculiarity, the mark of a trustful, spontaneous, artless nature; connected with whatever was best in Jean Paul. He found him on the whole (what we at a distance have always done) 'a genuine and noble man: 'no deception or impurity exists in his life: he is altogether 'as he writes, lovable, hearty, robust and brave. A valiant 'man I do believe: did the cause summon, I fancy he would 'be readier with his sword too than the most.' And so we quit our loved Jean Paul, and his simple little Baireuth home. The lights are blown-out there, the fruit-platters swept away, a dozen years ago, and all is dark now,—swallowed in the long Night. Thanks to Varnhagen, that he has, though imperfectly, rescued any glimpse of it, one scene of it, still visible to eyes, by the magic of pen-and-ink.

The next picture that strikes us is not a family-piece, but a battle-piece: Deutsch-Wagram, in the hot weather of 1809; whither Varnhagen, with a great change of place and plan, has wended, purposing now to be a soldier, and rise by fighting the tyrannous French. It is a fine picture; with the author's best talent in it. Deutsch-Wagram village is filled with soldiers of every uniform and grade; in all manner of movements and employments; Arch-Duke Karl is heard 'fantasying for an hour on the pianoforte,' before his serious generalissimo duties begin. The Marchfeld has its camp, the Marchfeld is one great camp of many nations,—Germans, Hungarians, Italians, Madshars; advanced sentinels walk steady, drill-sergeants bustle, drums beat; Austrian generals gallop, * in blue-gray coat and red breeches,' combining • simplicity with conspicuousness.' Faint on our south-western horizon appears the *Stephans-*

thurm (Saint Stephen's Steeple) of Vienna; south, over the Danube, are seen endless French hosts defiling towards us, with dust and glitter, along the hill-roads; one may hope, though with misgivings, there will be work soon.

Meanwhile, in every regiment there is but one tent, a chapel, used also for shelter to the chief officers; you, a subaltern, have to lie on the ground, in your own dug trench, to which, if you can contrive it, some roofing of branches and rushes may be added. It is burning sun and dust, occasionally it is thunder-storm and water-spouts; a volunteer, if it were not for the hope of speedy battle, has a poor time of it: your soldiers speak little, except unintelligible Bohemian Sclavonic; your brother ensigns know nothing of Xenophon, Jean Paul, of patriotism, or the higher philosophies; hope only to be soon back at Prague, where are billiards and things suitable. • The following days were heavy and void: the great summer-heat had withered grass and grove; the willows of the Russbach were long since leafless, in part barkless; on the endless Plain fell nowhere a shadow; only dim dust-clouds, driven-up by sudden whirlblasts, veiled for a moment the glaring sky, and *sprinkled all things with a hot rain of sand. We gave-up drilling as impossible, and crept into our earth-holes.' It is feared, too, there will be no battle: Varnhagen has thoughts of making-off to the fighting Duke of Brunswick-Oels, or some other that will fight. 'However,' it would seem, *the worst trial was already over. After a hot, wearying, waiting day, which •promised nothing but a morrow like it, there arose on the *evening of the 30th June, from beyond the Danube, a sound of cannon-thunder; a solacing refreshment to the languid soul 1 A party of French, as we soon learned, had got across from the Lobau, by boats, to a little island named Muhleninsel, divided only by a small arm from our side of the river; they had then thrown a bridge over this too, with defences; our batteries at Esslingen were for hindering the enemy's passing there, and his nearest cannons about the Lobau made answer.' On the fourth day after,

' Archduke John got orders to advance again as far as Marchegg; that, in the event of a battle on the morrow, he might act on the enemy's right flank. With us too a resolute engagement was arranged.

On the 4th of July, in the evening, we were ordered, if there was cannonading in the night, to remain quiet till daybreak; but at daybreak to be under arms. Accordingly, so soon as it was dark, there began before us, on the Danube, a violent fire of artillery; the sky glowed ever and anon with the cannon-flashes, with the courses of bombs and grenades: for nearly two hours this thunder-game lasted on both sides; for the French had begun their attack almost at the same time with ours, and while we were striving to ruin their works on the Lobau, they strove to burn Enzersdorf town, and ruin ours. The Austrian cannon could do little against the strong works on the Lobau. On the other hand, the enemy's attack began to tell; in his object was a wider scope, more decisive energy; his guns were more numerous, more effectual: in a short time Enzersdorf burst-out in flames, and our artillery struggled without effect against their superiority of force. The region round had been illuminated for some time with the conflagration of that little town, when the sky grew black with heavy thunder: the rain poured down, the flames dwindled, the artillery fired seldomer, and at length fell silent altogether. A frightful thunder-storm, such as no one thought he had ever seen, now raged over the broad Marchfeld, which shook with the crashing of the thunder, and, in the pour of rain floods and howl of winds, was in such a roar, that even the artillery could not have been heard in it.'

On the morrow morning, in spite of Austria and the war of elements, Napoleon, with his endless hosts, and 'six-hundred pieces of artillery' in front of them, is across; advancing like a conflagration; and soon the whole Marchfeld, far and wide, is in a blaze.

'Ever stronger batteries advanced, ever larger masses of troops came into action; the whole line blazed with fire, and moved forward and forward. We, from our higher position, had hitherto looked at the evolutions and fightings before us, as at a show; but now the battle had got nigher; the air over us sang with cannon-balls, which were lavishly hurled at us, and soon our batteries began to bellow in answer. The infantry got orders to lie flat on the ground, and the enemy's balls at first did little execution; however, as he kept incessantly advancing, the regiments ere long stood to their arms. The Archduke Generalissimo, with his staff, came galloping along, drew bridle in front of us; he gave his commands; looked down into the plain, where the French still kept advancing. You saw by his face that he heeded not danger or death, that he lived altogether in his work; his whole bearing had got a more impressive aspect, a loftier determination, full of joyous courage, which he seemed to diffuse round him; the soldiers looked at with pride and trust, many voices saluted him. He had ridden a

little on towards Baumersdorf, when an adjutant came galloping back, and cried: "Volunteers, forward I" In an instant, almost the whole company of Captain Marais stepped-out as volunteers: we fancied it was to storm the enemy's nearest battery, which was advancing through the corn-fields in front; and so, cheering with loud shout, we hastened down the declivity, when a second adjutant came in, with the order that we were but to occupy the Russbach, defend the passage of it, and not to fire till the enemy were quite close. Scattering ourselves into skirmishing order, behind willow-trunks, and high corn, we waited with firelocks ready; covered against cannon-balls, but hit by musket-shots and howitzer-grenades, which the enemy sent in great numbers to our quarter. About an hour we waited here, in the incessant roar of the artillery, which shot both ways over our heads; with regret we soon remarked that the enemy's were superior, at least in number, and delivered twice as many shots as ours, which however was far better served; the more did we admire the active zeal and valorous endurance by which the unequal match was nevertheless maintained.

'The Emperor Napoleon meanwhile saw, with impatience, the day passing-on without a decisive result; he had calculated on striking the blow at once, and his great accumulated force was not to have directed itself all hitherward in vain. Rapidly he arranged his troops for storming. Marshall Bernadotte got orders to press forward, over Atterkla, towards Wagram; and, by taking this place, break the middle of the Austrian line. Two deep storming columns were at the same time to advance, on the right and left, from Baumersdorf over the Russbach; to scale the heights of the Austrian position, and sweep away the troops there. French infantry had, in the mean while, got up close to where we stood; we skirmishers were called back from the Russbach, and again went into the general line: along the whole extent of which a dreadful fire of musketry now began. This monstrous noise of the universal, never-ceasing crack of shots, and still more, that of the infinite jingle of iron, in handling of more than twenty-thousand muskets all crowded together here, was the only new and entirely strange impression that I, in these my first experiences in war, could say I had got; all the rest was in part conformable to my preconceived notion, in part even below it: but everything, the thunder of artillery never so numerous, every noise I had heard or figured, was trifling, in comparison with this continuous storm-tumult of the small-arms, as we call them,—that weapon by which indeed our modern battles do chiefly become deadly.'

What boots it? Ensign Varnhagen and Generalissimo Archduke Karl are beaten; have to retreat in the best possible order. The sun of Wagram sets as that of Austerlitz had done; the war has to end in submission and marriage: and as

the great Atlantic tide-stream rushes into every creek and alters the current there, so for our Varnhagen too a new chapter opens,—the diplomatic one, in Paris first of all.

Varnhagen's experiences *At the Court of Napoleon*, as one of his sections is headed, are extremely entertaining. They are tragical, comical, of mixed character; always dramatic, and vividly given. We have a grand Schwartzberg Festival, and the Emperor himself, and all high persons present in grand gala; with music, light and crowned goblets; in a wooden pavilion, with upholstery and draperies: a rag of drapery flutters the wrong way athwart some waxlight, shrivels itself up in quick fire, kindles the other draperies, kindles the gums and woods, and all blazes into swift-choking ruin; a beautiful Princess Schwartzberg, lost in the mad tumult, is found on the morrow as ashes amid the ashes! Then also there are *soirees* of Imperial notabilities; 'the gentlemen walking about' in varied talk, wherein you detect a certain cautiousness; the 'ladies all solemnly ranged in their chairs, rather silent for 'ladies.' Berthier is a 'man of composure,' *not* without higher capabilities. Denon, in spite of his kind speeches, produces an ill effect on one; and in his *habit habille*, with court-rapier and lace-cuffs, 'looks like a dizened ape.' Cardinal Maury in red stockings, he that was once Abbe" Maury, 'pet son of the scarlet-woman,' whispers diplomatically in your ear, in passing, "*Nous avons beaucoup de joie de vous voir ici.*" But the thing that will best of all suit us here, is the presentation to Napoleon himself:

'On Sunday the 22d of July (1810), was to be the Emperor's first levee after that fatal occurrence of the fire; and we were told it would be uncommonly fine and grand. In Berlin I had often accidentally seen Napoleon, and afterwards at Vienna and Schonbrunn; but always too far off for a right impression of him. At Prince Schwartzberg's festival, the look of the man, in that whirl of horrible occurrences, had effaced itself again. I assume, therefore, that I saw him for the first time now, when I saw him *rightly*, near at hand, with convenience, and a sufficient length of time. The frequent opportunities I afterwards had, in the Tuileries and at Saint-Cloud (in the latter place especially, at the brilliant theatre, open only to the Emperor and his guests, where Talma, Fleury and La Raucourt figured), did but confirm, and, as it were, complete that first impression.

' We had driven to the Tuileries, and arrived through a great press of guards and people at a chamber, of which I had already heard, under the name of *Salle des Ambassadeurs*. The way in which, here in this narrow ill-furnished pen, so many high personages stood jammed together, had something ludicrous and insulting in it, and was indeed the material of many a Paris jest.—The richest uniforms and court-dresses were, with difficulty and anxiety, struggling hitherward and thitherward; intermixed with Imperial liveries of men handing refreshments, who always, by the near peril, suspended every motion of those about them. The talk was loud and vivacious on all sides; people seeking acquaintances, seeking more room, seeking better light. Seriousness of mood, and dignified concentration of oneself, seemed foreign to all; and what a man could not bring with him, there was nothing here to produce. The whole matter had a distressful, offensive air; you found yourself lill-off, and waited out of humour. My look, however, dwelt with especial pleasure on the members of our Austrian Embassy, whose bearing and demeanour did not discredit the dignity of the old Imperial house.—Prince Schwartzberg, in particular, had a stately aspect; ease without negligence, gravity without assumption, and over all an honest goodness of expression; beautifully contrasted with the smirking saloon-activity, the perked-up courtiennism and pretentious nullity of many here. • • •

' At last the time came **for** going-up to audience. On the first announcement of it, all rushed without order towards the door; you squeezed along, you pushed and shoved your neighbour without ceremony. Chamberlains, pages and guards filled the passages and ante-chamber; restless, overdone officiousness struck you here too; the soldiers seemed the only figures that knew how to behave in their business,—and this, truly, they had learned, not at Court, but from their drill-sergeants.

' We had formed ourselves into a half-circle in the Audience Hall, and got placed in several crowded ranks, when the cry of "*L'Empereur !*" announced the appearance of Napoleon, who entered from the lower side of the apartment. In simple blue uniform, his little hat under his arm, he walked heavily towards us. His bearing seemed to me to express the contradiction between a will that would attain something, and a contempt for those by whom it was to be attained. An imposing appearance he would undoubtedly have liked to have; and yet it seemed to him not worth the trouble of acquiring; acquiring, I may say, for by nature he certainly had it not. Thus there alternated in his manner a negligence and a studiedness, which combined themselves only in unrest and dissatisfaction. He turned first to the Austrian Embassy, which occupied one extremity of the half-circle. The consequences of **the** unlucky festival gave occasion to various questions **and** remarks. The Emperor sought to appear sympathetic, he even

used words of emotion; but this tone by no means succeeded with him, and accordingly he soon let it drop. To the Russian Ambassador, Kurakin, who stood next, his manner had already changed into a rougher; and in his farther progress some face or some thought must have stung him, for he got into violent anger; broke stormfully out on some one or other, not of the most important there, whose name has now escaped me; could be pacified with no answer, but demanded always new; rated and threatened, and held the poor man, for a good space, in tormenting annihilation. Those who stood nearer, and were looking at this scene, not without anxieties of their own, declared afterwards that there was no cause at all for such fury; that the Emperor had merely been seeking an opportunity to vent his ill-humour, and had done so even intentionally, on this poor wight, that all the rest might be thrown into due terror, and every opposition beforehand beaten down.

'As he walked on, he again endeavoured to speak more mildly; but his jarred humour still sounded through. His words were short, hasty, as if shot from him, and on the most indifferent matters had a passionate rapidity; nay, when he wished to be kindly, it still sounded as if he were in anger. Such a raspy, untamed voice as that of his I have hardly heard.

'His eyes were dark, overclouded, fixed on the ground before him; and only glanced backwards in side-looks now and then, swift and sharp, on the persons there. When he smiled, it was but the mouth and a part of the cheeks that smiled; brow and eyes remained gloomily motionless. If he constrained these also, as I have subsequently seen him do, his countenance took a still more distorted expression. This union of gloom and smile had something frightfully repulsive in it. I know not what to think of the people who have called this countenance gracious, and its kindness attractive. Were not his features, though undeniably beautiful in the plastic sense, yet hard and rigorous like marble; foreign to all trust, incapable of any heartiness?

'What he said, whenever I heard him speaking, was always trivial both in purport and phraseology; without spirit, without wit, without force, nay, at times, quite poor and ridiculous. Faber, in his *Notices sur l'Interieur de la France*, has spoken expressly of his questions, those questions which Napoleon was wont to prepare beforehand for certain persons and occasions, to gain credit thereby for acuteness and special knowledge. This is literally true of a visit he had made a short while before to the great Library: all the way on the stairs, he kept calling out about that passage in Josephus where Jesus is made mention of; and seemed to have no other task here but that of showing-off this bit of learning; it had altogether the air of a question got by heart. * * * His gift lay in saying things sharp, or at least unpleasant; nay, when he wanted to speak in another sort, he often made no more of it than

insignificance: thus it befell once, as I myself witnessed in Saint-Cloud, he went through a whole row of ladies, and repeated twenty times merely these three words, "*Il fait chaud.*" * * *

'At this time there circulated a song on his second marriage; a piece composed in the lowest popular tone, but which doubtless had originated in the higher classes. Napoleon saw his power and splendour stained by a ballad, and breathed revenge; but the police could no more detect the author than they could the circulators. To me among others a copy, written in a bad hand and without name, had been sent by the city-post; I had privately with friends amused myself over the burlesque, and knew it by heart. Altogether at the wrong time, exactly as the Emperor, gloomy and sour of humour, was now passing me, the words and tune of that song came into my head; and the more I strove to drive them lack, the more decidedly they forced themselves forward; so that my imagination, excited by the very frightfulness of the thing, was getting giddy, and seemed on the point of breaking-forth into the deadliest offence,—when happily the audience came to an end; and deep repeated bows accompanied the exit of Napoleon; who to me had addressed none of his words, but did, as he passed, turn on me one searching glance of the eye, with the departure of which it seemed as if a real danger had vanished.

'The Emperor gone, all breathed free, as if disloaded from a heavy burden. By degrees the company again grew loud, and then went over altogether into the noisy disorder and haste which had ruled at the commencement. The French courtiers, especially, took pains to redeem their late downbent and terrified bearing by a free jocularity now; and even in descending the stairs there arose laughter and quizzing at the levee, the solemnity of which had ended here.'

Such was Varnhagen von Ense's presentation to Napoleon Bonaparte in the Palace of the Tuileries. What Varnhagen saw remains a possession for him and for us. The judgment he formed on what he saw, will—depend upon circumstances. For the eye of the intellect' sees in all objects what it brought with it the means of seeing.' Napoleon is a man of the sort which Varnhagen elsewhere calls *daimonisch*, a 'daemonic man;' whose meaning or magnitude is not very measurable by men; who, with his *ownness* of impulse and insight, with his mystery and strength, in a word, with his *originality* (if we will understand that), reaches down into the region of the perennial and primeval, of the inarticulate and unspeakable; concerning whom innumerable things may be said, and the right thing not said for a long while, or at all. We will leave him standing

on his own basis, at present; bullying the hapless obscure functionary there; declaring to all the world the meteorological fact, *Il fait chaud*.

Varnhagen, as we see, has many things to write about; but the thing which beyond all others he rejoices to write about, and would gladly sacrifice all the rest to, is the memory of Rahel, his deceased wife. Mysterious indications have of late years flitted round us concerning a certain Rahel, a kind of spiritual queen in Germany, who seems to have lived in familiar relation to most of the distinguished persons of that country in her time. Travellers to Germany, now a numerous sect with us, ask you as they return from aesthetic capitals and circles, "Do you know Rahel?" Marquis Custine, in the *Revue de Paris* (treating of this Book of *Rahel's letters*), says, by experience: 'She was a woman as extraordinary as Madame de Stael, for her faculties of mind, for her abundance of ideas, her light of soul and her goodness of heart: she had more over, what the author of *Corinne* did not pretend to, a disdain for oratory; she did not write. The silence of minds like hers is a force too. With more vanity, a person so superior would have sought to make a public for herself: but Rahel desired only friends. She spoke to communicate the life that was in her; never did she speak to be admired.' Goethe testifies that she is a 'right woman; with the strongest feelings I have ever seen, and the completest mastery of them.' Richter addresses her by the title *geflugelte*, 'winged one.' Such a Rahel might be worth knowing.

We find, on practical inquiry, that Rahel was of Berlin; by birth a Jewess, in easy, not affluent circumstances; who lived, mostly there,—from 1771 to 1833. That her youth passed in studies, struggles, disappointed passions, sicknesses and other sufferings and vivacities to which one of her excitable organisation was liable. That she was deep in many spiritual provinces, in Poetry, in Art, in Philosophy;—the first, for instance, or one of the first to recognise the significance of Goethe, **and** teach the Schlegels to do it. That she wrote nothing; but thought, **did and** spoke many things, which attracted notice, **admiration spreading wider and wider.** **That in 1814** she be-

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE'S MEMOIRS.

came the wife of Varnhagen; the loved wife, though her age was forty-three, exceeding his by some twelve years or more, and she could never boast of beauty. That without beauty, without wealth, foreign celebrity, or any artificial nimbus whatsoever, she had grown in her silently progressive way to be the most distinguished woman in Berlin; admired, partly worshipped by all manner of high persons, from Prince Louis of Prussia downwards; making her mother's, and then her husband's house the centre of an altogether brilliant circle there. This is the 'social phenomenon of Rahel.' What farther could be readily done to understand such a social phenomenon we have endeavoured to do; with what success the reader shall see.

First of all, we have looked at the portrait of Rahel given in these Volumes. It is a face full of thought, of affection and energy; with no pretensions to beauty, yet lovable and attractive in a singular degree. The strong high brow and still eyes are full of contemplation; the long upper lip (sign of genius, some say) protrudes itself to fashion a curved mouth, condemnable in academies, yet beautifully expressive of laughter and affection, of strong endurance, of noble silent scorn; the whole countenance looking as with cheerful clearness through a world of great pain and disappointment; one of those faces which the lady meant when she said: "But are not all beautiful faces ugly, then, to begin with?" In the next place, we have read diligently whatsoever we could anywhere find written about Rahel; and have to remark here that the things written about her, unlike some things written by her, are generally easy to read. Varnhagen's account of their intercourse; of his first young feelings towards her, his long waiting, and final meeting of her in snowy weather under the Lindens, in company with a lady whom he knew; his tremulous speaking to her there, the rapid progress of their intimacy; and so onwards, to love, to marriage: all this is touching and beautiful; a Petrarchan romance, and yet a reality withal.

Finally, we have read in these Three thick Volumes of Letters,—till, in the Second thick Volume, the reading faculty unhappily broke down, and had to skip largely thenceforth, only diving here and there at a venture **with** considerable intervals! Such is **the melancholy fact. It must be urged in de-**

fence that these Volumes are of the toughest reading; calculated, as we said, for Germany rather than for England or us. To be written with such indisputable marks of ability, nay of genius, of depth and sincerity, they are the heaviest business we perhaps ever met with. The truth is, they do not suit us at all. They are *subjective* letters, what the metaphysicians call subjective, not *objective*; the grand material of them is endless depicting of moods, sensations, miseries, joys and lyrical conditions of the writer; no definite picture drawn, or rarely any, of persons, transactions or events which the writer stood amidst: a wrong material, as it seems to us. To what end, to what end? we always ask. Not by looking at itself, but by looking at things out of itself, and ascertaining and ruling these, shall the mind become known. 'One thing above all others,' says Goethe once; 'I have never *thought about Thinking*' What a thrift of thinking-faculty there; thrift almost of itself equal to a fortune, in these days: '*habe nie ans Denken gedacht!*' But how much wasteful still is it *to/eel about Feeling!* One is wearied of that; the healthy soul avoids that. Thou shalt look outward, not inward. Gazing inward on one's own self,—why, this can drive one mad, like the Monks of Athos, if it last too long! Unprofitable writing this *subjective sort* does seem;—at all events, to the present reviewer, no reading is so insupportable. Nay, we ask, might not the world be entirely deluged by it, unless prohibited? Every mortal is a microcosm; to himself a *macrocosm*, or Universe large as Nature; universal Nature would barely hold what he *could* say about himself. Not a dyspeptic tailor on any shopboard of this city but could furnish all England, the year through, with reading about himself, about his emotions and internal mysteries of woe and sensibility, if England would read him. It is a course which leads nowhither; a course which should be avoided.

Add to all this, that such self-utterance on the part of Rachel, in these Letters, is in the highest degree vaporous, vague. Her very mode of writing is complex, nay is careless, incondite; with dashes and splashes, with notes of admiration, of interrogation (nay both together sometimes), with involutions, abruptnesses, whirls and tortuosities; so that even the grammatical meaning is altogether burdensome to seize. And then when

seized, alas, it is as we say, of due likeness to the phraseology; a thing crude, not articulated into propositions, but flowing out as in bursts of interjection and exclamation. No wonder the reading faculty breaks down! And yet we do gather gold grains of precious thought here and there; though out of large wastes of sand and quicksand. In fine, it becomes clear, beyond doubting, both that this Rahel was a woman of rare gifts and worth, a woman of true genius; and also that her genius has passed away, and left no impress of itself there for us. These printed Volumes produce the effect not of speech, but of multifarious, confused wind-music. It seems to require the aid of pantomime, to tell us what it means. But after all, we can understand how *talk* of that kind, in an expressive mouth, with bright deep eyes, and the vivacity of social movement, of question and response, may have been delightful; and moreover that, for those to whom they vividly recall such talk, these Letters may still be delightful. Hear Marquis de Custme a little farther:

'You could not speak with her, a quarter of an hour, without drawing from that fountain of light a shower of sparkles. The comic was at her command equally with the highest degree of the sublime. The proof that she was natural is that she understood laughter as she did grief; she took it as a readier means of showing truth; all had its resonance in her, and her manner of receiving the impressions which you wished to communicate to her modified them in yourself: you loved her at first because she had admirable gifts; and then, what prevailed over everything, because she was entertaining. She was nothing for you, or she was all; and she could be all to several at a time without exciting jealousy, so much did her noble nature participate in the source of all life, of all clearness. When one has lost in youth such a friend,' &c. &c. . . 'It seems to me you might define her in one word: she had the head of a sage and the heart of an apostle, and in spite of that, she was a child and a woman as much as any one can be. Her mind penetrated into the obscurest depths of Nature; she was a thinker of as much and more clearness than our Theosophist Saint-Martin, whom she comprehended and admired; and she felt like an artist. Her perceptions were always double; she attained the sublimest truths by two faculties which are incompatible in ordinary men, by feeling and by reflection. Her friends asked of themselves, Whence came these flashes of genius which she threw from her in conversation? Was it the effect of long studies? Was it the effect of sudden inspiration?

It was the intuition granted as recompense by Heaven to souls that are true. These martyr souls wrestle for the truth, which they have a forecast of; they suffer for the God whom they love, and their whole life is the school of eternity.²

This enthusiastic testimony of the clever sentimental Marquis is not at all incredible to us, in its way: yet from these Letters we have nothing whatever to produce that were adequate to make it good. As was said already, it is not to be made good by excerpts and written documents; its proof rests in the memory of living witnesses. Meanwhile, from these same wastes of sand, and even of quicksand, dangerous to linger in, we will try to gather a few grains the most like gold, that it may be guessed, by the charitable, whether or not a Pactolus once flowed there:

'If there be miracles, they are those that are in our own breast; what we do not know, we call by that name. How astonished, almost how ashamed are we, when the inspired moment comes, and we get to know them !'

'One is late in learning to lie : and late in learning to speak the truth.'—'I cannot, because I cannot, lie. Fancy not that I take credit for it: I cannot, just as one cannot play upon the flute.'

'In the meanest hut is a romance, if you knew the hearts there.'

'So long as we do not take even the injustice which is done us, and which forces the burning tears from us; so long as we do not take even this for just and right, we are in the thickest darkness, without dawn.'

'Manure with despair,—but let it be genuine; and you will have a noble harvest.'

'True misery is ashamed of itself; hides itself, and does not complain. You may know it by that.'

'What a commonplace man! If he did not live in the same time with us, no mortal would mention him.'

'Have you remarked that Homer, whenever he speaks of the water, is always great; as Goethe is, when he speaks of the stars?'

'If one were to say, "You think it easy to be original: but no, it is difficult, it costs a whole life of labour and exertion,"—you would think him mad, and ask no more questions of him. And yet his opinion would be altogether true, and plain enough withal. Original, I grant, every man might be, and must be, if men did not almost always admit mere undigested hearsays into their head, and fling them out again undigested. Whoever honestly questions himself, and faithfully answers.

² *Revue de Paris*, Novembre 1837.

is busied continually with all that presents itself in life; and is incessantly inventing, had the thing been invented never so long before. Honesty belongs as a first condition to good thinking; and there are almost as few absolute dunces as geniuses. Genuine dunces would always be original; but there are none of them genuine: they have almost always understanding enough to be dishonest.'

'He (the blockhead) tumbled out on me his definition of genius: the trivial old distinctions of intellect and heart; as if there ever was, or could be, a great intellect with a mean heart!'

'Goethe? When I think *of him*, tears come into my eyes: all other men I love with my own strength; he teaches me to love with his. My Poet!'

'Slave-trade, war, marriage, working-classes:—and they are astonished, and keep clouting, and remending?'

'The whole world is, properly speaking, a tragic *embarras*.²

' . . . I here, Rahel the Jewess, feel that I am as unique as the greatest appearance in this earth. The greatest artist, philosopher, or poet, is not above me. We are of the same element: in the same rank, and stand together. Whichever would exclude the other, excludes only himself. But to me it was appointed not to write or act, but *to live*: I lay in embryo till my century; and then was, in outward respects, so *flung away*.—It is for this reason that I tell you. But pain, as I know it, is a life too: and I think with myself, I am one of those figures which Humanity was fated to evolve, and then never to use more, never to have more: me no one can comfort.'—'Why *not* be beside oneself, dear friend? There are beautiful parentheses in life, which belong neither to us nor to others: beautiful I name them, because they give us a freedom we could not get by sound sense. Who would volunteer to have a nervous fever? And yet it may save one's life. I love rage; I use it, and patronise it.'—'Be not alarmed; I am commonly calmer. But when I write to a *friend's heart*, it comes to pass that the sultry laden horizon of my soul breaks out in lightning. Heavenly men *love* lightning.'

'*To Varnhagen* . . . One thing I must write to thee; what I thought-of last night in bed, and for the first time in my life. That I, as a relative and pupil of Shakspeare, have, from my childhood upwards, occupied myself much with death, thou mayest believe. But never did my own death affect me; nay, I did not even think of this fact, that I was not affected by it. Now, last night there was something I had to write; I said, Varnhagen must know this thing, if he is to think of me after I am dead. And it seemed to me as if I must die; as if my heart were flitting-away over this earth, and I must follow it; and my death gave me pity: for never before, as I now saw, had I thought that it would give anybody pity: of thee I knew it would do so, and yet it was the first time in my life I had seen this, or known

that I had never seen it. In such solitude have I lived: comprehend it! I thought, When I am dead, then first will Varnhagen know what sufferings I had; and all his lamenting will be in vain; the figure of me meets him again, through all eternity, no more; swept away am I *then*, as our poor Prince Louis is. **And** no one can be kind to me then; with the strongest will, with the effort of despair, no one; and this thought of thee about me was what at last affected me. I must write of this, though it afflict thee never so.'

' *To Rose, a younger sister, on her marriage in Amsterdam.*—Paris, **1801.** Since thy last letter I am sore downcast. Gone art thou! No Rose comes stepping-in to me with true foot and heart, who knows me altogether, knows all my sorrows *altogether*. When I am sick of body or soul, alone, alone, thou comest not to me any more; thy room empty, quite empty, forever empty. Thou art away, to try thy fortune. O Heaven! and to me not even *trying* is pennitted. Am not I in luck! The garden in the Lindenstrasse, where we used to be with Hanne and Feu—was it not beautiful?—I will call it *Rose* now; with Hanne and Hanse will I go often thither, and none shall know of it. Dost thou recollect that night when I was to set out with Fink, the time before last? How thou hadst to sleep upstairs, and then to stay with me? O my sister, I might be as ill again—though not for that cause: and thou too, what may not lie before thee! But no, thy name is Rose; thou hast *blue* eyes, and a far other life than I with my stars and black ones. * * * Salute Mamma a million times; tell her I congratulate her from the heart; the more so, as / can never give her such a pleasure I God willed it not. But I, in her place, would have great pity for a child so circumstanced. Yet let her not lament for me. I know all her goodness, and thank her with my soul. Tell her I have the fate of nations, and of the greatest men, before my eyes here: they too go tumbling even so on the great sea of Existence, mounting, sinking, swallowed up. From of *old* all men have seemed to me like spring blossoms, **which the wind** blows off and whirles; none knows where they **fall**, and **the fewest** come to fruit.'

Poor Rahel! The Frenchman said above, she was an artist and apostle, yet had not ceased to be a child and woman. But we must stop short. One other little scene, a scene from her deathbed by Varnhagen, must end the tragedy:

' She said to me one morning, after a dreadful night, with the penetrating tone of that lovely voice of hers: " O, I am *still* happy; I am God's creature still; He knows of me; I shall come to see how it was good and needful for me to suffer: of a surety I had something to learn by it. And am I not already happy in this trust, and in all the love that I feel and meet with?"

'In this manner she spoke, one day, among other things, with joyful heartiness, of a dream which always from childhood she had remembered and taken comfort from. "In my seventh year," said she, "I dreamt that I saw God quite near me; he stood expanded above me, and his mantle was the whole sky; on a corner of this mantle I had leave to rest, and lay there in peaceable felicity till I awoke. Ever since, through my whole life, this dream has returned on me, and in the worst times was present also in my waking moments, and a heavenly comfort to me. I had leave to throw myself at God's feet, on a corner of his mantle, and he screened me from all sorrow there: He permitted it." * * * The following words, which I felt called to write down exactly as she spoke them on the ad of March, are also remarkable: "What a history!" cried she, with deep emotion: "A fugitive from Egypt and Palestine am I here; and find help, love and kind care among you. To thee, dear August, was I sent by this guiding of God, and thou to me; from afar, from the old times of Jacob and the Patriarchs! With a sacred joy I think of this my origin, of all this wide web of pre-arrangement. How the oldest remembrances of mankind are united with the newest reality of things, and the most distant times and places are brought together. What, for so long a period of my life, I considered as the worst ignominy, the sorest sorrow and misfortune, that I was born a Jewess, this I would not part with now for any price. Will it not be even so with these pains of sickness? Shall I not, one day, mount joyfully aloft on them too; feel that I could not want them for any price? O August, this is just, this is true; we will try to go on thus!" Thereupon she said, with many tears, "Dear August, my heart is refreshed to its inmost: I have thought of Jesus, and wept over his sorrows; I have felt, for the first time felt, that he is my brother. And Mary, what must not she have suffered! She saw her beloved Son in agony, and did not sink; she *stood* at the Cross. That I could not have done; I am not strong enough for that. Forgive me, God; I confess how weak I am." * * *

'At nightfall, on the 6th of March, Rahel felt herself easier than for long before, and expressed an irresistible desire to be new dressed. As she could not be persuaded from it, this was done, though with the greatest precaution. She herself was busily helpful in it, and signified great contentment that she had got it accomplished. She felt so well, the expected to sleep. She wished me good-night, and bade me also go and sleep. Even the maid, Dora, was to go and sleep; however, she did not.

'It might be about midnight, and I was still awake, when Dora called me: "I was to come; she was much worse." Instead of sleep, Rahel had found only suffering, one distress added to another; and now all had combined into decided spasm of the breast. I found her in a

state little short of that she had passed six days ago. The medicines left for such an occurrence (regarded as possible, not probable) were tried; but, this time, with little effect. The frightful struggle continued; and the beloved sufferer, writhing in Dora's arms, cried, several times, "This pressure against her breast was not to be borne, was crushing her heart out:" the breathing, too, was painfully difficult. She complained that "it was getting into her head now, that she felt like a cloud there;" she leaned back with that. A deceptive hope of some alleviation gleamed on us for a moment, and then went out forever; the eyes were dimmed, the mouth distorted, the limbs lamed! In this state the Doctors found her; their remedies were all bootless. An unconscious hour and half, during which the breast still occasionally struggled in spasmodic efforts,—and this noble life breathed-out its last. The sight I saw then, while kneeling almost lifeless at her bed, stamped itself glowing forever into my heart.'

So died Rahel Varnhagen von Ense, born Levin, a singular biographic phenomenon of this century; a woman of genius, of true depth and worth; whose secluded life, as one cannot but see, had in it a greatness far beyond what has many times fixed the public admiration of the whole world; a woman equal to the highest thoughts of her century; in whom it was not arrogance, we do believe, but a just self-consciousness, to feel that 'the highest philosopher, or poet, or artist was not above her, but of a like element and rank with her.' That such a woman should have lived unknown and, as it were, silent to the world, is peculiar in this time.

We say not that she was equal to De Stael, nor the contrary; neither that she might have written De Stael's books, nor even that she might not have written far better books. She has ideas unequalled in De Stael; a sincerity, a pure tenderness and genuineness which that celebrated person had not, or had lost. But what then? The subjunctive, the optative are vague moods: there is no tense one can found on but the preterite of the indicative. Enough for us, Rahel did not write. She sat imprisoned, or it might be sheltered and fosteringly embowered, in those circumstances of hers; she 'was not appointed to write or to act, but only to live.' Call her not unhappy on that account, call her not useless; nay, perhaps, call her happier and usefuler. Blessed are the humble, are they that are *not* known. It is written, 'Seekest thou great things,

seek them not: 'live where thou art, only live wisely, live diligently. Rahel's life was not an idle one for herself or **for** others: how many souls may the 'sparkles showering from that light-fountain' have kindled and illuminated; whose new virtue goes on propagating itself, increasing itself, under incalculable combinations, and will be found in far places, after many days! She left no stamp of herself on paper; but in other ways, doubt it not, the virtue of her working in this world will survive all paper. For the working of the good and brave, seen or unseen, endures literally for ever, and cannot die. Is a thing nothing because the Morning Papers have not mentioned it? Or can a nothing be made something, by never so much babbling of it there? Far better, probably, that no Morning or Evening Paper mentioned it; that the right hand knew not what the left was doing! Rahel might have written books, celebrated books. And yet, what of books? Hast thou not already a Bible to write, and publish in print that is eternal; namely, a Life to lead? Silence too is great: there should be great silent ones too.

Beautiful it is to see and understand that no worth, known or unknown, *can* die even in this earth. The work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing hidden underground, secretly making the ground green; it flows and flows, it joins itself with other veins and veinlets; one day, it will start forth as a visible perennial well. Ten dumb centuries had made the speaking Dante; a well he of many veinlets. William Burnes, or Burns, was a poor peasant; could not prosper in his 'seven acres of nursery-ground,' nor any enterprise of trade and toil; had to 'thole a factor's snash,' and read attorney-letters, in his poor hut, 'which threw us all into tears:' a man of no money-capital at all, of no account at all: yet a brave man, a wise and just, in evil fortune faithful, unconquerable to the death. And there wept withal among the others a boy named *Robert*, with a heart of melting pity, of greatness and fiery wrath; and *his* voice, fashioned here by this poor father, does it not already reach, like a great elegy, **like** a stern prophecy, to the ends of the world? 'Let me make **the** songs, and you shall make the **laws!**' **What chancellor, king, senator, begirt with never such sumptuosity, dyed velvet, blaring and cele**

brity, could you have named in England that was so momentous as that William Burnes? Courage!—

We take leave of Varnhagen with true goodwill, and heartily thank him for the pleasure and instruction he has given us

CHARTISM.

" It never smokes but there is fire."— *Old Proverb.*

[1839.]

CHAPTER I.

CONDITION-OF-ENGLAND QUESTION.

A feeling very generally exists that the condition and disposition of the Working Classes is a rather ominous matter at present ; that something ought to be said, something ought to be done, in regard to it. And surely, at an epoch of history when the * National Petition' carts itself in wagons along the streets, and is presented ' bound with iron hoops, four men bearing it,' to a Reformed House of Commons ; and Chartism numbered by the million and half, taking nothing by its iron-hooped Petition, breaks out into brickbats, cheap pikes, and even into sputterings of conflagration, such very general feeling cannot be considered unnatural. To us individually this matter appears, and has for many years appeared, to be the most ominous of all practical matters whatever; a matter in regard to which if something be not done, something will *do* itself one day, and in a fashion that will please nobody. The time is verily come for acting in it; how much more for consultation about acting in it, for speech and articulate inquiry about it!

We are aware that, according to the newspapers, Chartism is extinct; that a Reform Ministry has ' put down the chimera of Chartism' in the most felicitous effectual manner. So say the newspapers;—and yet, alas, most readers of newspapers

know withal that it is indeed the 'chimera' of Chartism, not **the** reality, which has been put down. The distracted incoherent embodiment of Chartism, whereby in late months it took shape and became visible, this has been put down; or rather has fallen down and gone asunder by gravitation and law of nature : but the living essence of Chartism has not been put down. Chartism means the bitter discontent grown fierce and mad, the wrong condition therefore or the wrong disposition, of the Working Classes of England. It is a new name for a thing which has had many names, which will yet have many. The matter of Chartism is weighty, deep-rooted, far-extending ; did not begin yesterday ; will by no means end this day or tomorrow. Reform Ministry, constabulary rural police, new levy of soldiers, grants of money to Birmingham ; all this is well, or is not well ; all this will put down only the embodiment or 'chimera' of Chartism. The essence continuing, new and ever new embodiments, chimeras madder or less mad, have to continue. The melancholy fact remains, that this thing known at present by the name of Chartism does exist ; has existed ; and, either 'put down,' into secret treason, with rusty pistols, vitriol-bottle and match-box, or openly brandishing pike and torch (one knows not in which case *more* fatal-looking), is like to exist till quite other methods have been tried with it. What means this bitter discontent of the Working Classes ? Whence comes it, whither goes it ? Above all, at what price, on what terms, will it probably consent to depart from us and die into rest ? These are questions.

To say that it is mad, incendiary, nefarious, is no answer. To say all this, in never so many dialects, is saying little. 'Glasgow Thuggery,' 'Glasgow Thugs ;' it is a witty nickname: the practice of 'Number 60' entering his dark room, to contract for and settle the price of blood with operative assassins, in a Christian city, once distinguished by its rigorous Christianity, is doubtless a fact worthy of all horror : but what will horror do for it ? What will execration ; nay at bottom, what will condemnation and banishment to Botany Bay do for it ? Glasgow Thuggery, Chartist torch-meetings, Birmingham riots, Swing conflagrations, are **so** many symptoms on the **surface** ; **you abolish the symptom to no purpose, if the disease**

is left untouched. Boils on the surface are curable or incurable,—small matter which, while the virulent humour festers deep within ; poisoning the sources of life ; and certain enough to find for itself ever new boils and sore issues; ways of announcing that it continues there, that it would fain not continue there.

Delirious Chartism will not have raged entirely to no purpose, as indeed no earthly thing does so, if it have forced all thinking men of the community to think of this vital matter, too apt to be overlooked otherwise. Is the condition of the English working people wrong; so wrong that rational working men cannot, will not, and even should not rest quiet under it ? A most grave case, complex beyond all others in the world; a case wherein Botany Bay, constabulary rural police, and suchlike, will avail but little. Or is the discontent itself mad, like the shape it took ? Not the condition of the working people that is wrong ; but their disposition, their own thoughts, beliefs and feelings that are wrong ? This too were a most grave case, little less alarming, little less complex than the former one. In this case too, where constabulary police and mere rigour of coercion seems more at home, coercion will by no means do all, coercion by itself will not even do much. If there do exist general madness of discontent, then sanity and some measure of content must be brought about again,—not by constabulary police alone. When the thoughts of a people, in the great mass of it, have grown mad, the combined issue of that people's workings will be a madness, an incoherency and ruin ! Sanity will have to be recovered for the general mass ; coercion itself will otherwise cease to be able to coerce.

We have heard it asked, Why Parliament throws no light on this question of the Working Classes, and the condition or disposition they are in ? Truly to a remote observer of Parliamentary procedure it seems surprising, especially in late Reformed times, to see what space this question occupies in the Debates of the Nation. Can any other business whatsoever be so pressing on legislators ? A Reformed Parliament, one would think, should inquire into popular discontents *before* they get the length of pikes and torches ! For what end at all are men, Honourable Members and Reform Members, sent to

St. Stephen's, with clamour and effort; kept talking, struggling, motioning and counter-motioning? The condition of the great body of people in a country is the condition of the country itself: this you would say is a truism in all times; a truism rather pressing to get recognised as a truth now, and be acted upon, in these times. Yet read Hansard's Debates, or the Morning Papers, if you have nothing to do! The old grand question, whether A is to be in office or B, with the innumerable subsidiary questions growing out of that, courting paragraphs and suffrages for a blessed solution of that: Canada question, Irish Appropriation question, West-India question, Queen's Bedchamber question; Game Laws, Usury Laws; African Blacks, Hill Coolies, Smithfield cattle, and Dog-carts, —all manner of questions and subjects, except simply this the alpha and omega of all I Surely Honourable Members ought to speak of the Condition-of-England question too. Radical Members, above all; friends of the people; chosen with effort, by the people, to interpret and articulate the dumb deep want of the people! To a remote observer they seem oblivious of their duty. Are they not there, by trade, mission, and express appointment of themselves and others, to speak for the good of the British Nation? Whatsoever great British interest can the least speak for itself, for that beyond all they are called to speak. They are either speakers for that great dumb toiling class which cannot speak, or they are nothing that one can well specify.

Alas, the remote observer knows not the nature of Parliaments: how Parliaments, extant there for the British Nation's sake, find that they are extant withal for their own sake; how Parliaments travel so naturally in their deep-rutted routine, commonplace worn into ruts axle-deep, from which only strength, insight and courageous generous exertion can lift any Parliament or vehicle; how in Parliaments, Reformed or Unreformed, there may chance to be a strong man, an original, clear-sighted, great-hearted, patient and valiant man, or to be none such;—how, on the whole, Parliaments, lumbering along in their deep ruts of commonplace, find, as so many of us otherwise do, that the ruts *are* axle-deep, and the travelling very toilsome of itself, and for the day the evil thereof suffi-

cient ! What Parliaments ought to have done in this business, what they will, can or cannot yet do, and where the limits of their faculty and culpability may lie, in regard to it, were a long investigation ; into which we need not enter at this moment. What they have done is unhappily plain enough. Hitherto, on this most national of questions, the Collective Wisdom of the Nation has availed us as good as nothing whatever.

And yet, as we say, it is a question which cannot be left to the Collective Folly of the Nation ! In or out of Parliament, darkness, neglect, hallucination must contrive to cease in regard to it ; true insight into it must be had. How inexpressibly useful were true insight into it ; a genuine understanding by the upper classes of society what it is that the under classes intrinsically mean ; a clear interpretation of the thought which at heart torments these wild inarticulate souls, struggling there, with inarticulate uproar, like dumb creatures in pain, unable to speak what is in them ! Something they do mean ; some true thing withal, in the centre of their confused hearts,—for they are hearts created by Heaven too: to the Heaven it is clear what thing ; to us not clear. Would that it were ! Perfect clearness on it were equivalent to remedy of it. For, as is well said, all battle is misunderstanding ; did the parties know one another, the battle would cease. No man at bottom means injustice ; it is always for some obscure distorted image of a right that he contends : an obscure image diffracted, exaggerated, in the wonderfulest way, by natural dimness and selfishness ; getting tenfold more diffracted by exasperation of contest, till at length it become all but irre-cognisable ; yet still the image of a right. Could a man own to himself that the thing he fought for was wrong, contrary to fairness and the law of reason, he would own also that it thereby stood condemned and hopeless ; he could fight for it no longer. Nay independently of right, could the contending parties get but accurately to discern one another's might and strength to contend, the one would peaceably yield to the other and to Necessity ; the contest in this case too were over. No African expedition now, as in the days of Herodotus, is fitted out *against the South-wind*. One expedition was satisfactory in that department. The South-wind Simoom conti-

nues blowing occasionally, hateful as ever, maddening as ever; but one expedition was enough. Do we not all submit to Death? The highest sentence of the law, sentence of death, is passed on all of us by the fact of birth; yet we live patiently under it, patiently undergo it when the hour comes. Clear undeniable right, clear undeniable might: either of these once ascertained puts an end to battle. All battle is a confused experiment to ascertain one and both of these.

What are the rights, what are the mights of the discontented Working Classes in England at this epoch? He were an *Œdipus*, and deliverer from sad social pestilence, who could resolve us fully! For we may say beforehand, The struggle that divides the upper and lower in society over Europe, and more painfully and notably in England than elsewhere, this too is a struggle which will end and adjust itself as all other struggles do and have done, by making the right clear and the might clear; not otherwise than by that. Meantime, the questions, Why are the Working Classes discontented; what is their condition, economical, moral, in their houses and their hearts, as it is in reality and as they figure it to themselves to be; what do they complain of; what ought they, and ought they not to complain of?—these are measurable questions; on some of these any common mortal, did he but turn his eyes to them, might throw some light. Certain researches and considerations of ours on the matter, since no one else will undertake it, are now to be made public. The researches have yielded us little, almost nothing; but the considerations are of old date, and press to have utterance. We are not without hope that our general notion of the business, if we can get it uttered at all, will meet some assent from many candid men.

CHAPTER II.

STATISTICS.

A witty statesman said, you might prove anything by figures. We have looked into various statistic works, Statistic-Society Reports, Poor-Law Reports, Reports and Pamphlets not a few, with a sedulous eye to this question of the Working Classes

and their general condition in England ; we grieve to say, with as good as no result whatever. Assertion swallows assertion; according to the old Proverb, ' as the *statist* thinks, the bell clinks!' Tables are like cobwebs, like the sieve of the Danaïdes ; beautifully reticulated, orderly to look upon, but which will hold no conclusion. Tables are abstractions, and the object a most concrete one, so difficult to read the essence of. There are innumerable circumstances ; and one circumstance left out may be the vital one on which all turned. Statistics is a science which ought to be honourable, the basis of many most important sciences ; but it is not to be carried on by steam, this science, any more than others are; a wise head is requisite for carrying it on. Conclusive facts are inseparable from inconclusive except by a head that already understands and knows. Vain to send the purblind and blind to the shore of a Pactolus never so golden: these find only gravel; the seer and finder alone picks up gold grains there. And now the purblind offering you, with asseveration and protrusive importunity, his basket of gravel as gold, what steps are to be taken with him ?—Statistics, one may hope, will improve gradually, and become good for something. Meanwhile, it is to be feared the crabbed satirist was partly right, as things go : * A judicious man,' says he, 'looks at Statistics, not to get knowledge, but to save himself from having ignorance foisted on him.' With what serene conclusiveness a member of some Useful-Knowledge Society stops your mouth with a figure of arithmetic ! To him it seems he has there extracted the elixir of the matter, on which now nothing more can be said. It is needful that you look into his said extracted elixir; and ascertain, alas, too probably, not without a sigh, that it is wash and vapidity, good only for the gutters.

Twice or three times have we heard the lamentations and prophecies of a humane Jeremiah, mourner for the poor, cut short by a statistic fact of the most decisive nature : How can the condition of the poor be other than good, be other than better; has not the average duration of life in England, and therefore among the most numerous class in England, been proved to have increased ? Our Jeremiah had to admit that, if so, it was an astounding fact; whereby all that ever he, for

his part, had observed on other sides of the matter, was over-set without remedy. If life last longer, life must be less worn upon, by outward suffering, by inward discontent, by hardship of any kind ; the general condition of the poor must be bettering instead of worsening. So was our Jeremiah cut short. And now for the ' proof ? Readers who are curious in statistic proofs may see it drawn out with all solemnity, in a Pamphlet 'published by Charles Knight and Company,'¹—and perhaps himself draw inferences from it. Northampton Tables, compiled by Dr. Price 'from registers of the Parish of All Saints from 1735 to 1780;' Carlisle Tables, collected by Dr. Heysham from observation of Carlisle City for eight years, 'the calculations founded on them' conducted by another Doctor ; incredible 'document considered satisfactory by men of science in France :—alas, is it not as if some zealous scientific son of Adam had proved the deepening of the Ocean, by survey, accurate or cursory, of two mud-plashes on the coast of the Isle of Dogs ? 'Not to get knowledge, but to save yourself from having ignorance foisted on you'!

The condition of the working-man in this country, what it is and has been, whether it is improving or retrograding,—is a question to which from statistics hitherto no solution can be got. Hitherto, after many tables and statements, one is still left mainly to what he can ascertain by his own eyes, looking at the concrete phenomenon for himself. There is no other method ; and yet it is a most imperfect method. Each man expands his own hand-breadth of observation to the limits of the general whole ; more or less, each man must take what he himself has seen and ascertained for a sample of all that is seeable and ascertainable. Hence discrepancies, controversies wide-spread, long-continued ; which there is at present no means or hope of satisfactorily ending. When Parliament takes up 'the Condition-of-England question,' as it will have to do one day, then indeed much may be amended! Inquiries wisely gone into, even on this most complex matter, will yield results worth something, not nothing. But it is a most complex matter; on which, whether for the past or the present,

¹ *An Essay on the Means of Insurance against the Casualties of &c. &c.* London, Charles Knight and Company, 1836. Price two shillings.

Statistic Inquiry, with its limited means, with its short vision and headlong extensive dogmatism, as yet too often throws not light, but error worse than darkness.

What constitutes the well-being of a man ? Many things ; of which the wages he gets, and the bread he buys with them, are but one preliminary item. Grant, however, that the wages were the whole; that once knowing the wages and the price of bread, we know all; then what are the wages ? Statistic Inquiry, in its present unguided condition, cannot tell. The average rate of day's wages is not correctly ascertained for any portion of this country ; not only not for half-centuries, it is not even ascertained anywhere for decades or years : far from instituting comparisons with the past, the present itself is unknown to us. And then, given the average of wages, what is the constancy of employment; what is the difficulty of finding employment; the fluctuation from season to season, from year to year ? Is it constant, calculable wages ; or fluctuating, incalculable, more or less of the nature of gambling ? This secondary circumstance, of quality in wages, is perhaps even more important than the primary one of quantity. Farther we ask, Can the labourer, by thrift and industry, hope to rise to mastership ; or is such hope cut off from him ? How is he related to his employer ; by bonds of friendliness and mutual help ; or by hostility, opposition, and chains of mutual necessity alone ? In a word, what degree of contentment can a human creature be supposed to enjoy in that position ? With hunger preying on him, his contentment is likely to be small ! But even with abundance, his discontent, his real misery may be great. The labourer's feelings, his notion of being justly dealt with or unjustly ; his wholesome composure, frugality, prosperity in the one case, his acrid unrest, recklessness, gin-drinking, and gradual ruin in the other,—how shall figures of arithmetic represent all this ? So much is still to be ascertained ; much of it by no means easy to ascertain ! Till, among the ' Hill Cooly' and ' Dog-cart*' questions, there arise in Parliament and extensively out of it 'a Condition-of-England question,' and quite a new set of inquirers and methods, little of it is likely to be ascertained.

One fact on this subject, a fact which arithmetic *is* cap-

able of representing, we have often considered would be worth all the rest: Whether the labourer, whatever his wages are, is saving money? Laying up money, he proves that his condition, painful as it may be without and within, is not yet desperate; that he looks forward to a better day coming, and is still resolutely steering towards the same; that all the lights and darkenses of his lot are united under a blessed radiance of hope,—the last, first, nay one may say the sole blessedness of man. Is the habit of saving increased and increasing, or the contrary? Where the present writer has been able to look with his own eyes, it is decreasing, and in many quarters all but disappearing. Statistic science turns up her Savings-Bank Accounts, and answers, "Increasing rapidly." Would that one could believe it! But the Danaides'-sieve character of such statistic reticulated documents is too manifest. A few years ago, in regions where thrift, to one's own knowledge, still was, Savings-Banks were not; the labourer lent his money to some farmer, of capital, or supposed to be of capital,—and has too often lost it since; or he bought a cow with it, bought a cottage with it; nay hid it under his thatch: the Savings-Banks books then exhibited mere blank and zero. That they swell yearly now, if such be the fact, indicates that what thrift exists does gradually resort more and more thither rather than elsewhere; but the question, Is thrift increasing? runs through the reticulation, and is as water spilt on the ground, not to be gathered here.

These are inquiries on which, had there been a proper 'Condition-of-England question,' some light would have been thrown, before 'torch-meetings' arose to illustrate them! Far as they lie out of the course of Parliamentary routine, they should have been gone into, should have been glanced at, in one or the other fashion. A Legislature making laws for the Working Classes, in total uncertainty as to these things, is legislating in the dark; not wisely, nor to good issues. The simple fundamental question, Can the labouring man in this England of ours, who is willing to labour, find work, and subsistence by his work? is matter of mere conjecture and assertion hitherto; not ascertainable by authentic evidence: the Legislature, satisfied to legislate in the dark, has not yet

sought any evidence on it. They pass their New Poor-Law Bill, without evidence as to all this. Perhaps their New Poor-Law Bill is itself only intended as an *experimentum crucis* to ascertain all this? Chartism is an answer, seemingly not in the affirmative.

CHAPTER III.

NEW POOR-LAW.

To read the Reports of the Poor-Law Commissioners, if one had faith enough, would be a pleasure to the friend of humanity. One sole recipe seems to have been needful for the woes of England: 'refusal of out-door relief.' England lay in sick discontent, writhing powerless on its fever-bed, dark, nigh desperate, in wastefulness, want, improvidence, and eating care, till like Hyperion down the eastern steps, the Poor-Law Commissioners arose, and said, Let there be workhouses, and bread of affliction and water of affliction there! It was a simple invention; as all truly great inventions are. And see, in any quarter, instantly as the walls of the workhouse arise, misery and necessity fly away, out of sight,—out of being, as is fondly hoped, and dissolve into the inane; industry, frugality, fertility, rise of wages, peace on earth and goodwill towards men do,—in the Poor-Law Commissioners' Reports,—infallibly, rapidly or not so rapidly, to the joy of all parties, supervene. It was a consummation devoutly to be wished. We have looked over these four annual Poor-Law Reports with a variety of reflections; with no thought that our Poor-Law Commissioners are the inhuman men their enemies accuse them of being; with a feeling of thankfulness rather that there do exist men of that structure too; with a persuasion deeper and deeper that Nature, who makes nothing to no purpose, has not made either them or their Poor-Law Amendment Act in vain. We hope to prove that they and it were an indispensable element, harsh but salutary, in the progress of things.

That this Poor-law Amendment Act meanwhile should be, as we sometimes hear it named, the 'chief glory' of a Reform Cabinet, betokens, one would imagine, rather a scarcity of glory

there. To say to the poor, Ye shall eat the bread of affliction and drink the water of affliction, and be very miserable while here, required not so much a stretch of heroic faculty in any sense, as due toughness of bowels. If paupers are made miserable, paupers will needs decline in multitude. It is a secret known to all rat-catchers : stop up the granary-crevices, afflict with continual mewling, alarm, and going-off of traps, your 'chargeable labourers' disappear, and cease from the establishment. A still briefer method is that of arsenic ; perhaps even a milder, where otherwise permissible. Rats and paupers can be abolished; the human faculty was from of old adequate to grind them down, slowly or at once, and needed no ghost or Reform Ministry to teach it. Furthermore when one hears of 'all the labour of the country being absorbed into employment' by this new system of affliction, when labour complaining of want can find no audience, one cannot but pause. That misery and unemployed labour should 'disappear' in that case is natural enough ; should go out of sight,—but out of existence ? What we do know is, that 'the rates are diminished,' as they cannot well help being; that no statistic tables as yet report much increase of deaths by starvation: this we do know, and not very conclusively anything more than this. If this be absorption of all the labour of the country, then all the labour of the country is absorbed.

To believe practically that the poor and luckless are here only as a nuisance to be abraded and abated, and in some permissible manner made away with, and swept out of sight, is not an amiable faith. That the arrangements of good and ill success in this perplexed scramble of a world, which a blind goddess was always thought to preside over, are in fact the work of a seeing goddess or god, and require only not to be meddled with : what stretch of heroic faculty or inspiration of genius was needed to teach one that ? To button your pockets and stand still, is no complex recipe. *Laissez faire, laissez passer!* Whatever goes on, ought it not to go on ; 'the widow picking nettles for her children's dinner ; and the perfumed seigneur delicately lounging in the *Ceil-de-Bœuf*, who has an alchemy whereby he will extract from her the third nettle, and name it rent and law' ? What is written and enacted,

has **it** not black-on-white to show for itself? Justice is justice; but all attorney's parchment is of the nature of Targum or sacred-parchment. In brief, ours is a world requiring only to be well let alone. Scramble along, thou insane scramble of a world, with thy pope's tiaras, king's mantles and beggar's gabbardines, chivalry-ribbons and plebeian gallows-ropes, where a Paul shall die on the gibbet and a Nero sit fiddling as imperial Cæsar; *thou* art all right, and shalt scramble even so; and whoever in the press is trodden down, has only to lie there and be trampled broad :—Such at bottom seems to be the chief social principle, if principle it have, which the Poor-Law Amendment Act has the merit of courageously asserting, in opposition to many things. A chief social principle which this present writer, for one, will by no manner of means believe in, but pronounce at all fit times to be false, heretical and damnable, if ever aught was 1

And yet, as we said, Nature makes nothing in vain; not even a Poor-Law Amendment Act. For withal we are far from joining in the outcry raised against these poor Poor-Law Commissioners, as if they were tigers in men's shape; as if their Amendment Act were a mere monstrosity and horror, deserving instant abrogation. They are not tigers; they are men filled with an idea of a theory: their Amendment Act, heretical and damnable as a whole truth, is orthodox and laudable as a *half-truth*; and was imperatively required to be put in practice. To create men filled with a theory, that refusal of outdoor relief was the one thing needful: Nature had no readier way of getting outdoor relief refused. In fact, if we look at the old Poor-Law, in its assertion of the opposite social principle, that Fortune's awards are *not* those of Justice, we shall find it to have become still more unsupportable, demanding, if England was not destined for speedy anarchy, to be done away with.

Any law, however well meant as a law, which has become a bounty on unthrift, idleness, bastardy and beer-drinking, must be put an end to. In all ways it needs, especially in these times, to be proclaimed aloud that for the idle man there is no place in this England of ours. He that will not work, and save according to his means, let him go elsewhere; let him know that for *him* the Law has made no soft provision,

but a hard and stern one ; that by the Law of Nature, which the Law of England would vainly contend against in the long-run, *he* is doomed either to quit these habits, or miserably be extruded from this Earth, which is made on principles different from these. He that will not work according to his faculty, let him perish according to his necessity : there is no law juster than that. Would to Heaven one could preach it abroad into the hearts of all sons and daughters of Adam, for it is a law applicable to all; and bring it to bear, with practical obligation strict as the Poor-Law Bastille, on all! We had then, in good truth, a ' perfect constitution of society ;' and 'God's fair Earth ' and Task-garden, where whosoever is not working must be • begging or stealing,' were then actually what always, through so many changes and struggles, it is endeavouring to become.

That this law of ' No work no recompense' should first of all be enforced on the *manual* worker, and brought stringently home to him and his numerous class, while so many other classes and persons still go loose from it, was natural to the case. Let it be enforced there, and rigidly made good. It behoves to be enforced everywhere, and rigidly made good;—alas, not by such simple methods as 'refusal of out-door relief,' but by far other and costlier ones; which too, however, a bountiful Providence is not unfurnished with, nor, in these latter generations (if we will understand their convulsions and confusions), sparing to apply. Work is the mission of man in this Earth. A day is ever struggling forward, a day will arrive in some approximate degree, when he who has no work to do, by whatever name he may be named, will not find it good to show himself in our quarter of the Solar System ; but may go and look out elsewhere, If there be any *Idle* Planet discoverable?—Let the honest working man rejoice that such law, the first of Nature, has been made good on him ; and hope that, by and by, all else will be made good. It is the beginning of all. We define the harsh New Poor-Law to *be* withal a ' protection of the thrifty labourer against the thriftless and dissolute;' a thing inexpressibly important; a *half-result*, detestable, if you will, when looked upon as the whole result; yet without which the whole result is forever unattainable. Let wastefulness, idleness, drunkenness, improvidence take the fate which God

has appointed them ; that their opposites may also have a chance for *their* fate. Let the Poor-Law Administrators be considered as useful labourers whom Nature has furnished with a whole theory of the universe, that they might accomplish an indispensable fractional practice there, and prosper in it in spite of much contradiction.

We will praise the New Poor-Law, farther, as the probable preliminary of *some* general charge to be taken of the lowest classes by the higher. Any general charge whatsoever, rather than a conflict of charges, varying from parish to parish ; the emblem of darkness, of unreadable confusion. Supervisal by the central government, in what spirit soever executed, is supervisal from a centre. By degrees the object will become clearer, as it is at once made thereby universally conspicuous. By degrees true vision of it will become attainable, will be universally attained ; whatsoever order regarding it is just and wise, as grounded on the truth of it, will then be capable of being taken. Let us welcome the New Poor-Law as the harsh beginning of much, the harsh ending of much ! Most harsh and barren lies the new ploughers' fallow-field, the crude subsoil all turned up, which never saw the sun ; which as yet grows no herb ; which has • out-door relief for no one. Yet patience : innumerable weeds and corruptions lie safely turned down and extinguished under it ; this same crude subsoil is the first step of all true husbandry ; by Heaven's blessing and the skyey influences, fruits that are good and blessed will yet come of it.

For, in truth, the claim of the poor labourer is something quite other than that ' Statute of the Forty-third of Elizabeth' will ever fulfil for him. Not to be supported by roundsmen systems, by never so liberal parish doles, or lodged in free and easy workhouses when distress overtakes him ; not for this, however in words he may clamour for it ; not for this, but for something far different does the heart of him struggle. It is ' for justice' that he struggles ; for 'just wages,'—not in money alone ! An ever-toiling inferior, he would fain (though as yet he knows it not) find for himself a superior that should lovingly and wisely govern : is not that too the 'just wages' of his service done ? It is for a manlike place and relation, in this world where he sees himself a man, that he struggles. At

bottom, may we not say, it is even for this, That guidance and government, which he cannot give himself, which in our so complex world he can no longer do without, might be afforded him? The thing he struggles for is one which no Forty-third of Elizabeth is in any condition to furnish him, to put him on the road towards getting. Let him quit the Forty-third of Elizabeth altogether; and rejoice that the Poor-Law Amendment Act has, even by harsh methods and against his own will, forced him away from it. That was a broken reed to lean on, if there ever was one; and did but run into his lamed right-hand. Let him cast it far from him, that broken reed, and look to quite the opposite point of the heavens for help. His unlamed right-hand, with the cunning industry that lies in it, is not this defined to be 'the sceptre of our Planet'? He that can work is a born king of something; is in communion with Nature, is master of a thing or things, is a priest and king of Nature so far. He that can work at nothing is but a usurping king, be his trappings what they may; he is the born slave of all things. Let a man honour his craftsmanship, his *can-do*; and know that his rights of man have no concern at all with the Forty-third of Elizabeth.

CHAPTER IV.

FINEST PEASANTRY IN THE WORLD.

THE New Poor-Law is an announcement, sufficiently distinct, that whosoever will not work ought not to live. Can the poor man that is willing to work, always find work, and live by his work? Statistic Inquiry, as we saw, has no answer to give. Legislation presupposes the answer—to be in the affirmative. A large postulate; which should have been made a proposition of; which should have been demonstrated, made indubitable to all persons! A man willing to work, and unable to find work, is perhaps the saddest sight that Fortune's inequality exhibits under this sun. Burns expresses feelingly what thoughts it gave him: a poor man seeking *work*; seeking leave to toil that he might be fed and sheltered! That he might but be put on a level with the four-footed workers of the Planet which

is his ! There is not a horse willing to work but can get food and shelter in requital; a thing this two-footed worker has to seek for, to solicit occasionally in vain. He is nobody's two-footed worker; he is not even anybody's slave. And yet he is a *two-footed* worker; it is currently reported there is an immortal soul in him, sent down out of Heaven into the Earth; and one beholds him *seeking* for this !—Nay what will a wise Legislature say, if it turn out that he cannot find it; that the answer to their postulate proposition is not affirmative but negative ?

There is one fact which Statistic Science has communicated, and a most astonishing one; the inference from which is pregnant as to this matter. Ireland has near seven millions of working people, the third unit of whom, it appears by Statistic Science, has not for thirty weeks each year as many third-rate potatoes as will suffice him. It is a fact perhaps the most eloquent that was ever written down in any language, at any date of the world's history. Was change and reformation needed in Ireland ? Has Ireland been governed and guided in a 'wise and loving' manner ? A government and guidance of white European men which has issued in perennial hunger of potatoes to the third man extant,—ought to drop a veil over its face, and walk out of court under conduct of proper officers; saying no word; expecting now of a surety sentence either to change or die. All men, we must repeat, were made by God, and have immortal souls in them. The Sanspotato is of the selfsame stuff as the superfinest Lord Lieutenant. Not an individual Sanspotato human scarecrow but had a Life given him out of Heaven, with Eternities depending on it; for once and no second time. With Immensities in him, over him and round him; with feelings which a Shakspeare's speech would not utter; with desires illimitable as the Autocrat's of all the Russias ! Him various thrice-honoured persons things and institutions have long been teaching, long been guiding, governing : and it is to perpetual scarcity of third-rate potatoes, and to what depends thereon, that he has been taught and guided. Figure thyself, O high-minded, clear-headed, clean-burnished reader, clapt by enchantment into the torn coat and waste hunger-lair of that same root-devouring brother man'—

Social anomalies are things to be defended, things to be amended; and in all places and things, short of the Pit itself, there is some admixture of worth and good. Room for extenuation, for pity, for patience! And yet when the general result has come to the length of perennial starvation, argument, extenuating logic, pity and patience on that subject may be considered as drawing to a close. It may be considered that such arrangement of things will have to terminate. That it has all just men for its natural enemies. That all just men, of what outward colour soever in Politics or otherwise, will say: This cannot last, Heaven disowns it, Earth is against it; Ireland will be burnt into a black unpeopled field of ashes rather than this should last.—The woes of Ireland, or 'justice to Ireland,' is not the chapter we have to write at present. It is a deep matter, an abysmal one, which no plummet of ours will sound. For the oppression has gone far farther than into the economics of Ireland; inwards to her very heart and soul. The Irish National character is degraded, disordered; till this recover itself, nothing is yet recovered. Immethodic, headlong, violent, mendacious: what can you make of the wretched Irishman? "A finer people never lived," as the Irish lady said to us; "only they have two faults, they do generally lie and steal: barring these"—I A people that knows not to speak the truth, and to act the truth, such people has departed from even the possibility of well-being. Such people works no longer on Nature and Reality; works now on Phantasm, Simulation, Nonentity; the result it arrives at is naturally not a thing but no-thing,—defect even of potatoes. Scarcity, futility, confusion, distraction must be perennial there. Such a people circulates not order but disorder, through every vein of it;—and the cure, if it is to be a cure, must begin at the heart: not in his condition only but in himself must the Patient be all changed. Poor Ireland I And yet let no true Irishman, who believes and sees all this, despair by reason of it. Cannot he too do something to withstand the unproductive falsehood, there as it lies accursed around him, and change it into truth, which is fruitful and blessed? Every mortal can and shall himself be a true man: it is a great thing, and the parent of great things;—as from a single acorn the whole earth might in the end be peopled with

oaks ! Every mortal can do something: this let him faithfully do, and leave with assured heart the issue to a Higher Power!

We English pay, even now, the bitter smart of long centuries of injustice to our neighbour Island. Injustice, doubt it not, abounds ; or Ireland would not be miserable. The Earth is good, bountifully sends food and increase ; if man's unwisdom did not intervene and forbid. It was an evil day when Strigul first meddled with that people. He could not extirpate them : could they but have agreed together, and extirpated him! Violent men there have been, and merciful; unjust rulers, and just; conflicting in a great element of violence, these five wild centuries now; and the violent and unjust have carried it, and we are come to *this*, England is guilty towards Ireland; and reaps at last, in full measure, the fruit of fifteen generations of wrong-doing.

But the thing we had to state here was our inference from that mournful fact of the third Sanspotato,—coupled with this other well-known fact that the Irish speak a partially intelligible dialect of English, and their fare across by steam is fourpence sterling! Crowds of miserable Irish darken all our towns. The wild Milesian features, looking false ingenuity, restlessness, unreason, misery and mockery, salute you on all highways and byways. The English coachman, as he whirls past, lashes the Milesian with his whip, curses him with his tongue; the Milesian is holding out his hat to beg. He is the sorest evil this country has to strive with. In his rags and laughing savagery, he is there to undertake all work that can be done by mere strength of hand and back ; for wages that will purchase him potatoes. He needs only salt for condiment; he lodges to his mind in any pighutch or doghutch, roosts in out-houses ; and wears a suit of tatters, the getting off and on of which is said to be a difficult operation, transacted only in festivals and the hightides of the calendar. The Saxon man if he cannot work on these terms, finds no work. He too may be ignorant; but he has not sunk from decent manhood to squalid apewood : he cannot continue there. American forests lie untilled across the ocean ; the uncivilised Irishman, not by his strength, but by the opposite of strength, drives out the Saxon native, takes possession in his room. There abides he,

in his squalor and unreason, in his falsity and drunken violence, as the ready-made nucleus of degradation and disorder. Whosoever struggles, swimming with difficulty, may now find an example how the human being can exist not swimming but sunk. Let him sink ; he is not the worst of men ; not worse than this man. We have quarantines against pestilence ; but there is no pestilence like that ; and against it what quarantine is possible ? It is lamentable to look upon. This soil of Britain, these Saxon men have cleared it, made it arable, fertile and a home for them ; they and their fathers have done that. Under the sky there exists no force of men who with arms in their hands could drive them out of it ; all force of men with arms these Saxons would seize, in their grim way, and fling (Heaven's justice and their own Saxon humour aiding them) swiftly into the sea. But behold, a force of men armed only with rags, ignorance and nakedness ; and the Saxon owners, paralysed by invisible magic of paper formula, have to fly far, and hide themselves in Transatlantic forests. ' Irish repeal ' ? " Would to God," as Dutch William said, "*you* were King of Ireland, and could take yourself and it three thousand miles off,"—there to repeal it !

And yet these poor Celtiberian Irish brothers, what can *they* help it ? They cannot stay at home, and starve. It is just and natural that they come hither as a curse to us. Alas, for them too it is not a luxury. It is not a straight or joyful way of avenging their sore wrongs this ; but a most sad circuitous one. Yet a way it is, and an effectual way. The time has come when the Irish population must either be improved a little, or else exterminated. Plausible management, adapted to this hollow outcry or to that, will no longer do ; it must be management grounded on sincerity and fact, to which the truth of things will respond—by an actual beginning of improvement to these wretched brother-men. In a state of perennial ultra-savage famine, in the midst of civilisation, they cannot continue. For that the Saxon British will ever submit to sink along with them to such a state, we assume as impossible. There is in these latter, thank God, an ingenuity which is not false ; a methodic spirit, of insight, of perseverant well-doing ; a rationality and veracity which Nature with her truth

does *not* disown ;—withal there is a ' Berserkir rage' in the heart of them, which will prefer all things, including destruction and self-destruction, to that. Let no man awaken it, this same Berserkir rage! Deep-hidden it lies, far down in the centre, like genial central-fire, with stratum after stratum of arrangement, traditionary method, composed productiveness, all built above it, vivified and rendered fertile by it: justice, clearness, silence, perseverance, unshaking unshaking diligence, hatred of disorder, hatred of injustice, which is the worst disorder, characterise this people; their inward fire we say, as all such fire should be, is hidden at the centre. Deep-hidden; butawakenable, but immeasurable ;—let no man awaken it! With this strong silent people have the noisy vehement Irish now at length got common cause made. Ireland, now for the first time, in such strange circuitous way, does find itself embarked in the same boat with England, to sail together, or to sink together ; the wretchedness of Ireland, slowly but inevitably, has crept over to us, and become our own wretchedness. The Irish population must get itself redressed and saved, for the sake of the English if for nothing else. Alas, that it should, on both sides, be poor toiling men that pay the smart for unruly Striguls, Henrys, Macdermots, and O'Donoghues! The strong have eaten sour grapes, and the teeth of the weak are set on edge. ' Curses,' says the Proverb, 'are like chickens, they return always *home*.'

But now, on the whole, it seems to us, English Statistic Science, with floods of the finest peasantry in the world streaming in on us daily, may fold up her Danaides reticulations on this matter of the Working Classes; and conclude, what every man who will take the statistic spectacles off his nose, and look, may discern in town or country: That the condition of the lower multitude of English labourers approximates more and more to that of the Irish competing with them in all markets; that whatsoever labour, to which mere strength with little skill will suffice, is to be done, will be done not at the English price, but at an approximation to the Irish price: at a price superior as yet to the Irish, that is, superior to scarcity of third-rate potatoes for thirty weeks yearly; superior, yet hourly, with the arrival of every new steamboat, sinking nearer to an equality

with that. Half-a-million handloom weavers, working fifteen hours a-day, in perpetual inability to procure thereby enough of the coarsest food; English farm-labourers at nine shillings and at seven shillings a-week; Scotch farm-labourers who, 'in ' districts the half of whose husbandry is that of cows, taste no • milk, can procure no milk:' all these things are credible to us; several of them are known to us by the best evidence, by eyesight. With all this it is consistent that the wages of ' skilled labour,' as it is called, should in many cases be higher than they ever were: the giant Steamengine in a giant English Nation will here create violent demand for labour, and will there annihilate demand. But, alas, the great portion of labour is not skilled: the millions are and must be skillless, where strength alone is wanted; ploughers, delvers, borers; hewers of wood and drawers of water; menials of the Steamengine, only the *chief* menials and immediate *-body-* servants of which require skill. English Commerce stretches its fibres over the whole earth; sensitive literally, nay quivering in convulsion, to the farthest influences of the earth. The huge demon of Mechanism smokes and thunders, panting at his great task, in all sections of English land; changing his *shape* like a very Proteus; and infallibly, at every change of shape, *oversetting* whole multitudes of workmen, and as if with the waving of his shadow from afar, hurling them asunder, this way and that, in their crowded march and course of work or traffic; so that the wisest no longer knows his whereabouts. With an Ireland pouring daily in on us, in these circumstances; deluging us down to its own waste confusion, outward and inward, it seems a cruel mockery to tell poor drudges that *their* condition is improving.

New Poor-Law! *Laissez faire, laissezpasser* ! The master of horses, when the summer labour is done, has to feed his horses through the winter. If he said to his horses: " Quadrupeds, I have no longer work for you; but work exists abundantly over the world: are you ignorant (or must I read you Political-Economy Lectures) that the Steamengine always in the long-run creates additional work? Railways are forming in one quarter of this earth, canals in another, much cartage is wanted; somewhere in Europe, Asia, Africa or America, doubt it not, ye will find cartage: go and seek cartage, and good go

with you!" They, with protrusive upper lip, snort dubious; signifying that Europe, Asia, Africa and America lie somewhat out of their beat; that what cartage may be wanted there is not too well known to them. *They* can find no cartage. They gallop distracted along highways, all fenced in to the right and to the left: finally, under pains of hunger, they take to leaping fences; eating foreign property, and—we know the rest. Ah, it is not a joyful mirth, it is sadder than tears, the laugh Humanity is forced to, at *Laissez-faire* applied to poor peasants, in a world like our Europe of the year 1839!

So much can observation altogether unstatistic, looking only at a Drogheda or Dublin steambot, ascertain for itself. Another thing, likewise ascertainable on this vast obscure matter, excites a superficial surprise, but only a superficial one: That it is the best-paid workmen who, by Strikes, Trades-unions, Chartism, and the like, complain the most. No doubt of it! The best-paid workmen are they alone that *can* so complain! How shall he, the handloom weaver, who in the day that is passing over him has to find food for the day, strike work? If he strike work, he starves within the week. He is past complaint!—The fact itself, however, is one which, if we consider it, leads us into still deeper regions of the malady. Wages, it would appear, are no index of well-being to the working man: without proper wages there can be no well-being; but with them also there may be none. Wages of working men differ greatly in different quarters of this country; according to the researches or the guess of Mr. Symmons, an intelligent humane inquirer, they vary in the ratio of not less than three to one. Cotton-spinners, as we learn, are generally well paid, while employed; their wages, one week with another, wives and children all working, amount to sums which, if well laid out, were fully adequate to comfortable living. And yet, alas, there seems little question that comfort or reasonable well-being is as much a stranger in these households as in any. At the cold hearth of the ever-toiling ever-hungering weaver, dwells at least some equability, fixation as if in perennial ice: hope never comes; but also irregular impatience is absent. Of outward things these others have or might have enough, but of all inward things there is **the** fatalest lack. Economy does **not** exist

among them; their trade now in plethoric prosperity, anon ex-tenuated into inanition and 'short time,' is of the nature of gambling; they live by it like gamblers, now in luxurious superfluity, now in starvation. Black mutinous discontent devours them; simply the miserablest feeling that can inhabit the heart of man. English Commerce with its world-wide convulsive fluctuations, with its immeasurable Proteus Steam-demon, makes all paths uncertain for them, all life a bewilderment; sobriety, steadfastness, peaceable continuance, the first blessings of man, are not theirs.

It is in Glasgow among that class of operatives that 'Number 60,' in his dark room, pays down the price of blood. Be it with reason or with unreason, too surely they do in verity find the time all out of joint; this world for them no home, but a dingy prison-house, of reckless unthrift, rebellion, rancour, indignation against themselves and against all men. Is it a green flowery world, with azure everlasting sky stretched over it, the work and government of a God; or a murky-simmering Tophet, of copperas-fumes, cotton-fuzz, gin-riot, wrath and toil, created by a Demon, governed by a Demon? The sum of their wretchedness merited and unmerited welters, huge, dark and baleful, like a Dantean Hell, visible there in the statistics of Gin: Gin justly named the most authentic incarnation of the Infernal Principle in our times, too indisputable an incarnation; Gin the black throat into which wretchedness of every sort, consummating itself by calling on delirium to help it, whirls down; abdication of the power to think or resolve, as too painful now, on the part of men whose lot of all others would require thought and resolution; liquid Madness sold at ten-pence the quartern, all the products of which are and must be, like its origin, mad, miserable, ruinous, and that only! If from this black unluminous unheeded *Inferno*, and Prisonhouse of souls in pain, there do flash up from time to time, some dismal wide-spread glare of Chartism or the like, notable to all, claiming remedy from all,—are we to regard it as more baleful than the quiet state, or rather as not so baleful? Ireland is in chronic atrophy these five centuries; the disease of nobler England, identified now with that of Ireland, becomes acute, has crises, and will be cured or kill.

CHAPTER V.

RIGHTS AND MIGHTS.

IT is not what a man outwardly has or wants that constitutes the happiness or misery of him. Nakedness, hunger, distress of all kinds, death itself have been cheerfully suffered, when the heart was right. It is the feeling of *injustice* that is insupportable to all men. The brutalest black African cannot bear that he should be used unjustly. No man can bear it, or ought to bear it. A deeper law than any parchment-law whatsoever, a law written direct by the hand of God in the inmost being of man, incessantly protests against it. What is injustice? Another name for disorder, for unverity, unreality; a thing which veracious created Nature, even because it is not Chaos and a waste-whirling baseless Phantasm, rejects and disowns. It is not the outward pain of injustice; that, were it even the flaying of the back with knotted scourges, the severing of the head with guillotines, is comparatively a small matter. The real smart is the soul's pain and stigma, the hurt inflicted on the moral self. The rudest clown must draw himself up into attitude of battle, and resistance to the death, if such be offered him. He cannot live under it; his own soul aloud, and all the Universe with silent continual beckonings, says, It cannot be. He must revenge himself; *revancher* himself, make himself good again,—that so *meum* may be mine, *tuum* thine, and each party standing clear on his own basis, order be restored. There is something infinitely respectable in this, and we may say universally respected; it is the common stamp of manhood vindicating itself in all of us, the basis of whatever is worthy in all of us, and through superficial diversities, the same in all.

As disorder, insane by the nature of it, is the hatefulest of things to man, who lives by sanity and order, so injustice is the worst evil, some call it the only evil, in this world. All men submit to toil, to disappointment, to unhappiness; it is their lot here; but in all hearts, inextinguishable by sceptic logic, by sorrow, perversion or despair itself, there is a small still voice intimating that it is not the final lot; that wild, waste, inco-

herent as it looks, a God presides over it; that it is not an injustice, but a justice. Force itself, the hopelessness of resistance, has doubtless a composing effect;—against inanimate *Simooms*, and much other infliction of the like sort, we have found it suffice to produce complete composure. Yet one would say, a permanent Injustice even from an Infinite Power would prove unendurable by men. If men had lost belief in a God, their only resource against a blind No-God, of Necessity and Mechanism, that held them like a hideous World-Steamengine, like a hideous Phalaris' Bull, imprisoned in its own iron belly, would be, with or without hope,—*revolt*. They could, as Novalis says, by a ' simultaneous universal act of suicide,' *depart* out of the World-Steamengine; and end, if not in victory, yet in invincibility, and unsubduable protest that such World-Steamengine was a failure and a stupidity.

Conquest, indeed, is a fact often witnessed ; conquest, which seems mere wrong and force, everywhere asserts itself as a right among men. Yet if we examine, we shall find that, in this world, no conquest could ever become permanent, which did not withal show itself beneficial to the conquered as well as to conquerors. Mithridates King of Pontus, come now to extremity, ' appealed to the patriotism of his people ;' but, says the history, ' he had squeezed them, and fleeced and plundered ' them for long years ;' his requisitions, flying irregular, devas-tative, like the whirlwind, were less supportable than Roman strictness and method, regular though never no rigorous : he therefore appealed to their patriotism in vain. The Romans conquered Mithridates. The Romans, having conquered the world, held it conquered, *because* they could best govern the world; the mass of men found it nowise pressing to revolt; their fancy might be afflicted more or less, but in their solid interests they were better off than before.

So too in this England long ago, the old Saxon Nobles, dis-united among themselves, and in power too nearly equal, could not have governed the country well; Harold being slain, their last chance, of governing it, except in anarchy and civil war, Was over a new class of strong Norman Nobles, entering with strong man, with a succession of strong men at the head of them, and not disunited, but united by many ties, by their very

community of language and interest, had there been no other, *were* in a condition to govern it; and did govern it, we can believe, in some rather tolerable manner, or they would not have continued there. They acted, little conscious of such function on their part, as an immense volunteer Police Force, stationed everywhere, united, disciplined, feudally regimented, ready for action; strong Teutonic men; who, on the whole, proved effective men, and drilled this wild Teutonic people into unity and peaceable cooperation better than others could have done! How *can-do*, if we will well interpret it, unites itself with *shall-do* among mortals; how strength acts ever as the right-arm of justice; how might and right, so frightfully discrepant at first, are ever in the long-run one and the same,—is a cheering consideration, which always in the black tempestuous vortices of this world's history, will shine out on us, like an everlasting polar star.

Of conquest we may say that it never yet went by brute force and compulsion; conquest of that kind does not endure. Conquest, along with power of compulsion, an essential universally in human society, must bring benefit along with it, or men, of the ordinary strength of men, will fling it out. The strong man, what is he if we will consider? The wise man; the man with the gift of method, of faithfulness and valour, all of which are of the basis of wisdom; who has insight into what is what, into what will follow out of what, the eye to see and the hand to do; who *is fit* to administer, to direct, and guidingly command: he is the strong man. His muscles and bones are no stronger than ours; but his soul is stronger, his soul is wiser, clearer,—is better and nobler, for that is, has been and ever will be the root of all clearness worthy of such a name. Beautiful it is, and a gleam from the same eternal pole-star visible amid the destinies of men, that all talent, all intellect is in the first place moral;—what a world were this otherwise! But it is the heart always that sees, before the head *can* see: let us know that; and know therefore that the Good alone is deathless and victorious, that Hope is sure and steadfast, in all phases of this 'Place of Hope.'—Shiftiness, quirk, attorney-cunning is a kind of thing that fancies itself, and is often fancied, to be talent; but it is luckily mistaken in

that. Succeed truly it does, what is called succeeding; and even must in general succeed, if the dispensers of success be of due stupidity: men of due stupidity will needs say to it, " *Thou art wisdom, rule thou!*" Whereupon it rules. But Nature answers, " No, this ruling of thine is not according to *my laws* ; thy wisdom was not wise enough ! Dost thou take me too for a Quackery ? For a Conventionality and Attorneyism? This chaff that thou sowest into my bosom, though it pass at the poll-booth and elsewhere for seed-corn, I will not grow wheat out of it, for it is chaff!"

But to return. Injustice, infidelity to truth and fact and Nature's order, being properly the one evil under the sun, and the feeling of injustice the one intolerable pain under the sun, our grand question as to the condition of these working men would be : Is it just ? And first of all, What belief have they themselves formed about the justice of it ? The words they promulgate are notable by way of answer; their actions are still more notable. Chartism with its pikes, Swing with his tinder-box, speak a most loud though inarticulate language. Glasgow Thuggery speaks aloud too, in a language we may well call infernal. What kind of 'wild-justice' must it be in the hearts of these men that prompts them, with cold deliberation, in conclave assembled, to doom their brother workman, as the deserter of his order and his order's cause, to die as a traitor and deserter ; and have him executed, since not by any public judge and hangman, then by a private one ;—like your old Chivalry *Femgericht*, and Secret-Tribunal, suddenly in this strange guise become new ; suddenly rising once more on the astonished eye, dressed now not in mail-shirts but in fustian jackets, meeting not in Westphalian forests but in the paved Gallowgate of Glasgow ! Not loyal loving obedience to those placed over them, but a far other temper, must animate these men ! It is frightful enough. Such temper must be widespread, virulent among the many, when even in its worst acme it can take such a form in a few. But indeed decay of loyalty in all senses, disobedience, decay of religious faith, has long been noticeable and lamentable in this largest class, as in other smaller ones. Revolt, sullen revengeful humour of revolt against **the** upper classes, decreasing respect for what their temporal

superiors command, decreasing faith for what their spiritual superiors teach, is more and more the universal spirit of the lower classes. Such spirit may be blamed, may be vindicated; but all men must recognise it as extant there, all may, know that it is mournful, that unless altered it will be fatal. Of lower classes so related to upper, happy nations are not made! To whatever other griefs the lower classes labour under, this bitterest and sorest grief now superadds itself: the unendurable conviction that they are unfairly dealt with, that their lot in this world is not founded on right, not even on necessity and might, and is neither what it should be, nor what it shall be.

Or why do we ask of Chartism, Glasgow Trades-unions, and suchlike? Has not broad Europe heard the question put, and answered, on the great scale; has not a FRENCH REVOLUTION been? Since the year 1789, there is now half a century complete; and a French Revolution not yet complete! Whosoever will look at that enormous Phenomenon may find many meanings in it, but this meaning as the ground of all: That it was a revolt of the oppressed lower classes against the oppressing or neglecting upper classes: not a French revolt only; no, a European one; full of stern monition to all countries of Europe. These Chartisms, Radicalisms, Reform Bill, Tithe Bill, and infinite other discrepancy, and acrid argument and jargon that there is yet to be, are *our* French Revolution: God grant that we, with our better methods, may be able to transact it by argument alone!

The French Revolution, now that we have sufficiently execrated its horrors and crimes, is found to have had withal a great meaning in it. As indeed, what great thing ever happened in this world, a world understood always to be made and governed by a Providence and Wisdom, not by an Unwisdom, without meaning somewhat? It was a tolerably audible voice of proclamation, and universal *oyez!* to all people, this of three-and-twenty years' close fighting, sieging, conflagrating, with a million or two of men shot dead: the world ought to know by this time that it was verily meant in earnest, that same Phenomenon, and had its own reasons for appearing there! Which accordingly the world begins now to do. The French Revolution is seen, or begins everywhere to be seen, • as the

' crowning phenomenon of our Modern Time ; ' ' the inevitable ' stern end of much; the fearful, but also wonderful, indispensable and sternly beneficent beginning of much.' He who would understand the struggling convulsive unrest of European society, in any and every country, at this day, may read it in broad glaring lines there, in that the most convulsive phenomenon of the last thousand years. Europe lay pining, obstructed, moribund ; quack-ridden, hag-ridden,—is there a hag, or spectre of the Pit, so baleful, hideous as your accredited quack, were he never so close-shaven, mild-spoken, plausible to himself and others ? Quack-ridden : in that one word lies all misery whatsoever. Speciosity in all departments usurps the place of reality, thrusts reality away; instead of performance, there is appearance of performance. The quack is a Falsehood Incarnate ; and speaks, and makes and does mere falsehoods, which Nature with her veracity has to disown. As chief priest, as chief governor, he stands there, intrusted with much. The husbandman of 'Time's Seedfield;' he is the world's hired sower, hired and solemnly appointed to sow the kind true earth with wheat this year, that next year all men may have bread. He, miserable mortal, deceiving and self-deceiving, sows it, as we said, not with corn but with chaff; the world nothing doubting, harrows it in, pays him his wages, dismisses him with blessing, and—next year there has no corn sprung. Nature has disowned the chaff, declined growing chaff, and behold now there is no bread I It becomes necessary, in such case, to do several things; not soft things some of them, but hard.

Nay we will add that the very circumstance of quacks in unusual quantity getting domination, indicates that the heart of the world is *already* wrong. The impostor is false; but neither are his dupes altogether true: is not his first grand dupe **the** falsest of all,—himself namely ? Sincere men, of never so limited intellect, have an instinct for discriminating sincerity. The cunningest Mephistopheles cannot deceive a simple **Margaret of honest heart**; • it stands written **on his brow.** **Masses of people capable of being led away by quacks are themselves of partially untrue spirit.** Alas, in such times it grows to be the universal belief, sole accredited knowingness, and the contrary of it accounted puerile enthusiasm, this sor-

rowfulest *disbelief* that there is properly speaking any truth in the world ; that the world was, has been or ever can be guided, except by simulation, dissimulation, and the sufficiently dextrous practice of pretence. The faith of men is dead : in what has guineas in its pocket, beefeaters riding behind it, and cannons trundling before it, they can believe; in what has none of these things they cannot believe. Sense for the true and false is lost; there is properly no longer any true or false. It is the heyday of Imposture; of Semblance recognising itself, and getting itself recognised, for Substance. Gaping multitudes listen ; unlistening multitudes see not but that it is all right, and in the order of Nature. Earnest men, one of a million, shut their lips ; suppressing thoughts, which there are no words to utter. To them it is too visible that spiritual life has departed ; that material life, in whatsoever figure of it, cannot long remain behind. To them it seems as if our Europe of the Eighteenth Century, long hag-ridden, vexed with foul enchanters, to the length now of gorgeous Domdaniel *Parcs-aux-cerfs* and 'Peasants living on meal-husks and boiled grass,' had verily sunk down to die and dissolve; and were now, with its French Philosophisms, Hume Scepticisms, Diderot Atheisms, maundering in the final deliriation ; writhing, with its Seven-years Silesian robber-wars, in the final agony. Glory to God, our Europe was not to die but to live ! Our Europe rose like a frenzied giant; shook all that poisonous magician trumpery to right and left, trampling it stormfully under foot; and declared aloud that there was strength in him, not for life only, but for new and infinitely wider life. Antaeus-like the giant had struck his foot once more upon Reality and the Earth; there only, if in this Universe at all, lay strength and healing for him. Heaven knows, it was not a gentle process ; no wonder that it was a fearful process, this same 'Phoenix fire-consummation' ! But the alternative was it or death; the merciful Heavens, merciful in their severity, sent us it rather.

And so the 'rights of man' were to be written down on paper; and experimentally wrought upon towards elaboration, in huge battle and wrestle, element conflicting with element, from side to side of this **earth**, for three-and-twenty years. Rights of **man**, wrongs of **man** ? **It is a question** which has

swallowed whole nations and generations ; a question—on which we will not enter here. Far be it from us ! Logic has small business with this question at present; logic has no plummet that will sound it at any time. But indeed the rights of man, as has been not unaptly remarked, are little worth ascertaining in comparison to the *mights* of man,—to what portion of his rights he has any chance of being able to make good ! The accurate final rights of man he in the far deeps of the Ideal, where 'the Ideal weds itself to the Possible,' as the Philosophers say. The ascertainable temporary rights of man vary not a little, according to place and time. They are known to depend much on what a man's convictions of them are. The Highland wife, with her husband at the foot of the gallows, patted him on the shoulder (if there be historical truth in Joseph Miller), and said amid her tears : " Go up, Donald, my man ; the Laird bids ye." To her it seemed the rights of lairds were great, the rights of men small; and she acquiesced. Deputy Lapoule, in the *Salle des Menus* at Versailles, on the 4th of August 1789, demanded (he did actually 'demand,' and by unanimous vote obtain) that the 'obsolete law' authorising a Seigneur, on his return from the chase or other needful fatigue, to slaughter not above two of his vassals, and refresh his feet in their warm blood and bowels, should be 'abrogated.' From such obsolete law, or mad tradition and phantasm of an obsolete law, down to any corn-law, game-law, rotten-borough law, or other law or practice clamoured of in this time of ours, the distance travelled over is great!

What are the rights of men ? All men are justified in demanding and searching for their rights; moreover, justified or not, they will do it: by Chartisms, Radicalisms, French Revolutions, or whatsoever methods they have. Rights surely are right: on the other hand, this other saying is most true, 'Use 'every man according to his *rights*, and who shall escape 'whipping ?' These two things, we say, are both true; and both are essential to make up the whole truth. All good men know always and feel, each for himself, that the one is not less true than the other; and act accordingly. The contradiction is of the surface only; as in opposite sides of the same fact : universal in this *dualism* of a life we have. Between these two

extremes, Society and all human things must fluctuatingly adjust themselves the best they can.

And yet that there is verily a 'rights of man' let no mortal doubt. An ideal of right does dwell in all men, in all arrangements, pactions and procedures of men : it is to this ideal of right, more and more developing itself as it is more and more approximated to, that human Society forever tends and struggles. We say also that any given thing either *is* unjust or else just; however obscure the arguings and strugglings on it be, the thing in itself there as it lies, infallibly enough, *is* the one or the other. To which let us add only this, the first, last article of faith, the alpha and omega of all faith among men, That nothing which is unjust can hope to continue in this world. A faith true in all times, more or less forgotten in most, but altogether frightfully brought to remembrance again in ours ! Lyons fusilladings, Nantes noyadings, reigns of terror, and such other universal battle-thunder and explosion; these, if we will understand them, were but a new irrefragable preaching abroad of that. It would appear that Speciosities which are not Realities cannot any longer inhabit this world. It would appear that the unjust thing has no friend in the Heaven, and a majority against it on the Earth ; nay that *it* has at bottom all men for its enemies ; that it may take shelter in this fallacy and then in that, but will be hunted from fallacy to fallacy till it find no fallacy to shelter-in any more, but must march and go elsewhither;—that, in a word, it ought to prepare incessantly for decent departure, before indecent departure, ignominious drumming out, nay savage smiting out and burning out, overtake it!

Alas, was that such new tidings ? Is it not from of old indubitable, that Untruth, Injustice which is but acted untruth, has no power to continue in this true Universe of ours ? The tidings was world-old, or older, as old as the Fall of Lucifer: and yet in that epoch unhappily it was new tidings, unexpected, incredible; and there had to be such earthquakes and shakings of the nations before it could be listened to, and laid to heart even slightly ! Let us lay it to heart, let us know it well, that new shakings be not needed. Known and laid to heart it must everywhere be, before peace can pretend to come.

This seems to us the secret of our convulsed era ; this which is so easily written, which is and has been and will be so hard to bring to pass. All true men, high and low, each in his sphere, are consciously or unconsciously bringing it to pass ; all false and half-true men are fruitlessly spending themselves to hinder it from coming to pass.

CHAPTER VI.

LAISSEZ-FAIRE.

FROM all which enormous events, with truths old and new embodied in them, what innumerable practical inferences are to be drawn! Events are written lessons, glaring in huge hieroglyphic picture-writing, that all may read and know them: the terror and horror they inspire is but the note of preparation for the truth they are to teach ; a mere waste of terror if that be not learned. Inferences enough ; most didactic, practically applicable in all departments of English things ! One inference, but one inclusive of all, shall content us here; this namely : That *Laissez-faire* has as good as done its part in a great many provinces ; that in the province of the Working Classes, *Laissez-faire* having passed its New Poor-Law, has reached the suicidal point, and now, as *felo-de-se*, lies dying there, in torchlight meetings and suchlike; that, in brief, a government of the under classes by the upper on a principle of *Let-alone* is no longer possible in England in these days. This is the one inference inclusive of all. For there can be no acting or doing of any kind, till it be recognised that there is a thing to be done; the thing once recognised, doing in a thousand shapes becomes possible. The Working Classes cannot any longer go on without government; without being *actually* guided and governed; England cannot subsist in peace till, by some means or other, some guidance and government for them is found.

For, alas, on us too the rude truth has come home. Wrap-pages and speciosities all worn off, the haggard naked fact speaks to us : Are these millions taught ? Are these millions guided ? We have a Church, the venerable embodiment of an

idea which may well call itself divine; which our fathers for long ages, feeling it to be divine, have been embodying as we see: it is a Church well furnished with equipments and appurtenances; educated in universities, rich in money; set on high places that it may be conspicuous to all, honoured of all. We have an Aristocracy of landed wealth and commercial wealth, in whose hands lies the law-making and the law-administering; an Aristocracy rich, powerful, long secure in its place; an Aristocracy with more faculty put free into its hands than was ever before, in any country or time, put into the hands of any class of men. This Church answers: Yes, the people are taught. This Aristocracy, astonishment in every feature, answers: Yes, surely the people are guided! Do we not pass what Acts of Parliament are needful; as many as thirty-nine for the shooting of the partridges alone? Are there not tread-mills, gibbets; even hospitals, poor-rates, New Poor-Law? So answers Church; so answers Aristocracy, astonishment in every feature.

Fact, in the mean while, takes his lucifer-box, sets fire to wheat-stacks; sheds an ail-too dismal light on several things. Fact searches for his third-rate potato, not in the meekest humour, six-and-thirty weeks each year; and does not find it. Fact passionately joins Messiah Thorn of Canterbury, and has himself shot for a new fifth-monarchy brought in by Bedlam. Fact holds his fustian-jacket *Femgericht* in Glasgow City. Fact carts his Petition over London streets, begging that you would simply have the goodness to grant him universal suffrage and 'the five points,' by way of remedy. These are not symptoms of teaching and guiding.

Nay, at bottom, is it not a singular thing this of *Laissez-faire*, from the first origin of it? As good as an *abdication* on the part of governors; an admission that they are henceforth incompetent to govern, that they are not there to govern at all, but to do—one knows not what! The universal demand of *Laissez-faire* by a people from its governors or upper classes, is a soft-sounding demand; but it is only one step removed from the fatalist. '*Laissez-faire*,' exclaims a sardonic German writer, 'What is this universal cry for *Laissez-faire*? Does it mean that human affairs require no guidance; that wisdom

and forethought cannot guide them better than folly and accident? Alas, does it not mean: "*Such* guidance is worse than none! Leave us alone of *your* guidance; eat your wages, and sleep!" And now if guidance have grown indispensable, and the sleep continue, what becomes of the sleep and its wages?—In those entirely surprising circumstances to which the Eighteenth Century had brought us, in the time of Adam Smith, *Laissez-faire* was a reasonable cry;—as indeed, in all circumstances, for a wise governor there will be meaning in the principle of it. To wise governors you will cry: "See what you will, and will not, let alone." To unwise governors, to hungry Greeks throttling down hungry Greeks on the floor of a St. Stephen's, you will cry: "Let *all* things alone; for Heaven's sake, meddle ye with nothing!"

How *Laissez-faire* may adjust itself in other provinces we say not: but we do venture to say, and ask whether events everywhere, in world-history and parish-history, in all manner of dialects are not saying it, That in regard to the lower orders of society, and their governance and guidance, the principle of *Laissez-faire* has terminated, and is no longer applicable at all, in this Europe of ours, still less in this England of ours. Not misgovernment, nor yet no-government; only government will now serve. What is the meaning of the 'five points,' if we will understand them? What are all popular commotions and maddest bellowings, from Peterloo to the Place-de-Greve itself? Bellowings, inarticulate cries as of a dumb creature in rage and pain; to the ear of wisdom they are inarticulate prayers: "Guide me, govern me! I am mad and miserable, and cannot guide myself!" Surely of all 'rights of man,' this right of the ignorant man to be guided by the wiser, to be, gently or forcibly, held in the true course by him, is the indisputablest. Nature herself ordains it from the first; Society struggles towards perfection by enforcing and accomplishing it more and more. If Freedom have any meaning, it means enjoyment of this right, wherein all other rights are enjoyed. It is a sacred right and duty, on both sides; and the summary of all social duties whatsoever between the two. Why does the one toil with his hands, if the other be not to toil, still more unweariedly, with heart and head? The brawny craftsman finds it no child's-

play to mould his unpliant rugged masses ; neither is guidance of men a dilettantism : what it becomes when treated as a dilettantism, we may see I The wild horse bounds homeless through the wilderness, is not led to stall and manger; but neither does he toil for you, but for himself only.

Democracy, we are well aware, what is called ' self-government' of the multitude by the multitude, is in words the thing everywhere passionately clamoured for at present. Democracy makes rapid progress in these latter times, and ever more rapid, in a perilous accelerative ratio; towards democracy, and that only, the progress of things is everywhere tending as to the final goal and winning-post. So think, so clamour the multitudes everywhere. And yet all men may see, whose sight is good for much, that in democracy can lie no finality; that with the completest winning of democracy there is nothing yet won,—except emptiness, and the free chance to win 1 Democracy is, by the nature of it, a self-cancelling business; and gives in the long-run a net result of *zero*. Where no government is wanted, save that of the parish-constable, as in America with its boundless soil, every man being able to find work and recompense for himself, democracy may subsist; not elsewhere, except briefly, as a swift transition towards something other and farther. Democracy never yet, that we heard of, was able to accomplish much work, beyond that same cancelling of itself. Rome and Athens are themes for the schools; unexceptionable for that purpose. In Rome and Athens, as elsewhere, if we look practically, we shall find that it was not by loud voting and debating of many, but by wise insight and ordering of a few that the work was done. So is it ever, so will it ever be.

The French Convention was a Parliament elected ' by the five points,' with ballot-boxes, universal suffrages, and what not, as perfectly as Parliament can hope to be in this world; and had indeed a pretty spell of work to do, and did it. The French Convention had to cease from being a free Parliament, and become more arbitrary than any Sultan Bajazet, before it could so much as subsist. It had to purge out its argumentative Girondins, elect its Supreme Committee of *Salut*, guillotine into silence and extinction all that gainsaid it, and rule and work literally by the sternest despotism ever seen in Europe,

before it could rule at all. Napoleon was not president of a republic; Cromwell tried hard to rule in that way, but found that he could not. These, 'the armed soldiers of democracy,' had to chain democracy under their feet, and become despots over it, before they could work out the earnest obscure purpose of democracy itself!

Democracy, take it where you will in our Europe, is found but as a regulated method of rebellion and abrogation; it abrogates the old arrangement of things ; and leaves, as we say, *zero* and vacuity for the institution of a new arrangement. It is the consummation of No-government and *Laissez-faire*. It may be natural for our Europe at present; but cannot be the ultimatum of it. Not towards the impossibility, 'self-government' of a multitude by a multitude; but towards some possibility, government by the wisest, does bewildered Europe struggle. The blesseddest possibility : not misgovernment, not *Laissez-faire*, but veritable government! Cannot one discern too, across all democratic turbulence, clattering of ballot-boxes and infinite sorrowful jangle, needful or not, that this at bottom is the wish and prayer of all human hearts, everywhere and at all times : " Give me a leader ; a true leader, not a false sham-leader ; a true leader, that he may guide me on the true way, that I may be loyal to him, that I may swear fealty to him and follow him, and feel that it is well with me I" The relation of the taught to their teacher, of the loyal subject to his guiding king, is, under one shape or another, the vital element of human Society ; indispensable to it, perennial in it ; without which, as a body reft of its soul, it falls down into death, and with horrid noisome dissolution passes away and disappears.

But verily in these times, with their new stern Evangel, that Speciosities which are not Realities can no longer be, all Aristocracies, Priesthoods, Persons in Authority, are called upon to consider. What is an Aristocracy ? A corporation of the Best, of the Bravest. To this joyfully, with heart-loyalty, do men pay the half of their substance, to equip and decorate their Best, to lodge them in palaces, set them high over all. For it is of the nature of men, in every time, to honour and love their Best; to know no limits in honouring them. Whatsoever Aris-

tocracy *is* still a corporation of the Best, is safe from all peril, and the land it rules is a safe and blessed land. Whatsoever Aristocracy does not even attempt to be that, but only to wear the clothes of that, is not safe; neither is the land it rules in safe! For this now is our sad lot, that we must find a *real* Aristocracy, that an apparent Aristocracy, how plausible soever, has become inadequate for us. One way or other, the world will absolutely need to be governed; if not by this class of men, then by that. One can predict, without gift of prophecy, that the era of routine is nearly ended. Wisdom and faculty alone, faithful, valiant, ever-zealous, not pleasant but painful, continual effort will suffice. Cost what it may, by one means or another, the toiling multitudes of this perplexed, over-crowded Europe must and will find governors. ' *Laissez-faire*, Leave them to do' ? The thing they will *do*, if so left, is too frightful to think of! It has been *done* once, in sight of the whole earth, in these generations: can it need to be done a second time?

For a Priesthood, in like manner, whatsoever its titles, possessions, professions, there is but *one* question: Does it teach and spiritually guide this people, yea or no? If yea, then is all well. But if no, then let it strive earnestly to alter, for as yet there is nothing well! Nothing, we say: and indeed is not this that we call spiritual guidance properly the soul of the whole, the life and eyesight of the whole? The world asks of its Church in these times, more passionately than of any other Institution any question, "Canst thou teach us or not?"—A Priesthood in France, when the world asked, "What canst thou do for us?" answered only, aloud and ever louder, "Are we not of God? Invested with all power?"—till at length France cut short this controversy too, in what frightful way we know. To all men who believed in the Church, to all men who believed in God and the soul of man, there was no issue of the French Revolution half so sorrowful as that. France cast out its benighted blind Priesthood into destruction; yet with what a loss to France also! A solution of continuity, what we may well call such; and this where continuity is so momentous: the New, whatever it may be, cannot now grow out of the Old, but is severed sheer asunder from the Old,—how much lies wasted in that gap! That one whole generation of thinkers

should be without a religion to believe, or even to contradict; that Christianity, in thinking France, should as it were fade away so long into a remote extraneous tradition, was one of the saddest facts connected with the future of that country. Look at such Political and Moral Philosophies, St.-Simonisms, Robert-Macairisms. and the 'Literature of Desperation' ! Kingship was perhaps but a cheap waste, compared with this of the Priestship; under which France still, all but unconsciously, labours ; and may long labour, remediless the while. Let others consider it, and take warning by it ! France is a pregnant example in all ways. Aristocracies that do not govern, Priesthoods that do not teach; the misery of that, and the misery of altering that,—are written in Belshazzar fire-letters on the history of France.

Or does the British reader, safe in the assurance that 'England is not France,' call all this unpleasant doctrine of ours ideology, perfectibility, and a vacant dream ? Does the British reader, resting on the faith that what has been these two generations was from the beginning, and will be to the end, assert to himself that things are already as they can be, as they must be ; that on the whole, no Upper Classes did ever 'govern' the Lower, in this sense of governing ? Believe it not, O British reader ! Man is man everywhere ; dislikes to have 'sensible species' and 'ghosts of defunct bodies' foisted on him, in England even as in France.

How much the Upper Classes did actually, in any the most perfect Feudal time, return to the Under by way of recompense, in government, guidance, protection, we will not undertake to specify here. In Charity-Balls, Soup-Kitchens, in Quarter-Sessions, Prison-Discipline and Treadmills, we can well believe the old Feudal Aristocracy not to have surpassed the new. Yet we do say that the old Aristocracy were the governors of the Lower Classes, the guides of the Lower Classes; and even, at bottom, that they existed as an Aristocracy because they were found adequate for that. Not by Charity-Balls and Soup-Kitchens ; not so; far otherwise ! But it was their happiness that, in struggling for their own objects, they *had* to govern the Lower Classes, even in this sense of governing. For, in one word, *Cash Payment* had not then grown to be the uni-

versal sole nexus of man to man ; it was something other than money that the high then expected from the low, and could not live without getting from the low. Not as buyer and seller alone, of land or what else it might be, but in many senses still as soldier and captain, as clansman and head, as loyal subject and guiding king, was the low related to the high. With the supreme triumph of Cash, a changed time has entered; there must a changed Aristocracy enter. We invite the British reader to meditate earnestly on these things.

Another thing, which the British reader often reads and hears in this time, is worth his meditating for a moment: That Society 'exists for the protection of property.' To which it is added, that the poor man also has property, namely, his 'labour,' and the fifteen-pence or three-and-sixpence a-day he can get for that. True enough, O friends, 'for protecting *property*,' most true : and indeed, if you will once sufficiently enforce that Eighth Commandment, the whole 'rights of man' are well cared for ; I know no better definition of the rights of man. *Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not be stolen from* : what a Society were that; Plato's Republic, More's Utopia mere emblems of it! Give every man what is his, the accurate price of what he has done and been, no man shall any more complain, neither shall the earth suffer any more. For the protection of property, in very truth, and for that alone!

And now what is thy property? That parchment title-deed, that purse thou buttonest in thy breeches-pocket? Is that thy valuable property? Unhappy brother, most poor insolvent brother, I without parchment at all, with purse oftenest in the flaccid state, imponderous, which will not fling against the wind, have quite other property than that! I have the miraculous breath of Life in me, breathed into my nostrils by Almighty God. I have affections, thoughts, a god-given *capability* to be and do ; rights, therefore,—the right for instance to thy love if I love thee, to thy guidance if I obey thee: the strangest rights, whereof in church-pulpits one still hears something, though almost unintelligible now; rights stretching high into Immensity, far into Eternity ! Fifteen-pence a-day ; three-and-sixpence a-day; eight hundred pounds and odd a-day, dost thou call that my property? I value that little ; little all I

could purchase with that. For truly, as is said, what matters it? In torn boots, in soft-hung carriages-and-four, a man gets always to his journey's end. Socrates walked barefoot, or in wooden shoes, and yet arrived happily. They never asked him, *What shoes or conveyance?* never, *What wages hadst thou?* but simply, *What work didst thou?*—Property, O brother? 'Of my very body I have but a life-rent.' As for this flaccid purse of mine, 'tis something, nothing; has been the slave of pickpockets, cutthroats, Jew-brokers, gold-dust robbers; 'twas his, 'tis mine;—'tis thine, if thou care much to steal it. But my soul, breathed into me by God, my *Me* and what capability is there; that is mine, and I will resist the stealing of it. I call that mine and not thine; I will keep that, and do what work I can with it: God has given it me, the Devil shall not take it away! Alas, my friends, Society exists and has existed for a great many purposes, not so easy to specify!

Society, it is understood, does not in any age prevent a man from being what he *can be** A sooty African *can* become a Toussaint L'Ouverture, a murderous Three-fingered Jack, let the yellow West Indies say to it what they will. A Scottish Poet, 'proud of his name and country,' *can* apply fervently to 'Gentlemen of the Caledonian Hunt,' and become a gauger of beer-barrels, and tragical immortal broken-hearted Singer; the stifled echo of his melody audible through long centuries, one other note in 'that sacred *Miserere*' that rises up to Heaven, out of all times and lands. What I *can be* thou decidedly will not hinder me from being. Nay even for being what I *could be*, I have the strangest claims on thee,—not convenient to adjust at present! Protection of breeches-pocket property? O reader, to what shifts is poor Society reduced, struggling to give still some account of herself, in epochs when Cash Payment has become the sole nexus of man to man! On the whole, we will advise Society not to talk at all about what she exists for; but rather with her whole industry to exist, to try how she can keep existing 1 That is her best plan. She may depend upon it, if she ever, by cruel chance, did come to exist only for protection of breeches-pocket property, she would lose very soon the gift of protecting even that, and find her career in our lower world on the point of terminating!—

For the rest, that in the most perfect Feudal Ages, the Ideal of Aristocracy nowhere lived in vacant serene purity as an Ideal, but always as a poor imperfect Actual, little heeding or not knowing at all that an Ideal lay in it,—this too we will cheerfully admit. Imperfection, it is known, cleaves to human things ; far is the Ideal departed from, in most times; very far ! And yet so long as an Ideal (any soul of Truth) does, in never so confused a manner, exist and work within the Actual, it is a tolerable business. Not so, when the Ideal has entirely departed, and the Actual owns to itself that it has no Idea, no soul of Truth any longer : at that degree of imperfection human things cannot continue living; they are obliged to alter or expire, when they attain to that. Blotches and diseases exist on the skin and deeper, the heart continuing whole ; but it is another matter when the heart itself becomes diseased ; when there is no heart, but a monstrous gangrene pretending to exist there as heart !

On the whole, O reader, thou wilt find everywhere that things which have had an existence among men have first of all had to have a truth and worth in them, and were not semblances but realities. Nothing not a reality ever yet got men to pay bed and board to it for long. Look at Mahometanism itself! Dalai-Lamaism, even Dalai-Lamaism, one rejoices to discover, may be worth its victuals in this world; not a quackery but a sincerity ; not a nothing but a something ! The mistake of those who believe that fraud, force, injustice, whatsoever untrue thing, howsoever cloaked and decorated, was ever or can ever be the principle of man's relations to man, is great and the greatest. It is the error of the infidel; in whom the truth as yet is *not*. It is an error pregnant with mere errors and miseries ; an error fatal, lamentable, to be abandoned by all men.

CHAPTER VII.

NOT LAISSEZ-FAIRE.

How an Aristocracy, in these present times **and** circumstances, could, **if never so well disposed, set about governing**

the Under Class ? What they should do; endeavour or attempt to do ? That is even the question of questions :—the question which *they* have to solve; which it is our utmost function at present to tell them, lies there for solving, and must and will be solved.

Insoluble we cannot fancy it. One select class Society has furnished with wealth, intelligence, leisure, means outward and inward for governing ; another huge class, furnished by Society with none of those things, declares that it must be governed : Negative stands fronting Positive; if Negative and Positive *cannot* unite,—it will be worse for both ! Let the faculty and earnest constant effort of England combine round this matter; let it once be recognised as a vital matter. Innumerable things our Upper Classes and Lawgivers might 'do;' but the preliminary of all things, we must repeat, is to know that a thing must needs be done. We lead them here to the shore of a boundless continent; ask them, Whether they do not with their own eyes see it, see strange symptoms of it, lying huge, dark, unexplored, inevitable ; full of hope, but also full of difficulty, savagery, almost of despair ? Let them enter; they must enter; Time and Necessity have brought them hither; where they are is no continuing ! Let them enter; the first step once taken, the next will have become clearer, all future steps will become possible. It is a great problem for all of us; but for themselves, we may say, more than for any. On them chiefly, as the expected solvers of it, will the failure of a solution first fall. One way or other there must and will be a solution.

True, these matters lie far, very far indeed, from the 'usual habits of Parliament,' in late times ; from the routine course of any Legislative or Administrative body of men that exists among us. Too true ! And that is even the thing we complain of: had the mischief been looked into as it gradually rose, it would not have attained this magnitude. That self-cancelling Donothmgism and *Laissez-faire* should have got so ingrained into our Practice, is the source of all these miseries. It is too true that Parliament, for the matter of near a century **now, has been able to undertake the adjustment of almost one thing alone, of itself and its own interests; leaving other interests**

to rub along very much as they could and would. True, this was the practice of the whole Eighteenth Century; and struggles still to prolong itself into the Nineteenth,—which, however, is no longer the time for it I

Those Eighteenth-century Parliaments, one may hope, will become a curious object one day. Are not these same '*Memoirs*' of Horace Walpole, to an unparliamentary eye, already a curious object? One of the clearest-sighted men of the Eighteenth Century writes down his Parliamentary observation of it there; a determined despiser and merciless dissector of cant; a liberal withal, one who will go all lengths for the 'glorious revolution,' and resist Tory principles to the death: he writes, with an indignant elegiac feeling, how Mr. This, who had voted so and then voted so, and was the son of this and the brother of that, and had such claims to the fat appointment, was nevertheless scandalously postponed to Mr. That;—whereupon are not the affairs of this nation in a bad way? How hungry Greek meets hungry Greek on the floor of St. Stephen's, and wrestles him and throttles him till he has to cry, Hold! the office is thine!—of this does Horace write.—One must say, the destinies of nations do not always rest entirely on Parliament. One must say, it is a wonderful affair that science of 'government,' as practised in the Eighteenth Century of the Christian era, and still struggling to practise itself. One must say, it was a lucky century that could get it so practised: a century which had inherited richly from its predecessors; and also which did, not unnaturally, bequeath to its successors a French Revolution, general overturn, and reign of terror;—intimating, in most audible thunder, conflagration, guillotinement, cannonading and universal war and earthquake, that such century with its practices had *ended*.

Ended;—for decidedly that course of procedure will no longer serve. Parliament will absolutely, with whatever effort, have to lift itself out of those deep ruts of donothing routine; and learn to say, on all sides, something more edifying than *Laissez-faire*. If Parliament cannot learn it, what is to become of Parliament? The toiling millions of England ask of their English Parliament foremost of all, Canst thou govern us or not? Parliament with its privileges is strong; but Necessity

and the Laws of Nature are stronger than it. If Parliament cannot do this thing, Parliament we prophesy will do some other thing and things which, in the strangest and not the happiest way, will forward its being done,—not much to the advantage of Parliament probably! Done, one way or other, the thing must be. In these complicated times, with Cash Payment as the sole nexus between man and man, the Toiling Classes of mankind declare, in their confused but most emphatic way, to the Untoiling, that they will be governed; that they must,—under penalty of Chartisms, Thuggeries, Rick-burnings, and even blacker things than those. Vain also is it to think that the misery of one class, of the great universal under class, can be isolated, and kept apart and peculiar, down in that class. By infallible contagion, evident enough to reflection, evident even to Political Economy that will reflect, the misery of the lowest spreads upwards and upwards till it reaches the very highest; till all has grown miserable, palpably false and wrong; and poor drudges hungering • on meal-husks and boiled grass' do, by circuitous but sure methods, bring kings' heads to the block!

Cash Payment the sole nexus; and there are so many things which cash will not pay ! Cash is a great miracle ; yet it has not all power in Heaven, nor even on Earth. 'Supply and demand' we will honour also; and yet how many 'demands' are there, entirely indispensable, which have to go elsewhere than to the shops, and produce quite other than cash, before they can get their supply! On the whole, what astonishing payments does cash make in this world ! Of your Samuel Johnson, furnished with 'fourpence-halfpenny-a-day,' and solid lodging at nights on the paved streets, as his payment, we do not speak;—not in the way of complaint: it is a world-old business for the like of him, that same arrangement or a worse; perhaps the man, for his own uses, had need even of that, and of no better. Nay is not Society, busy with its Talfourd Copyright Bill and the like, struggling to do something effectual for that man;—enacting with all industry that his own creation be accounted his own manufacture, and continue unstolen, on his own market-stand, for so long as sixty years ? Perhaps Society is right there; for discrepancies on that side too may

become excessive. All men are not patient docile Johnsons ; some of them are half-mad inflammable Rousseaus. Such, in peculiar times, you may drive too far. Society in France, for example, was not destitute of cash: Society contrived to pay Philippe d'Orleans not yet Egalite' three hundred thousand a-year and odd, for driving cabriolets through the streets of Paris and other work done; but in cash, encouragement, arrangement, recompense or recognition of any kind, it had nothing to give this same half-mad Rousseau for his work done ; whose brain in consequence, *too* 'much enforced' for a weak brain, uttered hasty sparks, *Contrat Social* and the like, which proved not so quenchable again! In regard to that species of men too, who knows whether *Laissez-faire* itself (which is Serjeant Talfourd's Copyright Bill continued to eternity instead of sixty years) will not turn out insufficient, and have to cease, one day?—

Alas, in regard to so very many things, *Laissez-faire* ought partly to endeavour to cease! But in regard to poor Sans-potato peasants, Trades-Union craftsmen, Chartist cotton-spinners, the time has come when it must either cease or a worse thing straightway begin,—a thing of tinder-boxes, vitriol-bottles, secondhand pistols, a visibly insupportable thing in the eyes of all.

CHAPTER VIII.

NEW ERAS.

FOR in very truth it is a 'new Era ;' a new Practice has become indispensable in it. One has heard so often of new eras, new and newest eras, that the word has grown rather empty of late. Yet new eras do come; there is no fact surer than that they have come more than once. And always with a change of era, with a change of intrinsic conditions, there had to be a change of practice and outward relations brought about,—if not peaceably, then by violence ; for brought about it had to be, there could no rest come till then. How many eras and epochs, not noted at the moment;—which indeed is the blesseddest condition of epochs, that they come quietly,

making no proclamation of themselves, and are only visible long after: a Cromwell Rebellion, a French Revolution, 'striking on the Horologe of Time,' to tell all mortals what o'clock it has become, are too expensive, if one could help it!—

In a strange rhapsodic 'History of the Teuton Kindred (*Geschichte der Teutschen Sippschaft*)' not yet translated into our language, we have found a Chapter on the Eras of England, which, were there room for it, would be instructive in this place. We shall crave leave to excerpt some pages; partly as a relief from the too near vexations of our own rather sorrowful Era; partly as calculated to throw, more or less obliquely, some degree of light on the meanings of that. The Author is anonymous: but we have heard him called the Herr Professor Sauerteig, and indeed think we know him under that name:

'Who shall say what work and works this England has yet to do? For what purpose this land of Britain was created, set like a jewel in the encircling blue of Ocean; and this Tribe of Saxons, fashioned in the depths of Time, "on the shores of the Black Sea" or elsewhere, "out of Harzgebirge rock" or whatever other material, was sent travelling hitherward? No man can say: it was for a work, and for works, incapable of announcement in words. Thou seest them there; part of them stand done, and visible to the eye; even these thou canst not *name*: how much less the others still matter of prophecy only!—They live and labour there, these twenty million Saxon men; they have been born into this mystery of life out of the darkness of Past Time :—how changed now since the first Father and first Mother of them set forth, quitting the tribe of *Theuth*, with passionate farewell, under questionable auspices; on scanty bullock-cart, if they had even bullocks and a cart; with axe and hunting-spear, to subdue a portion of our common Planet! This Nation now has cities and seedfields, has spring-vans, dray-wagons, Long-Acre carriages, nay railway trains; has coined-money, exchange-bills, laws, books, war-fleets, spinning-jennies, warehouses and West-India Docks: see what it has built and done, what it can and will yet build and do! These umbrageous pleasure-woods, green meadows, shaven stubble-fields, smooth-sweeping roads; these high-domed cities, and

what they hold and bear; this mild Good-morrow which the stranger bids thee, equitable, nay forbearant if need were, judicially calm and law-observing towards thee a stranger, what work has it not cost? How many brawny arms, generation after generation, sank down wearied; how many noble hearts, toiling while life lasted, and wise heads that wore themselves dim with scanning and discerning, before this waste *White-cliff*, Albion so-called, with its other Cassiterides *Tin Islands*, became a BRITISH EMPIRE! The stream of World-History has altered its complexion; Romans are dead out, English are come in. The red broad mark of Romanhood, stamped ineffaceably on that Chart of Time, has disappeared from the present, and belongs only to the past. England plays its part; England too has a mark to leave, and we will hope none of the least significant. Of a truth, whosoever had, with the bodily eye, seen Hengst and Horsa mooring on the mud-beach of Thanet, on that spring morning of the Year 449; and then, with the spiritual eye, looked forward to New York, Calcutta, Sidney Cove, across the ages and the oceans; and thought what Wellingtons, Washingtons, Shakspeares, Miltons, Watts, Arkwrights, William Pitts and Davie Crocketts had to issue from that business, and do their several taskworks so,—*he* would have said, those leather-boats of Hengst's had a kind of cargo in them I A genealogic Mythus superior to any in the old Greek, to almost any in the old Hebrew itself; and not a Mythus either, but every fibre of it fact. An Epic Poem was there, and all manner of poems; except that the Poet has not yet made his appearance.'

'Six centuries of obscure endeavour,' continues Sauerteig, 'which to read Historians, you would incline to call mere obscure slaughter, discord, and misendeavour; of which all that the human memory, after a thousand readings, can remember, is that it resembled, what Milton names it, the "flocking and fighting of kites and crows:" this, in brief, is the history of the Heptarchy or Seven Kingdoms. Six centuries; a stormy spring-time, if there ever was one, for a Nation. Obscure fighting of kites and crows, however, was not the History of it; but was only what the dim Historians of it saw good to record. Were not forests felled, bogs drained, fields made arable, towns built,

laws made, and the Thought and Practice of men in many ways perfected? Venerable Bede had got a language which he could now not only speak, but spell and put on paper: think what lies in that. Bemurmured by the German sea-flood swinging slow with sullen roar against those hoarse Northumbrian rocks, the venerable man set down several things in a legible manner. Or was the smith idle, hammering only wartools? He had learned metallurgy, stithy-work in general; and made ploughshares withal, and adzes and mason-hammers. *Castra*, *Caesters* or *Chesters*, *Dons*, *Tons* (*Zauns*, *Enclosures* or *Towns*), not a few, did they not stand there; of burnt brick, of timber, of lath-and-clay; sending up the peaceable smoke of hearths? England had a History then too; though no Historian to write it. Those "flockings and fightings," sad inevitable necessities, were the expensive tentative steps towards some capability of living and working in concert: experiments they were, not always conclusive, to ascertain who had the might over whom, the right over whom.'

' M. Thierry has written an ingenious Book, celebrating with considerable pathos the fate of the Saxons fallen under that fierce-hearted *Conquæstor*, Acquirer or Conqueror, as he is named. M. Thierry professes to have a turn for looking at that side of things : the fate of the Welsh too moves him ; of the Celts generally, whom a fiercer race swept before them into the mountainous nooks of the West, whither they were not worth following Noble deeds, according to M. Thierry, were done by these unsuccessful men, heroic sufferings undergone ; which it is a pious duty to rescue from forgetfulness. True, surely! A tear at least is due to the unhappy: it is right and fit that there should be a man to assert that lost cause too, and see what can still be made of it. Most right:—and yet, on the whole, taking matters on that great scale, what can we say but that the cause which pleased the gods has in the end to please Cato also? Cato cannot alter it ; Cato will find that he cannot at bottom wish to alter it.

' Might and Right do differ frightfully from hour to hour ; but give them centuries to try it in, they are found to be iden-

tical. Whose land *was* this of Britain? God's who made it, His and no other's it was and is. Who of God's creatures had right to live in it? The wolves and bisons? Yes they; till one with a better right showed himself. The Celt, "aboriginal savage of Europe," as a snarling antiquary names him, arrived, pretending to have a better right; and did accordingly, not without pain to the bisons, make good the same. He had a better right to that piece of God's land; namely a better might to turn it to use;—a might to settle himself there, at least, and try what use he could turn it to. The bisons disappeared; the Celts took possession, and tilled. Forever, was it to be? Alas, *Forever* is not a category that can establish itself in this world of Time. A world of Time, by the very definition of it, is a world of mortality and mutability, of Beginning and Ending. No property is eternal but God the Maker's: whom Heaven permits to take possession, his is the right; Heaven's sanction *is* such permission,—while it lasts: nothing more can be said. Why does that hyssop grow there, in the chink of the wall? Because the whole Universe, sufficiently occupied otherwise, could not hitherto prevent its growing! It has the might and the right. By the same great law do Roman Empires establish themselves, Christian Religions promulgate themselves, and all extant Powers bear rule. The strong thing is the just thing: this thou wilt find throughout in our world;—as indeed was God and Truth the Maker of our world, or was Satan and Falsehood?

' One proposition widely current as to this Norman Conquest is of a Physiologic sort: That the conquerors and conquered here were of different races; nay that the Nobility of England is still, to this hour, of a somewhat different blood from the commonalty, their fine Norman features contrasting so pleasantly with the coarse Saxon ones of the others. God knows, there are coarse enough features to be seen among the commonalty of that country; but if the Nobility's be finer, it is not their Normanhood that can be the reason. Does the above Physiologist reflect who those same Normans, Northmen, originally were? Baltic Saxons, and what other miscellany of Lurdanes, Jutes and Deutsch Pirates from the East-sea marshes would join them in plunder of France! If living

three centuries longer in Heathenism, sea-robbery, and the un-lucrative fishing of amber could ennoble them beyond the others, then were they ennobled. The Normans were Saxons who had learned to speak French. No: by Thor and Wodan, the Saxons were all as noble as needful;—shaped, says the Mythus, "from the rock of the Harzgebirge;" brother-tribes being made of clay, wood, water, or what other material might be going 1 A stubborn, taciturn, sulky, indomitable rock-made race of men; as the figure they cut in all quarters, in the cane-brake of Arkansas, in the Ghauts of the Himmalaya, no less than in London City, in Warwick or Lancaster County, does still abundantly manifest.'

'To this English People in World-History, there have been, shall I prophesy, Two grand tasks assigned? Huge-looming through the dim tumult of the always incommensurable Present Time, outlines of two tasks disclose themselves: the grand Industrial task of conquering some half or more of this Terraqueous Planet for the use of man; then secondly, the grand Constitutional task of sharing, in some pacific enduring manner, the fruit of said conquest, and showing all people how it might be done. These I will call their two tasks, discernible hitherto in World-History: in both of these they have made respectable though unequal progress. Steamengines, ploughshares, pickaxes; what is meant by conquering this Planet, they partly know. Elective franchise, ballot-box, representative assembly; how to accomplish sharing of that conquest, they do not so well know. Europe knows not; Europe vehemently asks in these days, but receives no answer, no credible answer. For as to the partial Delolmish, Benthamee, or other French or English answers, current in the proper quarters, and highly beneficial and indispensable there, thy disbelief in them as final answers, I take it, is complete.'

'Succession of rebellions? Successive clippings away of the Supreme Authority; class after class rising in revolt to say, "We will no more be governed so"? That is not the history of the English Constitution; not altogether that. Re-

bellion is the means, but it is not the motive cause. The motive cause, and true secret of the matter, were always this: The necessity there was for rebelling ?

'Rights I will permit thee to call everywhere "correctly-articulated *mights*." A dreadful business to articulate correctly ! Consider those Barons of Runnymede; consider all manner of successfully revolting men ! Your Great Charter has to be experimented on, by battle and debate, for a hundred-and-fifty years ; is then found to *be* correct; and stands as true *Magna Charta*,—nigh cut in pieces by a tailor, short of measures, in later generations. *Mights*, I say, are a dreadful business to articulate correctly! Yet articulated they have to be; the time comes for it, the need comes for it, and with enormous difficulty and experimenting it is got done. Call it not succession of rebellions; call it rather succession of expansions, of enlightenments, gift of articulate utterance descending ever lower. Class after class acquires faculty of utterance,—Necessity teaching and compelling ; as the dumb man, seeing the knife at his father's throat, suddenly acquired speech! Consider too how class after class not only acquires faculty of articulating what its might is, but likewise grows in might, acquires might or loses might; so that always, after a space, there is not only new gift of articulating, but there is something new to articulate. Constitutional epochs will never cease among men.'

'And so now, the Barons all settled and satisfied, a new class hitherto silent had begun to speak : the Middle Class, namely. In the time of James First, not only Knights of the Shire but Parliamentary Burgesses assemble, to assert, to complain and propose; a real House of Commons has come decisively into play,—much to the astonishment of James First. We call it a growth of *mights*, if also of necessities; a growth of power to articulate *mights*, and make *rights* of them.

• In those past silent centuries, among those silent classes, much had been going on. Not only had red-deer in **the** New and other Forests been got preserved and shot; and treacheries of Simon de Montfort, wars of Red and White Roses, Battles of Crecy, Battles of **Bosworth**, and many other **battles** been

got transacted and adjusted; but England wholly, not without sore toil and aching bones to the millions of sires and the millions of sons these eighteen generations, had been got drained and tilled, covered with yellow harvests, beautiful and rich possessions; the mud-wooden Caesters and Chesters had become steeped tile-roofed compact Towns. Sheffield had taken to the manufacture of Sheffield whittles; Worstead could from wool spin yarn, and knit or weave the same into stockings or breeches for men. England had property valuable to the auctioneer; but the accumulate manufacturing, commercial, economic *skill* which lay impalpably warehoused in English hands and heads, what auctioneer could estimate?

' Hardly an Englishman to be met with but could *do* something; some cunninger thing than break his fellow-creature's head with battle-axes. The seven incorporated trades, with their million guild-brethren, with their hammers, their shuttles and tools, what an army;—fit to conquer that land of England, as we say, and to hold it conquered! Nay, strangest of all, the English people had acquired the faculty and habit of thinking,—even of believing: individual conscience had unfolded itself among them; Conscience, and Intelligence its handmaid. Ideas of innumerable kinds were circulating among these men: witness one Shakspeare, a woolcomber, poacher, or whatever else at Stratford in Warwickshire, who happened to write books I The finest human figure, as I apprehend, that Nature has hitherto seen fit to make of our widely diffused Teutonic clay. Saxon, Norman, Celt or Sarmat, I find no human soul so beautiful, these fifteen-hundred known years;—our supreme modern European man. Him England had contrived to realise: were there not ideas?

' Ideas poetic and also Puritanic,—that had to seek utterance in the notablest way I England had got her Shakspeare; but was now about to get her Milton and Oliver Cromwell. This too we will call a new expansion, hard as it might be to articulate and adjust; this, that a man could actually have a Conscience for his own behoof, and not for his Priest's only; that his Priest, be who he might, would henceforth have to take that fact along with him. One of the hardest things to adjust! It is not adjusted down to this hour. It lasts onwards

to the time they call "Glorious Revolution" before so much as a reasonable truce can be made, and the war proceed by logic mainly. And still it is war, and no peace, unless we call waste vacancy peace. But it needed to be adjusted, as the others had done, as still others will do. Nobility at Runnymede cannot endure foul-play grown palpable; no more can Gentry in Long Parliament; no more can Commonalty in Parliament they name Reformed. Prynne's bloody ears were as a testimony and question to all England: "Englishmen, is this fair?" England, no longer continent of herself, answered, bellying as with the voice of lions: "No, it is not fair!"

• But now on the Industrial side, while this great Constitutional controversy, and revolt of the Middle Class had not ended, had yet but begun, what a shoot was that that England, carelessly, in quest of other objects, struck out across the Ocean, into the waste land which it named *New England*! Hail to thee, poor little ship *Mayflower*, of Delft-Haven: poor common-looking ship, hired by common charterparty for coined dollars; caulked with mere oakum and tar; provisioned with vulgarest biscuit and bacon;—yet what ship *Argo*, or miraculous epic ship built by the Sea-Gods, was other than a foolish bumbarge in comparison! Golden fleeces or the like these sailed for, with or without effect; thou little *Mayflower* hadst in thee a veritable Promethean spark; the life-spark of the largest Nation on our Earth,—so we may already name the Transatlantic Saxon Nation. They went seeking leave to hear sermon in their own method, these *Mayflower* Puritans; a most honest indispensable search: and yet like Saul the son of Kish, seeking a small thing, they found this unexpected great thing! Honour to the brave and true; they verily, we say, carry fire from Heaven, and have a power that themselves dream not of. Let all men honour Puritanism, since God has so honoured it. Islam itself, with its wild heartfelt "*Allah akbar*, God is great," was it not honoured? There is but one thing without honour; smitten with eternal barrenness, inability to do or be: Insincerity, Unbelief. He who believes no *thing*, who believes only the shows of things, is not in relation with Nature and Fact at

all. Nature denies him ; orders him at his earliest convenience to disappear. Let him disappear from her domains,—into those of Chaos, Hypothesis and Simulacrum, or wherever else his parish may be.*

' As to the Third Constitutional controversy, that of the Working Classes, which now debates itself everywhere these fifty years, in France specifically since 1789, in England too since 1831, it is doubtless the hardest of all to get articulated: finis of peace, or even reasonable truce on this, is a thing I have little prospect of for several generations. Dark, wild-weltering, dreary, boundless ; nothing heard on it yet but ballot-boxes, Parliamentary arguing ; not to speak of much far worse arguing, by steel and lead, from Valmy to Waterloo, to Peterloo !—

• And yet of Representative Assemblies may not this good be said : That contending parties in a country do thereby ascertain one another's strength ? They fight there, since fight they must, by petition, Parliamentary eloquence, not by sword, bayonet and bursts of military cannon. Why do men fight at all, if it be not that they are yet unacquainted with one another's strength, and must fight and ascertain it ? Knowing that thou art stronger than I, that thou canst compel me, I will submit to thee: unless I chance to prefer extermination, and slightly circuitous suicide, there is no other course for me. That in England, by public meetings, by petitions, by elections, leading-articles, and other jangling hubbub and tongue-fence which perpetually goes on everywhere in that country, people ascertain one another's strength, and the most obdurate House of Lords has to yield and give-in before it come to cannonading and guillotinement: this is a saving characteristic of England. Nay, at bottom, is not this the celebrated English Constitution itself? This unspoken Constitution whereof Privilege of Parliament, Money-Bill, Mutiny-Bill, and all that could be spoken and enacted hitherto, is not the essence and body, but only the shape and skin ? Such Constitution is, in our times, verily invaluable.*

•Long stormy spring-time, wet contentious April, winter

chilling the lap of very May ; but at length the season of summer does come. So long the tree stood naked ; angry wiry naked boughs moaning and creaking in the wind : you would say, Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground ? Not so ; we must wait ; all things will have their time.—Of the man Shakspeare, and his Elizabethan Era, with its Sydneys, Raleighs, Bacons, what could we say ? That it was a spiritual flower-time. Suddenly, as with the breath of June, your rude naked tree is touched; bursts into leaves and flowers, *such* leaves and flowers. The past long ages of nakedness, and wintry fermentation and elaboration, have done their part, though seeming to do nothing. The past silence has got a voice, all the more significant the longer it had continued silent. In trees, men, institutions, creeds, nations, in all things extant and growing in this Universe, we may note such vicissitudes and budding-times. Moreover there are spiritual budding-times ; and then also there are physical, appointed to nations.

' Thus in the middle of that poor calumniated Eighteenth Century, see once more ! Long winter again past, the dead-seeming tree proves to be living, to have been always living; after motionless times, every bough shoots forth on the sudden, very strangely:—it now turns out that this favoured England was not only to have had her Shakspeares, Bacons, Sydneys, but to have her Watts, Arkwrights, Brindleys ! We will honour greatness in all kinds. The Prospero evoked the singing of Ariel, and took captive the world with those melodies : the same Prospero can send his Fire-demons panting across all oceans ; shooting with the speed of meteors, on cunning highways, from end to end of kingdoms ; and make Iron his missionary, preaching *its* evangel to the brute Primeval Powers, which listen and obey: neither is this small. Manchester, with its cotton-fuzz, its smoke and dust, its tumult and contentious squalor, is hideous to thee ? Think not so: a precious substance, beautiful as magic **dreams**, and yet **no dream but a reality**, lies hidden **in that noisome wrappage**;—**a wrappage struggling indeed (look at Chartisms and suchlike) to cast itself off, and leave the beauty free and visible there ! Hast thou heard, with sound ears, the awakening of a Manchester, on Monday morning, at half-past five by the clock ; the rushing-**

off of its thousand mills, like the boom of an Atlantic tide, ten-thousand times ten-thousand spools and spindles all set humming there,—it is perhaps, if thou knew it well, sublime as a Niagara, or more so. Cotton-spinning is the clothing of the naked in its result; the triumph of man over matter in its means. Soot and despair are not the essence of it ; they are divisible from it,—at this hour, are they not crying fiercely to be divided ? The great Goethe, looking at cotton Switzerland, declared it, I am told, to be of all things that he had seen in this world the most poetical. Whereat friend Kanzler von Muller, in search of the palpable picturesque, could not but stare wide-eyed. Nevertheless our World-Poet knew well what he was saying.'

' Richard Arkwright, it would seem, was not a beautiful man; no romance-hero with haughty eyes, Apollo-lip, and gesture like the herald Mercury; a plain almost gross, bag-cheeked, potbellied Lancashire man, with an air of painful reflection, yet also of copious free digestion ;—a man stationed by the community to shave certain dusty beards, in the Northern parts of England, at a halfpenny each. To such end, we say, by forethought, oversight, accident and arrangement, had Richard Arkwright been, by the community of England and his own consent, set apart. Nevertheless, in strapping of razors, in lathering of dusty beards, and the contradictions and confusions attendant thereon, the man had notions in that rough head of his ; spindles, shuttles, wheels and contrivances plying ideally within the same: rather hopeless-looking ; which, however, he did at last bring to bear. Not without difficulty ! His townfolk rose in mob round him, for threatening to shorten labour, to shorten wages ; so that he had to fly, with broken wash-pots, scattered household, and seek refuge elsewhere. Nay his wife too, as I learn, rebelled ; burnt his wooden model of his spinning-wheel; resolute that he should stick to his razors rather;—for which, however, he decisively, as thou wilt rejoice to understand, packed her out of doors. O reader, what a Historical Phenomenon is that bag-cheeked, potbellied, much-enduring, much-inventing barber ! French Revolutions were a-brewing : to resist the same in any measure, imperial

Kaisers were impotent without the cotton and cloth of England ; and it was this man that had to give England the power of cotton.'

' Neither had Watt of the Steamengine a heroic origin, any kindred with the princes of this world. The princes of this world were shooting their partridges; noisily, in Parliament or elsewhere, solving the question, Head or tail? while this man with blackened fingers, with grim brow, was searching out, in his workshop, the Fire-secret; or, having found it, was painfully wending to and fro in quest of a " moneyed man," as indispensable man-midwife of the same. Reader, thou shalt admire what is admirable, not what is dressed in admirable; learn to know the British lion even when he is not throne-supporter, and also the British jackass in lion's skin even when he is. Ah, couldst thou always, what a world were it ! But has the Berlin Royal Academy or any English Useful-Knowledge Society discovered, for instance, who it was that first scratched earth with a stick ; and threw *corns*, the biggest he could find, into it; seedgrains of a certain grass, which he named *white* or *wheat* ? Again, what is the whole Tees-water and other breeding-world to him who stole home from the forests the first bison-calf, and bred it up to be a tame bison, a milk-cow ? No machine of all they showed me in Birmingham can be put in comparison for ingenuity with that figure of the wedge named *knife*, of the wedges named *saw*, of the lever named *hammer*;—nay is it not with the hammer-knife, named *sword*, that men fight, and maintain any semblance of constituted authority that yet survives among us ? The steamengine I call fire-demon and great; but it is nothing to the invention of *fire*. Prometheus, Tubalcam, Triptolemus! Are not our greatest men as good as lost ? The men that walk daily among us, clothing us, warming us, feeding us, walk shrouded in darkness, mere mythic men.

' It is said, ideas produce revolutions; and truly so they do; not spiritual ideas only, but even mechanical. In this clanging clashing universal Sword-dance that the European world now dances for the last half-century, Voltaire is but one choragus, where Richard Arkwright is **another**. **Let it dance itself out. When Arkwright shall have become mythic like**

Arachne, we shall still spin in peaceable profit by him; and the Sword-dance, with all its sorrowful shufflings, Waterloo waltzes, Moscow gallopades, how forgotten will that be !

* On the whole, were not all these things most unexpected, unforeseen? As indeed what thing is foreseen; especially what man, the parent of things 1 Robert Clive in that same time went out, with a developed gift of penmanship, as writer or superior book-keeper to a trading factory established in the distant East. With gift of penmanship developed; with other gifts not yet developed, which the calls of the case did by and by develop. Not fit for book-keeping alone, the man was found fit for conquering Nawaubs, founding kingdoms, Indian Empires! In a questionable manner, Indian Empire from the other hemisphere took up its abode in Leadenhall Street, in the City of London.

' Accidental all these things and persons look, unexpected every one of them to man. Yet inevitable every one of them ; foreseen, not unexpected, by Supreme Power; prepared, appointed from afar. Advancing always through all centuries, in the middle of the eighteenth they *arrived*. The Saxon kindred burst forth into cotton-spinning, cloth-cropping, iron-forging, steamengineering, railwaying, commercing and careering towards all the winds of Heaven,—in this inexplicable noisy manner; the noise of which, in Power-mills, in progress-of-the-species Magazines, still deafens us somewhat. Most noisy, sudden! The Staffordshire coal-stratum and coal-strata lay side by side with iron-strata, quiet since the creation of the world. Water flowed in Lancashire and Lanarkshire; bituminous fire lay bedded in rocks there too,—over which how many fighting Stanleys, black Douglases, and other the like contentious persons, had fought out their bickerings and broils, not without result, we will hope 1 But God said, Let the iron missionaries be; and they were. Coal and iron, so long close unregardful neighbours, are wedded together; Birmingham and Wolverhampton, and the hundred Stygian forges, with their fire-throats and never-resting sledge-hammers, rose into day. Wet Man-conium stretched out her hand towards Carolina and the torrid

zone, and plucked cotton there; who could forbid her, that had the skill to weave it? Fish fled thereupon from the Mersey River, vexed with innumerable keels. England, I say, dug out her bitumen-fire, and bade it work: towns rose, and steeple-chimneys;—Chartisms also, and Parliaments they name Reformed.'

Such, figuratively given, are some prominent points, chief mountain-summits, of our English History past and present, according to the Author of this strange untranslated Work, whom we think we recognise to be an old acquaintance.

CHAPTER IX.

PARLIAMENTARY RADICALISM.

To us, looking at these matters somewhat in the same light, Reform-Bills, French Revolutions, Louis-Philippes, Chartisms, Revolts of Three Days, and what not, are no longer inexplicable. Where the great mass of men is tolerably right, all is right; where they are not right, all is wrong. The speaking classes speak and debate, each for itself; the great dumb, deep-buried class lies like an Enceladus, who in his pain, if he will complain of it, has to produce earthquakes! Everywhere, in these countries, in these times, the central fact worthy of all consideration forces itself on us in this shape: the claim of the Free Working-man to be raised to a level, we may say, with the Working Slave; his anger and cureless discontent till that be done. Food, shelter, due guidance, in return for his labour: candidly interpreted, Chartism and all such *isms* mean that; and the madder they are, do they not the more emphatically mean, "See what guidance you have given us! What delirium we are brought to talk and project, guided by nobody!" *Laissez-faire* on the part of the Governing Classes, we repeat again and again, will, with whatever difficulty, have to cease; pacific mutual division of the spoil, and a world well let alone, will no longer suffice. A Do-nothing Guidance; and it is a Do-something World! Would to God our Ducal *Duces* would become

Leaders indeed; our Aristocracies and Priesthoods discover in some suitable degree what the world expected of them, what the world could no longer do without getting of them ! Nameless unmeasured confusions, misery to themselves and us, might so be spared. But that too will be as God has appointed. If they learn, it will be well and happy: if not they, then others instead of them will and must, and once more, though after a long sad circuit, it will be well and happy.

Neither is the history of Chartism mysterious in these times; especially if that of Radicalism be looked at. All along, for the last five-and-twenty years, it was curious to note how the internal discontent of England struggled to find vent for itself through *any* orifice: the poor patient, all sick from centre to surface, complains now of this member, now of that;—corn-laws, currency-laws, free-trade, protection, want of free-trade : the poor patient tossing from side to side, seeking a sound side to lie on, finds none. This Doctor says, it is the liver ; that other, it is the lungs, the head, the heart, defective transpiration in the skin. A thoroughgoing Doctor of eminence said, it was rotten boroughs ; the want of extended suffrage to destroy rotten boroughs. From of old, the English patient himself had a continually recurring notion that this was it. The English people are used to suffrage; it is their panacea for all that goes wrong with them ; they have a fixed-idea of suffrage. Singular enough : one's right to vote for a Member of Parliament, to send one's 'twenty-thousandth part of a master of tongue-fence to National Palaver,'—the Doctors asserted that this was Freedom, this and no other. It seemed credible to many men, of high degree and of low. The persuasion of remedy grew, the evil was pressing; Swing's ricks were on fire. Some nine years ago, a State-surgeon rose, and in peculiar circumstances said: Let there be extension of the suffrage; let the great Doctor's nostrum, the patient's old passionate prayer be fulfilled !

Parliamentary Radicalism, while it gave articulate utterance to **the** discontent of the English people, could not by its worst enemy be said **to** be without **a** function. If it is in the natural **order of things that** there must **be** discontent, no less so is it **that such discontent should have an outlet, a Parliamentary**

voice. Here the matter is debated of, demonstrated, contradicted, qualified, reduced to feasibility;—can at least solace itself with hope, and die gently, convinced of unfeasibility. The New, Untried ascertains how it will fit itself into the arrangements of the Old; whether the Old can be compelled to admit it; how in that case it may, with the minimum of violence, be admitted. Nor let us count it an easy one, this function of Radicalism; it was one of the most difficult. The pain-stricken patient does, indeed, without effort groan and complain; but not without effort does the physician ascertain what it is that has gone wrong with him, how some remedy may be devised for him. And above all, if your patient is not one sick man, but a whole sick nation! Dingy dumb millions, grimed with dust and sweat, with darkness, rage and sorrow, stood round these men, saying, or struggling as they could to say: "Behold, our lot is unfair; our life is not whole but sick; we cannot live under injustice; go ye and get us justice!" For whether the poor operative clamoured for Time-bill, Factory-bill, Corn-bill, for or against whatever bill, this was what he meant. All bills plausibly presented might have some look of hope in them, might get some clamour of approval from him; as, for the man wholly sick, there is no disease in the Nosology but he can trace in himself some symptoms of it. Such was the mission of Parliamentary Radicalism.

How Parliamentary Radicalism has fulfilled this mission, intrusted to its management these eight years now, is known to all men. The expectant millions have sat at a feast of the Barmecide; been bidden fill themselves with the imagination of meat. What thing has Radicalism obtained for them; what other than shadows of things has it so much as asked for them? Cheap Justice, Justice to Ireland, Irish Appropriation-Clause, Rate-paying Clause, Poor-Rate, Church-Rate, Household Suffrage, Ballot-Question 'open' or shut: not things but shadows of things; Benthamite formulas; barren as the east-wind! An Ultra-radical, not seemingly of the Benthamite species, is forced to exclaim: 'The people are at last wearied. They say, Why should we be ruined in our shops, thrown out of our farms, voting for these men? Ministerial majorities decline; this Ministry has become impotent, had it even the will to do good. They

have called long to us, "We are a Reform Ministry; will ye not support *us*?" We have supported them; borne them forward indignantly on our shoulders, time after time, fall after fall, when they had been hurled out into the street; and lay prostrate, helpless, like dead luggage. It is the fact of a Reform Ministry, not the name of one that we would support I Languor, sickness of hope deferred pervades the public mind; the public mind says at last, Why all this struggle for the *name* of a Reform Ministry? Let the Tories be Ministry if they will; let at least some living reality be Ministry! A rearing horse that will only run backward, he is not the horse one would choose to travel on: yet of all conceivable horses the worst is the dead horse. Mounted on a rearing horse, you may back him, spur him, check him, make a little way even backwards: but seated astride of your dead horse, what chance is there for you in the chapter of possibilities? You sit motionless, hopeless, a spectacle to gods and men."

There is a class of revolutionists named *Girondins*, whose fate in history is remarkable enough! Men who rebel, and urge the Lower Classes to rebel, ought to have other than Formulas to go upon. Men who discern in the misery of the toiling complaining millions not misery, but only a raw-material which can be wrought upon and traded in, for one's own poor hide-bound theories and egoisms; to whom millions of living fellow-creatures, with beating hearts in their bosoms, beating, suffering, hoping, are 'masses,' mere 'explosive masses for blowing-down Bastilles with,' for voting at hustings for *us*: such men are of the questionable species! No man is justified in resisting by word or deed the Authority he lives under, for a light cause, be such Authority what it may. Obedience, little as many may consider that side of the matter, is the primary duty of man. No man but is bound indefeasibly, with all force of obligation, to obey. Parents, teachers, superiors, leaders, these all creatures recognise as deserving obedience. Recognised or not recognised, a man *has* his superiors, a regular hierarchy above him; extending up, degree above degree, to Heaven itself and God the Maker, who made His world not for anarchy but for rule and order 1 It is not a light matter when the just man can recognise in the powers set over him no longer anything

that is divine; when resistance against such becomes a deeper law of order than obedience to them ; when the just man sees himself in the tragical position of a stirrer-up of strife ! Rebel without due and most due cause, is the ugliest of words ; the first rebel was Satan.—

But now in these circumstances shall we blame the unvoiting disappointed millions that they turn away with horror from this name of a Reform Ministry, name of a Parliamentary Radicalism, and demand a fact and reality thereof? That they too, having still faith in what so many had faith in, still count 'extension of the suffrage' the one thing needful; and say, in such manner as they can, Let the suffrage be still extended, *then* all will be well ? It is the ancient British faith ; promulgated in these ages by prophets and evangelists ; preached forth from barrel-heads by all manner of men. He who is free and blessed has his twenty-thousandth part of a master of tongue-fence in National Palaver ; whosoever is not blessed but unhappy, the ailment of him is that he has it not. Ought he not to have it, then ? By the law of God and of men, yea;—and will have it withal! Chartism, with its 'five points,' borne aloft on pikeheads and torchlight meetings, is there. Chartism is one of the most natural phenomena in England. Not that Chartism now exists should provoke wonder; but that the invited hungry people should have sat eight years at such table of the Barmecide, patiently expecting somewhat from the Name of a Reform Ministry, and not till after eight years have grown hopeless, this is the respectable side of the miracle.

CHAPTER X.

IMPOSSIBLE.

" BUT what are we to do ?" exclaims the practical man, impatiently on every side: " Descend from speculation and the safe pulpit, down into the rough market-place, and say what can be done !"—O practical man, there seem very many things which practice and true manlike effort, in Parliament and out of it, might actually avail to do. But the first of all

things, as already said, is to gird thyself up for actual doing; to know that thou actually either must do, or, as the Irish say, 'come out of that !'

It is not a lucky word this same *impossible* ; no good comes of those that have it so often in their mouth. Who is he that says always, There is a lion in the way? Sluggard, thou must slay the lion, then ; the way has to be travelled ! In Art, in Practice, innumerable critics will demonstrate that most things are henceforth impossible ; that we are got, once for all, into the region of perennial commonplace, and must contentedly continue there. Let such critics demonstrate ; it is the nature of them : what harm is in it ? Poetry once well demonstrated to be impossible, arises the Burns, arises the Goethe. Un-heroic commonplace being now clearly all we have to look for, comes the Napoleon, comes the conquest of the world. It was proved by fluxionary calculus, that steamships could never get across from the farthest point of Ireland to the nearest of Newfoundland : impelling force, resisting force, maximum here, minimum there ; by law of Nature, and geometric demonstration :—what could be done ? The Great Western could weigh anchor from Bristol Port ; that could be done. The Great Western, bounding safe through the gullets of the Hudson, threw her cable out on the capstan of New York, and left our still moist paper-demonstration to dry itself at leisure. "Impossible?" cried Mirabeau to his secretary, "*Ne me dites jamais ce bite de mot*, Never name to me that blockhead of a word !"

There is a phenomenon which one might call Paralytic Radicalism, in these days ; which gauges with Statistic measuring-reed, sounds with Philosophic Politico-Economic plummet the deep dark sea of troubles ; and having taught us rightly what an infinite sea of troubles it is, sums-up with the practical inference, and use of consolation, That nothing whatever can be done in it by man, who has simply to sit still, and look wistfully to 'time and general laws:' and thereupon, without so much as recommending suicide, coldly takes its leave of us. Most paralytic, uninstrucive ; unproductive of any comfort to one ! They are an unreasonable class who cry, "Peace, peace," when there *is* no peace. But what kind of class are they who

cry, " Peace, peace, have I not *told you* that there is no peace !" Paralytic Radicalism, frequent among those Statistic friends of ours, is one of the most afflictive phenomena the mind of man can be called to contemplate. One prays that it at least might cease. Let Paralysis retire into secret places, and dormitories proper for it; the public highways ought not to be occupied by people demonstrating that motion is impossible. Paralytic;—and also, thank Heaven, entirely false! Listen to a thinker of another sort: 'All evil, and this evil too, is as a nightmare; the instant you begin to *stir* under it, the *evil* is, properly speaking, gone.' Consider, O reader, whether it be not actually so? Evil, once manfully fronted, ceases to be evil; there is generous battle-hope in place of dead passive misery; the evil itself has become a kind of good.

To the practical man, therefore, we will repeat that he has, as the first thing he can 'do,' to gird himself up for actual doing; to know well that he is either there to do, or not there at all. Once rightly girded up, how many things will present themselves as doable which now are not attemptable! Two things, great things, dwell, for the last ten years, in all thinking heads in England; and are hovering, of late, even on the tongues of not a few. With a word on each of these, we will dismiss the practical man, and right gladly take ourselves into obscurity and silence again. Universal Education is the first great thing we mean; general Emigration is the second.

Who would suppose that Education were a thing which had to be advocated on the ground of local expediency, or indeed on any ground? As if it stood not on the basis of everlasting duty, as a prime necessity of man. It is a thing that should need no advocating; much as it does actually need. To impart the gift of thinking to those who cannot think, and yet who could in that case think: this, one would imagine, was the first function a government had to set about discharging. Were it not a cruel thing to see, in any province of an empire, the inhabitants living all mutilated in their limbs, each strong man with his right arm lamed? How much crueler to find **the strong soul, with its eyes still sealed, its eyes extinct so that it sees not 1 Light has come into the world, but to this**

poor peasant it has come in vain. For six thousand years the Sons of Adam, in sleepless effort, have been devising, doing, discovering; in mysterious infinite indissoluble communion, warring, a little band of brothers, against the great black empire of Necessity and Night; they have accomplished such a conquest and conquests : and to this man it is all as if it had not been. The four-and-twenty letters of the Alphabet are still Runic enigmas to him. He passes by on the other side ; and that great Spiritual Kingdom, the toilwon conquest of his own brothers, all that his brothers have conquered, is a thing non-extant for him. An invisible empire ; he knows it not, suspects it not. And is it not his withal; the conquest of his own brothers, the lawfully acquired possession of all men ? Baleful enchantment lies over him, from generation to generation ; he knows not that such an empire is his, that such an empire is at all. O, what are bills of rights, emancipations of black slaves into black apprentices, lawsuits in chancery for some short usufruct of a bit of land ? The grand ' seedfield of Time ' is this man's, and you give it him not. Time's seedfield, which includes the Earth and all her seedfields and pearl-oceans, nay her sowers too and pearl-divers, all that was wise and heroic and victorious here below ; of which the Earth's centuries are but as furrows, for it stretches forth from the Beginning onward even into this Day!

' My inheritance, how lordly wide and fair;
Time is my fair seedfield, to Time I'm heir!'—

Heavier wrong is not done under the sun. It lasts from year to year, from century to century; the blinded sire slaves himself out, and leaves a blinded son ; and men, made in the image of God, continue as two-legged beasts of labour ;—and in the largest empire of the world, it is a debate whether a small fraction of the Revenue of one Day (30,000/. is but that) shall, after Thirteen Centuries, be laid out on it, or not laid out on it. Have we Governors, have we Teachers; have we had a Church these thirteen hundred years ? What is an Overseer of souls, an Archoverseer, Archiepiscopus ? Is he something ? If so, let him lay his hand on his heart, and say what thing!

But quitting all that, of which the human soul cannot well speak in terms of civility, let us observe now that Education is not only an eternal duty, but has at length become even a temporary and ephemeral one, which the necessities of the hour will oblige us to look after. These Twenty-four million labouring men, if their affairs remain unregulated, chaotic, will burn ricks and mills ; reduce us, themselves and the world into ashes and ruin. Simply their affairs cannot remain unregulated, chaotic ; but must be regulated, brought into some kind of order. What intellect were able to regulate them ? The intellect of a Bacon, the energy of a Luther, if left to their own strength, might pause in dismay before such a task ; a Bacon and Luther added together, to be perpetual prime minister over us, could not do it. No one great and greatest intellect can do it. What can ? Only Twenty-four million ordinary intellects, once awakened into action ; these, well presided over, may. Intellect, insight, is the discernment of order in disorder ; it is the discovery of the will of Nature, of God's will ; the beginning of the capability to walk according to that. With perfect intellect, were such possible without perfect morality, the world would be perfect ; its efforts unerringly correct, its results continually successful, its condition faultless. Intellect is like light ; the Chaos becomes a World under it : *fiat lux*. These Twenty-four million intellects are but common intellects ; but they are intellects ; in earnest about the matter, instructed each about his own province of it ; labouring each perpetually, with what partial light can be attained, to bring such province into rationality. From the partial determinations and their conflict springs the universal. Precisely what quantity of intellect was in the Twenty-four millions will be exhibited by the result they arrive at ; that quantity and no more. According as there was intellect or no intellect in the individuals, will the general conclusion they make-out embody itself as a world-healing Truth and Wisdom, or as a baseless fateful Hallucination, a Chimæra breathing *not* fabulous fire 1

Dissenters call for one scheme of Education, the Church objects ; this party objects, and that ; there is endless objection, by him and by her and by it : a subject encumbered with difficulties on every side ! Pity that difficulties exist ; tha

Religion, of all things, should occasion difficulties. We do not extenuate them : in their reality they are considerable ; in their appearance and pretension, they are insuperable, heart-appalling to all Secretaries of the Home Department. For, in very truth, how can Religion be divorced from Education? An irreverent knowledge is no knowledge; may be a development of the logical or other handicraft faculty inward or outward ; but is no culture of the soul of a man. A knowledge that ends in barren self-worship, comparative indifference or contempt for all God's Universe except one insignificant item thereof, what is it ? Handicraft development, and even shallow as handicraft. Nevertheless is handicraft itself, and the habit of the merest logic, nothing ? It is already something; it is the indispensable beginning of everything ! Wise men know it to be an indispensable something ; not yet much ; and would so gladly superadd to it the element whereby it may become all. Wise men would not quarrel in attempting this; they would lovingly cooperate in attempting it.

* And now how teach religion ?' so asks the indignant Ultra-radical, cited above; an Ultra-radical seemingly not of the Benthamite species, with whom, though his dialect is far different, there are sound Churchmen, we hope, who have some fellow-feeling : • How teach religion ? By plying with liturgies, catechisms, credos ; droning thirty-nine or other articles incessantly into the infant ear ? Friends I In that case, why not apply to Birmingham, and have Machines made, and set-up at all street-corners, in highways and byways, to repeat and vociferate the same, not ceasing night or day ? The genius of Birmingham is adequate to that. Albertus Magnus had a leather man that could articulate; not to speak of Martinus Scriblerus' Nurnberg man that could reason as well as we know who I Depend upon it, Birmingham can make machines to repeat liturgies and articles; to do whatsoever feat is mechanical And what were all schoolmasters, nay all priests and churches, compared with this Birmingham Iron Church ! Votes of two millions in aid of the Church were then something. You order, at so many pounds a-head, so many thousand iron parsons as your grant covers; and fix them by satisfactory masonry in all quarters wheresoever wanted, to preach

there independent of the world. In loud thoroughfares, **still** more in unawakened districts, troubled with argumentative infidelity, you make the windpipes wider, strengthen the main steam-cylinder; your parson preaches, to the due pitch, while you give him coal; and fears no man or thing. Here *were* a "Church-extension;" to which I, with my last penny, did I believe in it, would subscribe.——

'Ye blind leaders of the blind! Are we Calmucks, that pray by turning of a rotatory calabash with written prayers in it? Is Mammon and machinery the means of converting human souls, as of spinning cotton? Is God, as Jean Paul predicted it would be, become verily a Force; the Æther too a Gas! Alas, that Atheism should have got the length of putting on priests' vestments, and penetrating into the sanctuary itself! Can dronings of articles, repetitions of liturgies, and all the cash and contrivance of Birmingham and the Bank of England united bring ethereal fire into a human soul, quicken it out of earthly darkness into heavenly wisdom? Soul is kindled only by soul. To "teach" religion, the first thing needful, and also the last and the only thing, is finding of a man who *has* religion. All else follows from this, church-building, church-extension, whatever else is needful follows; without this nothing will follow.'

From which we for our part conclude that the method of teaching religion to the English people is still far behindhand; that the wise and pious may well ask themselves in silence wistfully, "How *is* that last priceless element, by which education becomes perfect, to be superadded?" and the unwise who think themselves pious, answering aloud, "By this method, By that method," long argue of it to small purpose.

But now, in the mean time, could not, by some fit official person, some fit announcement be made, in words well-weighed, in plan well-schemed, adequately representing the facts of the thing, That after thirteen centuries of waiting, he the official person, and England with him, was minded now to have the mystery of the Alphabetic Letters imparted **to all human souls in this realm?** Teaching of religion was a thing he could **not undertake to settle this day; it would be work for a day after this; the work of this day was teaching of the alphabet to all**

people. The miraculous art of reading and writing, such seemed to him the needful preliminary of all teaching, the first cornerstone of what foundation soever could be laid for what edifice soever, in the teaching kind. Let pious Churchism make haste, let pious Dissenterism make haste, let all pious preachers and missionaries make haste, bestir themselves according to their zeal and skill: he the official person stood up for the Alphabet; and was even impatient for it, having waited thirteen centuries now. He insisted, and would take no denial, postponement, promise, excuse or subterfuge, That all English persons should be taught to read. He appealed to all rational Englishmen, of all creeds, classes and colours, Whether this was not a fair demand; nay whether it was not an indispensable one in these days, Swing and Chartism having risen? For a choice of in-offensive Hornbooks, and Schoolmasters able to teach reading, he trusted the mere secular sagacity of a National Collective Wisdom, in proper committee, might be found sufficient. He purposed to appoint such Schoolmasters, to venture on the choice of such Hornbooks; to send a Schoolmaster and Hornbook into every township, parish and hamlet of England; so that, in ten years hence, an Englishman who could not read might be acknowledged as the monster, which he really is!

This official person's plan we do not give. The *thing* lies there, with the facts of it, and with the appearances or sham-facts of it; a plan adequately representing the facts of the thing could by human energy be struck out, does lie there for discovery and striking out. It is his, the official person's duty, not ours, to mature a plan. We can believe that Churchism and Dissenterism would clamour aloud; but yet that in the mere secular Wisdom of Parliament a perspicacity equal to the choice of Hornbooks might, in very deed, be found to reside. England we believe would, if consulted, resolve to that effect. Alas, grants of a half-day's revenue once in the thirteen centuries for such an object, do not call-out the voice of England, only the superficial clamour of England! Hornbooks unexceptionable to the candid portion of England, we will believe, might be selected. Nay, we can conceive that Schoolmasters fit to teach reading might, by a board of rational men, whether from Oxford or Hoxton, or from both or neither of these places,

be pitched upon. We can conceive even, as in Prussia, that a penalty, civil disabilities, that penalties and disabilities till they were found effectual, might be by law inflicted on every parent who did not teach his children to read, on every man who had not been taught to read. We can conceive, in fine, such is the vigour of our imagination, there might be found in England, at a dead-lift, strength enough to perform this miracle, and produce it henceforth as a miracle done : the teaching of England to read! Harder things, we do know, have been performed by nations before now, not abler-looking than England.

Ah me ! if by some beneficent chance, there should be an official man found in England who could and would, with deliberate courage, after ripe counsel, with candid insight, with patience, practical sense, knowing realities to be real, knowing clamours to be clamorous and to seem real, propose this thing, and the innumerable things springing from it,—woe to any Churchism or any Dissenterism that cast itself athwart the path of that man! Avaunt, ye gainsayers ! is darkness and ignorance of the Alphabet necessary for you? Reconcile yourselves to the Alphabet, or depart elsewhere !—Would not all that has genuineness in England gradually rally round such a man; all that has strength in England? For realities alone have strength; wind-bags are wind ; cant is cant, leave it alone there. Nor are all clamours momentous ; among living creatures, we find, the loudest is the longest-eared; among lifeless things, the loudest is the drum, the emptiest. Alas, that official persons, and all of us, had not eyes to see what was real, what was merely chimerical, and thought or called itself real ! How many dread minatory Castle-spectres should we leave there, with their admonishing right-hand and ghastly-burning saucer-eyes, to do simply whatsoever they might find themselves able to do! Alas, that we were not real ourselves; we should otherwise have surer vision for the real. Castle-spectres, in their utmost terror, are but poor mimicries of that real and most real terror which lies in the Life of every Man : that, thou coward, is the thing to be afraid of, if thou wilt live in fear. It is but the scratch of a bare bodkin; it is but the flight of a few days of time; and even **thou, poor palpitating featherbrain, wilt**

find how real it is. ETERNITY: hast thou heard of that? Is that a fact, or is it no fact? Are Buckingham House and St. Stephen's *in* that, or not in that?

But now we have to speak of the second great thing: Emigration. It was said above, all new epochs, so convulsed and tumultuous to look upon, are 'expansions,' increase of faculty not yet organised. It is eminently true of the confusions of this time of ours. Disorganic Manchester afflicts us with its Chartisms; yet is not spinning of clothes for the naked intrinsically a most blessed thing? Manchester once organic will bless and not afflict. The confusions, if we would understand them, are at bottom mere increase which we know not yet how to manage; 'new wealth which the old coffers will not hold.' How true is this, above all, of the strange phenomenon called 'over-population'! Over-population is the grand anomaly, which is bringing all other anomalies to a crisis. Now once more, as at the end of the Roman Empire, a most confused epoch and yet one of the greatest, the Teutonic Countries find themselves too full. On a certain western rim of our small Europe, there are more men than were expected. Heaped up against the western shore there, and for a couple of hundred miles inward, the 'tide of population' swells too high, and confuses itself somewhat. Over-population? And yet, if this small western rim of Europe is overpeopled, does not everywhere else a whole vacant Earth, as it were, call to us, Come and till me, come and reap me! Can it be an evil that in an Earth such as ours there should be new Men? Considered as mercantile commodities, as working machines, is there in Birmingham or out of it a machine of such value? « Good Heavens! a white European Man, standing on his two legs, with his two five-fingered Hands at his shackle-bones, and miraculous Head on his shoulders, is worth something considerable, one would say! The stupid black African man brings money in the market; the much stupider four-footed horse brings money;—it is we that have not yet learned the art of managing our white European man!

The controversies on Malthus and the 'Population Principle,' 'Preventive check' and so forth, with which the public

ear has been deafened for a long while, are indeed sufficiently mournful. Dreary, stolid, dismal, without hope for this world or the next, is all that of the preventive check and the denial of the preventive check. Anti-Malthusians quoting their Bible against palpable facts are not a pleasant spectacle. On the other hand, how often have we read in Malthusian benefactors of the species : 'The working people have their condition in their own hands ; let them diminish the supply of labourers, and of course the demand and the remuneration will increase!' Yes, let *them* diminish the supply: but who are they? They are twenty-four millions of human individuals, scattered over a hundred and eighteen thousand square miles of space and more ; weaving, delving, hammering, joinering ; each unknown to his neighbour; each distinct within his own spin. *They* are not a kind of character that can take a resolution, and act on it, very readily. Smart Sally in our alley proves ail-too fascinating to brisk Tom in yours : can Tom be called on to make pause, and calculate the demand for labour in the British Empire first? Nay, if Tom did renounce his highest blessedness of life, and struggle and conquer like a Saint Francis of Assisi, what would it profit him or us? Seven millions of the finest peasantry do not renounce, but proceed all the more briskly; and with blue-visaged Hibernians instead of fair Saxon Tomsons and Sallysons, the latter end of that country is worse than the beginning. O wonderful Malthusian prophets! Millenniums are undoubtedly coming, must come one way or the other: but will it be, think you, by twenty millions of working people simultaneously striking work in that department; passing, in universal trades-union, a resolution not to beget any more till the labour-market become satisfactory? By Day and Night! they were indeed irresistible so ; not to be compelled by law or war; might make their own terms with the richer classes, and defy the world!

A shade more rational is that of those other benefactors of the species, who counsel that in each parish, in some central locality, instead of the Parish Clergyman, there might be established some Parish Exterminator; or say a Reservoir of Arsenic, kept up at the public expense, free to all parishioners ; for *which* Church the rates probably would not be grudged.—Ah, it is

bitter jesting on such a subject. One's heart is sick to look at the dreary chaos, and valley of Jehosaphat, scattered with the limbs and souls of one's fellow-men; and no divine voice, only creaking of hungry vultures, inarticulate bodeful ravens, horn-eyed parrots that do articulate, proclaiming, Let these bones live!

Dante's *Divina Commedia* is called the mournfulest of books: transcendent mistemper of the noblest soul; utterance of a boundless, godlike, unspeakable, implacable sorrow and protest against the world. But in Holywell Street, not long ago, we bought, for three-pence, a book still mournfuler: the Pamphlet of one "Marcus," whom his poor Chartist editor and republisher calls the "Demon Author." This *Marcus* Pamphlet was the book alluded to by Stephens the Preacher Chartist, in one of his harangues: it proves to be no fable that such a book existed; here it lies, 'Printed by John Hill, Black-horse * Court, Fleet Street, and now reprinted for the instruction of ' the labourer, by William Dugdale, Holywell Street, Strand,' the exasperated Chartist editor who sells it you for three-pence. We have read Marcus; but his sorrow is not divine. We hoped he would turn out to have been in sport: ah no, it is grim earnest with him; grim as very death. Marcus is not a demon author at all: he is a benefactor of the species in his own kind; has looked intensely on the world's woes, from a Benthamite-Malthusian watch-tower, under a Heaven dead as iron; and does now, with much longwindedness, in a drawling, snuffling, circuitous, extremely dull, yet at bottom handfast and positive manner, recommend that all children of working people, after the third, be disposed of by * painless extinction.' Charcoal-vapour and other methods exist. The mothers would consent, might be made to consent Three children might be left living; or perhaps, for Marcus's calculations are not yet perfect, two and a half. There might be ' beautiful cemeteries with colonnades and flower-plots,' in which the patriot infanticide matrons might delight to take their evening walk of contemplation; and reflect what patriotesses they were, what a cheerful flowery world it was.

Such is the scheme of Marcus; this is what he, for his share, could devise to heal the world's woes. A benefactor of

the species, clearly recognisable as such: the saddest scientific mortal we have ever in this world fallen in with; sadder even than poetic Dante. His is a no-godlike sorrow; sadder than the godlike. The Chartist editor, dull as he, calls him demon author, and a man set-on by the Poor-Law Commissioners. What a black, godless, waste-struggling world, in this once merry England of ours, do such pamphlets and such editors betoken! *Laissez-faire* and Malthus, Malthus and *Laissez-faire*: ought not *these* two at length to part company? Might we not hope that both of them had as good as delivered their message now, and were about to go their ways?

For all this of the 'painless extinction,' and the rest, is in a world where Canadian Forests stand unfelled, boundless Plains and Prairies unbroken with the plough; on the west and on the east green desert spaces never yet made white with corn; and to the overcrowded little western nook of Europe, our Terrestrial Planet, nine-tenths of it yet vacant or tenanted by nomades, is still crying, Come and till me, come and reap me I And in an England with wealth, and means for moving, such as no nation ever before had. With ships; with war-ships rotting idle, which, but bidden move and not rot, might bridge all oceans. With trained men, educated to pen and practise, to administer and act; briefless Barristers, chargeless Clergy, taskless Scholars, languishing in all court-houses, hiding in obscure garrets, besieging all antechambers, in passionate want of simply one thing, Work;—with as many Half-pay Officers of both Services, wearing themselves down in wretched tedium, as might lead an Emigrant host larger than Xerxes' was! *Laissez-faire* and Malthus positively must part company. Is it not as if this swelling, simmering, never-resting Europe of ours stood, once more, on the verge of an expansion without parallel; struggling, struggling like a mighty tree again about to burst in the embrace of summer, and shoot forth broad frondent boughs which would fill the whole earth? A disease; but the noblest of all,—as of her who is in pain and sore travail, but travails that she may be a mother, and say, Behold, there is a new Man born!

True, thou Gold-Hofrath,' exclaims an eloquent satirical German of our acquaintance, in that strange Book of

his,¹ 'True, thou Gold-Hofrath: too crowded indeed! Meanwhile, what portion of this inconsiderable Terraqueous Globe have ye actually tilled and delved, till it will grow no more? How thick stands your population in the Pampas and Savannas of America; round ancient Carthage, and in the interior of Africa; on both slopes of the Altaic chain, in the central Platform of Asia; in Spain, Greece, Turkey, Crim Tartary, the Curragh of Kildare? One man, in one year, as I have understood it, if you lend him earth, will feed himself and nine others. Alas, where now are the Hengsts and Alarics of our still-glowing, still-expanding Europe; who, when their home is grown too narrow, will enlist and, like fire-pillars, guide onwards those superfluous masses of indomitable living Valour; equipped, not now with the battle-axe and war-chariot, but with the steam-engine and ploughshare? Where are they?—Preserving their Game!'

¹ *Sartor Resartus*, People's Edition, p. 159.

PETITION ON THE COPYRIGHT BILL.¹

[1839.]

To the Honourable the Commons of England in Parliament assembled, the Petition of Thomas Carlyle, a Writer of Books,

Humbly showeth,

That your petitioner has written certain books, being incited thereto by various innocent or laudable considerations, chiefly by the thought that said books might in the end be found to be worth something.

That your petitioner had not the happiness to receive from Mr. Thomas Tegg, or any Publisher, Republisher, Printer, Bookseller, Bookbuyer, or other the like man or body of men, any encouragement or countenance in writing of said books, or to discern any chance of receiving such; but wrote them by effort of his own and the favour of Heaven.

That all useful labour is worthy of recompense; that all honest labour is worthy of the chance of recompense; that the giving and assuring to each man what recompense his labour has actually merited, may be said to be the business of all Legislation, Polity, Government and Social Arrangement whatsoever among men ;—a business indispensable to attempt, impossible to accomplish accurately, difficult to accomplish without inaccuracies that become enormous, insupportable, and the parent of Social Confusions which never altogether end.

That your petitioner does not undertake to say what recompense in money this labour of his may deserve; whether it deserves any recompense in money, or whether money in any quantity could hire him to do the like.

That this his labour has found hitherto, in money or money's

¹ The EXAMINER, April 7, 1839

worth, small recompense or none; that he is by no means sure of its ever finding recompense, but thinks that, if so, it will be at a distant time, when he, the labourer, will probably no longer be in need of money, and those dear to him will still be in need of it.

That the law does at least protect all persons in selling the production of their labour at what they can get for it, in all market-places, to all lengths of time. Much more than this the law does to many, but so much it does to all, and less than this to none.

That your petitioner cannot discover himself to have done unlawfully in this his said labour of writing books, or to have become criminal, or have forfeited the law's protection thereby. Contrariwise your petitioner believes firmly that he is innocent in said labour; that if he be found in the long-run to have written a genuine enduring book, his merit therein, and desert towards England and English and other men, will be considerable, not easily estimable in money; that on the other hand, if his book proves false and ephemeral, he and it will be abolished and forgotten, and no harm done.

That, in this manner, your petitioner plays no unfair game against the world; his stake being life itself, so to speak (for the penalty is death by starvation), and the world's stake nothing till once it see the dice thrown; so that in any case the world cannot lose.

That in the happy and long-doubtful event of the game's going in his favour, your petitioner submits that the small winnings thereof do belong to him or his, and that no other mortal has justly either part or lot in them at all, now, henceforth or fofever.

May it therefore please your Honourable House to protect him in said happy and long-doubtful event; and (by passing your Copyright Bill) forbid all Thomas Teggs and other extraneous persons, entirely unconcerned in this adventure of his, to steal from him his small winnings, for a space of sixty years at shortest. After sixty years, unless your Honourable House provide otherwise, they may begin to steal.

And your petitioner will ever pray.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

ON THE SINKING OF THE VENGEUR.¹

[1839]

TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQ.

DEAR YORKE,—Shall we now overhaul that story of the *Sinking of the Vengeur* a little; and let a discerning public judge of the same? I will endeavour to begin at the beginning, and not to end till I have got to some conclusion. As many readers are probably in the dark, and young persons may not have so much as heard of the *Vengeur*, we had perhaps better take-up the matter *ab ovo*, and study to carry uninstructed mankind comfortably along with us *ad mala*.

I find, therefore, worthy Yorke, in searching through old files of newspapers, and other musty articles, as I have been obliged to do, that on the evening of the 10th of June 1794, a brilliant audience was, as often happens, assembled at the Opera House here in London. Radiance of various kinds, and melody of fiddlestrings and windpipes, cartilaginous or metallic, was filling all the place,—when an unknown individual entered with a wet Newspaper in his pocket, and tidings that Lord Howe and the English fleet had come-up with Villaret-Joyeuse and the French, off the coast of Brest, and gained a signal victory over him.² The agitation spread from bench to bench, from box to box; so that the wet Newspaper had finally to be read from the stage, and all the musical instruments, human and other, had to strike-up *Rule Britannia*, the brilliant audience all standing, and such of them as had talent joining in chorus,—before the usual *squallacci* melody, natural to the place, could be allowed to proceed again. This was the first intimation men had of Howe's victory of the 1 st of June; on

¹ FRASER'S MAGAZINE, NO. 115. ² *Morning Chronicle*, June 1794,

the following evening London was illuminated: the *Gazette* had been published,—some six ships taken, and a seventh, named *Vengeur*, which had been sunk: a very glorious victory: and the joy of people's minds was considerable.

For the remainder of that month of June 1794, and over into July, the Newspapers enliven themselves with the usual succession of despatches, private narratives, anecdotes, commentaries and rectifications; unfolding gradually, as their way is, how the matter has actually passed; till each reader may form some tolerably complete image of it, till each at least has had enough of it; and the glorious victory submerges in the general flood, giving place to other glories. Of the *Vengeur* that sank, there want not anecdotes, though they are not of a very prominent kind. The *Vengeur*, it seems, was engaged with the *Brunswick*; the *Brunswick* had stuck close to her, and the fight was very hot; indeed, the two ships were hooked together by the *Brunswick's* anchors, and stuck so till the *Vengeur* had got enough; but the anchors at last gave way, and the *Brunswick*, herself much disabled, drifted to leeward of the enemy's flying ships, and had to run before the wind, and so escape them. The *Vengeur*, entirely powerless, was taken possession of by the *Alfred*, by the *Culloden*, or by both of them together; and sank after not many minutes. All this is in the English Newspapers; this, so far as we are concerned, is the English version of Howe's victory,—in which the sinking *Vengeur* is noticeable, but plays no preeminently distinguished part.

The same English Newspapers publish, as they receive them, generally without any commentary whatever, the successive French versions of the matter; the same that can now be read more conveniently, in their original language, in the *Choix des Rapports*, vol. xiv., and elsewhere. The French Convention was now sitting, in its Reign of Terror, fighting for life and death, with all weapons, against all men. The French Convention had of course to give its own version of this matter, the best it could. Barrere was the man to do that. On the 15th of June, accordingly, Barrere reports that it is a glorious victory for France; that the fight, indeed, was sharp, and not unattended with loss, **the ennemis du genre humain**

being *acharnes* against us; but that, nevertheless, these gallant French war-ships did so shatter and astonish the enemy on this 1st of June and the preceding days, that the enemy shore-off; and, on the morrow, our invaluable American cargo of naval stores, safely stowed in the fleet of transport-ships, got safe through;—which latter statement is a fact, the transport-ships having actually escaped unmolested; they sailed over the very place of battle, saw the wreck of burnt and shattered things, still tumbling on the waters, and knew that a battle had been.

By degrees, however, it becomes impossible to conceal that the glorious victory for France has yielded six captured ships of war to the English, and one to the briny maw of Ocean; that, in short, the glorious victory has been what in unofficial language is called a sheer defeat. Whereupon, after some recriminating and flourishing from Jean-Bon Saint-Andre* and others, how the captain of the *Jacobin* behaved ill, and various men and things behaved ill, conspiring to tarnish the laurels of the Republic,—Barrere adroitly takes a new tack; will show that if we French did not beat, we did better, and are a spectacle for the very gods. Fixing on the sunk *Vengeur*, Barrere publishes his famed *Rapport du 21 Messidor* (9th July 1794), setting forth how Republican valour, conquered by unjust fortune, did nevertheless in dying earn a glory that will never die, but flame there forever, as a symbol and prophecy of victories without end: how the *Vengeur*, in short, being entirely disabled, and incapable of commonplace flight, flew desperate, and refused to strike, though sinking; how the enemies fired on her, but she returned their fire, shot aloft all her tricolor streamers, shouted *Vive la Republique*; nay, fired the guns of her upper deck, when the lower decks were already sunk; and so, in this mad whirlwind of fire and shouting, and invincible despair, went down into the ocean-depths; *Vive la Republique* and a universal volley from the upper deck being the last sounds she made.

This Report too is translated accurately, in the *Morning Chronicle* for July 26, 1794; and published without the smallest commentary there. The *Vengeur* with all her crew being down in the depths of ocean, it is not of course they that can

vouch for this heroic feat; neither is it the other French, who had all fled by that time : no, the testimony is still more indubitable, that of our enemies themselves ; it is 'from the English Newspapers' that Barrere professes to have gathered these heart-inspiring details, the candour even of these *ennemis acharnes* could not conceal them,—which, therefore, let all Frenchmen believe as a degree truer than truth itself, and rejoice in accordingly. To all this, as was said, the English Newspapers seem to have made no reply whatever.

The French, justly proud of so heroic a feat, a degree truer than truth itself, did make, and have ever since continued to make, what demonstration was fit. Convention decree, Convention decrees were solemnly passed about this suicidal Vengeur; the deathless suicidal Vengeur is written deep in innumerable French songs and psalmodyings ; a wooden *Model of the Vengeur*, solemnly consecrated in the Pantheon of Great Men, beckoned figuratively from its peg, '*Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante !*'—and hangs there, or in the *Musee Naval*, beckoning, I believe, at this hour. In an age of miracles, such as the Reign of Terror, one knows not at first view *what* is incredible: such loud universal proclamation, and the silence of the English (little interested, indeed, to deny), seem to have produced an almost universal belief both in France and here. Doubts, I now find, were more than once started by sceptics even among the French,—in a suitable low tone ; but the 'solemn Convention decrees,' the wooden '*Modele du Vengeur*' hanging visible there, the 'glory of France' ? Such doubts were instantly blown away again ; and the heroic feat, like a mirror-shadow wiped, not wiped *out*, remained only the clearer for them.

Very many years ago, in some worthless English History of the French Revolution, the first that had come in my way, I read this incident; coldly recorded, without controversy, without favour or feud; and, naturally enough, it *burnt* itself indelibly into the boyish imagination; and indeed is, with the murder of the Princess de Lamballe, all that I now remember of that same worthless English History. Coming afterwards to write of the French Revolution myself; finding this story so solemnly authenticated, and not knowing that, in its intrinsic

character, it had ever been so much as questioned, I wrote it down nothing doubting; as other English writers had done; the fruit of which, happily now got to maturity so far as I am concerned, you are here to see ripen itself, by the following stages. Take first the *corpus delicti* :

I. *Extract from Carlyle's 'French Revolution.'**

' But how is it, then, with that *Vengeur* Ship, she neither strikes nor makes-off? She is lamed, she cannot make-off; strike she will not. Fire rakes her fore and aft from victorious enemies; the *Vengeur* is sinking. Strong are ye, Tyrants of the sea; yet we also, are we weak? Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft: the whole crew crowds to the upper deck; and with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts *Vive la Republique*,—sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl; Ocean yawns abysmal: down rushes the *Vengeur*, carrying *Vive la Republique* along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity.'

2. *Letter from Rear-Admiral Griffiths, in the 'Sun' Newspaper of— Nov. 1830.*

¹ Mr. Editor,—Since the period of Lord Howe's victory, on 1st June 1794, the story of the *Vengeur* French 74-gun ship going down with colours flying, and her crew crying *Vive la Republique*, *Vive la Liberte* &c, and the farther absurdity that they continued firing the maindeck guns after her lower deck was immersed, has been declared, and has recently been reasserted by a French author. It originated, no doubt, on the part of the French, in political and exciting motives,—precisely as Bonaparte caused his victory at Trafalgar to be promulgated through France. While these reports and confident assertions were confined to our neighbours, it seemed little worth the while to contradict it. But now, when two English authors of celebrity, Mr. Alison, in his *History of Europe during the French Revolution*, and Mr. Carlyle, in his similar work, give it the confirmation of English authority, I consider it right thus to declare that the whole story is a ridiculous piece of nonsense.

' At the time the *Vengeur* sunk, the action had ceased some time. The French fleet were making-off before the wind; and Captain Renaudin and his son had been nearly half-an-hour prisoners on board H.M.S. Culloden, of which ship I was the fourth lieutenant; and about 127 of the crew were also prisoners, either on board the Culloden or in her boats, besides I believe 100 in the *Alfred's*, and some 40 in the hired cutter commanded by Lieutenant (the late Rear-Admiral)

³ Vol. i i i 205. People's Edition.

Winne. The *Vengeur* was taken possession of by the boats of the *Culloden*, Lieutenant Rotheram, and the *Alfred*, Lieutenant Deschamps; and Captain Renaudin and myself, who were by Captain Schomberg's desire at lunch in his cabin, hearing the cries of distress, ran to the starboard quarter-gallery, and thence witnessed the melancholy scene. Never were men in distress more ready to save themselves.

'A. J. GRIFFITHS.'

This Letter, which appeared in the *Sun* Newspaper early in November last, was copied into most of the other Newspapers in the following days; I take it from the *Examiner* of next Sunday (18th Nov. 1838). The result seemed to be general uncertainty. On me, who had not the honour at that time to know Admiral Griffiths even by name, still less by character, the main impression his letter left was that this affair was singular, doubtful; that it would require to be farther examined by the earliest opportunity. Not long after, a friend of his, who took an interest in it, and was known to friends of mine, transmitted me through them the following new Document, which it appeared had been written earlier, though without a view to publication:

3. *Letter from Rear-Admiral Griffiths to a private Friend* (penes me).

' Since you request it, I send you the state of the actual fact as respects the sinking of the *Vengeur* *after* the action of the 1st June

' I was fourth lieutenant in the *Culloden* in that action. Mr. Carlyle, in his *History of the French Revolution*, vol. iii. p. 205, gives, in his own peculiar style, the same account of it that was published to the world under the influence of the French Government, for political and exciting purposes; and which has recently been reiterated by a French author. Mr. Carlyle, in adopting these authorities, has given *English* testimony to the farce; farce I call it,—for, with the exception of the *Vengeur* "sinking," there is not *one* word of fact in the narration I will first review it in detail:

' "The *Vengeur* neither strikes nor makes-off." She *did both*. She made-off as well as her disabled state admitted, and was actually taken in tow by a French eighteen-gun brig; which cast her off; on the *Culloden*, *Alfred* and two or three others, approaching to take possession of her. "Fire rakes her fore and aft from victorious enemies." Wicked indeed would it have been to have fired into her, a sinking ship with colours down; and I can positively assert not *a* gun was fired at her

for an hour before she was taken possession of. "The Vengeur is sinking." True. "Lo ! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolor that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft." Not one mast standing, not ONE rope on which to hoist or display a bit of tricolor, not one flag, or streamer, or ensign displayed; her colours down; and, for more than half an hour before she sunk, Captain Renaudin, and his son, &c. prisoners on board the *Culloden*,—on which I will by and by more especially particularise. "The whole crew crowds to the upper deck ; and with universal soul-maddening yell shouts *Vive la Republique !*" Beyond the fact of the crew (except the wounded) being on the upper deck, not even the slightest, the most trivial semblance of truth. Not one shout beyond that of horror and despair. At the moment of her sinking, we had on board the *Culloden*, and in our boats then at the wreck, 127 of her crew, including the captain. The *Alfred* had many ; I believe about 100: Lieutenant Winne, in command of a hired cutter, a number; I think, 49. "Down rushes the Vengeur, carrying *Vive la Republique* along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity." Bah ! answered above.

I have thus reviewed Mr. Carlyle's statement; I now add the particulars of the fact. The Vengeur totally dismasted, going off before the wind, under her sprit-sail, &c. ; five sail of the line come up with her, the *Culloden* and *Alfred* two of these. Her colours down, Lieutenant Richard Deschamps, first of the *Alfred*, I believe, took possession of her. The next boat on board was the *Culloden's*, Lieut. Rotheram, who died one of the Captains of Greenwich Hospital. Deschamps went up the side. Rotheram got-in at the lower-deck port, saw that the ship was sinking, and went thence to the quarter-deck. I am not positive which boat got first on board. Rotheram returned with Captain Renaudin, his son, and one man; and reported her state, whereupon other boats were sent. The Vengeur's main-yard was lying across her decks; Rotheram, &c. descended from its larboard yard-arm by the yard-tackle pendant; and I personally heard him report to Captain Schomberg the Vengeur's state, "That he could not place a two-foot rule in any direction, he thought, that would not touch two shot-holes." Except the Purser, Mr. Oliver, who was engaged in arranging the prisoners in classes &c. as they came on board, I was the only officer who knew any French, and mine very so-so. Captain Schomberg said: "You understand French ; take Renaudin and his son into the cabin, and divert his mind from attention to his ship while sinking." Having been in presence of the French fleet for three days prior to the action, the accustomed cooking had not gone on; the galley-fire was little lighted. But the Captain, foreseeing, had a cold mutton-pie standing by; this, with wine, was ordered for us; and I was actually eating it with Renaudin, a prisoner in Captain Schomberg's cabin, when a bustle on deck made us start up; we ran to the starboard quar-

ter-gallery, and saw the Vengeur, then say a stone's-throw from us, sink. These are the facts.

' Sept. 17, 1838.

A. J. GRIFFITHS.

' I have said, I am not certain which boat took possession; and I gave it to the Alfred, because there arises so much silly squabbling on these trifles. But from Rotheram taking the Captain, it seems probable the Culloden's boat was first. A matter, however, of no moment.'

Such a Document as this was not of a sort to be left dormant : doubt could not sleep on it; doubt, unless effectually contradicted, had no refuge but to hasten to denial. I immediately did two things : I applied to Admiral Griffiths for leave to publish this new letter, or such portions of it as might seem needful; and at the same time I addressed myself to a distinguished French friend, well acquainted with these matters, more zealously concerned in them than almost any other living man, and hitherto an undoubting believer in the history of the Vengeur. This was my Letter to him ; marked here as Document No. 4 :

4. *Letter of T. Catlyle to Monsieur*———.

' My dear———,—Enclosed herewith are copies of Admiral Griffiths's two Letters concerning the Vengeur, on which we communicated lately. You undertook the French side of the business; you are become, so to speak, advocate of France in this matter; as I for my share am put into the post of advocate for England. In the interest of all men, so far as that can be concerned here, the truth ought to be known, and recognised by all.

' Having read the story in some English book in boyhood, naturally with indelible impression of it; reading the same afterwards with all detail in the *Choix des Rapports*, and elsewhere; and finding it everywhere acted upon as authentic, and nowhere called in question, I wrote it down in my Book with due energy and sympathy, as a fact forever memorable. But now, I am bound to say, the Rear-Admiral has altogether altered the footing it stands on; and except other evidence than I yet have, or know where to procure, be adduced, I must give-up the business as a cunningly-devised fable, and in my next edition contradict it with as much energy as I asserted it. You know with how much reluctance that will be; for what man, indeed, would not wish to believe it ?

* But what can I do ? Barrere's *Rapport* does not even profess to be grounded on any evidence except what " the English Newspapers " afforded him. I have looked into various " English Newspapers ; "

the *Morning Chronicle*, the Opposition or "Jacobin" journal of that period, I have examined minutely, from the beginning of June to the end of July 1794, through all the stages of the business; and found there no trace or hint of what Barrere asserts: I do not think there is any hint of it discoverable in any English Newspaper of those weeks. What Barrere's *own* authority was worth in such cases, we all know. On the other hand, here is an eye-witness, a man of grave years, 01 dignified rank, a man of perfect respectability, who in the very style of these Letters of his has an air of artlessness, of blunt sincerity and veracity, the characteristic of a sailor. There is no motive that could induce him to deny such a fact; on the contrary, the more heroic one's enemy, the greater one's own heroism. Indeed, I may say generally of England, at this day, that there could not be anywhere a wish to disbelieve such a thing of an enemy recognised as brave among the bravest, but rather a wish, for manhood's sake, to believe it, if possible.

'What I should like therefore is, that these circumstances were, with the widest publicity of Journals or otherwise, to be set openly before the French Nation, and the question thereupon put: Have you any counter-evidence. If you have any, produce it; let us weigh it. If you have none, then let us cease to believe this too-widely credited narration; let us consider it henceforth as a clever fable got-up for a great occasion; and that the real Vengeur simply fought well, and sank precisely as another ship would have done. The French, I should hope, have accomplished too many true marvels in the way of war, to have need of false marvels. At any rate, error, untruth, as to what matter soever, never profited any nation, man, or thing.

'If any of your reputable Journalists, if any honest man, will publish, in your Newspapers or otherwise, an Article on these *data*, and get us either evidence or no evidence, it will throw light on the matter. I have not yet Admiral Griffiths's permission to print this second Letter (though I have little doubt to get it very soon); but the first is already published, and contains all the main facts. My commentary on them, and position towards them, is substantially given above.

'Do what is fit; and let the truth be known.

'Yours always, T. CARLYLE.'

From Admiral Griffiths I received, without delay, the requisite permission; and this under terms and restrictions which only did him farther honour, and confirmed, if there had been need of that, one's conviction of his perfect candour as a witness on the matter. His Letter to me is too remarkable not to be inserted here; as illustrative of this controversy; nay, especially if we consider the curious appendix he has added, as conclusive of it. I have not his express permission to print

this ; but will venture **to** believe that I have a certain implied discretionary permission, which, without my troubling him with farther applications, may suffice .

5. *Letter of Rear-Admiral Griffiths to T. Carlyle.*

¹ Sir,—I have received a Letter from———; of which follows an extract:

' In reply to the above, I have to say that *you* are at full liberty to use the account I sent you, or that published in the *Sun* Paper, and copied thence into the *Globe*, *Morning Post*, *John Bull*, &c. ; and to *quote* me as your authority. But as I have no desire for controversy, or to be made unnecessarily conspicuous, I do not assent to its being published in any other language or Papers, as *so* put forth *by me*.

' I never deemed it worth one thought to awaken the French from their dream of glory in this case; and should have still preserved silence, had not Mr. Alison and yourself given it the weight of English Authority. What I abstained from doing for forty-four years, I feel no disposition to engage in now. So far as I am an *active* party, I confine my interference to our side of the water j leaving you to do as you see fit on the other.

' The statement I have already made in the case is abundant. But I will put you in possession of other facts. The action over; the British fleet brought-to; the French making all sail, and running before the wind; their dismantled hulks having also got before the wind, and following them;—the *Vengeur* being the sternmost, having a French jack flying on the stump of the foremast, Captam Duckworth of H. M. S. *Orion*, ordered the first lieutenant, Mr. Meares, himself to fire a shot *over her*. This Lieutenant Meares did, and the *Vengeur* *hauled down the flag !*

' For his gallant conduct in that action, on his return to France, Captain Renaudin, who commanded the *Vengeur*, was promoted to be Rear-Admiral, and his flag was flying at Toulon on board the *Tonnant*, when I was first lieutenant of the *Culloden* blockading that port. I wrote to remind him of the treatment he had met with when prisoner on board the *Culloden*; and soliciting his kindness towards Lieutenant Hills, who had been taken in H. M. S. *Berwick*, and being recognised as having, in command of a battery at Toulon, at the period of its evacuation, wounded a Frenchman,—was very ill-used. Renaudin's letter now lies before me; and does him much honour, as, during the fervour of that period, it was a dangerous sin to hold intercourse with us. I send you **a copy; it is in English.**

' I am, Sir, very faithfully yours,

'A. J. GRIFFITHS.'

Here next is the 'curious appendix' we spoke of; which might itself be conclusive of this controversy:

Copy of Rear-Admiral Renaudin's Letter.

' " *On board of the ship Tonnant, Bay of Toulon, the seventeenth Vendemiaire, fourth year of the French Republic.*

" " I have, Sir, received the favour of your letter. I am extremely obliged to you for the interest you have taken to ray promotion. I'll never forget the attention you have paid me, as well on board the Culloden as when going to prison. I wish you should be well persuaded that your generosity and sensibility will be for ever present to my mind, and that I can't be satisfied before it will be in my power to prove you my gratitude. If your friend, Lieutenant Hills, had not already gone back home, I should have returned to him all the attention you have been so good to paie me. I'll be always sincerely satisfied when it will be in my power to be of some use to any of the officers of the English navy that the circumstances of war will carry in my country, and particularly to them that you will denote me as your friends.

' "Be so good as take notice of our French officers that you have prisoners, and particularly to Captain Conde that has been taken on the ship *ca-ira*. Please to remember me to Captain Schomberg, to Mr. Oliver, and to all the rest of the Officers that I have known on board of the Culloden. May the peace between our nations give leave to your grateful Renaudin to entertain along with you a longer and easier correspondence !"

'Addressed, "To Lieutenant Griffiths, on board of the Culloden, Florenzo Bay, Corse Island." '

My French friend did not find it expedient to publish, in the Journals or elsewhere, any 'article,' or general challenge to his countrymen for counter-evidence, as I had suggested ; indeed one easily conceives that no French Journal would have wished to be the foremost with an article of that kind. However, he did what a man of intelligence, friendliness and love of truth, could do: addressed himself to various official persons connected with the Naval Archives of France ; to men of note, who had written French Naval Histories, &c.;—from one of whom came a response in writing, now to be subjoined as my last Document. I ought to say that this latter gentleman had not *seen* Admiral Griffiths's written Letters; and knew them only by description. The others responded verbally; that much was

to be said, that they would prepare *Mmoires*, that they would do this and that. I subjoin the response of the one who did respond : it amounts, as will be seen, not to a recantation of an impudent amazing falsehood, but to some vague faint murmur or whimper of admission that it is probably false.

6. *Lettre de Monsieur*——a *Monsieur*——(24 Dec. 1838).

' Mon cher Monsieur,—Je regrette de ne pouvoir vous donner des renseignements bien precis sur la glorieuse affaire du *Vengeur*. Mais si l'opimon que je me suis formee sur cet evenement peut vous etre de quelque utilite je me feliciterai de vous l'avoir donnee, quelque peu d'influence qu'elle doive avoir sur le jugement que votre ami se propose de porter sur le combat du 13 Prairial.

' Je suis de Brest; et c'est dans cette ville qu'arriva l'escadre de Villaret-Joyeuse, apres le combat meurtriere qu'il avait livree a l'Amiral Howe. Plusieurs des marins qui avaient assiste a l'affaire du 13 Prairial m'ont assure que: le *Vengeur* avait coule apres avoir amene son pavilion. Quelques hommes de l'quipage de cet heroique vaisseau furent meme, dit-on, recueillis sur des debris par des embarcations anglaises. Mais il n'en est pas moins vrai, que le *Vengeur* ne coula qu'apres s'etre sacrifie pour empecher l'escadre anglaise de couper la ligne francaise.

' Les rapports du tems, et les beaux vers de Chenier et de Le Brun sur le naufrage du *Vengeur*, n'ont pas manque de poetiser la noble fin de ce vaisseau. C'est aux cris de *Vive la Republique*, disent-ils, que le vaisseau s'est englouti, avec le pavilion tricolore au plus haut de tous ses mats. Mais, je le repete. il est tres probable que si une partie de l'equipage a disparu dessous les flots aux cris de *Vive la Republique*, tout l'equipage n'a pas refuse' d'un commun accord le secours que les vaisseaux ennemis pouvaient offrir aux naufrages. Au surplus, quand bien meme le *Vengeur* ait amene son pavilion avant de couler, Taction de ce vaisseau se fesant cannoner pendant plusieurs heures pour disputer a toute une escadre le passage le plus faible de la ligne francaise, n'en etait pas moins un des plus beaux faits d'armes de notre histoire navale. Dans les bureaux de la marine, au reste, il n'existe aucun rapport de Villaret-Joyeuse ou de Jean-Bon Saint-Andre que puisse faire supposer que le *Vengeur* ait coule sans avoir amene son pavilion. On dit seulement dans ces relations du combat du 13, que le *Vengeur* a disparu apres avoir resiste" au feu de toute l'escadre anglaise qui voulait rompre la ligne pour tomber sur les derrieres de l'armee, et porter le desordre dans tout le reste de notre escadre.

' Voila, mon cher Monsieur, tout ce que je sais sur l'affaire qui vous occupe. C'est peu de chose comme vous le voyez, car ce n'est presque

que mon opinion que je vous exprimt sur les petits renseignements que j'ai pu recueillir de la bouche des manns qui se trouvaient sur le vaisseau la *Montagne* ou d'autres navires de l'escadre Villaret,——Recevez l'assurance,' &c. &c.

The other French gentlemen that 'would prepare *Memoires*,' have now in the sixth month prepared none ; the 'much' that 'was to be said' remains every syllable of it unsaid. My friend urged his official persons ; to no purpose. Finally he wrote to Barrere himself, who is still alive and in possession of his faculties. From Barrere no response. Indeed, one would have liked to see the ancient adroit countenance of Barrere perusing, through its spectacles, a request to that effect ! For verily, as the French say, *tout est dit*. What can be added on such a matter?

I conclude therefore, dear Yorke, with an expression of amazement over this same '*glorieuse affaire du Vengeur*;' in which truly much courage was manifested ; but no unparalleled courage except that of Barrere in his Report of the 21st Messidor, Year 2. That a son of Adam should venture on constructing so majestic a piece of *blague*, and hang it out dextrously, like the Earth itself, on *Nothing*, to be believed and venerated by twenty-five million sons of Adam for such a length of time, the basis of it all the while being simply Zero and Nonentity: there is in this a greatness, nay a kind of sublimity that strikes us silent,—as if 'the Infinite disclosed itself,' and we had a glimpse of the ancient Reign of Chaos and Nox ! Miraculous Mahomet, Apollonius with the Golden Thigh, Mendez Pinto, Munchausen, Cagliostro, Psalmanazar seem but botchers in comparison.

It was a successful lie too? It made the French fight better in that struggle of theirs? Yes, Mr. Yorke;—and yet withal there is no lie, in the long-run successful. The hour of all windbags does arrive; every windbag is at length ripped, and collapses; likewise the larger and older any ripped windbag is, the more fetid and extensive is the gas emitted therefrom. The French people had better have been content with their real fighting. Next time the French Government publishes miraculous bulletins, the very *badauds* will be slower to believe them; one sees not what sanction, by solemn legislative decree,

by songs, ceremonials, wooden emblems, will suffice to produce belief. Of Nothing you can, in the long-run, and with much lost labour, make only—Nothing.

But ought not the French Nation to hook-down that wooden ' *Module du Vengeur*,' now at this late date ; and, in a quiet way, split it into brimstone lucifers ? The French Nation will take its own method in regard to that.

As for Rear-Admiral Griffiths, we will say that he has, in his veteran years, done one other manful service: extinguished a Falsehood, sent a Falsehood to the Father of it, made the world free of it henceforth. For which let him accept our respectful thanks. I, having once been led to assert the fable, hold myself bound, on all fit occasions, to unassert it with equal emphasis. Till it please to disappear altogether from the world, as it ought to do, let it lie, as a copper shilling, nailed to the counter, and seen by all customers to be copper.

10th June 1839.

T. CARLYLE.

P.S.—Curiously enough, while this is passing through the press, there appears in some French Newspaper called *Chronique Universelle*, and is copied conspicuously into the *Paris National* (du 10 jun 1839), an article headed ' *Six Matelots du Vengeur*.' Six old sailors of the *Vengeur*, it appears, still survive, seemingly in the Bourdeaux region, in straitened circumstances ; whom the editor, with sure hope, here points out to the notice of the charitable ;—on which occasion, as is natural, Barrere's *blague* once more comes into play, not a whit worse for the wear, nay if anything, rather fresher than ever. Shall we send these brave old weather-beaten men a trifle of money, and request the Mayor of Mornac to take *their* affidavit ?

' Nothing in them but doth suffer a sea-change
Into something new and strange !'

Surely the *blague*, if natural, is not essential in their case. Old men that have fought for France ought to be assisted by France, even though they did "not drown themselves after battle. Here is the extract from the *National*:

' *Six Matelots du Vengeur*.

'Tandis que la France faisait triompher son independance a toutes

ses frontieres, le sol, inepuisable en defenseurs, suffisait a peine a la nourrir, et c'etait de l'Amerique, a travers les flots de l'Ocean, que la Fiance etait reduite a recevoir son pain. L'Europe en armes ne pouvait dompter la revolution, l'Angleterre essaya de la prendre par famine. Grace a la croisiere de l'Amiral Howe sur les cotes de Bretagne et de Normandie, elle esperait intercepter un convoi de deux cents voiles, charge d'une quantite considerable de grains, precieux ravitaillement impatientement attendu dans nos ports; mais pour sauver ce convoi une escadre francaise etait deja sortie de Brest sous le commandement de Villaret-Joyeuse et la direction du representant du peuple Jean-Bon Saint-Andre.

' Le 9 Prairial de l'an II (28 Mai 1794), les deux armees navales se sont aperçues, et le cri unanime de nos equipages demande le combat avec un enthousiasme irresistible. Cependant aux trente-trois vaisseaux de ligne et aux douze fregates de l'ennemi, nous n'avions a opposer que trente batimens, que des matelots enleves de la veille a la charrue, que des officiers en un amiral encore novices dans leurs grades, et c'etait contre les marins experimentes de la vieille Angleterre qu'il nous fallait soutenir l'honneur du pavilion tricolore, arbore pour la premiere fois dans un combat sur mer.

' On salt que le combat s'engagea des le jour meme, continua des le lendemain, rat deux jours mterrompu par une brume epaisse, et recommenca le 13 (1^{er} Juin) a la lumiere d'un soleil eclatant, avec une opiniatrete inouie. Notre escadre racheta l'inhabilite' de ses manoeuvres par un deploement extraordinaire de courage, la vivacite terrible de ses feux et l'audace de ses abordages. De quel cote resta la victoire ? Les deux flottes, cruellement endommagees, se separerent avec une egale lassitude, et desespererent d'arracher un succes decisif a la superiority du nombre ou a l'energie de la resistance. Mais cette journee fut un bapteme de gloire pour notre jeune marine, et la France recueillit le prix du sang verse. Durant cette meme journee, notre convol de deux cents voiles traversalt paisiblement le champ de bataille du 10, encore seme de debris, et abordait nos cotes.

' Ce fut au milieu de cette action si memorable qu'il fut donne a un vaisseau francais de se faire une gloire particuliere et d'immortaliser son nom. Cerne par les batimens ennemis, couvert des lambeaux de ses voiles et de sa mature, crible de boulets et deja faisant eau de toutes parts, le Vengeur refuse d'amener son pavilion. L'equipage ne peut plus combattre, Il peut encore mourir. Au tumulte de la resistance, aux clameurs du courage despere succede un profond silence ; tous montent ou sont portes sur le pont. Ce ne sont plus des combattans, ce sont des martyrs de la religion et de la patrie. La, tranquillement exposes au feu des Anglais, sentant de moment en moment le vaisseau s'enfoncer dans les flots, l'equipage salue d'un dernier regard les couleurs nationales flottant en pieces au-dessus de sa tete, il pousse un

dernier cri de *Vive la Republique ! Vive la Liberte ! Vive la France!* et le Vengeur a disparu dans l'abime. Au recit de ce fait, dont l'Angleterre elle-meme rendit temoignage avec admiration, la France entiere fut emue et applaudit, dans ce devouement sublime, son esprit nouveau flottant sur les eaux comme il marchait sur la terre, indomptable et resolu a vaincre ou mourir. D'apres un decret de la Convention, le Vengeur legua son nom a un vaisseau en construction dans les bassins de Brest, son image a la voute du Pantheon, le r6le de l'equipage a la colonne de ce temple, et tous les arts furent appeles a concourir a la celebration de tant d'heroisme, tandis que la reconnaissance publique s'empressait de secourir les veuves et les orphelins des heros.

'Voila ce que fit alors la France; mais ce qu'elle ignore peut-etre, c'est que du Vengeur les flots n'ont pas tout englouti, et que six marins, recueillis par Pennemi et long-temps retenus dans les prisons de l'Angleterre, ont survecu jusqu'a cette heure meme, reduits a une condition miserable sur le sol de la patrie qui les honora morts et les oublie vivans ! Six, avons-nous dit, et voici leurs noms, leur age, leur position, leur residence:

'Prevaudeau (Jacques), age de 60 ans, demeurant a Mornac; vivant, bien que vieux, du peu de travail qu'il peut faire.

'Cercle (Jean-Pierre), age de 69 ans, demeurant a La Tremblade; vivant mediocrement de son travail.

'David (Jacques), invalide, age de 56 ans, demeurant a La Tremblade; miserable.

'Favier (Jacques), age de 64 ans, demeurant a La Tremblade; n'ayant pour vivre que le travail de ses bras.

'Torchut (Andre-Pierre), age de 70 ans, demeurant a l'Aiguille; comme ses compagnons, il n'a d'autre ressource que son travail.

'Manequin (Francois), age de 70 ans, demeurant au Gua; men-
diant son pain et presque aveugle.

'Certes, il nous conviendrait peu d'implorer la reconnaissance publique pour ces six marins; nous croyons suffisant de les nommer. Qu'on nous permette seulement un mot: Sous la restauration, un navire fut expedie jusque dans l'Ocean-Pacifique pour decouvrir sur les lointains recifs les traces du naufrage de la Peyrouse, et ce fut a grands frais que l'on en reunit quelques debris en bois, en fer, en cuivre et en plomb, religieusement conserves dans nos musees. Aujourd'hui, c'est sur notre plage meme que gisent, ensevelis dans la misere et dans l'obscurite, des debris vivans du naufrage herolque du Vengeur; la France et le gouvernement de Juillet pourraient-ils n'etre point jaloux d'acquitter la dette nationale envers ces dernieres reliques du patriotisme inspire par notre grande revolution?—*Chronique Universelle.*'

* * **The publication of this Paper in *Fraser's Magazine* gave rise to a certain effervescence of prose and verse, patriotic**

SINKING OF THE VENGEUR.

objurgatory, in several of the French Journals, *Revue Britanique, National, Journal du Peuple, &c.*; the result of which, threatening to prove mere zero otherwise, was that 'M. A. Jal, Historiographer of the French Navy,' did candidly, in the Number of the *Revue Britanique* for October 1839, print, from the Naval Archives of France, the original *Despatch of Captain Renaudin to his own Government*; the full official Narrative of that battle and catastrophe, as drawn up by Renaudin himself and the surviving officers of the *Vengeur*; dated Tavistock, I Messidor, An 11,⁴ and bearing his and eight other signatures;—whereby the statement of Admiral Griffiths, if it needed confirmation, is curiously and even minutely confirmed in every essential particular, and the story of the *Vengeur* is at length put to rest forever.

In that objurgatory effervescence,—which was bound by the nature of it either to cease effervescing and hold its peace, or else to produce some articulate testimony of a living man who saw, or of a dead man who had said he saw, the *Vengeur* sink, otherwise than this living Admiral Griffiths saw it, or than a brave ship usually sinks after brave battle,—the one noticeable vestige of new or old evidence was some dubious traditional reference to the *Morning Chronicle* of the 16th June; or, as the French traditional referee turned out to have named it, '*le Journal LE MORNING du 16 Juin*' Following this faint vestige, additional microscopic researches in the *Morning Chronicle* of the 16th June and elsewhere did, at last, disclose to me what seemed the probable genesis and origin of Barrere's Fable; how it first suggested itself to his mind, and gathered shape there, and courage to publish itself: the discovery, unimportant to all other things and men, is not of much importance even to our criticism of Barrere; altering somewhat one's estimate of the *ratio* his poetic faculty may have borne to his mendacity in this business, but leaving the joint *product* of the two very much what it was in spiritual value;—a discovery not worth communicating. The thing a Lie wants, and solicits from all men, is not a correct natural-history of it, but the swiftest possible extinction of it, followed by entire silence concerning it.

* Twenty days *before* that final sublime Report of Barrere's.

BAILLIE THE COVENANTER.¹

[1841.]

EARLY in the seventeenth century of our era, a certain Mr. Robert Baillie, a man of solid wholesome character, lived in moderate comfort as Parish Minister of Kilwinning, in the west of Scotland. He had comfortably wedded, produced children, gathered Dutch and other fit divinity-books ; saw his duties lying tolerably manageable, his possessions, prospects not to be despised; in short, seemed planted as for life, with fair hopes of a prosperous composed existence, in that remote corner of the British dominions. A peaceable, 'solid-thinking, solid-feeding,' yet withal clear-sighted, diligent and conscientious man,—alas, his lot turned out to have fallen in times such as he himself, had he been consulted on it, would by no means have selected. Times of controversy ; of oppression, which became explosion and distraction : instead of peaceable preaching, mere raging, battling, soldiering; universal shedding of gall, of ink and blood : very troublous times ! Composed existence at Kilwinning, with rural duties, domestic pledges, Dutch bodies of divinity, was no longer possible for a man.

Till the advent of Laud's Service-book into the High Church of Edinburgh (Sunday the 23d of July 1637), and that ever-memorable flight of Jenny Geddes's stool at the head of the Dean officiating there, with "Out, thou foul thief! wilt thou say mass at my lug ?"—till that unexpected cardinal-movement, we say, and the universal, unappeasable riot, which ensued thereupon over all these Kingdoms,—Baillie, intent on

¹ LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW, NO. 72.—*The Letters and Journals of Robert Baillie, A.M., Principal of the University of Glasgow, 1637-1662.* Edited from the Author's Manuscripts, by David Laing, Esq. 3 vols. (Vols. I. and li.) Robert Ogle, Edinburgh, 1841.

a quiet life at Kilwinning, was always clear for some mild middle course, which might lead to this and other blessings. He even looked with suspicion on the Covenant when it was started ; and was not at all one of the first to sign it. Sign it, however, he did, by and by, the heat of others heating him ever higher to the due welding pitch ; he signed it, and became a vehement, noteworthy champion of it, in such fashion as he could. Baillie, especially if heated to the welding pitch, was by no means without faculty.

There lay motion in him ; nay, curiously, with all his broad-based heaviness, a kind of alacrity, of internal swiftness and flustering impetuosity,—a natural vehemence, assiduous swift eagerness, both of heart and intellect: very considerable motion; all embedded, too, in that most wholesome, broad-based love of rest! The eupeptic, right-thinking nature of the man ; his sanguineous temper, with its vivacity and sociality ; an ever-busy ingenuity, rather small perhaps, but prompt, hopeful, useful; always with a good dash, too, of Scotch shrewdness, Scotch *canniness*; and then a loquacity, free, fervid, yet judicious, *canny*,—in a word, natural vehemence, wholesomely covered over and tempered (as Sancho has it) in 'three inches of old Christian *fat*,'—all these fitted Baillie to be a leader in General Assemblies and conclaves, a man reputable to the London Parliament and elsewhere. He became a prominent, and so far as the Scotch Kirk went, preeminent man ; present in the thick of all negotiations, Westminster Assemblies, Scotch Commissions, during the whole Civil War.

It can be said too, that his natural faculty never, in any pitch of heat or confusion, proved false to him; that here, amid revolt and its dismal fluctuations, the worthy man lived agitated indeed, but not unprosperous. Clearly enough, in that terrible jostle, where so many stumbling fell, and straightway had their lives and fortunes trodden out, Baillie did, according to the Scotch proverb, contrive to 'carry his dish level' in a wonderful manner, spilling no drop ; and indeed was found at last, even after Cromwell and all Sectaries had been there, seated with prosperous composure, not in the Kirk of Kilwinning, but in the Principalship of Glasgow University; which

latter he had maintained successfully through all changes of weather, and only needed to renounce at the coming-in of Charles II., when, at any rate, he was too old for holding it much longer. So invincible, in all elements of fortune, is a good natural endowment; so serviceable to a man is that same quality of motion, if embedded in wholesome love of rest,—hasty vehemence dissolved in a bland menstruum of oil!

Baillie, however we may smile at him from this distance, was not entirely a common character: yet it must be owned that, for anything he of himself did or spoke or suffered, the worthy man must have been forgotten many a year ago; the name of him dead, non-extant; or turning-up (as the doom of such is) like the melancholy mummy of a name, under the eye of here and there an excavator in those dreary mines,—bewildered, interminable rubbish-heaps of the Cromwellian Histories; the dreariest perhaps that anywhere exist, still visited by human curiosity, in this world. But his copious loquacity, by good luck for him and for us, prompted Baillie to use the pen as well as tongue. A certain invaluable 'Reverend Mr. Spang,' a cousin of his, was Scotch minister at Campvere, in Holland, with a boundless appetite to hear what was stirring in those days; to whom Baillie, with boundless liberality, gives satisfaction. He writes to Spang, on all great occasions, sheet upon sheet; he writes to his Wife, to the Moderator of his Presbytery, to earls and commoners, to this man and to that; nothing loath to write when there is matter. Many public Papers (since printed in Rushworth's and other Collections) he has been at the pains to transcribe for his esteemed correspondents; but what to us is infinitely more interesting, he had taken the farther trouble to make copies of his own Letters. By some lucky impulse, one hardly guesses how,—for as to composition, nothing can be worse written than these Letters are, mere hasty babblements, like what the extempore speech of the man would be,—he took this trouble; and ungrateful posterity reaps the fruit.

These Letters, bound together as a manuscript book, in the hands of Baillie's heirs, grew ever more notable as they grew older; copies, at various times, were made of parts of them; some three copies of the whole, or almost the whole,

whereof one, tolerably complete, now lies in the British Museum² Another usefuler copy came into the hands of Woodrow, the zealous, diligent Historian of the Scotch Church, whose numerous Manuscripts, purchased partly by the General Assembly, partly by the Advocates' Library, have now been accessible to all inquirers, for a century or more. Baillie, in this new position, grew ever notabler; was to be seen quoted in all books on the history of that period; had to be read and searched through, as a chief authority, by all original students of the same. Half a century of this growing notability issued at last in a printed edition of Baillie; two moderate octavo volumes, published, apparently by subscription, at Edinburgh, in 1775. Thus, at length, had the copious outpourings, first emitted into the ear of Spang and others, become free to the curiosity of all; purchasable by every one that had a few shillings, legible by every one that had a little patience. As the interest in those great transactions never died out in Scotland, Bailhe's *Letters and Journals*, one of the best remaining illustrations of them, became common in Scottish libraries.

Unfortunately, this same printed edition was one of the worst. A tradition, we are told, was once current among Edinburgh booksellers that it had been undertaken on the counsel of Robertson and Hume; but, as Mr. Laing now remarks, it is not a credible tradition. Robertson and Hume would, there is little doubt, feel the desirableness of having Baillie edited, and may, on occasion, have been heard saying so; but such an edition as this of 1775 is not one they could have had any hand in. In fact, Baillie may be said to have been printed on that occasion, but not in any true sense edited

² As in this Museum transcript, otherwise of good authority, the name of the principal correspondent is not 'Spang' but 'Strang,' and we learn elsewhere that Baillie wrote the miserablest hand, a question arises, Whether *Strangbe* not, once for all, the real name, and *Spang*, from the first, a mere false reading, which has now become inveterate? *Strang*, equivalent to *Strong*, is still a common name in those parts of Scotland. *Spang* (which is a Scottish verb, signifying *leap violently, leap distractedly* - as an imprisoned, terrified kangaroo might leap) we never heard of as a Christian person's surname before! The Reverend Mr. *Leap-distractedly* labouring in that dense element of Campvere, in Holland? We will hope not, if there be a ray of hope! The Bannatyne Club, now in a manner responsible, is adequate to decide,——*Spang* is the name, persist they (A.D. 1846).

at all The quasi-editor, who keeps himself entirely hidden in the background, is guessed to have been one ' Mr. Robert Aiken, Schoolmaster of Anderton,'—honour to his poor shadow of a name! He went over Baillie's manuscripts in such fashion as he could; 'omitted many Letters on private affairs;' copied those on public matters, better or worse; and prefixing some brief, vague *Memoir of Baillie*, gathered out of the general wind, sent his work through the press, very much as it liked to go. Thanks to him, poor man, for doing so much; not blame that, in his meagre garret, he did not do more!

But it is to be admitted, few books were ever sent forth in a more helpless condition. The very printer's errors are numerous. Note or comment there is none whatever, and here and there some such was palpably indispensable; for Baillie, in the hurry of his written babblement, is wont to designate persons and things, often enough, in ways which Spang and the world would indeed understand at the time, but which now only critics and close investigators can make out. The narrative, watery, indistinct, flowing out in vague diffusion, at the first and best, fades now too frequently into the enigmatic, and stagnates in total obscurity, if some little note be not added. Whom does the Letter-writer, in his free and easy speed, intend to designate by such phrases as 'his Lordship,' 'the Lord Marquis,' his Grace, precious Mr. David, the Reverend Mr. H. of N.? An editor ought to tell; and has not tried there to do it. Far from doing it, he has even mistaken some of the initials themselves, and so left the natural dimness changed into Egyptian dark. Read in this poor Anderton edition, Baillie, in many passages, produces the effect, not of a painting, even of the hugest signpost painting, but of a monstrous, foamy smear, resemblance of no created thing whatever. Additional outlays of patience become requisite, and will not always suffice. It is an enigma you might long guess over, did not perhaps indolence and healthy instincts premonish you that, when you had it, the secret would be worth little.

To all which unhappy qualities we are to add, that this same edition of 1775 had, in late times, become in the highest degree difficult to get hold of! In English libraries it never much abounded, nor in the English book-markets; its chief

seat was always its native one. But of late, as would seem, what copies there were, the growing interest of whatsoever related to the heroes of the Civil War had altogether absorbed. Most interesting to hear what an eye-witness, even a stupid eye-witness, if honest, will say of such matters ! The reader that could procure himself a *Baillie* to pore over was lucky. The price in old-book shops here in London had risen, if by rare chance any copy turned up, to the exorbitancy of two guineas!

And now, under these circumstances, the Bannatyne Club, a private reunion of men who devote themselves expressly to the rescue and reprinting of scarce books and manuscripts, with or without much value, very wisely determined to reedit *Baillie*; first, for their own private behoof; and secondly, as is their wise wont in some cases, and as in every case is easy for them (the types being already ail set, and the printer's 'composition' accomplished, as it were, gratis), for the behoof of the public that will buy. Very wisely too, they appointed for this task their Honorary Secretary, the Keeper of the Edinburgh Signet Library, Mr. David Laing, a gentleman well known for his skill in that province of things. Two massive Octavos, in round legible type, are accordingly here; a Third and last is to follow in a few months; and so *Baillie's Letters and Journals*, finally in right reading condition, becomes open, on easy terms, to whoever has concern in it. In right reading condition; for notes and all due marginal guidances, such as we desiderated above, are furnished; the text is rectified by collation of three several Manuscripts, among others, *Baillie's* own of the 'evil handwriting' of which an appalling facsimile gives evidence; the various Letters relating to private affairs are not excluded in this edition, but wisely introduced and given in full, as deserving their paper and ink perhaps better than the average. On the other hand, public Papers, if easily accessible elsewhere, are withheld, and a reference given to the *Rushworth*, *Hardwicke*, *Thurloe*, or other such *Collection*, where they already stand; if not easily accessible, they are printed here in appendixes; and indeed not they only, but many more not copied by *Baillie*, some of them curious enough, which the editor's resources and long acquaintance with the literature of

Scotch History have enabled him to offer. This is the historical description, origin and genesis of these two massive Octavos named *Baillie's Letters and Journals*, published by the Bannatyne Club, which now lie before us ; thus are they, and thence did they come into the world.

It remains now only to be added, critically as well as historically, that Mr. Laing, according to all appearance, has exhibited his usual industry, sagacity, correctness, in this case ; and done his work well. The notes are brief, illuminative, ever in the right place ; and, what we will praise withal, not overplenteous, not more of them than needed. Nothing is easier than for an antiquarian editor to seize too eagerly any chance or pretext for pouring-out his long-bottled antiquarian lore, and drowning his text, instead of refreshing and illustrating it ; a really criminal proceeding ! This, we say, the present editor has virtuously forborne. A good index, a tolerable biography, are to be looked for, according to promise, in the Third Volume. Baillie will then stand on his shelves, accessible, in good reading condition : a fact which, since it is actually a fact, may with propriety enough be published in this journal, and in any and all other journals or methods, as widely as the world and its wants and ways will allow.

We have no thought here of going much into criticism of Baillie or his Book ; still less of entering at all on that enormous Business he and it derive their interest from,—that enormous whirlpool on which, the fountains of the great deep suddenly breaking up, the pacific, broad-based Minister sees himself launched forth from Kilwinning Kirk, and set sailing, and epistohsing ! The Book has become curious to us, and the Man curious ; much more so on a riper acquaintance than they were at first. Nevertheless our praise of him, hearty enough in its kind, must on all sides be limited. To the general, especially to the uninformed or careless reader, it will not be safe to promise much ready entertainment from this Book. Entertainment does lie in it, both amusement and instruction do ; but rather for the student than the careless reader. Poor Baillie is no epic singer or speaker,—the more is the pity ! His Book is like the hasty, breathless, confused *talk* of a man, looking face to face on that great whirl of things. A wiser man—

would have talked *more* wisely ! But, on the whole, this man too has a living heart, a seeing pair of eyes ; above all, he is clearly a veracious man ; tells Spang and you the truest he has got to tell, in such a bustling hurry as his. Veracious in word ; and we might say, what is a much rarer case, veracious in thought too ; for he harbours no malignity, perverse hatred, purposes no wrong against any man or thing ; and indeed, at worst, is of so transparent a nature, all readers can discern at all times where his bias lies, and make due allowance for that.

Truly, it is pity the good man had not been a little wiser, had not shown a little more of the epic gift in writing : we might then have had, as in some clear mirror, or swift contemporaneous *Daguerreotype* delineator, a legible living picture of that great Time, as it looked and was ! But, alas, no soul of a man is altogether such a 'mirror ;' the highest soul is only approximately, and still at a great distance, such. Besides, we are always to remember, poor Baillie wrote not for us at all ; but for Spang and the Presbytery of Irvine, with no eye to us ! What of picture there is, amid such vaporous mazy indistinctness, or indeed quite turbulent weltering dislocation and confusion, must be taken as a godsend. The man gazes as he can, reports as he can. His words flowing-out bubble-bubble, full of zealous broad-based vehemence, can rarely be said to make a picture ; though on rare occasions he does pause, and with distinctness, nay with a singular felicity, give some stroke of one. But rarely, in his loquacious haste, has he taken time to detect the real articulation and structure of the matter he is talking of,—where it begins, ends, what the real character and purport, the real aspect of it is : how shall he in that case, by any possibility, make a portrait of it ? He talks with breathless loquacity, with adipose vehemence, about it and about it. Nay, such lineaments of it as he has discovered and mastered, or begun to discover (for the man is by no means without an eye, could he have taken time to look), he, scrawling without limit to Spang, uses not the smallest diligence to bring-out on the surface, or to separate from the as yet chaotic, undiscovered ; he leaves them weltering at such depth as they happen to lie at. A picture does struggle in him ; but in what state of development the reader can guess. As the image of a real object may

do, shadowed in some huge frothy ever-agitated vortex or deluge, —ever-agitated caldron, boiling, bubbling, with fat vehemence!

Yet this too was a thing worth having: what talk, what babblement, the Minister of rural Kilwinning, brought suddenly in sight of that great World-transaction, will audibly emit from him. Here it is, fresh and fresh,—after two centuries of preservation: how that same enormous whirlpool, of a British Nation all torn from its moorings, and set in conflict and self-conflict, represents itself, from moment to moment, in the eyes of this shrewd-simple, zealous, yet broad-bottomed, rest-loving man. On the whole, is there not, to the eager student of History, something at once most attractive and yet most provoking in all Memoirs by a Contemporary? Contemporaneous words by an eye-witness are like no other. For every man who sees with eyes *is*, approximately or else afar off,—either approximately and in some faint degree decipherable, or too far off, altogether undecipherable, and as if vacant and blank,—the miraculous 'Daguerreotype-mirror,' above mentioned, of whatever thing transacts itself before him. No shadow of it but left some trace in him, decipherable or undecipherable. The poor *soul* had, lying in it, a far stranger alchemy than that of the electric-plates: a living Memory, namely, an Intelligence, better or worse. Words by an eye-witness! You have there the words which a son of Adam, looking on the phenomenon itself, saw fittest for depicting it. Strange to consider: *it*, the very phenomenon itself, does stand depicted there, though under such inextricable obscurations, shortcomings, perversions,—fatally eclipsed from us forever.

For we cannot read it; the traces are so faint, confused, as good as non-extant to our organs: the light was so unfavourable,—the 'electric-plate' was so extremely *bad*. Alas, you read a hundred autograph holograph letters, signed 'Charles Rex,' with the intensest desire to understand Charles Rex, to know what Charles Rex was, what he had in his eye at that moment; and to no purpose. The summary of the whole hundred autographs is vacuity, inanity; like the moaning of winds through desert places, through damp empty churches: what the writer did actually mean, the thing he then thought of, the thing he then was, remain forever hid from you. No answer;

only the ever-moaning, gaunt, unsyllabled *woo-woo* of wind in empty churches ! Most provoking ; a provocation as of Tantalus ;—for there is not a word written there but stands like a kind of window through which a man *might* see, or feels as if he might see, a glimpse of the whole matter. Not a jolt in those crabbed angular sentences, nay not a twirl in that cramp penmanship, but is significant of all you seek. Had a man but intellect *enough*,—which, alas, no man ever had. and no angel ever had,—how would the blank become a picture all legible ! The doleful, unsyllabled *woo-woo* of church-winds had become intelligible, cheering articulation ; that tragic, fatal-looking, peak-bearded individual, 'your constant assured friend, Charles Rex,' were no longer an enigma and chimera to you ! With intellect *enough*,—alas, yes it were all easy then ; the very signing of his name were then physiognomical *enough* of him !

Or, descending from such extreme heights and rarefactions, where, in truth, human nature cannot long breathe with satisfaction,—may we not here deduce once more the humble practical inference, How extremely incumbent it is on every reader to read faithfully with whatever of intellect he has ; on every writer, in like manner, to exert himself, and write his wisest ? Truly the man who says, still more who writes, a wise word on any object he has seen with his eyes, or otherwise come to know and be master of, the same is a benefactor to all men. He that writes unwise words, again,—especially if on any great, ever-memorable object, which in this manner catches him up, so to speak, and keeps him memorable along with it,—is he not the indisputablest malefactor ? Yes ; though unfortunately there is no bailiff to collar him for it, and give him forty stripes save one ; yet, if he could do better, and has not done it,—yes ! Shall stealing the money of a man be a crime ; and stealing the time and brains of innumerable men, generation after generation of men, be none ? For your tenebrific criminal has fixed himself on some great object, and cannot perhaps be forgotten for centuries ; one knows not when he will be entirely forgotten ! He, for his share, has not brought light into the world according to his opportunity, but darkness ; he is a son of Nox, has treacherously deserted to the side of Chaos, **Nox** and Erebus ;

strengthening, perpetuating, so far as lay in him, the reign of prolixity, vacuity, vague confusion, or in one word, of stupidity and misknowledge on this earth ! A judicious Reviewer,—in a time when the 'abolition of capital punishments' makes such progress in both Hemispheres,—would not willingly propose a new penalty of *death*; but in any reasonable practical suggestion, as of a bailiff and forty stripes save one, to be doubled in case of relapse, and to go on doubling in rigid geometric progression till amendment ensued, he will cheerfully concur.

But to return. The above considerations do not, it is clear, apply with any stringency to poor Baillie; whose intellect, at best, was never an epic one; whose opportunities, good as they look, were much marred by circumstances; above all, whose epistolary performance was moderately satisfactory to Spang ! We are to repeat that he has an intellect, and a most lively, busy one of its kind; that he is veracious, what so few are. If the cursory reader do not completely profit by him, the student of History will prosper better. But in this, as in all cases, the student of History must have patience. Everywhere the student of History has to pass his probation, his apprenticeship; must first, with painful perseverance, *read himself into* the century he studies,—which naturally differs much from our century; wherein, at first entrance, he will find all manner of things, the ideas, the personages, and their interests and aims, foreign and unintelligible to him. He as yet knows nobody, can yet care for nobody, completely understand nobody. He must read himself into it, we say; make himself at home, and acquainted, in that repulsive foreign century. Acquaintance once made, all goes smoother and smoother; even the hollow-sounding • constant assured friend Charles Rex' improves somewhat; how much more this headlong, warm-hearted, blundering, babbling, 'sagacious jolterhead' of a Baillie ! For there is a real worth in him, spite of its strange guise;—something of the Boswell; rays of clear genial insight, sunny illumination, which alternate curiously with such babblement, oily vehemence, confused hallucination and sheer floundering platitude ! An incongruous, heterogeneous man; so many inconsistencies, all united in a certain prime-element of most turbid, but genuine and fertile *radical warmth*.

Poor Baillie ! The daily tattle of men, as the air carried it two hundred years ago, becomes audible again in those pages: an old dead Time, seen alive again, as through a glass darkly. Those hasty chaotic records of his, written down offhand from day to day, are worth reading. They produce on us something like the effect of a contemporaneous daily newspaper ; more so than any other record of that time ; much more than any of the *Mercuries*, 'Britannic,' 'Aulic,' 'Rustic,' which then passed as newspapers, but which were in fact little other than dull-hot objurgatory pamphlets,—grown cold enough now. Baillie is the true newspaper; he is to be used and studied like one. Taken up in this way, his steamy indistinctness abates, as our eye gets used to the steamy scene he lives in ; many a little trait discloses itself, where at first mere vacant confusion was discernible. Once familiar to the time, we find the old contemporaneous newspaper, which seemed mere waste paper, a rather interesting document. Nay, as we said, the Kilwinning Minister himself by degrees gets interesting; for there is a strange homely worth in him, lovable and ludicrous ; a strange mass of shrewd simplicities, naiveties, blundering ingenuities, and of right wholesome vitalities withal. Many-tinted tracteries of Scotch humours, such as a Gait, a Scott, or a Smollett might have rejoiced over, lie in this man, unobliterated by the Covenant and all distance of time. How interesting to descry, faintly developed, yet there and recognisable through the depths of two dead centuries, and such dense garnitures and dialects all grown obsolete, the indubitable traits of Scotch human-nature, redolent of the 'West-country,' of the kindly 'Salt-market,' even as this Day still sees it and lovingly laughs over it! Rubicund broad lineaments of a Nicol Jarvie, sly touches too of an Andrew Fairservice; nay sputterings, on occasion, of the tindery tragic fire of an adust Lieutenant Leshmahago,—fat as this man is, and of a pacific profession !

We could laugh much over him, and love him much, this good Baillie ; but have not time at present. We will point out his existence ; advise all persons who have a call that way to read that same 'contemporaneous newspaper' of his with attention and thanks. We give it small praise when we say,

there is perhaps no book of that period which will, in the end, better reward the trouble of reading. Alas, to those unfortunate persons who have sat, for long months and years, obstinately incurring the danger of locked-jaw, or suspension at least of all the thinking faculties, in stubborn perusal of Whitlocke, Heylin, Prynne, Burton, Lilburn, Laud and Company, —all flat, boundless, dead and dismal as an Irish bog,—such praise will not seem too promissory !

But it is time to let Baillie speak a little for himself; readers, both cursory and studious, will then judge a little for themselves. We have fished-up, from such circumambient indistinctness and embroiled babblement, a lucid passage or two. Take first, that clear vision, made clear to our eyes also, of the Scotch encamped in warlike array under Field-Marshal Alexander Lesley, that ' old little crooked soldier,' on the slopes of Dunse Law, in the sunny days of 1639. Readers are to fancy that the flight of Jenny Geddes's stool, which we named a cardinal movement (as wrongs long compressed do but require some slight fugging-signal), has set all Scotland into uproar and violent gesticulation : the *first* slight stroke of a universal battle and wrestle, with all weapons, on the part of all persons, for the space of twenty years or so,—one of the *later* strokes of which severed a king's head off ! That there were flockings of men to Edinburgh, and four ' Tables' (not for dining at) set up. That there have been National Covenants, General Assemblies, royal commissioners; royal proclamations not a few, with protests of equal number ; much ineffectual proclaiming, and protesting and vociferating ; then, gradually, private *drillings in Fife' and other shires ; then public calling-forth of the ' twelfth penny,' of the ' fourth fencible man;' Dutch arms from Holland, Scotch officers from Germany,—not to speak of commissariat-stores, thrifty ' webs of harding' (*canvas*) drawn ' from the good wives of Edinburgh' by eloquent pulpit-appeals ' of Mr. Harry Rollock :—and so, finally, this is what we discern on the pleasant conical Hill of Dunse, in the summer weather of 1639. For, as Baillie says, ' They might see now that before we would be roasted with a ' slow fire, by the hands of Churchmen who kept them-

' selves far aback from the same, we were resolved to make a bolt through the reek, and try to get a grip of some of those who had first kindled the fire, and still laid fuel to it,—and try if we could cast *them* in the midst of it, to taste if that heat was pleasant when it came near their own skins !' Proper enough ; and lo, accordingly :

' This our march did much affray the English camp: Dunse Law was in sight, within six or seven miles ; for they lay in pavilions some two miles from Berwick, on the other side of Tweed, in a fair plain along the river. The king himself, beholding us through a prospect (*spy-glass*), did conjecture us to be sixteen or eighteen thousand men; but at one time we were above twenty thousand.'

' It would have done you good to have casten your eyes athort our brave and rich Hill, as oft I did, with great contentment and joy. For I (quoth the wren) was there among the rest; being chosen preacher by the Gentlemen of our Shire, who came late with my Lord of Eglington. I furnished to half a dozen of good fellows muskets and pikes, and to my boy a broadsword. I carried, myself, as the fashion was, a sword and a couple of Dutch pistols at my saddle; but, I promise, for the offence of no man except a robber in the way; for it was our part to pray and preach for the encouragement of our countrymen, which I did, to my power, most cheerfully. Our Hill was garnished on the top, towards the south and east, with our mounted cannon; well near to the number of forty, great and small. Our regiments lay on the sides of the Hill, almost round about: the place was not a mile in circle; a pretty round, rising in a declivity, without steepness, to the height of a bow-shot; on the top, somewhat plain; about a quarter of a mile in length, and as much in breadth j as I remember, capable of tents for forty thousand men. The crowners² lay in kennous (*canvas*) lodges, high and wide; their captains about them in lesser ones; the sojourns about, all in huts of timber covered with divot (*turf*) or straw. Our crowners, for the most part, were noblemen: Rothés, Lindsay, Sinclair had among them two full regiments at least, from Fife; Balcarras a horse-troop j Loudon' &c &c 'Our captains were mostly barons, or gentlemen of good note; our lieutenants, almost all, sojourns who had served over sea *in* good charges. Every company had flying, at the captain's tent-door, a brave new Colour, with the Scottish Arms, and this ditton, *For Christ's Crown and Covenant*, in golden letters,'—a notable emblazonment indeed !

' The councils of war were kept daily in the Castle of Dunse;

² *Crowner, coroner*, and (to distinguish this officer from him who holds the inquests), *coronet*, which last is still intrinsically our pronunciation of the word now spelt *colonel*.

the ecclesiastic meetings in Rothes's large tent. Lesley the General, and Baillie his Lieutenant, came nightly on their horses for the setting of the watch. Our sojourns were all lusty and full of courage; the most of them stout young ploughmen; great cheerfulness in the face of all. The only difficulty was to get them dollars or two the man, for their voyage from home and the time they entered on pay: for among our yeomen money at any time, not to say then, used to be very scarce.' 'We were much obliged to the town of Edinburgh for moneys: Harry Rollock, by his sermons, moved them to shake-out their purses; the gamers of Non-covenanters, especially of James Maxwell and my Lord Winton, gave us plenty of wheat. One of our Ordinances was To seize on the rents of Non-covenanters,'—ane helpful Ordinance, so far as it went.

'Our sojourns grew in experience of arms, in courage, in favour, daily: every one encouraged the other; the sight of the nobles and their beloved pastors daily raised their hearts. The good sermons and prayers, morning and even, under the roof of Heaven, to which their drums did call them for bells; the remonstrances, very frequent, of the goodness of their Cause, of their conduct (*guidance*) hitherto by a Hand clearly Divine; also Lesley his skill and fortune,—made them all so resolute for battle as could be wished. We were feared (*afraid*) that emulation among our nobles might have done harm when they should be met in the fields; but such was the wisdom and authority of that old little crooked souldier, that all, with ane incredible submission, from the beginning to the end, gave over themselves to be guided by him, — as li he had been Great Solyman. He kept daily, in the Castle of Dunse, ane honourable table: for the nobles and strangers, with himself, for the gentlemen waiters, thereafter at a long side-table. I had the honour, by accident, one day to be his chaplain at table, on his left hand. The fare was as became a general in time of war: not so cunous by far as Arundel's, in the English Camp, to our nobles; but ye know that the English sumptuosity, both in war and peace, is despised by all their neighbours,'—*bursten poke-puddings* of Englishers, whose daily care is to dine, not wisely but too well!

¹ But had ye lent your ear in the morning, or especially at even, and heard in the tents the sound of some singing psalms, some praying, and some reading Scripture, ye would have been refreshed. True, there was swearing, and cursing, and brawling in some quarters: but we hoped, if our camp had been a little settled, to have gotten some way tor these misorders; for all, of any fashion, did regret, and all did promise to contribute their best endeavours for helping all abuses. For myself, I never found my mind in better temper than it was all the time frae I came from home, till my head was again homeward; for I was as a man who had taken my leave from the world, and was resolved to die in that service without return. I found the favour of God shining upon

me ; and a sweet, meek, yet strong and vehement spirit leading me, all along. But, alas, I was no sooner on my way westward, alter the conclusion of peace, than my old security returned.⁴

This is the Scotch Encampment on the Hill of Dunse ; King Charles looking at it through a spy-glass, not without interest, from the plain above Berwick on the other side of the river. Could he have discovered the Reverend Robert Baillie riding thither from Kilwinning, girt with sword and Dutch pistols, followed by the five or six rough characters whom he had laid out hard cash to furnish with muskets and pikes, and to what a dreadful pitch the mind of the pacific broad-based man had now got itself screwed, resolute * to die on that service without return,—truly, this also might have been illuminative for his Majesty ! Heavy Baillie was an emblem of heavy Scotland, in the rear of which lay heavy England. But 'our sweet Prince' discerned only the surfaces of things. The mean peddling details hid from him, as they still do from so many, the essential great meaning of the matter ; and he thought, and still again thought, that the rising-up of a million men, to assert that they were verily men with souls, and not automatons with wires, was some loud-sounding pettiness, some intrigue,—to be dealt with by intriguing. Herein he fundamentally mistook ; mis-saw ;—and so *mis-went*, poor Prince, in all manner of ways : to the front of Whitehall ultimately !

But let us now, also through a kind of dim spy-glass, cast a far-off look into the domesticities of Baillie ; let us glance, namely, through certain of these paper-missives, into that ancient Manse of Kilwinning ; all vanished now, to the last stone of it, long since ; swallowed in the depths of edacious Time. The reader shall also see a journey to Town done on ponies, along the coast of what is now the Great North-eastern Railway, working with so much more velocity by steam I

The 'Treaty of Berwick,' fruit of that Dunse-Law expedition of the Scotch People, has soon issued again in proclamations, in 'papers burnt by the hangman ;' and then in a new

⁴ We have used the freedom to modernise Baillie's spelling a little, about which, 'as he could never fix,' says Mr. Laing, 'on any constant way of spelling his own name,' there need not be much delicacy ; we also endeavour to improve his punctuation, &c. here and there ; but will nowhere in the least alter his sense.

Scotch Armament, lodged, this time, not on Duns Hill, with uncertain moneys from Mr. Harry Rollock, but, by a bold movement through the Tyne at Newburn, safely in the town of Newcastle, with eight hundred pounds a-day from the northern counties : whereupon follows a new 'Treaty of Rippon,'—fit also to be burnt by the hangman by and by. Bailhe rejoices somewhat in the milk and honey of these northern counties, comparatively a fat, productive land. The heroic man, girt again with Dutch pistols, innocuous except to thieves, had made his Will before departing on these formidable expeditions : ' It ' will be my earnest desire,' thus wills he, 'that my wife be ' content with the annual-rent of seven thousand merk (*Scots*) ' from what is first and readiest, and that she quit judiciously ' what further she could crave by her very subdulous contract' —subdulous contract, I say, though not of her making ; which she should *quit*, ' What then remains, let it be employed for ' her children's education and profit. I would give to Robert ' five thousand merk, if he quit his heirship; the rest to be ' equally divided betwixt Harrie and Lillie. Three hundred ' merk to be distribute presently among the Poor of the Parish ' of Kilwinning, at sight of the Session.' All this we omit, and leave behind us in a state of comfortable fixity ;—being bound 'how on a new mission : to the new Parliament (which will one day become a Long Parliament) just sitting down at present. Read these select fractions of Letters ' to Mrs. Baillie at Kilwinning,' dated November 1640, on the road to London :

' My Heart,—I wrote to thee from Edinburgh; also, from Kelso, to Mr. Claud, suspecting thy absence from home. I wrote to thee likewise here, in Newcastle, on Saturday last. Since, I thank God, I have been very weel, as thy heart could wish, and all my company.

' Yesternight the Committee sent for me, and told me of their desire I should go to London with the Commissioners. I made sundry difficulties ; which partly they answered, and partly took to their consideration till this day. But now, at our presbytery after sermon, both our noblemen and ministers in one voice thought meet that not only Mr. Alexander Henderson, but also Mr. Robert Blair, Mr. George Gillespie, and I, should all three, for divers ends, go to London; Mr. Robert Blair to satisfy the minds of many in England who love the way of New England (*Independency*) better than that of Presbyteries in our Church ; I for the convincing of that prevalent faction (*Arminian Epis-*

BAILLIE THE COVENANTER.

copaks) against which I have written; Mr. Gillespie for the crying-down of the English ceremonies, on which he has written; and all four of us to preach, by turns, to our Commissioners in their house; which is the custom of divers noblemen at court, and was our practice all the time of the Conference at Rippon. We mind to Durham, God willing, tomorrow; and other twelve miles on Saturday, to Darntoun (*Darlington*), there to stay all Sunday, where we hope to hear, before we cross the Tees on Monday, how things are like to frame in the English Parliament. Loudon is fashed with a defluxion; he will stay here till Monday, and come on as health serves, journey or post.

'They speak here of the prentices pulling down the High-Commission house at London; of General King's landing, with six or seven thousand Danes, in the mouth of the Thames, near London. We wish it were so; but we take it, and many things more you will hear, for clatters.

'My Heart, draw near to God; neglect not thy prayers morning and evening with thy servants, as God will help thee; read and pray, beside that, in private. Put Rob to the school; teach him and Harrie both some little beginnings of God's fear; have a care of my little Lillie. I pray thee write to me how thou and they are.

'Thy awne,

' Newcastle, 5 November 1640.

R- BAILLIE.

' My Heait,—Thou sees I slip no occasion. I wrote to thee yesternight from Newcastle; this night I am in Durham, very weel, rejoicing in God's good providence.

' After I closed my letters, my boy Jamie was earnest to go with me; so, notwithstanding of my former resolution to send him home, I was content to take him. I spake to the General, and put-in his name, as my man, in the safe-conduct. But, when I was to loup (*to mount horse*), he failed me, and would go no farther! I could not strive then; I gave him his leave, and a dollar to carry him home. His folly did me great wrong; for if I should have gone back to bespeak ane other, I would have lossed my company: so without troubling myself, I went forward with my company, manless. But, behold the gracious providence of my God: as I enter in Durham, one of my old scholars, a preacher in Colonel Ramsay's regiment of horse, meets with me before I light; will have me to his chamber; gives me his chamber, stable-servant, a cup of sack, and all courtesy; gets me a religious youth, a trooper, ready with a good horse, to go with me to London. Major-General Baillie makes me, and ail the Commissioners that were there, sup with him, and gives the youth his leave to go with me. Mr. Archibald Johnston assures me for his charges, as well as my own. So my man James's foolish unthankfulness is turned about for my ten-times

better provision : I take this for a presage and ane erles (*earnest*) of God's goodness towards me all this voyage.

'We hope that Loudon's defluxion shall not hinder him to take journey on Tuesday. The morrow we intend but one other post to Darlington, and there stay till the Great Seal (*our Safe-conduct*) come to us. The Lord be with thee and my babies, and all my flock and friends.

'Durham, 6 November, Friday.

'Thy awne,

R. BAILLIE.'

'My Heart,—I know thou does now long to hear from me. I wrote to thee on Saturday was eight days [*dated* Friday], from Durham. That day we went to Darlington, where Mr. Alexander Henderson and Mr Robert Blair did preach to us on Sunday. At supper on Sunday, the post, with the Great Seal of England for our safe-conduct, came to us ; with the Earl of Bristol's letter to Loudon, entreating us to make haste.

'On Monday we came, before we lighted, to Boroughbridge, twenty-five miles. On Tuesday we rode three short posts by Ferry-bridge, to Doncaster.⁵ There I was content to buy a bobbin waistcoat. On Wednesday we came another good journey to Newark-on-Trent, where we caused Dr. Moyslie sup with us. On Thursday we came to Stamford ; on Friday to Huntingdon ; on Saturday to Ware ; here we rested the Sabbath and heard the minister, after we were warned of the end of the service, preach two good sermons,—the *service* once well over, one gets notice, finds the sermons very fair !

'On Monday morning we came that twenty miles to London before sunrise ;⁶ all well, horse and man, as we could wish ; divers merchants and their servants with us on little naigs ; the way extremely foul and deep. Our journeys being so long and continued, and sundry of us unaccustomed with travel, we took it for God's singular goodness that all of us were so preserved : none in the company held better out than I and my man, and our little noble naigs. From Kilwinning to London I did not so much as stumble : this is the fruit of your prayers. I was also all the way full of courage, and comforted with the sense of God's presence with my spirit. We were at great expenses on the road. Their inns are all like palaces ; no wonder they extorse their guests: for three meals, coarse enough, we would pay, together with our horses, sixteen or seventeen pounds sterling. Some three dish of creevishes (*ecrivisses*), like little partans (*miniature lobsters*), two-and-

' ' Ferribrig, Toxford and Duncaster,' Baillie writes here; confusing the matter in his memory; putting Tuxford north of Doncaster, instead of south and subsequent.

• Sunrise on the 16th of November 1640.

forty **shillings** sterling.—Save us!—'We lodge here in the Common Garden (*Covent Garden*); our house mails (*rent*) every week above eleven pound sterling. The City is desirous we should lodge with them; so tomorrow I think we must flit.

'All things here go as our heart could wish. The Lieutenant of Ireland (*Strafford*) came but on Monday to town, late; on Tuesday, rested; on Wednesday came to Parliament; but, ere night, he was caged. Intolerable pride and oppression cry to Heaven for vengeance.

'Tuesday here was a fast; Mr. Blair and I preached to our Commissioners at home, for we had no clothes for outgoing. Many ministers used greater freedom than ever here was heard of. Episcopacy itself beginning to be cried-down, and a Covenant cried-up, and the Liturgy to be scorned. The town of London and a world of men mind to present a Petition, which I have seen, for the abolition of bishops, deans **and** all their appurtenances. It is thought good to delay till the Parliament have pulled-down Canterbury (*Laud*) and some prime bishops, which they mind to do so soon as the King has a little digested the bitterness of his Lieutenant's censure. Huge things are here in working; the mighty Hand of God be about this great work! We hope this shall be the joyful harvest of the tears that, these many years, have been sown in these Kingdoms. **All here are weary** of bishops.

'London, 18 November 1640.

R. BAILLIE.'

Weary of bishops, indeed; and 'creevishes' at such a price; and the Lord Lieutenant Strafford caged, and Canterbury to be pulled down, and everywhere a mighty drama going on: and thou meanwhile, my Heart, put Rob to the school, give Harry and him some beginnings of wisdom, mind thy prayers, quit subdulous contracts, 'have a care of my little Lillie!' Poor little Lillias Baillie; tottering about there, with her foolish glad tattlement, with her laughing eyes, in druggot or other homespun frock, and antiquarian bib and tucker, far off in that old Manse of Kilwinning! But she grew to be tall enough, this little Lillie, and a mother, and a grandmother; and one of her grandsons was Henry Home Lord Kaimes,⁷ whose memorial, and Lillie's, is still in this earth!

Greatly the most impressive of all the scenes Baillie witnessed in that mighty drama going on everywhere, was the Trial of Strafford. A truly impressive, momentous scene; on which Rush worth has gathered a huge volume, and then and

⁷ Woodhouselee's *Life of Kaimes*.

since many men have written much; wherein, nevertheless, several features would have been lost, had not the Minister of Kilwinning, with his rustic open heart and seeing eyes, been there. It is the best scene of all he has painted, or hastily sign-painted, plastered and daubed. With careful industry, fishing as before from wide wastes of dim embroilment, let us snatch here and there a luminous fragment, and adjust them as is best possible; and therewith close our contemporaneous newspaper. Baillie's report, of immense length and haste, is to the Presbytery of Irvine, and dated May 1641. We give two earlier fractions first, from Letters to Mrs. Baillie. Strafford, on that fasting Tuesday, when the pulpits were so loud against bishops, was reposing from fatigues of travel. On the morrow he repaired to his place in Parliament, nothing doubting; 'but ere night he was caged:'

Wednesday, 17 November 1640. 'The Lower House closed their doors; the Speaker kept the keys till his accusation was concluded. Thereafter Mr. Pym went up, with a number at his back, to the Higher House; and in a short pretty speech, did, in name of the Lower House, and in name of the Commons of all England, accuse Thomas Earl of Strafford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of High Treason; and required his person to be arrested till probation might be heard. And so Pym and his train withdrew; and thereupon the Lords began to consult on that strange and unexpected motion.

'The word goes in haste to the Lord Lieutenant where he was with the King. With speed he comes to the House; he calls loudly at the door; James Maxwell, Keeper of the Black-rod, opens. His Lordship, with a proud glooming countenance, makes towards his place at the board-head; but at once many bid him void the House. So he is forced, in confusion, to go to the door till called again.'—Called again, 'he stands, but is commanded to kneel on his knees; after hearing their resolution, he offers to speak, but is commanded to be gone without a word.

'In the outer room, James Maxwell required him, as prisoner, to deliver his sword; when he had gotten it, he cries with a loud voice for his man "to carry my Lord Lieutenant's sword." This done, he makes through a number of people towards his coach; all gazing, no man capping to him, before whom, that morning, the greatest of England would have stood uncovered; all crying, "What is the matter?" He said, "A small matter, I warrant you I" They replied, "Yes in deed, High Treason is a small matter!"'

Saturday, January 30, 1641. 'The Lieutenant this day was sent for. He came from the Tower by water, with a guard of musketeers; the world wondering, and at his going out and coming in, shouting and cursing him to his face.

'Coming into the Higher House, his long Charge, in many sheets of paper, was read to him. For a while he sat on his knees before the bar; then after they caused him to sit down at the bar, for it was eight o'clock before all was read. He craved a month to answer.'

May 4, 1641. 'Reverend and dear Brethren,' • • 'The world now seeth that the delay is alone upon their side. Their constant attendance on Strafford is pretended to be the cause; and truly it is a great part of the reason why our business and all else has been so long suspended. Among many more, I have been ane assiduous assistant; and therefore I will give you some account of what I have heard and seen in that most notable Process.

'Westminster Hall is a room as long, as broad, if not more, than the outer house of the High Church of Glasgow, supposing the pillars were all removed. In the midst of it was erected a stage, like to that prepared for our Assembly at Glasgow, but much larger; taking up the breadth of the whole house from wall to wall, and of the length more than a third part.

'At the north end was set a throne for the King, a chair for the Prince; before it lay a large woolsack, covered with green, for my Lord Steward, the Earl of Arundel; • and then lower, two other woolsacks for my Lord Keeper and the Judges, with the rest of the Chancery, all in their red robes. Beneath this, a little table for four or five clerks of the Parliament in their black gowns. Round about these, some forms covered with green frieze, whereon the Earls and Lords did sit in their red robes, of that same fashion, lined with the same white ermine-skins, as you see the robes of our Lords when they ride in Parliament at Edinburgh. The Lords on their right sleeves have two bars of white skins; the Viscounts two and ane half; the Earls three; the Marquess of Winchester three and ane half. England hath no more Marquesses; and he but ane late upstart creature of Queen Elizabeth's.

'In front of these forms where the Lords sit, is a bar covered with green. At the one end of it standeth the Committee of eight or ten gentlemen appointed by the House of Commons to pursue (*prosecute*); at the midst there is a little desk, where the prisoner Strafford sits or stands as he pleaseth, together with his keeper, Sir William Balfour, the Lieutenant of the Tower. At the back of this is another desk for Strafford's four secretaries, who carry his papers, and assist him in writing and reading. At their side is a void for witnesses to stand.

⁵ This is he of the *Arundel Marbles*: he went abroad next year.

Behind them is a long desk, close to the wall of the room,' for Strafford's counsel-at-law, some five or six able Lawyers, who were not permitted to dispute in matter of fact, but questions of right, if any should be incident. This is the order of the House below on the floor; the same that is used daily in the House of Lords.

' Upon the two sides of the House, east and west, there arose a stage of eleven ranks of forms, the highest touching almost to the roof. Every one of these forms went from the one end of the room to the other, and contained about forty men. The two highest were divided from the rest by a rail; and a rail cutted-off from the rest, at every end, some seats. The gentlemen of the Lower House did sit within the rail; other persons without. All the doors were kept very straitly with guards: we always behoved to be there a little after five in the morning. My Lord Willoughby Earl of Lindsey, Lord Chamberlain of England, ordered the House with great difficulty. James Maxwell, Blackrod, was great usher; a number of other servant gentlemen and knights attended. we, by favour, got place within the rail, among the Commons. The House was full daily before seven. Against eight the Earl of Strafford came in his barge from the Tower, accompanied by the Lieutenant and a guard of musketeers and halberdiers. The Lords in their robes were set about eight; the King was usually there half-an-hour before them.

' The King came not into his throne, for that would have marred the action; for it is the order of England, that when the King appears, he speaks what he will, and no other speaks in his presence. But at the back of the throne there were two rooms on the two sides; in the one did Duke de Vanden, Duke de Vallet,¹⁰ and other French nobles sit; in the other the King, the Queen, Princess Mary, the Prince Elector, and some court ladies. The tirlies (*lattices*), that made them to be secret, the King brake down with his own hands; so they sat in the eye of all; but little more regarded than if they had been absent: for the Lords sat all covered; those of the Lower House, and all others except the French noblemen, sat uncovered when the Lords came, and not else. A number of ladies were in boxes above the rails, for which they paid much money. It was daily the most glorious assembly the Isle could afford, yet the gravity not such as I expected. Oft great clamour without about the doors: in the intervals while Strafford was making ready for answers, the Lords got always to their

' Temporary *wooden wall*; from east to west, as Baillie counts the azimuths.

¹⁰ 'Duke de Vanden,' we presume, is Duc de Vendome, left-hand Brother of Charles's Queen; 'Vallet' is La Valette, who in 1642 became Duc d'Esperron, succeeding his celebrated Father of that title. Two visitors of her Majesty. Notices of them, of their departure from the country by and by, are in *Commons Journals*, ii. 670, 576 (13 July, 17 May, 1642), &c

BAILLIE THE COVENANTER.

feet, walked and clattered (*chatted*); the Lower-House men, too, loud clattering. In such sessions, ten hours long, there was much public eating, not only of confections, but of flesh and bread; bottles of beer and wine going thick from mouth to mouth, without cups; and all this in the King's eye: yea, many but turned their back, and'—(Gracious Heavens!)—'through the forms they sat on. There was no outgoing to return; and oft the sitting was till two, three, or four o'clock.'

Strangely in this manner, no 'dignity of history' in the smallest obstructing us, do we look, through these rough-and-ready Scotch words, through these fresh Kilwinning eyes, upon the very body of the old Time, its form and pressure, its beer and wine bottles, its loud clattering and crowding. There it is, visually present: one feels as if, by an effort, one could hear it, handle it, speak with it. How different from the dreary vacuity of most 'philosophies teaching by experience' is the living picture of the fact; such as even a Boswell or a Baillie can give, if they will but honestly look! In spite of haste, we must continue a little farther; catch a few more visualities:

'*The first session* was on Monday, March 22 (1641). All being set, as I have said, the Prince on a little chair at the side of the throne, the Chamberlain and Black-rod went and fetched-in my Lord Strafford. He was always in the same suit of black, as if in dool. At the entry he gave a low courtesy; proceeding a little, he gave a second; when he came to his desk, a third; then at the bar, the fore-face of his desk, he kneeled; rising quickly, he saluted both sides of the House, and sat down. Some few of the Lords lifted their hats to him. This was his daily carriage.

'My Lord Steward, in a sentence or two, showed that the House of Commons had accused the Earl of Strafford of high treason; that he was there to answer; that they might manage their evidence as they thought meet. They thereupon desired one of their clerks to read their impeachment. I sent you the printed copy long ago. The first nine articles, being but generalities, were passed; the twenty-eight of the farther impeachment were all read. The clerk's voice was small; and after the midst, being broken, was not heard by many.

'My Lord of Strafford was, in his answer, very large, accurate and eloquent. A preamble, wherein,' &c.: this he spoke; and then a long paper, of particular answers to the twenty-eight charges, was read. The reading of it took-up large three hours. His friends were so wary that they made three clerks read by turns, that every one might hear. . . . After all, Strafford craved leave to speak; but the day being so far spent, to two or three o'clock, he was refused; and the Lord Steward adjourned the House till the morrow at eight

'The *second session*, on Tuesday 23d. The King and Queen and all being set as the day before, Mr. Pym had a long and eloquent oration, only against the preamble of Strafford's answer, wherein he laboured to—' &c. &c. 'The first witness, Sir Pierce Crosby, who—'

When Pym had ended, the Earl required time, if it were but to the morrow, to answer so heavy charges, many whereof were new. After debate pro and contra, one of the Lords spake of adjourning their House; and pressed their privilege, that at the motion of any one Lord the House behaved to be adjourned. So the Lords did all retire to their own House above, and debated among themselves the question for a large half-hour. During their absence, though in the eye of the King, all fell to clattering, walking, eating, toying; but Strafford, in the midst of all the noise, was serious with his secretaries, conferring their notes, and writing. The Lords returned; the Steward pronounced their decision: that the matters spoken being all of fact, and this only in answer to his own preamble, he should make an answer without any delay. So, without sign of repining, the Earl answered something to all that had been said; instanced—'

Wednesday 24th. Mr. Maynard handled the first of the twenty-eight articles,' with witnesses, &c. In his reply, the Earl first required permission to withdraw and collect himself: this was refused. 'He made an excellent answer.'—'It were tedious to repeat all their quick passages.' 'The third article, "that he would make the King's little finger heavier than the loins of the law," this was proven by sundry. Among others, Sir David Foulis, whom he had crushed, came to depose. He excepted against this witness, as one who had a quarrel with him. Maynard produced against him his own decree, subscribed by his own hand, that whereas Sir David had brought before *him* the same exception against a witness, he had decreed that a witness for the King and Commonwealth must be received, notwithstanding any private quarrels. When he saw his own hand, he said no more, but in a jesting way, "You are wiser, my Lord Steward, than to be ruled by any of my actions as patterns!"'

Or, quitting all order of 'sessions,' let us mark here and there, in this notable Process,' a characteristic feature, as we can gather it. Mark, in general, the noble lone lion at bay; mark the fierce, winged and taloned, toothed and rampant enemies, that in flocks, from above and from beneath, are dashing at him I

'My Lord of Strafford required, farther, to answer to things objected the former day; but was refused. He required permission to retire, and advise about the present objections; but all that he obtained

was a little time's advisement in the place he was in. So hereafter, it was Strafford's constant custom, after the end of his adversary's speech, to petition for time of recollection; and obtaining it, to sit down with his back to the Lords, and most diligently read his notes, and write answers, he and his secretaries, for ane half-hour, in the midst of a great noise and confusion, which continued ever till he rose again to speak.'—

'For this he produced Sir William Pennyman as witness; a member of the Lower House, who, both here and many times else, deposed point-blank all he required. Mr. Maynard desired him to be posed (for no man there did speak to any other, but all speech was directed to my Lord Steward), "When, and at what time, he was brought to the remembrance of those words of my Lord Strafford's?" Ail of us thought it a very needless motion. Sir William answered, "Ever since the first speaking of them, they were in his memory; but he called them most to remembrance since my Lord Strafford was charged with them." Maynard presently caught him, "That he behoved, then, to be answerable to the House for neglect of duty; not being only silent, but voting with the rest to this article, wherein Strafford was charged with words whereof he knew he was free!" There arose, with the word, *wo* great an hissing in the House, that the gentleman was confounded, and fell a-weeping.

'Strafford protested, He would rather commit himself to the mercy of God alone, giving over to use any witness in his defence at all, than that men, for witnessing the truth, should incur danger and disgrace on his account.'—

'So long as Maynard was principal speaker, Mr. Glyn lay at the wait, and usually observed some one thing or other; and uttered it so pertinently that, six or seven times in the end, he got great applause by the whole House.'—

'I did marvel much, at first, of their memories, that could answer and reply to so many large allegeances, without the missing of any one point; but I marked that both the Lieutenant when they spake, and the lawyers when he spake, did write their notes; and in their speeches did look on those papers. Yea, the most of the Lords and Lower House did write much daily, and none more than **the King**.'—

'My Lord Montmorris was called to depose, in spite of Strafford's exception.' * * * 'In his answers Strafford alleged concerning Lord Montmorris, **the** confession of his **fault under his** own hand;' 'that no evil was done to him, and **nothing intended but the amendment of his very loose tongue**:—if the gentlemen of the **Commons House intended no more but the correction of his foolish tongue, he would heartily give them thanks** !---

' * * * Concerning the Lord Deputy's scutching of a gentleman with a rod.' * *

' The other part of the article was his executing one Thomas Dennitt, who after a long want of pay, craving it from his captain, was bidden be gone to the gallows. He went his way, but was brought back, and said to have stolen ane quarter of beef: for this he is sentenced to die, and albeit some noblemen had moved the Deputy's lady to be earnest for his life, yet without mercy he was execute.'—

' Glyn showed That daily there came to their hands so much new matter of Strafford's injustice, that if they had their articles to frame again, they would give-in as many new as old. Strafford stormed at that, and proclaimed them ane open defiance. Glyn took him at his word; and offered instantly to name three-and-twenty cases of injustice, wherein his own gain was clear. He began quickly his catalogue with Parker's *paper petition*. Strafford, finding himself in ane ill taking, did soon repent of his passionate defiance, and required he might answer to no more than he was charged with in his paper.' (Seventh session, 29th March.)

' Strafford said, " That though his bodily infirmity was great, and the charge of treason lay heavy on his mind; yet that his accusation came from the Honourable House of Commons, this did most of all pierce through his soul." Maynard alleged " That he (Strafford), by the flow of his eloquence, spent time to gain affection;"—as, indeed, with the more simple sort, especially the ladies, he daily gained much. He replied quickly, " That rhetoric was proper to these gentlemen, and learning also; that betwixt the two he was like to have a hard bargain " Bristol was busy in the mean time, going up and down, and whispering in my Lord Steward's ear; whereupon others not content cried, " To your places, to your places, my Lords !"—'

' Maynard applied it vehemently, that he had subverted law, and brought-in ane arbitrary power on the subjects' goods for his own gain.'

' Mr. Glyn showed, " The Earl of Strafford was now *better* than his word: he had not only made Acts of State equal to Acts of Parliament, but also his own acts above both." '

' He (Strafford) answered, " That his intention in this matter was certainly good;" " that when he found the people's untowardness, he gave over the design." Maynard answered, " That intentions cleared not illegal actions; that his giving-over before *tens* of thousands were starved, maketh him not innocent of the killing of thousands,"—sarcastic Learned-serjeant!

' The Earl of Clare and others debated with Vane (the elder Vane) sharply, What "*this* kingdom" did mean; England, or only perhaps Scotland? Maynard quickly silenced him: " Do you ask, my Lord, if this kingdom be this kingdom or not?" "

My learned friends ! most swift, sharp are you ; of temper most accipitral,—hawkish, aquiline, not to say vulturish ; and will have this noble lamed lion made a dead one, and carrion useful for you!—Hear also Mr. Stroud, the honourable Member, standing 'at the end of the bar covered with green cloth,' one of the 'eight or ten gentlemen appointed to prosecute,' how shrill he is :

'The Deputy said, "If this was a treason, being informed as he was, it behoved him to be a traitor over again, if he had the like occasion." Mr. Stroud took notice of Strafford's profession to do this over again. He said, "He well believed him ; but they knew what the kingdom suffered when Gaveston came to react himself!"'

This honourable Member is one of the Five whom Charles himself, some months afterwards, with a most irregular *non-constabulary* force in his train, sallied down to the House to seek and seize,—remembering this, perhaps, and other services of his ! But to proceed :

'My Lord Strafford regretted to the Lords the great straits of his estate. He said "he had nothing there but as he borrowed." Yet daily he gave to the guard that conveyed him ten pound, by which he conciliated much favour; for these fellows were daily changed, and wherever they lived, they talked of his liberality. He said "his family were, in Ireland, two-hundred-and-sixty persons, and the House of Commons there had seized all his goods. Would not their Lordships take course to loose that arrest from so much of his goods as might sustain his wife and children in some tolerable way?"' (Thirteenth session, 3d April.)

'Garraway, Mayor the last year, deposed, "That to the best of his remembrance, he (Strafford) said, no good would be gotten till some of the Aldermen were hanged." While Strafford took vantage at the words, *to the best of my remembrance*, Garraway turned shortly to him, and told out punctually, "My Lord, you did say it!" Strafford thereupon, "He should answer with as great truth, albeit not with so great confidence, as that gentleman, to the best of his remembrance, he did *not* speak so. But if he did, he trusted their goodness would easily pardon such a rash and foolish word."

'*Thursday, 8th April; session fourteenth.* The twenty-eighth article they passed. All being set, and the Deputy brought to the bar on his knees, he was desired to say for himself what he would, that so the

House of Commons may sum-up all before the sentence.' He craved time till tomorrow. The Commons objected. 'Yet the Lords, after some debate, did grant it.'—

'The matter was' (*sixteenth session*), 'Young Sir Harry Vane had fallen by accident among his father's papers'—Ah yes, a well-known accident! And now the question is, Will the Lords allow us to produce it? 'The Lords adjourn one hour large: at their return their decree was against the expectation of all;'—an ambiguous decree, tending obliquely towards refusal, or else new unknown periods of delay!

'At once the Commons began to grumble. Glyn posed him, On *what* articles he would examine witnesses, then? They did not believe that he wanted to examine witnesses, but put him to name the articles. He named one,—another,—a third,—a fourth; and not being like to make an end, the Commons on both sides of the House rose in a fury, with a shout of "Withdraw! Withdraw! Withdraw!"—got all to their feet, on with their hats, cocked their beavers in the King's face. We all did fear it would grow to a present tumult. They went all away in confusion. Strafford slipped-off to his barge and to the Tower, glad to be gone lest he should be torn in pieces; the King went home in silence; the Lords to their house.'

Session sixteenth vanishes thus, in a flash of fire! Yes; and the 'sharp untunable voice' of Mr. O. Cromwell, member for Cambridge, was in that shout of "Withdraw!" and Mr. Cromwell dashed-on his rusty beaver withal, and strode out so,—in those wide nostrils of his a kind of snort. And one Mr. Milton sat in his house, by St. Bride's Church, teaching grammar, writing *Areopagitics*; and had dined that day, not perhaps without criticism of the cookery. And it was all a living coloured Time, not a gray vacant one; and had length, breadth and thickness, even as our own has!—But now, also, is not that a *miraculous* spyglass, that Perceptive-Faculty, Soul, Intelligence, or whatsoever we call it, of the Reverend Mr. Robert Baillie of Kilwinning? We still *see* by it,—things stranger than most preternaturalisms, and mere commonplace 'apparitions,' could be. "Our Fathers, where are they?" Why, *there*; there are our far-off Fathers, face to face; alive,—and yet not alive; ah no, they are visible but unattainable, sunk in the never-returning Past! Thrice endeavouring, we cannot embrace them; *ter manus effugit imago*. The Centuries are transparent, then;—yes, more or less; but they are imperme-

able, impenetrable, no adamant so hard. It is strange. *To be, To have been:* of all verbs the wonderfulest is that same. The 'Time -element,' the 'crystal prison' ! Of a truth, to us Sons of Time, it is the miracle of miracles.—These thoughts are thrown-out for the benefit of the curious.

One thing meanwhile is growing plain enough to everybody: those fiery Commons, with their "Withdraw ! Withdraw !" will have the life of that poor prisoner. If not by free verdict of their Lordships, then by bill of attainder of their own ; by fair means, or by less fair, Strafford has to die. 'Intolerable pride and oppression cry to Heaven for vengeance.' Yes, and Heaven has heard ; and the Earth now repeats it, in Westminster Hall here,—nay, worse still, out in Palaceyard, with 'horrible cries and imprecations' ! This noble baited lion shall not escape, but perish,—be food for learned Serjeants and the region kites ! We will give but one other glimpse of him : his last appearance in Westminster Hall, that final Speech of his there ; ' which,' says Baillie, 'you have in print.' We have indeed : printed in *Whitlocke*, and very copiously elsewhere and since;—probably the best of all Speeches, everything considered, that has yet been printed in the English tongue. All readers remember that passage,—that pause, with tears in the 'proud glooming countenance,' at thought of " those pledges a saint in Heaven left me." But what a glare of new fatal meaning does the last circumstance, or shadow of a circumstance, which Baillie mentions, throw over it :

' He made a Speech large two hours and and half. To all he repeated nought new, but the best of his former answers. And in the end, after some lashness and fagging, he made such ane pathetic oration, for ane half-hour, as ever comedian did upon a stage. The matter and expression were exceeding brave: doubtless, if he had grace or civil goodness, he is a most eloquent man. One passage made it most spoken of: his breaking-off in weeping and silence when he spoke of his first Wife. Some took it for a true defect of his memory ; others, and the most part, for a notable part of his rhetoric; some that true grief and remorse at that remembrance had stopped his mouth. For they say that his first Lady, the Earl of Clare's sister, being with child, and finding one of his whore's letters, brought it to him, and chiding him therefor, he strook her on the breast, whereof shortly she died.'

Such is the drama of Life, seen in Baillie of Kilwinning; a

thing of multifarious tragic and epic meanings, then as now. A many-voiced tragedy and epos, yet with broad-based comic and grotesque accompaniment; done by actors *not* in buskins;—ever replete with elements of guilt and remorse, of pity, instruction and fear! It is now two-hundred years and odd months since these Commons Members, shouting, "Withdraw! Withdraw!" took away the life of Thomas Wentworth Earl of Strafford; and introduced, driven by necessity *they* knew little whither, horrid rebellions, as the phrase went, and suicidal wars into the bowels of this country. On our horizon too, there loom now inevitabilities no less stern; one knows not sometimes whether not very near at hand! They had the *Divine Right of Kings* to settle, those unfortunate ancestors of ours: Shall Charles Stuart and William Laud alone have a soul and conscience in this Nation, under extant circumstances; or shall others too have it? That had come now to require settlement, that same 'divine right;' and they, our brave ancestors, like true stalwart hearts, did on hest of necessity manage to settle it,—by cutting-off its head, if no otherwise.

Alas, we, their children, have got perhaps a still harder thing to settle: the *Divine Right of Squires*. Did a God make this land of Britain, and give it to us all, that we might live there by honest labour; or did the Squires make it, and,—shut to the voice of any God, open only to a Devil's voice in this matter,—decide on giving it to themselves alone? This is now the sad question and 'divine right' we, in this unfortunate century, have got to settle! For there is no end of settlements; there will never be an end; the best settlement is but a temporary, partial one. Truly, all manner of rights, and adjustments of work and wages, here below, do verge gradually into error, into unbearable error, as the Time-flood bears us onward; and many a *right*, which used to be a duty done, and *divine* enough, turns out, in a new latitude of the Time-voyage, to have grown now altogether undivine! Turns out,—when the fatal hour and necessity for overhauling it arrives,—to have been, for some considerable while past, an inanity, a conventionality, a hollow simulacrum of use-and-wont; which, if it will still assert itself as a 'divine right,'

having now no divine duty to do, becomes a diabolic wrong; and, by soft means or by sharp, has to be sent travelling out of this world! Alas, 'intolerabilities' do now again in this new century 'cry to Heaven;'—or worse, do not cry, but in low wide-spread moan, he as perishing, as if 'in Heaven there was no ear for them, and on Earth no ear.' 'Elevenpence halfpence a-week' in this world; and in the next world *zero!* And 'Sliding-Scales,' and endless wriggings and wrestlings over mere 'Corn-Laws:' a Governing Class, hired (it appears) at the rate of some fifty or seventy millions a-year, which not only makes no attempt at governing, but will not, by any consideration, passionate entreaty, or even menace as *yet*, be persuaded to eat its victuals, shoot its partridges, and not strangle-out the general life by misgoverning! It cannot and it will not come to good.

We here quit Bailhe; we let his drop-scene fall; and finish, though not yet in mid-course of his Great-Rebellion Drama. To prevent disappointment, we ought to say, that this of Strafford is considerably the best passage of his Book;—and indeed, generally, once more, that the careless reader will not find much profit in him; that except by reading with unusual *intensity*, even the historical student may find less than he expects. As a true, rather opulent, but very confused quarry, out of which some edifice might in part be built, we leave him to those who have interest in such matters.

SUMMARY.

PARLIAMENTARY HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE French Revolution the grand event of these modern ages. (p. 1.)—Innumerable Histories, and attempts to picture it. Thiers's *History*, with its superficial air of order and candour, inwardly waste, inorganic, incorrect. Mignet's, although utterly prosaic, a much more honestly-written book: His jingling dance of algebraical *x*'s, and Kalmuck rotatory-calabash. Only some three publications hitherto really worth reading on the matter. (2.)—The *Histoire Parlementaire* a valuable and faithful collection of facts and documents. Account of old Foulon's miserable end. Camille Desmoulins, a light harmless creature, 'born to write verses;' but whom Destiny directed to overthrow Bastilles. The French Palais Royal, and the Roman Forum • White and black cockades' Insurrection of Women. (7.)—The Jacobins Club in its early days of rose-pink and moral-sublime: In some few months—the September Massacre. Like some Ezekiel Vision become real, does Scene after Scene disclose itself. The French Revolution, 'an attempt to realise Christianity,' and put it fairly into action in our world: 'For the love of Heaven, Messieurs, *humez vos formules,*' and look ! (14.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Instinctive tendency in men to look at any man who has become distinguished, (p. 21)—Sir Walter Scott's unparalleled popularity. Mr. Lockhart's *Life*, in Seven Volumes: Essentials of a real Biography., Necessity for paying literary men by the quantity they *do not* write: Not what stands above ground, but what lies unseen *under* it, determines the value. Fennimore Cooper, and what it lay in him to have done. When the Devil may fairly be considered conquered. Mr. Lockhart's work an honest, careful compilation: Foolishly blamed for being too communicative. Delicate, decent, empty English Biography; bless its mealy mouth ! (23.)—No extent of popularity can *make* a man great: The stupidity of men, especially congregated in masses, extreme: Lope de Vega; Cervantes; Kotzebue. The real ungarnished Walter Scott, reduced to his own natural dimensions: Other stuff to the making of great men that can be detected here. His highest gift, a love of picturesque, vigorous and graceful things. The great Mystery of Existence had no greatness for him: His conquests were for his own behoof mainly, over common market-labour. The test of every great divine man, that he *have fire* in him to burn-up somewhat of the sins of the world: Paltry, self-conscious, hollow Imitations. A great man ever possessed with an *idea*. Napoleon, not the superfinest of great men, had an idea to start with: His idea, 'The tools to him that can handle them,' the one true central idea to which everything practical is tending. Small vestige of any such fire, latent or luminous, in the inner-man of Scott. Yet he was

a right brave and strong man, according to his kind: One of the *healthiest* of men. A healthy *soul*, the blessedest thing this earth receives of Heaven. Walter Scott and William Cobbett, the two healthiest men of their day: A cheerful sight, let the greatness be what it will. Scott, very much the old fighting Borderer, in the new vesture of the nineteenth century. Who knows how much slumbers in many men? (31.)—Till towards the age of thirty, Scott's life has nothing in it decisively pointing towards distinction of any kind. His infancy and boyhood: How Destiny was steadily preparing him for his work. Presbyterian Scotland: Brave old Knox, one of the truest of the true' A true Thought will take many forms, in the Voices and the Work of a hardy, endeavouring, considering Nation. The good in the Scotch national character, and the not-so-good (38.)—Scott's early days pleasant to read of A little fragment of early Autobiography. His 'Liddesdale Raids' Questionable doings, whisky mounting beyond its level. A stout effectual man, of thirty, full of broad sagacity and good-humour The uttered part of a man's life bears but a small unknown proportion to the unuttered, unconscious part. The greatest, by nature also the *quietest*. Fichte's consolation in this belief, amid the infinite chattering and twittering of commonplace become ambitious Scott the temporary comforter of an age, at once destitute of faith and terrified at scepticism: In his Romances the Past stood before us, not as dead tradition, but as palpable presence • His brilliant, unprecedented success. (41.)—For a Sermon on Health, Scott should be the text: Money will buy money's worth; but 'fame,' what is it? How strange a Nemesis lurks in the felicities of men' What sadder book than that *Life of Byron* by Moore? Poor Byron! who really had much substance in him Scott's commercial enterprises: Somewhat too little of a fantast, this *Vates* of ours! Scott and Shakspeare. If no skyborn messenger, heaven looking through his eyes; neither is he a canting chimera, but a substantial terrestrial man (47) —Considering the wretched vamping-up of old tatters then in vogue, Scott's excellence may be called superior and supreme. Goethe's *Gotz von Berlichingen* the remote spring whence this river of Metrical Romance arose. Influence of *Gotz* and *Werter*. Curious, how all Europe is but like a set of parishes; participant of the selfsame influences, from the Crusades and earlier! Half-regretful lookings into the Past gave place to Ernulphus' cursings of the Present. Scott among the first to perceive that the day of Metrical Chivalry-Romance was declining: Let it shake-off its rhyme-fetters, then, and try a wider sweep. The *Waverley Novels*: A certain anonymous mystery kept up, rather piquant to the public. Scott's Letters, never without interest, yet seldom or never very interesting. A dinner with the Prince-Regent: Another at James Ballantyne's, on the birth-eve of a Waverley Novel. A Sunday-morning ramble. Abbotsford infested with tourists and wonder-hunters, what Schiller calls 'flesh-flies.' Captain Basil Hall compressed. The good Sir Walter bore it as he could; and did not sweep his premises clear of them. His guests not all of the bluebottle sort. A Boccaccio picture: Singular brute-attachments to Sir Walter Scott: A wise little Blenheim cocker: Strange animal and human resemblances. Alas, Scott, with all his health, became *infected* 'The inane racket must now be kept up, and rise ever higher. A black speck in every soul (51.)—Had Literature no task but that of harmlessly amusing, the Waverley Novels were the perfection of Literature. Difference in drawing a character, between a Scott, a Shakspeare and Goethe. Not by quaintness of costume can romance-heroes continue to interest us; but simply and solely by being men. Incalculable service these Historical Novels have rendered History (68.)

- The extempore style of writing. No great thing ever done without difficulty. The 'soul's travail.' Cease, O ready-writer, to brag openly of thy rapidity and facility! Quality, not quantity, the one thing needful (72).—Scott's career, of writing impromptu novels to buy farms with, could not in any case have ended in good. Alas, in one day his high-heaped money-wages became fairy-money and nonentity. It was a hard trial: He met it proudly, bravely; like a brave proud man of the world. The noble Warhorse that once laughed at the shaking of the spear, how is he doomed to toil himself dead, dragging ignoble wheels! Extracts from his Diary His Wife's death: Lonely, aged, deprived of all; an impoverished, embarrassed man. Adieu, Sir Walter, pride of all Scotchmen, farewell! (76.)

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The first public notice in England of Lord Howe's victory and the destruction of the *Vengeur*. (p. 189.)—The French Convention, in its Reign

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BAILLIE THE COVENANTER.

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CRITICAL AND
MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS
THE EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY
ETC.

EIGHT VOLUMES IN THREE
VOLUME VII

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MISCELLANIES.

DR. FRANCIA.¹

[1843.]

THE confused South-American Revolution, and set of revolutions, like the South-American Continent itself, is doubtless a great confused phenomenon ; worthy of better knowledge than men yet have of it. Several books, of which we here name a few known to us, have been written on the subject: but bad books mostly, and productive of almost no effect. The heroes of South America have not yet succeeded in picturing any image of themselves, much less any true image of themselves, in the Cis-Atlantic mind or memory.

Iturbide, ' the Napoleon of Mexico,' a great man in that narrow country, who was he? He made the thrice-celebrated ' Plan of Iguala ,' a constitution of no continuance. He be-

¹ FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, NO. 62 — 1. *Funeral Discourse delivered on occasion of celebrating the Obsequies of his late Excellency the Perpetual Dictator of the Republic of Paraguay, the Citizen Dr. Jose" Gaspar Francia. by Citizen the Rev. Manuel Antonio Perez, of the Church of the Incarnation, on the oath of October 1840.* (In the *British Packet and Argentine News*, No 813. Buenos-Ayres, March 19, 1842).

2. *Essai Hstorique sur la Revolution de Paraguay, et le Gouvernement Dictatorial du Docteur Francia.* Par M M. Rengger et Longchamp. Seconde Edition. Paris, 1827.

3. *Letters on Paraguay.* By J. P. and W. P. Robertson. 2 vols. Second edition. London, 1839

4. *Francia's Reign of Terror.* By the same. London, 1839.

5. *Letters on South America.* By the same. 3 vols. London, 1843.

6. *Travels in Chile and La Plata.* By John Miers. 2 v. Lond. 1826.

7. *Memoirs of General Miller, in the Service of the Republic of Peru.* 2 vols. Second edition. London, 1829,

came Emperor of Mexico, most serene • Augustin ;' was deposed, banished to Leghorn, to London ; decided on returning ;—landed on the shore of Tampico, and was there met, and shot: this, in a vague sort, is what the world knows of the Napoleon of Mexico, most serene Augustin the First, most unfortunate Augustin the Last. He did himself publish memoirs or memorials,² but few can read them. Oblivion, and the deserts of Panama, have swallowed this brave Don Augustin : *vate caruit sacro*.

And Bolivar, 'the Washington of Columbia,' Liberator Bolivar, he too is gone without his fame. Melancholy lithographs represent to us a long-faced, square-browed man; of stern, considerate, *consciously* considerate aspect, mildly aquiline form of nose ; with terrible angularity of jaw ; and dark deep eyes, somewhat too close together (for which latter circumstance we earnestly hope the lithograph alone is to blame) this is Liberator Bolivar:—a man of much hard fighting, hard riding, of manifold achievements, distresses, heroisms and histonisms in this world; a many-counselled, much-enduring man ; now dead and gone ;—of whom, except that melancholy lithograph, the cultivated European public knows as good as nothing. Yet did he not fly hither and thither, often in the most desperate manner, with wild cavalry clad in blankets, with War of Liberation 'to the death' ? Clad in blankets, *ponchos* the South Americans call them : it is a square blanket, with a short slit in the centre, which you draw over your head, and so leave hanging : many a liberative cavalier has ridden, in those hot climates, without farther dress at all; and fought handsomely too, wrapping the blanket round his arm, when it came to the charge.

With such cavalry, and artillery and infantry to match, Bolivar has ridden, fighting all the way, through torrid deserts, hot mud-swamps, through ice-chasms beyond the curve of perpetual frost,—more miles than Ulysses ever sailed : let the coming Homers take note of it. He has marched over the Andes, more than once; a feat analogous to Hannibal's; and seemed to think little of it Often beaten, banished from the

² *A Statement of some of the principal Events in the Public Life of August de turbide* written by Himself. London, 1843.

firm land, he always returned again, truculently fought again. He gained, in the Cumana regions, the 'immortal victory' of Carababo and several others ; under him was gained the finishing 'immortal victory' of Ayacucho in Peru, where Old Spain, for the last time, burnt powder in those latitudes, and then fled without return. He was Dictator, Liberator, almost Emperor, if he had lived. Some three times over did he, in solemn Columbian parliament, lay down his Dictatorship with Washington eloquence ; and as often, on pressing request, take it up again, being a man indispensable. Thrice, or at least twice, did he, in different places, painfully construct a Free Constitution; consisting of 'two chambers, and a supreme governor for life with liberty to name his successor,' the reasonablest democratic constitution you could well construct ; and twice, or at least once, did the people, on trial, declare it disagreeable. He was, of old, well known in Paris ; in the dissolute, the philosophico-political and other circles there. He has shone in many a gay Parisian *soiree*, this Simon Bolivar; and in his later years, in autumn 1825, he rode triumphant into Potosi and the fabulous Inca Cities, with clouds of feathered Indians somersaulting and war-whooping round him,³—and 'as the famed *Cerro*, metalliferous Mountain, came in sight, the bells all pealed out, and there was • a thunder of artillery,' says General Miller. If this is not a Ulysses, Polytlas and Polymetis, a much-enduring and many-counselled-man, where was there one ? Truly a Ulysses whose history were worth its ink,—had the Homer that could do it made his appearance !

Of General San Martin, too, there will be something to be said. General San Martin, when we last saw him, twenty years ago or more,—through the organs of the authentic steadfast Mr. Miers,—had a handsome house in Mendoza, and 'his own portrait, as I remarked, hung up between those of 'Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington.' In Mendoza, cheerful, mudbuilt, whitewashed Town, seated at the eastern base of the Andes, 'with its shady public-walk well paved and swept;' looking out pleasantly, on this hand, over wide horizons of Pampa Wilderness; pleasantly, on that, to the Rock-chain, *Cordillera* they call it, of the sky-piercing Mountains,

² *Memoirs of General Miller.*

capt in snow, or with volcanic fumes issuing from them : there dwelt General *Ex-Generalissimo* San Martin, ruminating past adventures over half the world ; and had his portrait hung up between Napoleon's and the Duke of Wellington's.

Did the reader ever hear of San Martin's march over the Andes into Chile ? It is a feat worth looking at; comparable, most likely, to Hannibal's march over the Alps, while there was yet no Simplon or Mont-Cenis highway; and *it* transacted itself in the year 1817. South-American armies think little of picking their way through the gullies of the Andes : so the Buenos-Ayres people, having driven-out their own Spaniards, and established the reign of freedom though in a precarious manner, thought it were now good to drive the Spaniards out of Chile, and establish the reign of freedom there also instead: whereupon San Martin, commander at Mendoza, was appointed to do it. By way of preparation, for he began from afar, San Martin, while an army is getting ready at Mendoza, assembles 'at the Fort of San Carlos by the Aguanda river,' some days' journey to the south, all attainable tribes of the Pehuenche Indians, to a solemn *Palaver*, so they name it, and civic entertainment, on the esplanade there. The ceremonies and deliberations, as described by General Miller, are somewhat surprising : still more the concluding civic-feast; which lasts for three days; which consists of horses' flesh for the solid part, and horses' blood with ardent spirits *ad libitum* for the liquid, consumed with such alacrity, with such results, as one may fancy. However, the women had prudently removed all the arms beforehand ; nay, ' five or six of these poor women, • taking it by turns, were always found in a sober state, watching over the rest;' so that comparatively little mischief was done, and only ' one or two' deaths by quarrel took place.

The Pehuenches having drunk their ardent-water and horses' blood in this manner, and sworn eternal friendship to San Martin, went home, and—communicated to his enemies, across the Andes, the road he meant to take. This was what San Martin had foreseen and meant, the knowing man ! He hastened his preparations, got his artillery slung on poles, his men equipt with knapsacks and haversacks, his mules in readiness; and, in all stillness, set forth from Mendoza by *another* road. Few things in late war, according to General

Miller, have been more noteworthy than this march. The long straggling line of soldiers, six thousand and odd, with their quadrupeds and baggage, winding through the heart of the Andes, breaking for a brief moment the old abysmal solitudes!—For you fare along, on some narrow roadway, through stony labyrinths; huge rock-mountains hanging over your head, on this hand; and under your feet, on that, the roar of mountain-cataracts, horror of bottomless chasms;—the very winds and echoes howling on you in an almost preternatural manner. Towering rock-barriers rise sky-high before you, and behind you, and around you; intricate the outgate! The roadway is narrow; footing none of the best. Sharp turns there are, where it will behove you to mind your paces; one false step, and you will need no second; in the gloomy jaws of the abyss you vanish, and the spectral winds howl requiem. Somewhat better are the suspension-bridges, made of bamboo and leather, though they swing like seesaws: men are stationed with lassos, to gin you dextrously, and fish you up from the torrent, if you trip there.

Through this kind of country did San Martin march; straight towards San Iago, to fight the Spaniards and deliver Chile. For ammunition-wagons he had *sorras*, sledges, canoe-shaped boxes, made of dried bull's-hide. His cannons were carried on the back of mules, each cannon on two mules judiciously harnessed: on the packsaddle of your foremost mule there rested with firm girths a long strong pole; the other end of which (*forked* end, we suppose) rested, with like girths, on the packsaddle of the hindmost mule; your cannon was slung with leathern straps on this pole, and so travelled, swaying and dangling, yet moderately secure. In the knapsack of each soldier was eight days' provender, dried beef ground into snuff-powder, with a modicum of pepper, and some slight seasoning of biscuit or maize-meal; 'store of onions, of garlic,' was not wanting: Paraguay tea could be boiled at eventide, by fire of scrub-bushes, or almost of rock-lichens or dried mule-dung. No farther baggage was permitted: each soldier lay at night wrapt in his *poncho*, with his knapsack for pillow, under the canopy of heaven; lulled by hard travail; and sank soon enough into steady nose-melody, into the foolishlest rough colt-dance of unimaginable Dreams. Had he not left

much behind him in the Pampas,—mother, mistress, what not; and was like to find somewhat, if he ever got across to Chile living? What an entity, one of those night-leaguers of San Martin; all steadily snoring there, in the heart of the Andes, under the eternal stars! Wayworn sentries with difficulty keep themselves awake; tired mules chew barley rations, or doze on three legs; the feeble watch-fire will hardly kindle a cigar; Canopus and the Southern Cross glitter down; and all snores steadily, begirt by granite deserts, looked-on by the Constellations in that manner! San Martin's improvident soldiers ate-out their week's rations almost in half the time; and for the last three days had to rush on, spurred by hunger: this also the knowing San Martin had foreseen; and knew that they could bear it, these rugged *Gauchos* of his; nay, that they would march all the faster for it. On the eighth day, hungry as wolves, swift and sudden as a torrent from the mountains, they disembogued; straight towards San Iago, to the astonishment of men;—struck the doubly-astonished Spaniards into dire misgivings; and then, in pitched fight, after due manoeuvres, into total defeat on the 'plains of Maypo,' and again, positively for the last time, on the plains or heights of 'Chacabuco;' and completed the *deliverance of Chile,' as was thought, forever and a day.

Alas, the 'deliverance' of Chile was but commenced; very far from completed. Chile, after many more deliverances, up to this hour, is always but 'delivered' from one set of evil-doers to another set!—San Martin's manoeuvres to liberate Peru, to unite Peru and Chile, and become some Washington-Napoleon of the same, did not prosper so well. The suspicion of mankind had to rouse itself; Liberator Bolivar had to be called in; and some revolution or two to take place in the interim. San Martin sees himself peremptorily, though with courtesy, complimented over the Andes again; and in due leisure, at Mendoza, hangs his portrait between Napoleon's and Wellington's. Mr. Miers considered him a fairspoken, obliging, if somewhat artful man. Might not the Chilenos as well have *taken* him for their Napoleon? They have gone farther, and, as yet, fared little better!

The world-famous General O'Higgins, for example, he, after some revolution or two, became Director of Chile; but

so terribly hampered by 'class-legislation' and the like, what could he make of it? Almost nothing! O'Higgins is clearly of Irish breed; and, though a Chileno born, and 'natural son' of Don Ambrosio O'Higgins, formerly the Spanish Viceroy of 'Chile,' carries his Hibernian ism in his very face. A most cheery, jovial, buxom countenance, radiant with pepticity, good humour and manifold effectuality in peace and war! Of his battles and adventures let some luckier epic-writer sing or speak. One thing we Foreign Reviewers will always remember: his father's immense merits towards Chile in the matter of Highways. Till Don Ambrosio arrived to govern Chile, some half-century ago, there probably was not a made road of 'en miles long from Panama to Cape Horn. Indeed, except his roads, we fear there is hardly any yet. One omits the old Inca causeways, as too narrow (being only three feet broad), and altogether unfrequented in the actual ages. Don Ambrosio made, with incredible industry and perseverance and skill, in every direction, roads, roads. From San Iago to Valparaiso, where only sure-footed mules with their packsaddles carried goods, there can now wooden-axled cars loud-sounding, or any kind of vehicle, commodiously roll. It was he that shaped these passes through the Andes, for most part; hewed them out from mule-tracks into roads, certain of them. And think of his *casuchas*. Always on the higher inhospitable solitudes, at every few miles' distance, stands a trim brick cottage, or *casucha*, into which the forlorn traveller introducing himself, finds covert and grateful safety; nay food and refec-tion,—for there are 'iron boxes' of pounded beef or other provender, iron boxes of charcoal; to all which the traveller, having bargained with the Post-office authorities, carries a key.⁴ Steel and tinder are not wanting to him, nor due iron skillet, with water from the stream: there he, striking a light, cooks hoarded victual at eventide, amid the lonely pinnacles of the world, and blesses Governor O'Higgins. With 'both hands,' it may be hoped,—if there is vivacity of mind in him:

Had you seen this road before it was made,

You would lift both your hands and bless General Wade!

It affects one with real pain to hear from Mr. Miers, that

* Mien.

the War of Liberty has half ruined these O'Higgins *casuchas* Patriot soldiers, in want of more warmth than the charcoal box could yield, have not scrupled to tear-down the door, door-case, or whatever wooden thing could be come at, and burn it, on the spur of the moment. The storm-stayed traveller, who sometimes, in threatening weather, has to linger here for days, 'for fifteen days together,' does not lift both his hands and bless the Patriot soldier !

Nay, it appears, the O'Higgins roads, even in the plain country, have not, of late years, been repaired, or in the least attended to, so distressed was the finance department; and are now fast verging towards impassability and the condition of mule-tracks again. What a set of animals are men and Chilenos ! If an O'Higgins did not now and then appeal among them, what would become of the unfortunates ? Can you wonder that an O'Higgins sometimes loses temper with them ; *shuts* the persuasive outspread hand, clutching some sharpest hide-whip, some terrible sword of justice or gallows-lasso therewith, instead,—and becomes a Dr. Francia now and then ! Both the O'Higgins and the Francia, it seems probable, are phases of the same character; both, one begins to fear, are indispensable from time to time, in a world inhabited by men and Chilenos !

As to O'Higgins the Second, Patriot, Natural-son O'Higgins, he, as we said, had almost no success whatever as a governor ; being hampered by class-legislation. Alas, a governor in Chile cannot succeed. A governor there has to resign himself to the want of success; and should say, in cheerful interrogative tone, like that Pope elect, who showing himself on the balcony, was greeted with mere howls, "*Non piacemmoal popolo ?*"—and thereupon proceed cheerfully to the *next* fact. Governing is a rude business everywhere; but in South America it is of quite primitive rudeness : they have no parliamentary way of changing ministries as yet; nothing but the rude primitive way of hanging the old ministry on gibbets, that the new may be installed ! Their government has altered its name, says the sturdy Mr. Miers, rendered sulky by what he saw there : altered its name, but its nature continues as before. Shameless peculation, malversation, that is their government : oppression formerly by Spanish officials, now by

native hacendados, land-proprietors,—the thing called justice still at a great distance from them, says the sulky Mr. Miers !—Yes, but coming always, answer we ; every new gibbeting of an old ineffectual ministry bringing justice somewhat nearer ! Nay, as Miers himself has to admit, certain improvements are already indisputable. Trade everywhere, in spite of multiplex confusions, has increased, is increasing : the days of somnolent monopoly and the old Acapulco Ship are gone, quite over the horizon. Two good, or partially good measures, the very necessity of things has everywhere brought about in those poor countries : clipping of the enormous bat-wings of the Clergy, and emancipating of the Slaves. Bat-wings, we say ; for truly the South-American clergy had grown to be as a kind of bat-vampires :—readers have heard of that huge South-American bloodsucker, which fixes its bill in your circulating vital-fluid as you lie *asleep*, and there sucks ; waving you with the motion of its detestable leather wings into ever deeper sleep ; and so drinking, till it is satisfied, and you—do not awaken any more ! The South-American governments, all in natural feud with the old church-dignitaries, and likewise all in great straits for cash, have everywhere confiscated the monasteries, cashiered the disobedient dignitaries, melted the superfluous church-plate into piastres ; and, on the whole, shorn the *wings* of their vampire ; so that if it still suck, you will at least have a chance of awakening before death !—Then again, the very want of soldiers of liberty led to the emancipating of blacks, yellows and other coloured persons : your mulatto nay your negro, if well drilled, will stand fire as well as another.

Poor South-American emancipators ; they began with Volney, Raynal and Company, at that gospel of Social Contract and the Rights of Man ; under the most unpropitious circumstances ; and have hitherto got only to the length we see ! Nay now, it seems, they do possess 'universities,' which are at least schools with other than monk teachers ; they have got libraries, though as yet almost nobody reads them,—and our friend Miers, repeatedly knocking at all doors of the Grand Chile National Library, could never to this hour discover where the key lay, and had to content himself with looking-in through the windows.⁵ Miers, as already hinted, desiderates unspeak-

able improvements in Chile ;—desiderates, indeed, as the basis of all, an immense increase of soap-and-water. Yes, thou sturdy Miers, dirt is decidedly to be removed, whatever improvements, temporal or spiritual, may be intended next! According to Miers, the open, still more the secret personal nastiness of those remote populations rises almost towards the sublime. Finest silks, gold brocades, pearl necklaces and diamond ear-drops, are no security against it: alas, all is not gold that glitters ; somewhat that glitters is mere putrid fish-skin! Decided, enormously increased appliance of soap-and-water, in all its branches, with all its adjuncts ; this, according to Miers, would be an improvement. He says also (' in his haste,' as is probable, like the Hebrew Psalmist), that all Chileno men are liars ; all, or to appearance, all! A people that uses almost no soap, and speaks almost no truth, but goes about in that fashion, in a state of personal nastiness, and also of spiritual nastiness, approaching the sublime; such people is not easy to govern well!—

But undoubtedly by far the notablest of all these South-American phenomena is Dr. Francia and his Dictatorship in Paraguay; concerning whom, and which, we have now more particularly to speak. Francia and his 'reign of terror' have excited some interest, much vague wonder in this country; and especially given a great shock to constitutional feeling. One would rather wish to know Dr. Francia;—but unhappily one cannot ! Out of such a murk of distracted shadows and rumours, in the other hemisphere of the world, who would pretend at present to decipher the real portraiture of Dr. Francia and his Life ? None of us can. A few credible features, wonderful enough, original enough in our constitutional time, will perhaps to the impartial eye disclose themselves ; these, with some endeavour to interpret these, may lead certain readers into various reflections, constitutional and other, not entirely without benefit.

Certainly, as we say, nothing could well shock the constitutional feeling of mankind, as Dr. Francia has done. Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse, and indeed the whole breed of tyrants, one hoped, had gone many hundred years ago, with their reward; and here, under our own nose, rises a new • tyrant.'

claiming also *his* reward from us ! Precisely when constitutional liberty was beginning to be understood a little, and we flattered ourselves that by due ballot-boxes, by due registration-courts, and bursts of parliamentary eloquence, something like a real National Palaver would be got-up in those countries,—arises this tawny-visaged, lean, inexorable Dr. Francia; claps you an embargo on all that; says to constitutional liberty, in the most tyrannous manner, Hitherto, and no farther ! It is an undeniable, though an almost incredible fact, that Francia, a lean private individual, Practitioner of Law, and Doctor *of* Divinity, did, for twenty or near thirty years, stretch out his rod over the foreign commerce of Paraguay, saying to it, Cease ! The ships lay high and dry, their pitchless seams all yawning on the clay-banks of the Parana ; and no man could trade but by Francia's license. If any person entered Paraguay, and the Doctor did not like his papers, his talk, conduct, or even the cut of his face,—it might be the worse for such person ! Nobody could leave Paraguay on any pretext whatever. It mattered not that you were man of science, astronomer, geologer, astrologer, wizard of the north ; Francia heeded none of these things. The whole world knows of M. Aime' Bonpland ; how Francia seized him, descending on his tea-establishment in Entre Rios, like an obscene vulture, and carried him into the interior, contrary even to the law of nations ; how the great Humboldt and other high persons expressly applied to Dr. Francia, calling on him, in the name of human science, and as it were under penalty of reprobation, to liberate M. Bonpland ; and how Dr. Francia made no answer, and M. Bonpland did not return to Europe, and indeed has never yet returned. It is also admitted that Dr. Francia had a gallows, had jailors, law-fiscals, officials ; and executed, in his time, 'upwards of forty persons,' some of them in a very summary manner. Liberty of private judgment, unless it kept its mouth shut, was at an end in Paraguay. Paraguay lay under interdict, cut-off for above twenty years from the rest of the world, by a new Dionysius of Paraguay. All foreign commerce had ceased; how much more all domestic constitution-building! These are strange facts. Dr. Francia, we may conclude at least, was not a common man but an uncommon.

How unfortunate that there is almost no knowledge of him procurable at present! Next to none. The Paraguenos can in many cases spell and read, but they are not a literary people; and, indeed, this Doctor was, perhaps, too awful a practical phenomenon to be calmly treated of in the literary way. Your Breughel paints his sea-storm, not while the ship is labouring and cracking, but after he has got to shore, and is safe under cover! Our Buenos-Ayres friends, again, who are not without habits of printing, lay at a great distance from Francia, under great obscurations of quarrel and controversy with him; their constitutional feeling shocked to an extreme degree by the things he did. To them, there could little intelligence float down, on those long muddy waters, through those vast distracted countries, that was not more or less of a distracted nature; and then from Buenos-Ayres over into Europe, there is another long tract of distance, liable to new distractions. Francia, Dictator of Paraguay, is, at present, to the European mind, little other than a chimera; at best, the statement of a puzzle, to which the solution is still to seek. As the Paraguenos, though not a literary people, can many of them spell and write, and are not without a discriminating sense of true and untrue, why should not some real *Life of Francia*, from those parts, be still possible! If a writer of genius arise there, he is hereby invited to the enterprise. Surely in all places your writing genius ought to rejoice over an acting genius, when he falls-in with such; and say to himself: "Here or nowhere is the thing for me to write of! Why do I keep pen-and-ink at all, if not to apprise men of this singular acting genius, and the like of him? My fine-arts and aesthetics, my epics, literatures, poetics, if I will think of it, do all at bottom mean either that or else nothing whatever!"

Hitherto our chief source of information as to Francia is a little Book, the Second on our List, set forth in French some sixteen years ago, by the Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp. Translations into various languages were executed:—of that into English, it is our painful duty to say that no man, except in case of extreme necessity, shall use it as reading. The translator, having little fear of human detection, and seemingly none at all of divine or diabolic, has done his work even unusually ill; with ignorance, with carelessness, with dishonesty

prepenſe ; coolly *omitting* whatſoever he *ſaw* that he did not underſtand :—poor man, if he yet ſurvive, let him reform in time! He has made a French book, which was itſelf but lean and dry, into the moſt wooden of English falſe books ; doing evil as he could in that matter;—and claimed wages for it, as if the feat deſerved *wages* firſt of all! Reformation, even on the ſmall ſcale, is highly neceſſary.

The Meſſrs. Rengger and Longchamp were, and we hope ſtill are, two Swiss Surgeons ; who in the year 1819 reſolved on carrying their talents into South America, into Paraguay, with views towards 'natural hiſtory,' among other things. After long towing and ſtruggling in thoſe Parana floods, and diſtracted provinces, after much detention by ſtreſs of weather and of war, they arrived accordingly in Francia's country, but found that, without Francia's leave, they could not quit it again. Francia was now a Dionyſius of Paraguay. Paraguay had grown to be, like ſome mouſetraps and other contrivances of art and nature, eaſy to enter, impoſſible to get out of. Our brave Surgeons, our brave Rengger (for it is he alone of the two that ſpeaks and writes) reconciled themſelves; were ſet to doctoring of Francia's ſoldiery, of Francia's ſelf; collected plants and beetles; and, for ſix years, endured their lot rather handsomely: at length, in 1825, the embargo was for a time lifted, and they got home. This Book was the conſequence. It is not a good book, but at that date there was, on the ſubject, no other book at all; nor is there yet any other better, or as good. We conſider it to be authentic, veracious, moderately accurate; though lean and dry, it is intelligible, rational; in the French original, not unreadable. We may ſay it embraces, up to the preſent date, all of importance that is yet known in Europe about the Doctor Deſpot; add to this its indiſputable *brevity*; the fact that it can be read ſooner by ſeveral hours than any other *Dr. Francia* : theſe are its excellences,—conſiderable, though wholly of a comparative ſort.

After all, brevity is the ſoul of wit ! There is an endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done. The ſtupidest man, if he will be brief in proportion, may fairly claim ſome hearing from us : he too, the ſtupidest man, has ſeen ſomething, heard ſomething, which is his own, diſtinctly peculiar,

never seen or heard by any man in this world before ; let him tell us that, and if it were possible, *nothing* more than that,—he, brief in proportion, shall be welcome !

The Messrs. Robertson, with their *Francia's Reign of Terror*; and other Books on South America, have been much before the world of late ; and failed not of a perusal from this Reviewer ; whose next sad duty it now is to say a word about them. The Messrs. Robertson, some thirty or five-and-thirty years ago, were two young Scotchmen, from the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, as would seem; who, under fair auspices, set out for Buenos-Ayres, and thence for Paraguay, and other quarters of that remote continent, in the way of commercial adventure. Being young men of vivacity and open eyesight, they surveyed with attentive view those convulsed regions of the world; wherein it was evident that revolution raged not a little ; but also that precious metals, cow-hides, Jesuits' bark, and multiplex commodities, were nevertheless extant; and iron or brazen implements, ornaments, cotton and woollen clothing, and British manufactures not a few, were objects of desire to mankind. The Brothers Robertson, acting on these facts, appear to have prospered, to have extensively flourished in their commerce; which they gradually extended up the River Plate, to the city of the Seven Streams or Currents (*Corrientes* so-called), and higher even to Assumpcion, metropolis of Paraguay; in which latter place, so extensive did the commercial interests grow, it seemed at last expedient that one or both of the prosperous Brothers should take up his personal residence. Personal residence accordingly they did take up, one or both of them, and maintain, in a fluctuating way, now in this city, now in that, of the De la Plata, Parana or Paraguay country, for a considerable space of years. How many years, in precise arithmetic, it is impossible, from these inextricably complicated documents now before us, to ascertain. In Paraguay itself, in Assumpcion city itself, it is very clear, the Brothers Robertson did, successively or simultaneously, in a fluctuating inextricable manner, live for certain years; and occasionally saw Dr. Francia with their own eyes,—though, to them 01 others, he had not yet become notable.

Mountains of cow and other hides, it would appear, quitted those countries by movement of the Brothers Robertson, to be

worn-out in Europe as tanned boots and horse-harness, with more or less satisfaction,—not without due profit to the merchants, we shall hope. About the time of Dr. Francia's beginning his 'reign of terror,' or earlier it may be (for there are no dates in these inextricable documents), the Messrs. Robertson were lucky enough to take final farewell of Paraguay, and carry their commercial enterprises into other quarters of that vast continent, where the reign was not of terror. Their voyagings, counter-voyagings, comings and goings, seem to have been extensive, frequent, inextricably complex ; to Europe, to Tucuman, to Glasgow, to Chile, to Laswade and elsewhere; too complex for a succinct intelligence, as that of our readers has to be at present. Sufficient for us to know that the Messrs Robertson did bodily, and for good, return to their own country some few years since ; with what net result of cash is but dimly adumbrated in these documents; certainly with some increase of knowledge,—had the unfolding of it but been brief in proportion! Indisputably the Messrs. Robertson had somewhat to tell: their eyes had seen some new things, of which their hearts and understandings had taken hold more or less. In which circumstances the Messrs. Robertson decided on publishing a Book. Arrangements being made, Two Volumes of *Letters on Paraguay* came out, with due welcome from the world, in 1839.

We have read these *Letters* for the first time lately: a Book of somewhat *aqueous* structure: immeasurably thinner than one could have wished; otherwise not without merit. It is written in an off-hand, free-flowing, very artless, very incorrect style of language, of thought, and of conception; breathes a cheerful, eueptic, social spirit, as of adventurous South-American Britons, worthy to succeed in business; gives one, here and there, some visible concrete feature, some lively glimpse of those remote sunburnt countries; and has throughout a kind of bantering humour or quasi-humour, a joviality and healthiness of heart, which is comfortable to the reader, in some measure. A Book not to be despised in these dull times: one of that extensive class of books which a reader can peruse, so to speak, 'with one eye shut and the other not open ;' a considerable luxury for some readers. These *Letters on Paraguay* meeting, as would seem, a unanimous approval, it was now determined

by the Messrs. Robertson that they would add a Third Volume, and entitle it *Dr. Francia's Reign of Terror*. They did so, and this likewise the present Reviewer has read. Unluckily the Authors had, as it were, nothing more whatever to say about Dr. Francia, or next to nothing; and under this condition, it must be owned they have done their Book with what success was well possible. Given a cubic inch of respectable Castile soap, To lather it up in water so as to fill one puncheon wine-measure : this is the problem; let a man have credit, of its kind, for doing his problem ! The Messrs. Robertson have picked almost every fact of significance from *Rengger and Longchamp*, adding some not very significant reminiscences of their own ; this is the square inch of soap: you lather it up in Robertsoman loquacity, joviality, Commercial-Inn banter, Leading-Article philosophy, or other aqueous vehicles, till it fills the puncheon, the Volume of four-hundred pages, and say " There!" The public, it would seem, did not fling even this in the face of the venders, but bought it as a puncheon filled ; and the consequences are already here : Three Volumes more on *South America*, from the same assiduous Messrs. Robertson ! These also, in his eagerness, this present Reviewer has read; and has, alas, to say that they are simply the old volumes in new vocables, under a new figure. Intrinsically all that we did not already know of these Three Volumes,—there are craftsmen of no great eminence who will undertake to write it in one sheet! Yet there they stand, Three solid-looking Volumes, a thousand printed pages and upwards; three puncheons *more* lathered out of the old square inch of Castile soap ! It is too bad. A necessitous ready-witted Irishman sells you an indifferent gray-horse; steals it overnight, paints it black, and sells it you again on the morrow; *he* is haled before judges, sharply cross-questioned, tried and almost executed, for such adroitness in horse-flesh : but there is no law yet as to books!

M. de la Condamine, about a century ago, was one of a world-famous company that went into those equinoctial countries, and for the space of nine or ten years did exploits there. From Quito to Cuenca, he measured you degrees of the meridian, climbed mountains, took observations, had adventures ; wild Creoles opposing Spanish nescience to human science; wild Indians throwing down your whole cargo of instruments

occasionally in the heart of remote deserts, and striking work there.⁶ M. de la Condamine saw bull-fights at Cuenca, five days running; and on the fifth day, saw his unfortunate too audacious surgeon massacred by popular tumult there. He sailed the entire length of the Amazons River, in Indian canoes; over narrow Pongo rapids, over infinite mud-waters, the infinite tangled wilderness with its reeking desolation on the right hand of him and on the left;—and had mischances, adventures, and took celestial observations all the way, and made remarks! Apart altogether from his meridian degrees, which belong in a very strict sense to World-history and the advancement of all Adam's sinful posterity, this man and his party saw and suffered many hundred times as much of mere romance adventure as the Messrs. Robertson did:—Madame Godin's passage down the Amazons, and frightful life-in-death amid the howling forest-labyrinths, and wrecks of her dead friends, amounts to more adventure of itself than was ever dreamt of in the Robertsonian world. And of all this M. de la Condamine gives pertinent, lucid and conclusively intelligible and credible account in one very small octavo volume; not quite the eighth part of what the Messrs. Robertson have already written, in a not pertinent, not lucid or conclusively intelligible and credible manner. And the Messrs. Robertson talk repeatedly, in their last Volumes, of writing still other Volumes on Chile, 'if the public will encourage.' The Public will be a monstrous fool if it do. The Public ought to stipulate first, that the real new knowledge forthcoming there about Chile be separated from the knowledge or ignorance already known; that the preliminary question be rigorously put, Are several volumes the space to hold it, or a small fraction of one volume?

On the whole, it is a sin, good reader, though there is no Act of Parliament against it; an indubitable *malefaction* or crime. No mortal has a right to wag his tongue, much less to wag his pen, without saying something: he knows not what mischief he does, past computation; scattering words without meaning,—to afflict the whole world yet, before they cease! For thistle-down flies abroad on all winds and airs of wind: idle thistles, idle dandelions, and other idle products of Nature

• Condamine: *Relation dum Voyage dans l'Intirieur de l'Amerique meridionale.*

or the human mind, propagate themselves in that way, like to cover the face of the earth,—did not man's indignant providence, with reap-hook, with rake, with autumnal steel-and-tinder, intervene. It is frightful to think how every Idle volume flies abroad like an idle globular downbeard, embryo of new millions; every word of it a potential seed of infinite new downbeards and volumes: for the mind of man is voracious, is ferocious; germinative, above all things, of the downbeard species! Why, the Author-corps in Great Britain, every soul of them *inclined* to grow mere dandelions if permitted, is now supposed to be about ten thousand strong; and the reading-corps, who read merely to escape from themselves, with one eye shut and the other not open, and will put-up with almost any dandelion, or thing which they can read *without* opening both their eyes, amounts to twenty-seven millions all but a few! O could the Messrs. Robertson, spirited, articulate-speaking men, once know well in what a comparatively blessed mood you close your brief, intelligent, conclusive M. de la Condamine, and feel that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a temple of wisdom,—not ill and disgracefully, as in brawling tavern supper-rooms, with fools and noisy persons,—ah, in that case, perhaps the Messrs. Robertson would write their new Work on Chile in *part* of a volume!

But enough of this Robertsonian department; which we must leave to the Fates and Supreme Providences. These spirited, articulate-speaking Robertsons are far from the worst of their kind; nay, among the best, if you will;—only unlucky in this case, in coming across the autumnal steel and tinder! Let it cease to rain angry sparks on them: enough now, and more than enough. To cure that unfortunate department by philosophical criticism—the attempt is most vain. Who will dismount, on a hasty journey, with the day declining, to attack mosquito-swarms with the horsewhip? Spur swiftly through them; breathing perhaps some pious prayer to Heaven. By the horsewhip they cannot be killed. Drain-out the swamps where they are bred,—Ah, couldst thou do something towards that! And in the mean while: How to get on with this of Dr. Francia?

The materials, as our reader sees, are of the miserablest: mere intricate inanity (if we except poor wooden *Rengger*). and

little more ; not facts, but broken shadows of facts ; clouds of confused bluster and jargon ;—the whole still more bewildered in the *Robertsons*, by what we may call a running shriek of constitutional denunciation, 'sanguinary tyrant,' and so forth. How is any picture of Francia to be fabricated out of that ? Certainly, first of all, by *omission* of the running shriek ! This latter we shall totally omit. Francia, the sanguinary tyrant, was not bound to look at the world through Rengger's eyes, through Parish Robertson's eyes, but faithfully through his own eyes. We are to consider that, in all human likelihood, this Dionysius of Paraguay did mean something ; and then to ask in quietness, What ? The running shriek once hushed, perhaps many things will compose themselves, and straggling fractions of information, almost infinitesimally small, may become unexpectedly luminous '

An unscientific Cattle-breeder and tiller of the earth, in some nameless *chacra* not far from the City of Assumpcion, was the Father of this remarkable human individual ; and seems to have evoked him into being some time in the year 1757 The man's name is not known to us ; his very nation is a point of controversy: Francia himself gave him out for an immigrant of French extraction ; the popular belief was, that he had wandered over from Brazil. Portuguese or French, or both in one, he produced this human individual, and had him christened by the name of Jose Gaspar Rodriguez Francia, in the year above mentioned. Rodriguez, no doubt, had a Mother too ; but her name also, nowhere found mentioned, must be omitted in this delineation. Her name, and all her fond maternities, and workings and sufferings, good brown lady, are sunk in dumb forgetfulness ; and buried there along with her, under the twenty-fifth parallel of Southern Latitude ; and no British reader is required to interfere with them ! Jose' Rodriguez must have been a loose-made tawny creature, much given to taciturn reflection ; probably to crying humours, with fits of vehement ill-nature ; such a subject, it seemed to the parent Francia cautiously reflecting on it, would, of all attainable trades, be suitablest for preaching the Gospel, and doing the Divine Offices, in a country like Paraguay. There were other young Francias ; at least one sister and one brother in addi-

tion; of whom the latter by and by went mad. The Francias, with their adust character, and vehement French-Portuguese blood, had perhaps all a kind of aptitude for madness. The Dictator himself was subject to the terriblest fits of hypochondria, as your adust 'men of genius' too frequently are! The lean Rodriguez, we fancy, may have been of a devotional turn withal; born half a century earlier, he had infallibly been so. Devotional or not, he shall be a Priest, and *do* the Divine Offices in Paraguay, perhaps in a very unexpected way.

Rodriguez having learned his hornbooks and elementary branches at Assumpcion, was accordingly despatched to the University of Cordova in Tucuman, to pursue his curriculum in that seminary. So far we know, but almost no farther. What kind of curriculum it was, what lessons, spiritual spoonmeat, the poor lank sallow boy was crammed with, in Cordova High Seminary; and how he took to it, and pined or thrived on it, is entirely uncertain. Lank sallow boys in the Tucuman and other high seminaries are often dreadfully ill-dealt with, in respect of their spiritual spoonmeat, as times go! Spoonpoison you might often call it rather: as if the object were to make them Mithndateses, able to *live* on poison? Which may be a useful art too, in its kind? Nay, in fact, if we consider it, these high seminaries and establishments exist there, in Tucuman and elsewhere, not for that lank sallow boy's special purposes, but for their own wise purposes; they were made and put together, a long while since, without taking the smallest counsel of the sallow boy! Frequently they seem to say to him, all along: "This precious thing that lies in thee, O sallow boy, of 'genius' so-called, it may to thee and to eternal Nature be precious; but to us and to temporary Tucuman it is not precious, but pernicious, deadly: we require thee to quit this, or expect penalties!" And yet the poor boy, how can he quit it; eternal Nature herself, from the depths of the Universe, ordering him to go on with it? From the depths of the Universe, and of his own Soul, latest revelation of the Universe, he is, in a silent, imperceptible, but irrefragable manner, directed to go on with it,—and has to go, though under penalties Penalties of very death, or worse! Alas, the poor boy, so willing to obey temporary Tucumans, and yet unable to disobey eternal Nature, is truly to be pitied. Thou shalt be Rodri-

gucz Francia! cries Nature, and the poor boy to himself. Thou shalt be Ignatius Loyola, Friar Ponderoso, Don Fatpauncho Usandwonto! cries Tucuman. The poor creature's whole boyhood is one long lawsuit: Rodriguez Francia against All Persons in general. It is so in Tucuman, so in most places. You cannot advise effectually into what high seminary he had best be sent; the only safe way is to bargain beforehand, that he have force born with him sufficient to make itself good against all persons in general!

Be this as it may, the lean Francia prosecutes his studies at Cordova, waxes gradually taller towards new destinies. Rodriguez Francia, in some kind of Jesuit skullcap and black college serge gown, a lank rawboned creature, stalking with a downlook through the irregular public streets of Cordova in those years, with an infinitude of painful unspeakabilities in the interior of him, is an interesting object to the historical mind. So much is unspeakable, O Rodriguez; and it is a most strange Universe this thou hast been born into; and the theorem of Ignatius Loyola and Don Fatpauncho Usandwonto seems to me to hobble somewhat! Much is unspeakable; lying within one, like a dark lake of doubt, of Acherontic dread, leading down to Chaos itself. Much is unspeakable, answers Francia; but somewhat also is speakable,—this for example: That I will not be a Priest in Tucuman in these circumstances; that I should like decidedly to be a secular person rather, were it even a Lawyer rather! Francia, arrived at man's years, changes from Divinity to Law. Some say it was in Divinity that he graduated, and got his Doctor's hat; Rengger says, Divinity; the Robertsons, likelier to be incorrect, call him Doctor of Laws. To our present readers it is all one, or nearly so. Rodriguez quitted the Tucuman *Alma Mater*, with some beard on his chin, and reappeared in Assumpoion to look-out for practice at the bar.

What Rodriguez had contrived to learn, or grow to, under this his *Alma Mater* in Cordova, when he quitted her? The answer is a mere guess; his curriculum, we again say, is not yet known. Some faint smattering of Arithmetic, or the everlasting laws of Numbers; faint smattering of Geometry, everlasting laws of Shapes; these things, we guess, not altogether in the dark, Rodriguez did learn, and found extremely remark-

able. Curious enough : That round Globe put into that round Drum, to touch it at the ends and all round, it is precisely as if you clapt 2 into the inside of 3, not a jot more, not a jot less : wonder at it, O Francia; for in fact it is a thing to make one pause! Old Greek Archimedeses, Pythagorases, dusky Indians, old nearly as the hills, detected such things ; and they have got across into Paraguay, into this brain of thine, thou happy Francia. How is it too, that the Almighty Maker's Planets run, in those heavenly spaces, in paths which are conceivable in thy poor human head as Sections of a Cone ? The thing thou conceivest as an Ellipsis, the Almighty Maker has set his Planets to roll in that. Clear proof, which neither Loyola nor Usandwonto can contravene, that *Thou* too art denizen of this Universe ; that Thou too, in some inconceivable manner, wert present at the Council of the Gods!—Faint smatterings of such things Francia did learn in Tucuman. Endless heavy fodderings of Jesuit theology, poured on him and round him by the wagonload, incessantly, and year after year, he did not learn ; but left flying there as shot-rubbish. On the other hand, some slight inkling of human grammatical vocables, especially of French vocables, seems probable. French vocables; bodily garment of the *Encyclopedie* and Gospel according to Volney, Jean-Jacques and Company ; of infinite import to Francia !

Nay is it not, in some sort, beautiful to see the sacred flame of ingenuous human curiosity, love of knowledge, awakened, amid the damp somnolent vapours, real and metaphorical, the damp tropical poison-jungles, and fat Lethean stupefactions and entanglements, even in the heart of a poor Paraguay Creole ? Sacred flame, no bigger yet than that of a farthing rushlight, and with nothing but secondhand French class-books in Science, and in Politics and Morals nothing but the Raynals and Rousseaus, to feed it:—an ill-fed, lank-quavering, most blue-coloured, almost ghastly-looking flame; but a needful one, a kind of sacred one even that! Thou shalt love knowledge, search what *is* the *truth* of this God's Universe; thou art privileged and bound to love it, to search for it, in Jesuit Tucuman, in all places that the sky covers; and shalt try even Volneys for help, if there be no other help! This poor blue-coloured inextinguishable flame in the soul of Rodriguez Francia, there as it burns better

or worse, in many figures, through the whole life of him, is very notable to me. Blue flame though it be, it has to burn up considerable quantities of poisonous lumber from the general face of Paraguay; and singe the profound impenetrable forest-jungle, spite of all its brambles and lianas, into a very black condition,—intimating that there shall be deace and removal on the part of said forest-jungle; peremptory removal; that the blessed Sunlight shall again look-in upon his cousin Earth, tyrannously hidden from him for so many centuries now! Courage, Rodriguez!

Rodriguez, indifferent to such remote considerations, successfully addicts himself to law-pleadings, and general private studies, in the City of Assumpcion. We have always understood he was one of the best Advocates, perhaps the very best, and what is still more, the justest that ever took briefs in that country. This the Robertsonian *Reign of Terror* itself is willing to admit, nay repeatedly asserts, and impresses on us. He was so just and true, while a young man; gave such divine prognostics of a life of nobleness; and then, in his riper years, so belied all that! Shameful to think of: he bade fair, at one time, to be a friend-of-humanity of the first water; and then gradually, hardened by political success and love of power, he became a mere ravenous ghoul, or solitary thief in the night; stealing the constitutional palladiums from their parliament-houses,—and executed upwards of forty persons! Sad to consider what men and friends-of-humanity will turn to!

For the rest, it is not given to this or as yet to any editor, till a Biography arrive from Paraguay, to shape-out with the smallest clearness, a representation of Francia's existence as an Assumpcion Advocate; the scene is so distant, the conditions of it so unknown. Assumpcion City, near three hundred years old now, lies in free-and-easy fashion on the left bank of the Parana River; embosomed among fruit-forests, rich tropical umbrage; thick wood round it everywhere,—which serves for defence too against the Indians. Approach by which of the various roads you will, it is through miles of solitary shady avenue, shutting-out the sun's glare; over-canopying, as with grateful green awning, the loose sand-highway,—where, in the early part of this Century (date undiscoverable in those intricate Volumes), Mr. Parish Robertson, advancing on horse-

back, met one cart driven by a smart brown girl in red bodice, with long black hair, not unattractive to look upon ; and for a space of twelve miles, no other articulate-speaking thing whatever.⁷

The people of that profuse climate live in a careless abundance, troubling themselves about few things ; build what wooden carts, hide-beds, mud-brick houses are indispensable ; import what of ornamental lies handiest abroad ; exchanging for it Paraguay tea in sewed goatskins. Riding through the town of Santa Fe with Parish Robertson, at three in the afternoon, you will find the entire population just risen from its siesta ; slipshod, half-buttoned ; sitting in its front verandas open to the street, eating pumpkins with voracity,—sunk to the ears in pumpkins ; imbibing the grateful saccharine juices, in a free-and-easy way. They look up at the sound of your hoofs, not without good humour. Frondent trees parasol the streets,—thanks to Nature and the Virgin. You will be welcome at their *tertulas*,—a kind of ' *swarrie*,' as the Flunky says, ' consisting of flirtation and the usual trimmings : *swarrie* on the table • about seven o'clock.' Before this, the whole population, it is like, has gone to bathe promiscuously, and cool and purify itself in the Parana: promiscuously; but you have all got linen bathing-garments, and can swash about with some decency; a great relief to the human tabernacle in those climates. At your *tertulia*, it is said, the Andalusian eyes, still bright to this tenth or twelfth generation, are destructive, seductive enough, and argue a soul that would repay cultivating. The beautiful half-savages ; full of wild sheet-lightning, which might be made continuously luminous! *Tertulia* well over, you sleep on hide-stretchers, perhaps here and there on a civilised mattress, within doors or on the housetops.

In the damp flat country parts, where the mosquitoes abound, you sleep on high stages, mounted on four poles, forty feet above the ground, attained by ladders ; so high, blessed be the Virgin, no mosquito can follow to sting,—it is a blessing of the Virgin or some other. You sleep there, in an indiscriminate arrangement, each in his several *poncho* or blanket-cloak; with some saddle, deal-box, wooden log, or the like, under your head. For bed-tester is the canopy of everlashing blue ; for

⁷ *Letters on Paraguay.*

night-lamp burns Canopus in his infinite spaces ; mosquitoes cannot reach you, if it please the Powers. And rosy-fingered Morn, suffusing the east with sudden red and gold, and other flame-heraldry of swift-advancing Day, attenuates all dreams ; and the Sun's first level light-volley shears away sleep from living creatures everywhere ; and living men do then awaken on their four-post stage there, in the Pampas,—and might begin with prayer if they liked, one fancies ! There is an altar decked on the horizon's edge yonder, is there not ; and a cathedral wide enough ?—How, over-night, you have defended yourself against vampires, is unknown to this Editor.

The Gaucho population, it must be owned, is not yet fit for constitutional liberty. They are a rude people ; lead a drowsy life, of ease and sluttish abundance,—one shade, and but one, above a dog's life, which is defined as ' ease and scarcity.' The arts are in their infancy ; and not less the virtues. For equipment, clothing, bedding, household furniture and general outfit of every kind, those simple populations depend much on the skin of the cow ; making of it most things wanted, lasso, bolas, ship-cordage, rimmings of cart-wheels, spatterdashes, beds and house-doors. In country places they sit on the skull of the cow : General Artigas was seen, and spoken with, by one of the Robertsons, sitting among field-officers, all on cow-skulls, toasting stripes of beef, and ' dictating to three secretaries at once.'⁸ They sit on the skull of the cow in country places ; nay they heat themselves, and even burn lime, by igniting the carcass of the cow.

One art they seem to have perfected, and one only,—that of riding. Astley's and Ducrow's must hide their head, and all glories of Newmarket and Epsom dwindle to extinction, in comparison of Gaucho horsemanship. Certainly if ever Centaurs lived upon the earth, these are of them. They stick on their horses as if both were one flesh ; galloping where there seems hardly path for an ibex ; leaping like kangaroos, and flourishing their nooses and bolases the while. They can whirl themselves round under the belly of the horse, in cases of war-stratagem, and stick fast, hanging-on by the mere great toe and heel. You think it is a drove of wild horses galloping up : on a sudden, with wild scream, it becomes a troupe of Centaurs

⁸ *Letters on Paraguay.*

with pikes in their hands. Nay, they have the skill, which most of all transcends Newmarket, of riding on horses that are *not* fed; and can bring fresh speed and alacrity out of a horse which, with you, was on the point of lying down. To ride on three horses with Ducrow they would esteem a small feat: to ride on the broken-winded fractional part of one horse, that is the feat! Their huts abound in beef, in reek also, and rubbish, excelling in dirt most places that human nature has anywhere inhabited. Poor Gauchos I They drink Paraguay tea, sucking it up in succession, through the same tin pipe, from one common skillet. They are hospitable, sooty, leathery, lying, laughing fellows; of excellent talent in their sphere. They have stoicism, though ignorant of Zeno; nay stoicism coupled with real gaiety of heart. Amidst their reek and wreck, they laugh loud, in rough jolly banter, they twang, in a plaintive manner, rough love-melodies on a kind of guitar; smoke infinite tobacco; and delight in gambling and ardent spirits, ordinary refuge of voracious empty souls. For the same reason, and a better, they delight also in Corpus-Christi ceremonies, mass-chantings, and devotional performances. These men are fit to be drilled into something! Their lives stand there like empty capacious bottles, calling to the heavens and the earth, and all Dr. Francias who may pass that way: "Is there nothing to put into us, then? Nothing but nomadic idleness, Jesuit superstition, rubbish, reek, and dry stripes of tough beef?" Ye unhappy Gauchos,—yes, there is something other, there are several things other, to put into you! But withal, you will observe, the seven devils have first to be put out of you: Idleness, lawless Brutalness, Darkness, Falseness—seven devils or more. And the way to put something into you is, alas, not so plain at present! Is it,—alas, on the whole, is it not perhaps to lay good horsewhips lustily *upon* you, and cast out these seven devils as a preliminary?

How Francia passed his days in such a region, where philosophy, as is too clear, was at the lowest ebb? Francia, like Quintus Fixlein, had 'perennial fire-proof joys, namely employments.' He had much Law-business, a great and ever-increasing reputation as a man at once skilful and faithful in the management of causes for men. Then, in his leisure hours, he had his Volneys, Raynals; he had secondhand scientific

treatises in French ; he loved to 'interrogate Nature,' as they say ; to possess theodolites, telescopes, star-glasses, —any kind of glass or book, or gazing implement whatever, through which he might try to catch a glimpse of Fact in this strange Universe 'poor Francia ! Nay, it is said, his hard heart was not without inflammability ; was sensible to those Andalusian eyes still bright in the tenth or twelfth generation. In such case too, it may have burnt, one would think, like anthracite, in a somewhat ardent manner. Rumours to this effect are afloat ; not at once incredible. Pity there had not been some Andalusian pair of eyes, with speculation, depth and soul enough in the rear of them to fetter Dr. Francia permanently, and make a house-father of him. It had been better ; but it befell not. As for that light-headed, smart brown girl whom, twenty years afterwards, you saw selling flowers on the streets of Assumption, and leading a light life, is there any certainty that she was Dr. Francia's daughter ? Any certainty that, even if so, he could and should have done something considerable for her ? Poor Francia ; poor light-headed, smart brown girl,—this present Reviewer cannot say !

Francia is a somewhat lonesome, downlooking man, apt to be solitary even in the press of men ; wears a face not unvisited by laughter, yet tending habitually towards the sorrowful, the stern. He passes everywhere for a man of veracity, punctuality, of iron methodic rigour ; of iron rectitude, above all. 'The skilful lawyer,' 'the learned lawyer,' these are reputations ; but the 'honest lawyer' This Law-case was reported by the Robertsons before they thought of writing a *Franacia's Reign of Terror*, with that lunning shriek, which so confuses us. We love to believe the anecdote, even in its present loose state, as significant of many things in Francia :

'It has been already observed that Francia's reputation, as a lawyer, was not only unsullied by venality, but conspicuous for rectitude

'He had a friend in Assumption of the name of Dominge Rodriguez. This man had cast a covetous eye upon a Naboth's vineyard, and this Naboth, of whom Francia was the open enemy, was called Estanislao Machain Never doubting that the young Doctor, like other lawyers, would undertake his unrighteous cause, Rodriguez opened to him his case, and requested, with a handsome retainer, his advocacy of it

Francia saw at once that his friend's pretensions were founded in fraud and injustice ; and he not only refused to act as his counsel, but plainly told him that much as he hated his antagonist Machain, yet if he (Rodriguez) persisted in his iniquitous suit, that antagonist should have his (Francia's) most zealous support. But covetousness, as Ahab's story shows us, is not so easily driven from its pretensions; and in spite of Francia's warning, Rodriguez persisted. As he was a potent man in point of fortune, all was going against Machain and his devoted vineyard.

' At this stage of the question, Francia wrapped himself one night in his cloak, and walked to the house of his inveterate enemy, Machain. The slave who opened the door, knowing that his Master and the Doctor, like the houses of Montagu and Capulet, were smoke in each other's eyes, refused the lawyer admittance, and ran to inform his master of the strange and unexpected visit. Machain, no less struck by the circumstance than his slave, for some time hesitated; but at length determined to admit Francia. In walked the silent Doctor to Machain's chamber. All the papers connected with the law-plea—voluminous enough I have been assured—were outspread upon the defendant's escritoire.

' "Machain," said the Lawyer, addressing him, "you know I am your enemy. But I know that my friend Rodriguez meditates, and will certainly, unless I interfere, carry against you an act of gross and lawless aggression; I have come to offer my services in your defence."

' The astonished Machain could scarcely credit his senses; but poured forth the ebullition of his gratitude in terms of thankful acquiescence.

' The first "escrito," or writing, sent-in by Francia to the Juez de Alzada, or Judge of the Court of Appeal, confounded the adverse advocates, and staggered the judge, who was in their interest. " My friend," said the judge to the leading counsel, " I cannot go forward in this matter unless you bribe Dr. Francia to be silent." " I will try," replied the advocate; and he went to Naboth's counsel with a hundred doubloons (about three-hundred-and-fifty guineas), which he offered him as a bribe to let the cause take its iniquitous course. Considering too, that his best introduction would be a hint that this *douceur* was offered with the judge's concurrence, the knavish lawyer hinted to the upright one that such was the fact.

' "*Saiga Usted,*" said Francia, "*con sus viles pensamientos y vilisimo oro de mi casa!* Out, with your vile insinuations, and dross of gold, from my house !"

' Off marched the venal drudge of the unjust judge; and in a moment putting on his capote, the offended Advocate went to the residence of the Juez de Alzada. Shortly relating what had passed between himself and the myrmidon,—"Sir," continued Francia, "you are a disgrace to law, and a blot upon justice. You are, moreover, completely

in my power; and unless to-morrow I have a decision in favour of my client, I will make your seat upon the bench too hot for you, and the insignia of your judicial office shall become the emblems of your shame.'

'The morrow *did* bring a decision in favour of Francia's client. Naboth retained his vineyard; the judge lost his reputation; and the young Doctor's fame extended far and wide.'

On the other hand, it is admitted that he quarrelled with his Father, in those days; and, as is reported, never spoke to him more. The subject of the quarrel is vaguely supposed to have been 'money matters.' Francia is not accused of avarice; nay is expressly acquitted of loving money, even by Rengger. But he did hate injustice;—and probably was not indisposed to allow *himself*, among others, 'the height of fair play!' A rigorous, correct man, that will have a spade be a spade; a man of much learning in Creole Law, and occult French Sciences, of great talent, energy, fidelity:—a man of some temper withal; unhappily subject to private 'hypocondria;' black private thunder-clouds, whence probably the origin of these *lightnings*, when you poke into him! He leads a lonesome self-secluded life; 'interrogating Nature' through mere star-glasses, and Abbe-Raynal philosophies,—who in that way will yield no very exuberant response. Mere law-papers, advocate-fees, civic officialities, renowns, and the wonder of Assumpcion Gauchos;—not so much as a pair of Andalusian eyes that can *lasso* him, except in a temporary way: this man seems to have got but a lean lease of Nature, and may end in a rather shrunk condition! A century ago, with this atrabihar earnestness of his, and such a reverberatory furnace of passions, inquiries, unspeakabilities burning in him, deep under cover, he might have made an excellent Monk of St. Dominic, fit almost for canonisation; nay, an excellent Superior of the Jesuits, Grand Inquisitor, or the like, had you developed him in that way. But, for all this, he is now a day too late. Monks of St. Dominic that might have been, do now, instead of devotional raptures and miraculous suspensions in prayer, produce—brown accidental female infants, to sell flowers, in an indigent state, on the streets of Assumpcion! It is grown really a most barren time; and this Francia with his grim unspeakabilities, with his fiery splenetic humours, **kept close under lock-and-key, what has he to look**

for in it ? A post on the Bench, in the municipal *Cabildo*,—nay he has already a post in the *Cabildo* ; he has already been *Alcalde*, Lord-Mayor of Assumpcion, and ridden in such gilt-coach as they had. He can look for little, one would say, but barren moneys, barren Gaucho world-celebrities ; *Abbd-Raynal* philosophisms also very barren ; wholly a barren life-voyage of it, ending—in *zero*, thinks the *Abbe Raynal* ?

But no ; the world wags not that way in those days. Far over the waters there have been Federations of the *Champ-de-Mars* : guillotines, portable-guillotines, and a French People risen against Tyrants ; there has been a *Sansculottism*, speaking at last in cannon-volleys and the crash of towns and nations over half the world. Sleek *Fatpauncho Usandwonto*, sleek aristocratic *Donothingism*, sunk as in death-sleep in its well-stuffed easy-chair, or staggering in somnambulism on the house-tops, seemed to itself to hear a voice say, Sleep no more, *Donothingism* ; *Donothingism* doth murder sleep ! It was indeed a terrible explosion, that of *Sansculottism* ; commingling very *Tartarus* with the old-established stars,—fit, such a tumult was it, to awaken all but the dead. And out of it there had come *Napoleonisms*, *Tamerlanisms*, and then as a branch of these, ' *Conventions of Aranjuez*,' soon followed by ' *Spanish Juntas*,' ' *Spanish Cortes* ;' and, on the whole, a smiting broad awake of poor old Spain itself, much to its amazement. And naturally of New Spain next,—to *its* double amazement, seeing itself awake ! And so, in the new Hemisphere too, arise wild projects, angry argumgs ; arise armed gatherings in *Santa Marguerita Island*, with *Bolivars* and invasions of *Cumana* ; revolts of *La Plata*, revolts of this and then of that ; the subterranean electric element, shock on shock, shaking and exploding, in the new Hemisphere too, from sea to sea. Very astonishing to witness, from the year 1810 and onwards. Had *Rodriguez Francia* three ears, he would hear ; as many eyes as *Argus*, he would gaze ! He is all eye, he is all ear. A new, entirely different figure of existence is cut-out for *Doctor Rodriguez*

The *Paraguay People* as a body, lying far inland, with little speculation in their heads, were in no haste to adopt the new republican gospel ; but looked first how it would succeed in shaping itself into facts. *Buenos-Ayres*, *Tucuman*, most of the

La Plata Provinces had made their revolutions, brought in the reign of liberty, and unluckily driven out the reign of law and regularity; before the Paraguenos could resolve on such an enterprise. Perhaps they are afraid? General Belgrano, with a force of a thousand men, missioned by Buenos-Ayres, came up the river to countenance them, in the end of 1810; but was met on their frontier in array of war; was attacked, or at least was terrified, in the night-watches, so that his men all fled;—and on the morrow, poor General Belgrano found himself not a countenancer, but one needing countenance; and was in a polite way sent down the river again!¹⁰ Not till a year after did the Paraguenos, by spontaneous movement, lesolve on a career of freedom;—resolve on getting some kind of Congress assembled, and the old Government sent its ways. Francia, it is presumable, was active at once in exciting and restraining them: the fruit was now drop-ripe, we may say, and fell by a shake. Our old royal Governor went aside, worthy man, with some slight grimace, when ordered to do so; National Congress introduced itself; secretaries read papers, 'compiled chiefly out of Rolhn's *Ancient History*, and we became a Republic: with Don Fulgencio Yegros, one of the richest Gauchos and best horseman of the province, for *President*, and two Assessors with him, called also *Vocales*, or Vowels, whose names escape us; Francia, as *Secretary*, being naturally the Consonant, or motive soul of the combination. This, as we grope out the date, was in 1811. The Paraguay Congress, having completed this constitution, went home again to its field-labours, hoping a good issue.

Feebler light hardly ever dawned for the historical mind, than this which is shed for us by Rengger, Robertsons and Company, on the birth, the ciadhng, baptismal processes and early fortunes of the new Paraguay Republic. Through long vague, and indeed intrinsically vacant pages of their Books, it lies gray, undecipherable, without form and void. Francia was Secretary, and a Republic did take place: this, as one small clear-burning fact, shedding far a comfortable visibility, conceivabihty, over the universal darkness, and making it into conceivable dusk with one rushlight fact in the centre on it,—this we do know; and, cheerfully yielding to necessity, decide

¹⁰ Rengger.

that this shall suffice us to know. What more is there ? Absurd somnolent persons, struck broad awake by the subterranean concussion of Civil and Religious Liberty all over the World, meeting together to establish a republican career of freedom, and compile official papers out of Rollin,—are not a subject on which the historical mind *can* be enlightened. The historical mind, thank Heaven, forgets such persons and their papers, as fast as you repeat them.

Besides, these Gaucho populations are greedy, superstitious, vain; and, as Miers said in his haste, mendacious every soul of them ! Within the confines of Paraguay, we know for certain but of one man who would do himself an injury to do a just or true thing under the sun: one man who understands in his heart that this Universe is an eternal Fact,—and not some huge temporary Pumpkin, saccharine, absinthian; the rest of its significance chimerical merely! Such men cannot have a history, though a Thucydides came to write it.—Enough for us to understand that Don This was a vapouring blockhead, who followed his pleasures, his peculations, and Don That another of the same ; that there occurred fatuities, mismanagements innumerable ; then discontents, open grumbings, and, as a running accompaniment, intrigums, cabalhngs, outings, innings : till the Government House, fouler than when the Jesuits had it, became a bottomless pestilent inanity, insupportable to any articulate-speaking soul; till Secretary Francia should feel that he, for one, could not be Consonant to such a set of Vowels ; till Secretary Francia, one day, flinging down his papers, rising to his feet, should jerk-out with oratorical vivacity his lean right-hand, and say, with knit brows, in a low swift tone : " Adieu, Senhores ; God preserve you many years !" —

Francia withdrew to his *chacra*, a pleasant country-house in the woods of Ytapua not far off; there to interrogate Nature, and live in a private manner. Parish Robertson, much about this date, which we grope and guess to have been perhaps in 1812, was boarded with a certain ancient Donna Juana, in that same region; had *tertulias* of unimaginable brilliancy; and often went shooting of an evening. On one of those—But he shall hirnself report:

' On one of those lovely evenings in Paraguay, after the south-west

wind has both cleared and cooled the air, I was drawn, in my pursuit of game, into a peaceful valley, not far from Donna Juana's, and remarkable for its combination of all the striking features of the scenery of the country. Suddenly I came upon a neat and unpretending cottage. Up rose a partridge; I fired, and the bird came to the ground. A voice from behind called out "*Buen tiro*"—"a good shot." I turned round, and beheld a gentleman of about fifty years of age, dressed in a suit of black, with a large scarlet *capote*, or cloak, thrown over his shoulders. He had a *matt-cup* in one hand, a cigar in the other; and a little urchin of a negro, with his arms crossed, was in attendance by the gentleman's side. The stranger's countenance was dark, and his black eyes were very penetrating, while his jet hair, combed back from a bold forehead, and hanging in natural ringlets over his shoulders, gave him a dignified and striking air. He wore on his shoes large golden buckles, and at the knees of his breeches the same.

'In exercise of the primitive and simple hospitality common in the country, I was invited to sit down under the corridor, and to take a cigar and *matt* (cup of Paiaguay tea). A celestial globe, a large telescope and a theodolite were under the little portico; and I immediately inferred that the personage before me was no other than Dr. Francia.'

Yes, here for the first time in authentic history, a remarkable hearsay becomes a remarkable visuality: through a pair of clear human eyes, you look face to face on the very figure of the man. Is not this verily the exact record of those clear Robertsonian eyes and seven senses; entered accurately, then and not afterwards, on the ledger of the memory? We will hope so; who can but hope so! The figure of the man will, at all events, be exact. Here too is the figure of his library;—the conversation, if any, was of the last degree of insignificance, and may be left out, or supplied *ad libitum*:

'He introduced me to his library, in a confined room, with a very small window, and that so shaded by the roof of the corridor, as to admit the least portion of light necessary for study. The library was arranged on three rows of shelves, extending across the room, and might have consisted of three-hundred volumes. There were many ponderous books on law; a few on the inductive sciences; some in French and some in Latin upon subjects of general literature, with Euclid's Elements, and some schoolboy treatises on algebra. On a large table were heaps of law-papers and processes. Several folios bound in vellum were outspread upon it; a lighted candle (though placed there solely with a view to light cigars) lent its feeble aid to illumine the room; while a *mate-cup* and inkstand, both of silver, stood on another part of the table. There was neither carpet nor mat on the

brick floor; and the chairs were of such ancient fashion, size and weight that it required a considerable effort to move them from one spot to another.'

Peculation, malversation, the various forms of imbecility and voracious dishonesty went their due course in the Government-offices of Assumpcion, unrestrained by Francia, and unrestrainable :—till, as we may say, it reached a height; and, like other suppurations and diseased concretions in the living system, had to burst, and take itself away. To the eyes of Paraguay in general it had become clear that such a reign of liberty was unendurable ; that some new revolution, or change of ministry, was indispensable.

Rengger says that Francia withdrew 'more than once' to his *chacra*, disgusted with his Colleagues ; who always by un limited promises and protestations, had to flatter him back again; and then anew disgusted him. Francia is the Consonant of these absurd 'Vowels ;' no business can go on without Francia ! And the finances are deranged, insolvent; and the military, unpaid, ineffective, cannot so much as keep out the Indians; and there comes trouble, and rumour of new war, from Buenos-Ayres ;—alas, from what corner of the great Continent come there other than troubles and rumours of war ? Patriot generals become traitor generals ; get themselves ' shot in market-places;' revolution follows revolution. Artigas, close on our borders, has begun harrying the Banda Oriental with fire and sword ; ' dictating despatches from cow-skulls.' Like clouds of wolves,—only feller, being mounted on horseback, with pikes,—the Indians dart-in on us ; carrying conflagration and dismay. Paraguay must get itself governed, or it will be worse for Paraguay ! The eyes of all Paraguay, we can well fancy, turn to the one man of talent they have, the one man of veracity they have.

In 1813 a second Congress is got together: we fancy it was Francia's last advice to the Government suppuration, when it flattered him back, for the last time, to ask his advice, That such suppuration do now dissolve itself, and a new Congress be summoned! In the new Congress the *Vocales* are voted out; Francia and Fulgencio are named joint *Consuls* ' with Francia for Consul, and Don Fulgencio Yegros for Consul's stook, it may be better. Don Fulgencio rides about in gor-

geous sash and epaulettes, a rich man and horse-subduer ; good as Consul's cloak ;—but why should the real Consul have a *cloak*? Next year in the third Congress, Francia, by 'insidious maneuvering,' by 'favour of the military,' and, indeed, also in some sort, we may say, by law of Nature,—gets himself declared *Dictator*: 'for three years,' or for life, may in these circumstances mean much the same. This was in 1814. Francia never assembled any Congress more ; having stolen the constitutional palladiums, and insidiously got his wicked will ! Of a Congress that compiled constitutions out of *Rollin*, who would not lament such destiny ? This Congress should have met again ! It was indeed, say Rengger and the Robertsons themselves, such a Congress as never met before in the world ; a Congress which knew not its right hand from its left ; which drank infinite rum in the taverns ; and had one wish, that of getting on horseback again, home to its field-husbandry and partridge-shooting again. The military mostly favoured Francia, being gained-over by him,—the thief of constitutional palladiums.

With Francia's entrance on the Government as Consul, still more as Dictator, a great improvement, it is granted even by Rengger, did in all quarters forthwith show itself. The finances were husbanded, were accurately gathered ; every official person in Paraguay had to bethink him, and begin doing his work. instead of merely seeming to do it. The soldiers Francia took care to see paid and drilled ; to see march, with real death-blot and service, when the Indians or other enemies showed themselves. *Guardias*, Guardhouses, at short distances were established along the River's bank and all round the dangerous Frontiers: wherever the Indian centaur-troop showed face, an alarm-cannon went off, and soldiers, quickly assembling, with actual death-shot and service, were upon them. These wolf-hordes had to vanish into the heart of their deserts again. The land had peace. Neither Artigas, nor any of the fire-brands and war-plagues which were distracting South America from side to side, could get across the border. All negotiation or intercommuning with Buenos-Ayres, or with any of these war-distracted countries, was peremptorily waived. To no ' Congress of Lima,' ' General Congress of Panama,' or other

general or particular Congress, would Francia, by deputy or message, offer the smallest recognition. All South America raging and ravening like one huge dog-kennel gone rabid, we here in Paraguay have peace, and cultivate our tea-trees : why should not we let well alone ? By degrees, one thing acting on another, and this ring of frontier ' Guardhouses* being already erected there, a rigorous *sanitary line*, impregnable as brass, was drawn round all Paraguay ; no communication, import or export trade allowed, except by the Dictator's license, —given on payment of the due moneys, when the political horizon seemed innocuous; refused when otherwise. The Dictator's trade-licenses were a considerable branch of his revenues; his entrance-dues, somewhat onerous to the foreign merchant (think the Messrs. Robertson), were another. Paraguay stood isolated ; the rabid dog-kennel raging round it, wide as South America, but kept out as by lock-and-key.

These were vigorous measures, gradually coming on the somnolent Gaucho population ! It seems, meanwhile, that, even after the Perpetual Dictatorship, and onwards to the fifth or the sixth year of Francia's government, there was, though the constitutional palladiums were stolen, nothing very special to complain of. Paraguay had peace ; sat under its tea-tree ; "the rabid dog-kennel, Indians, Artigueros and other war firebrands, all shut-out from it. But in that year 1819, the second year of the Perpetual Dictatorship, there arose, not for the first time, dim indications of 'Plots,' even dangerous Plots ! In that year the firebrand Artigas was finally quenched ; obliged to beg a lodging even of Francia, his enemy ;—and got it, hospitably, though contemptuously. And now straightway there advanced, from Artigas's lost wasted country, a certain General Ramirez, his rival and conqueror, and fellow-bandit and firebrand. This General Ramirez advanced up to our very frontier ; first with offers of alliance; failing that, with offers of war; on which latter offer he was closed with, was cut to pieces ; and—a Letter was found about him, addressed to Don Fulgencio Yegros, the rich Gaucho horseman and Ex-Consul; which arrested all the faculties of Dr. Francia's most intense intelligence there and then ! A Conspiracy, with Don Fulgencio at the head of it; Conspiracy which seems the wider spread the farther one investigates it; which has been brewing

itself these 'two years,' and now 'on Good-Friday next' is to burst out; starting with the massacre of Dr. Francia and others, whatever it may close with!¹¹ Francia was not a man to be trifled with in plots! He looked, watched, investigated, till he got the exact extent, position, nature and structure of this Plot fully in his eye; and then—why, then he pounced on it like a glede-falcon, like a fierce condor, suddenly from the invisible blue; struck beak and claws into the very heart of it, tore it into small fragments, and consumed it on the spot. It is Francia's way! This was the last plot, though not the first plot, Francia ever heard of during his Perpetual Dictatorship.

It is, as we find, over these three or these two years, while the Fulgencio Plot is getting itself pounced upon and torn in pieces, that the 'reign of terror,' properly so called, extends. Over these three or these two years only,—though the 'running shriek' of it confuses all things to the end of the chapter. It was in this stern period that Francia executed above forty persons. Not entirely inexplicable! "*Par Dios*, ye shall not conspire against me; I will not allow it! The Career of Freedom, be it known to all men and Gauchos, is not yet begun in this country; I am still only casting out the Seven Devils. My lease of Paraguay, a harder one than your stupidities suppose, is for life: the contract is, Thou must die if thy lease be taken from thee. Aim not at my life, ye constitutional Gauchos,—or let it be a diviner man than Don Fulgencio the Horse-subduer that does it. By Heaven, if you aim at my life, I will bid you have a care of your own!" He executed upwards of forty persons. How many he arrested, flogged, cross-questioned—for he is an inexorable man! If you are guilty, or suspected of guilt, it will go ill with you here. Francia's arrest, carried by a grenadier, arrives; you are in strait prison; you are in Francia's bodily presence; those sharp St.-Dominic eyes, that diabolic intellect, prying into you, probing, cross-questioning you, till the secret cannot be hid: till the 'three ball-cartridges' are handed to a sentry;—and your doom is Rhadamanthine!

But the Plots, as we say, having ceased by this rough surgery, it would appear that there was, **for** the next twenty years,

¹¹ Rengger.

little or no more of it, little or no use for more. The 'reign of terror,' one begins to find, was properly a reign of rigour, which would become 'terrible' enough if you infringed the rules of it, but which was peaceable otherwise, regular otherwise. Let this, amid the 'running shriek,' which will and should run its full length in such circumstances, be well kept in mind.

It happened too, as Rengger tells us, in the same year (1820, as we grope and gather), that a visitation of locusts, as sometimes occurs, destroyed all the crops of Paraguay; and there was no prospect but of universal dearth or famine. The crops are done; eaten by locusts; the summer at an end! We have no foreign trade, or next to none, and never had almost any; what will become of Paraguay and its Gauchos? In Gauchos is no hope, no help: but in a Dionysius of the Gauchos? Dictator Francia, led by occult French Sciences and natural sagacity, nay driven by necessity itself, peremptorily commands the farmers, throughout all Paraguay, To sow a certain portion of their lands anew; with or without hope,—under penalties! The result was a moderately good harvest still: the result was a discovery that Two harvests were, every year, possible in Paraguay; that Agriculture, a rigorous Dictator presiding over it, could be infinitely improved there.¹² As Paraguay has about 100,000 square miles of territory mostly fertile, and only some two souls planted on each square mile thereof, it seemed to the Dictator that this, and not Foreign Trade, might be a good course for his Paraguenos. This accordingly, and not foreign trade, in the present state of the political horizon, was the course resolved on; the course persisted in, 'with evident advantages,' says Rengger. Thus, one thing acting on another,—domestic Plot, hanging on Artigas's country from without; and Locust-swarms with Improvement of Husbandry in the interior; and those Guardhouses all already there, along the frontier,—Paraguay came more and more to be hermetically closed; and Francia reigned over it, for the rest of his life, as a rigorous Dionysius of Paraguay, without foreign intercourse, or with such only as seemed good to Francia.

How the Dictator, now secure in possession, did manage

¹² Rengger, pp. 67 & c

this huge Paraguay, which, by strange 'insidious' and other means, had fallen in life-lease to him, and was his to do the best he could with, it were interesting to know. What the meaning of him, the result of him, actually was? One desiderates some Biography of Francia by a native!—Meanwhile, in the *Æsthetische Briefwechsel* of Herr Professor Sauerteig, a Work not yet known in England, nor treating specially of this subject, we find, scattered at distant intervals, a remark or two which may be worth translating. Professor Sauerteig, an open soul, looking with clear eye and large recognising heart over all accessible quarters of the world, has cast a sharp sun glance here and there into Dr. Francia too. These few philosophical Remarks of his, and then a few Anecdotes gleaned elsewhere, such as the barren ground yields, must comprise what more we have to say of Francia.

'Pity,' exclaims Sauerteig once, 'that a nation cannot reform itself, as the English are now trying to do, by what their newspapers call "tremendous cheers"! Alas, it cannot be done. Reform is not joyous but grievous; no single man can reform himself without stern suffering and stern working; how much less can a nation of men! The serpent sheds not his old skin without rusty disconsolateness; he is not happy but miserable! In the *Water-cure* itself, do you not sit steeped for months; washed to the heart in elemental drenchings; and, like Job, are made to curse your day? Reforming of a nation is a terrible business! Thus too, Medea, when she made men young again, was wont (*du Himmel!*) to hew them in pieces with meat-axes; cast them into caldrons, and boil them for a length of time. How much handrer could they but have done it by "tremendous cheers" alone!'—

¹ Like a drop of surgical antiseptic liquid, poured (by the benign Powers, as I fancy!) into boundless brutal corruptions; very sharp, very caustic, corrosive enough, this tawny tyrannous Dr. Francia, in the interior of the South-American continent,—he too is one of the elements of the grand Phenomenon there. A monstrous moulting-process taking place;—monstrous gluttonous *boa-constrictor* (he is of length from Panama to Patagonia) shedding his old skin; whole continent getting itself chopped to pieces, and boiled in the Medea caldron, to become young again,—unable to manage it by "tremendous cheers" alone!'—

'What they say about "love of power" amounts to little. Power? Love of "power" merely to make flunkies come and go for you is a "love," I should think, which enters only into the minds of persons in a very infantine state! A grown man, like this Dr. Francia, who wants nothing, as I am assured, but three cigars daily, a cup of *mate*, and

four ounces of butchers' meat with brown bread: the whole world and its united flunkies, taking constant thought of the matter, can do nothing for him but that only. That he already has, and has had always; why should he, not being a minor, love flunky "power"? He loves to see *you* about him, with your flunky promptitudes, with your grimaces, adulations and sham-loyalty? You are so beautiful, a daily and hourly feast to the eye and soul? Ye unfortunates, from his heart rises one prayer, That the last created flunky had vanished from this universe, never to appear more!

' And yet truly a man does tend, and must under frightful penalties perpetually tend, to be king of his world; to stand in his world as what he is, a centre of light and order, not of darkness and confusion. A man loves power: yes, if he see disorder his eternal enemy rampant about him, he does love to see said enemy in the way of being conquered; he can have no rest till that come to pass! Your Mahomet cannot bear a rent cloak, but clouts it with his own hands; how much more a rent country, a rent world? He has to imprint the image of his own veracity upon the world, and shall, and must, and will do it, more or less: it is at his peril if he neglect any great or any small possibility he may have of this. Francia's inner flame is but a meagre, blue-burning one: let him irradiate midnight Paraguay with it, such as it is.'——

' Nay, on the whole, how cunning is Nature in getting *her* farms leased! Is it not a blessing this Paraguay can get the one voracious man it has, to take lease of it, in these sad circumstances? His farm-profits, and whole wages, it would seem, amount only to what is called "Nothing, and find yourself"! Spartan food and lodging, solitude, three cigars, and a cup of *mate* daily, he already had.'

Truly, it would seem, as Sauerteig remarks, Dictator Francia had not a very joyous existence of it, in this his life-lease of Paraguay! Casting-out of the Seven Devils from a Gaucho population is not joyous at all; both exorcist and exorcised find it sorrowful! Meanwhile, it does appear, there was some improvement made: no veritable labour, not even a Dr. Francia's, is in vain.

Of Francia's improvements there might as much be said as of his cruelties or rigours; for indeed, at bottom, the one was in proportion to the other. He improved agriculture:—not two ears of corn where one only grew, but two harvests of corn, as we have seen! He introduced schools, 'boarding-schools,' 'elementary schools,' and others, on which Rengger has a chapter; everywhere he promoted education as he could; repressed superstition as he could. Strict justice between man

and man was enforced in his Law-courts: he himself would accept no gift, not even a trifle, in any case whatever. Rengger, on packing-up for departure, had left in his hands, not from forgetfulness, a Print of Napoleon ; worth some shillings in Europe, but invaluable in Paraguay, where Francia, who admired this Hero much, had hitherto seen no likeness of him but a Nurnberg caricature. Francia sent an express after Rengger, to ask what the value of the Print was. No value; M. Rengger could not sell Prints; it was much at his Excellency's service. His Excellency straightway returned it. An exact, decisive man ! Peculation, idleness, ineffectually, had to cease in all the Public Offices of Paraguay. So far as lay in Francia, no public and no private man in Paraguay was allowed to slur his work; all public and all private men, so far as lay in Francia, were forced to do their work or die ! We might define him as the born enemy of quacks ; one who has from Nature a heart-hatred of unveracity in man or in thing, wheresoever he sees it. Of persons who do not speak the truth, and do not act the truth, he has a kind of diabolic-divine impatience ; they had better disappear out of his neighbourhood. Poor Francia: his light was but a very sulphurous, meagre, blue-burning one; but he irradiated Paraguay with it (as our Professor says) the best he could.

That he had to maintain himself *alive* all the while, and would suffer no man to glance contradiction at him, but instantaneously repressed all such: this too we need no ghost to tell us ; this lay in the very nature of the case. His lease of Paraguay was a *life-lease*. He had his ' three ball-cartridges' ready for whatever man he found aiming at *his* life. He had frightful prisons. He had *Tevego* far up among the wastes, a kind of Paraguay Siberia, to which unruly persons, not yet got the length of shooting, were relegated. The main exiles, Rengger says, were drunken mulattoes and the class called unfortunate-females. They lived miserably there; became a sadder, and perhaps a wiser, body of mulattoes and unfortunate-females.

But let us listen for a moment to the Reverend Manuel Perez as he preaches, ' in the Church of the Incarnation at Assumpcion, on the 20th of October 1840,' in a tone somewhat nasal, yet trustworthy withal. His ' Funeral Discourse,' translated into a kind of English, presents itself still audible

in *the Argentine News* of Buenos-Ayres, No. 813. We select some passages ; studying to abate the nasal tone a little ; to reduce, if possible, the Argentine English under the law of grammar. It is the worst translation in the world, and does poor Manuel Perez one knows not what injustice. This Funeral Discourse has 'much surprised' the Able Editor, it seems ;— has led him perhaps to ask, or be readier for asking, Whether all that confused loud litany about 'reign of terror,' and so forth, was not possibly of a rather long-eared nature ?

'Amid the convulsions of \ evolution,' says the Reverend Manuel, 'the Lord, looking down with pity on Paraguay, raised up Don Jose Gaspar Francia for its deliverance. *And when, in the words of my Text, the children of Israel cried unto the Lord, the Lord raised up a deliverer to the children of Israel, who delivered them.*'

'What measures did not his Excellency devise, what labours un-deigo, to preserve peace in the Republic at home, and place it in an attitude to command respect from abroad! His first care was directed to obtain supplies of Arms, and to discipline Soldiers To all that would import arms he held out the inducement of exemption from duty, and the permission to export in return whatever produce they preferred. An abundant supply of excellent arms was, by these means, obtained [am lost in wonder to think how this great man could attend to such a multiplicity of things ! He applied himself to the study of the military art; and, in a short time, taught the exercise, and directed military evolutions like the skilfulest veteran. Often have I seen his Excellency go up to a recruit, and show him by example how to take aim at the target. Could any Paragueno think it other than honourable to carry a musket, when his Dictator taught him how to manage it? The cavalry-exercise too, though it seems to require a man at once robust and experienced in horsemanship, his Excellency, as you know, did himself superintend , at the head of his squadrons he charged and manceuvered, as if bred to it; and directed them with an energy and vigour which infused his own martial spirit into these troops.'

* What evils do not the people suffer from Highwaymen !' exclaims his Reverence, a little farther on ; * violence, plunder, murder, are crimes familiar to these malefactors. The inaccessible mountains and wide deserts in this Republic seem to offer impunity to such men. Our Dictator succeeded in striking such a terror into them that they entirely disappeared, seeking safety in a change of life. His Excellency saw that the manner of inflicting the punishment was more efficacious than even the punishment itself; and on this principle he acted. Whenever a robber could be seized, he was led to the nearest Guardhouse (*Guarsia*); a summary trial took place; and straightway, so soon as he had **made** confession, he **was** shot. These means proved effectual. **Ere**

long the Republic was in such security, that, we may say, a child might have travelled from the Uruguay to the Parana without other protection than the dread which the Supreme Dictator had inspired.'—This is saying something, your Reverence'

'But what is all this compared to the demon of Anarchy? Oh,' exclaims his simple Reverence, 'Oh, my friends, would I had the talent to paint to you the miseries of a people that fall into anarchy! And was not our Republic on the very eve of this? Yes, brethren.'—'It behoved his Excellency to be prompt; to smother the enemy in his cradle! He did so. He seized the leaders; brought to summary trial, they were convicted of high treason against the country. What a struggle now, for his Excellency, between the law of duty, and the voice of feeling'—if feeling to any extent there were! 'I,' exclaims his Reverence, 'am confident that had the doom of imprisonment on those persons seemed sufficient for the State's peace, his Excellency never would have ordered their execution.' It was unavoidable; nor was it avoided; it was done! 'Brethren, should not I hesitate, lest it be a profanation of the sacred place I now occupy, if I seem to approve sanguinary measures in opposition to the mildness of the Gospel? Brethren, no. God himself approved the conduct of Solomon in putting Joab and Adomjah to death.' Life is sacred, thinks his Reverence; but there is something more sacred still: woe to him who does not know that withal!

Alas, your Reverence, Paraguay has not yet succeeded in abolishing capital punishment, then? But indeed neither has Nature, anywhere that I hear of, yet succeeded in abolishing a. Act with the due degree of perversity, you are sure enough of being violently put to death, in hospital or highway,—by dyspepsia, delirium tremens, or stuck through by the kindled rage of your fellow-men! What can the friend of humanity do?—Twaddle in Exeter-hall or elsewhere, 'till he become a bore to us,' and perhaps worse! An Advocate in Arras once gave up a good judicial appointment, and retired into frugality and privacy, rather than doom one culprit to die by law. The name of this Advocate, let us mark it well, was Maximilien Robespierre. There are sweet kinds of twaddle that have a deadly virulence of poison concealed in them; like the sweetness of sugar-of-lead. Were it not better to *make just* laws, think you, and then execute them strictly,—as the gods still do?

'His Excellency next directed his attention to purging the State from another class of enemies,' says Perez in the Incarnation Church; 'the peculating Tax-gatherers, namely. Vigilantly detecting their frauds, he made them refund for what was past, and took precautions against

the like in future; all their accounts were to be handed in, for his examination, once every year.'

'The habit of his Excellency when he delivered-out articles for the supply of the public; that prolix and minute counting of things apparently unworthy of his attention,—had its origin in the same motive. I believe that he did so less from a want of confidence in the individuals lately appointed for this purpose, than from a desire to show them with what delicacy they should proceed. Hence likewise his ways, in scrupulously examining every piece of artisans' workmanship.'

'Republic of Paraguay, how art thou indebted to the toils, the vigils and cares of our Perpetual Dictator! It seemed as if this extraordinary man were endowed with ubiquity, to attend to all thy wants and exigences. Whilst in his closet, he was traversing thy frontiers to place thee in an attitude of security. What devastation did not those inroads of Indians from the Chaco occasion to the inhabitants of Rio-Abajo! Ever and anon there reached Assumpcion tidings of the terror and affliction caused by their incursions. Which of us hoped that evils so wide-spread, ravages so appalling, could be counteracted? Our Dictator nevertheless did devise effectual ways of securing that part of the Republic.

'Four respectable Fortresses with competent garrisons have been the impregnable barrier which has restrained the irruptions of those ferocious Savages. Inhabitants of Rio-Abajo! rest tranquil in your homes; you are a portion of the People whom the Lord confided to the care of our Dictator; you are safe.'

'The precautions and wise measures he adopted to repel force, and drive-back the Savages to the north of the Republic; the Fortresses of Climpo, of San Carlos de Apa, placed on the best footing for defence; the orders and instructions furnished to the Villa de la Concepcion,—secured that quarter of the Republic against attack from any.

'The great Wall, ditch and fortress, on the opposite bank of the River Parana; the force and judicious arrangement of the troops distributed over the interior in the south of our Republic, have commanded the respect of its enemies in that quarter.'

'The beauty, the symmetry and good taste displayed in the building of cities convey an advantageous idea of their inhabitants,' continues Perez: 'Thus thought Caractacus, King of the Angles,'—thus think most persons! 'His Excellency, glancing at the condition of the Capital of the Republic, saw a city in disorder and without police; streets without regularity, houses built according to the caprice of their owners.'

But enough, O Perez; for it becomes too nasal! Perez, with a confident face, asks in fine, Whether all these things do not clearly prove to men and Gauchos of sense, that Dictator Francia was 'the deliverer whom the Lord raised up to deliver Paraguay from its enemies'?—Truly, O Perez, the benefits of

him seem to have been considerable. Undoubtedly a man 'sent by Heaven,'—as all of us are! Nay, it may be, the benefit of him is not even yet exhausted, even yet entirely become visible. Who knows but, in unborn centuries, Paragueno men will look back to their lean iron Francia, as men do in such cases to the one veracious person, and institute considerations! Oliver Cromwell, dead two-hundred years, does yet speak; nay, perhaps now first begins to speak. The meaning and meanings of the one true man, never so lean and limited, starting-up direct from Nature's heart, in this bewildered Gaucho world, gone far away from Nature, are endless!

The Messrs. Robertson are very merry on this attempt of Francia's to rebuild on a better plan the City of Assumpcion. The City of Assumpcion, full of tropical vegetation and 'permanent hedges, the deposits of nuisance and vermin,'¹³ has no pavement, no straightness of streets; the sandy thoroughfare in some quarters is torn by the rain into gullies, impassable with convenience to any animal but a kangaroo. Francia, after meditation, decides on having it remodelled, paved, straightened,—irradiated with the image of the one regular man. Robertson laughs to see a Dictator, sovereign ruler, straddling about, • taking observations with his theodolite,' and so forth: O Robertson, if there was no other man that *could* observe with a theodolite? Nay, it seems farther, the improvement of Assumpcion was attended, once more, with the dreadfulest tyrannies: peaceable citizens dreaming no harm, no active harm to any soul, but mere peaceable passive dirt and irregularity to all souls, were ordered to pull down their houses which happened to stand in the middle of streets; forced (under rustle of the gallows) to draw their purses, and rebuild them elsewhere! It is horrible. Nay, they said, Francia's true aim in these improvements, in this cutting-down of the luxuriant 'cross hedges' and architectural monstrosities, was merely to save himself from being shot, from under cover, as he rode through the place. It may be so: but Assumpcion is now an improved paved City, much squarer in the corners (and with the planned capacity, it seems, of growing ever squarer¹⁴); passable with convenience not to kangaroos only, but to wooden bullock-carts and all vehicles and animals.

¹² Perez.¹⁴

lb.

Indeed our Messrs. Robertson find something comic as well as tragic in Dictator Francia; and enliven their running shriek, all through this *Reign of Terror*, with a pleasant vein of conventional satire. One evening, for example, a Robertson being about to leave Paraguay for England, and having waited upon Francia to make the parting compliments, Francia, to the Robertson's extreme astonishment, orders-in a large bale of goods, orders them to be opened on the table there: Tobacco, poncho-cloth, and other produce of the country, all of first-rate quality, and with the prices ticketed. These goods this astonished Robertson is to carry to the 'Bar of the House of Commons,' and there to say, in such fashion and phraseology as a native may know to be suitable: "Mr. Speaker,—Dr. Francia is Dictator of Paraguay, a country of tropical fertility and 100,000 square miles in extent, producing these commodities, at these prices. With nearly all foreign nations he declines altogether to trade; but with the English, such is his notion of them, he is willing and desirous to trade. These are his commodities, in endless quantity; of this quality, at these prices. He wants arms, for his part. What say you, Mr. Speaker?"—Sure enough, our Robertson, arriving at the 'Bar of the House of Commons' with such a message, would have cut an original figure! Not to the 'House of Commons' was this message properly addressed; but to the English Nation; which Francia, idiot-like, supposed to be somehow represented, and made accessible and addressable in the House of Commons. It was a strange imbecility in any Dictator!—The Robertson, we find accordingly, did *not* take this bale of goods to the Bar of the House of Commons; nay, what was far worse, he did not, owing to accidents, go to England at all, or bring any arms back to Francia at all! hence, indeed, Francia's unreasonable detestation of him, hardly to be restrained within the bounds of common politeness! A man who said he would do, and then did not do, was at no time a kind of man admirable to Francia. Large sections of this *Reign of Terror* are a sort of unmusical sonata, or free duet with variations, to this text: "How unadmirable a hide-merchant that does not keep his word!"—"How censurable, not to say ridiculous and imbecile, the want of common politeness in a Dictator!"

Francia was a man that liked performance and sham-per-

formance, in Paraguay as elsewhere, was a thing too universal. What a time of it had this strict man with *unreal* performers, imaginary workmen, public and private, cleric and laic ! Ye Gauchos,—it is no child's-play, casting-out those Seven Devils from you !

Monastic or other entirely slumberous church-establishments could expect no great favour from Francia. Such of them as seemed incurable, entirely slumberous, he somewhat roughly shook awake, somewhat sternly ordered to begone. *Debout, canaille famdante*, as his prophet Raynal says ; *Debout : aux champs, aux ateliers !* Can I have you sit here, droning old metre through your nose ; your heart asleep in mere gluttony, the while ; and all Paraguay a wilderness or nearly so,—the Heaven's blessed sunshine growing mere tangles, lianas, yellow-fevers, rattlesnakes, and jaguars on it ? Up, swift, to work ;—or mark this governmental horsewhip, what the crack of it is, what the cut of it is like to be !—Incurable, for one class, seemed archbishops, bishops, and suchlike ; given merely to a sham-warfare against extinct devils. At the crack of Francia's terrible whip they went, dreading what the cut of it might be. A cheap worship in Paraguay, according to the humour of the people, Francia left ; on condition that it did no mischief. Wooden saints and the like ware he also left sitting in their niches : no new ones, even on solicitation, would he give a doit to buy. Being petitioned to provide a new patron-saint for one of his new Fortifications once, he made this answer : "O People of Paraguay, how long will you continue idiots ? While I was a Catholic, I thought as you do : but I now see there are no saints but good cannons that will guard our frontiers !" ¹⁵ This also is noteworthy. He inquired of the two Swiss Surgeons, what their religion was ; and then added, "Be of what religion you like, here . Christians, Jews, Mussulmans, —but don't be Atheists."

Equal trouble had Francia with his laic workers, and indeed -h all manner of workers ; for it is in Paraguay as elsewhere, like priests like people. Francia had extensive barrack-buildings, nay city-buildings (as we have seen), arm-furnishings ; immensities of work going on ; and his workmen had in general a tendency to be imaginary. He could get no work out of

¹⁵ Rengger.

them ; only a more or less deceptive similitude of work ! Ma-sons so-called, builders of houses, did not build, but merely seem to build ; their walls would not bear weather, stand on their bases in high winds. Hodge-razors, in all conceivable kinds, were openly marketed, • which were never meant to shave, but only to be sold ! For a length of time Francia's righteous soul struggled sore, yet unexplosively, with the propensities of these unfortunate men. By rebuke, by remonstrance, encouragement, offers of reward, and every vigilance and effort, he strove to convince them that it was unfortunate for a Son of Adam to be an imaginary workman ; that every Son of Adam had better make razors which *were* meant to shave. In vain, all in vain ! At length Francia lost patience with them. "Thou wretched Fraction, wilt thou be the ninth part even of a tailor ? Does it beseem thee to weave cloth of devil's-dust instead of true wool ; and cut and sew it as if thou wert not a tailor, but the fraction of a very tailor ! I cannot endure every thing !" Francia, in despair, erected his ' Workman's Gallows.' Yes, that institution of the country did actually exist in Paraguay ; men and workmen saw it with eyes. A most remarkable, and, on the whole, not unbeneficial institution of society there. Robertson gives us the following scene with the Belt-maker of Assumpcion ; which, be it literal, or in part poetic, does, no doubt of it, hold the mirror up to Nature in an altogether true, and surely in a very surprising manner :

' In came, one afternoon, a poor Shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers' belts, neither according to the fancy of the Dictator. "Sentinel,"—said he,—and in came the sentinel ; when the following conversation ensued :

' *Dictator.* "Take this *bribonazo*" (a very favourite word of the Dictator's, and which, being interpreted, means "most impertinent scoundrel")—"take this *bribonazo* to the gibbet over the way ; walk him under it half-a-dozen times:—and now," said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, "bring me such another pair of belts, and instead of *walking* under the gallows, we shall try how you can *swing* upon it."

' *Shoemaker.* "Please your Excellency, I have done my best."

' *Dictator.* "Well, *bribon*, if this *be* your best, I shall do my best to see that you never again mar a bit of the State's leather. The belts are of no use to me ; but they will do very well to hang you upon the little framework which the grenadier will show you."

' *Shoemaker.* "God bless your Excellency, the Lord forbid ! I am

your vassal, your slave : day and night have I served, and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; *ypor el alma de un triste zapaeiro* (by the soul of a poor shoemaker), I will make them to your Excellency's liking."

'Dictator. " Off with him, sentinel !"

'Sentinel. " *Venga, bribon*, Come along, you rascal!'

'Shoemaker. " Senor Excelentisimo,—*this very night* I will make the belts according to your Excellency's pattern."

'Dictator. " Well, you shall have till the morning; but still you must pass under the gibbet: it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the work and improve the workmanship."

'sentinel. " *Vamonos, bribon*; the Supreme commands it "

'Off was the Shoemaker marched : he was, according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet; and then allowed to retire to his stall.'

He worked there with such an alacrity and sibylline enthusiasm, all night, that his belts on the morrow were without parallel in South America ;—and he is now, if still in this life, Beltmaker-general to Paraguay, a prosperous man ; grateful to Francia and the gallows, we may hope, for casting certain of the Seven Devils out of him !

Such an institution of society would evidently not be introducible, under that simple form, in our old-constituted European countries. Yet it may be asked of constitutional persons in these times, By what succedaneum they mean to supply the want of it, then? In a community of imaginary workmen, how can you pretend to have any government, or social thing whatever, that were real? Certain Tenpound Franchisers, with their ' tremendous cheers,' are invited to reflect on this. With a community of quack workmen, it is by the law of Nature impossible that other than a quack government can be got to exist. Constitutional or other, with ballot-boxes or with none, your society in all its phases, administration, legislation, teaching, preaching, praying, and writing periodicals per sheet, will be a quack society ; terrible to live in, disastrous to look upon. Such an institution of society, adapted to our European ways, seems pressingly desirable. O Gauchos, South-American and European, what a business is it, casting out your Seven Devils !-

But perhaps the reader would like to take a view of Dr. Francia in the concrete, there as he looks and lives ; managing that thousand-sided business for his Paraguenos, in the time

of Surgeon Rengger? It is our last extract, or last view of the Dictator, who must hang no longer on our horizon here :

' I have already said, that Doctor Francia, so soon as he found himself at the head of affairs, took-up his residence in the habitation of the former Governors of Paraguay. This Edifice, which is one of the largest in Assumpcion, was erected by the Jesuits, a short time before their expulsion, as a house of retreat for laymen, who devoted themselves to certain spiritual exercises instituted by Saint Ignatius. This Structure the Dictator repaired and embellished ; he has detached it from the other houses in the City, by interposing wide streets. Here he lives, with four slaves, a little negro, one male and two female mulattoes, whom he treats with great mildness. The two males perform the functions of valet-de-chambre and groom. One of the two mulatto women is his cook, and the other takes care of his wardrobe.

' He leads a very regular life. The first rays of the sun very rarely find him in bed. So soon as he rises, the negro brings a chafing-dish, a kettle and a pitcher of water; the water is made to boil there. The Dictator then prepares, with the greatest possible care, his *mate*, or Paraguay tea. Having taken this, he walks under the Interior Colonnade that looks upon the court; and smokes a cigar, which he first takes care to unroll, in order to ascertain there is nothing dangerous in it, though it is his own sister who makes-up his cigars for him. At six o'clock comes the barber, an ill-washed, ill-clad mulatto, given to drink too; but the only member of the faculty whom he trusts in. If the Dictator is in good humour, he chats with the barber; and often in this manner makes use of him to prepare the public for his projects : this barber may be said to be his *official gazette*. He then steps out, in his dressing-gown of printed calico, to the Outer Colonnade, an open space with pillars, which ranges all round the building: here he walks about, receiving at the same time such persons as are admitted to an audience. Towards seven, he withdraws to his room, where he remains till nine ; the officers and other functionaries then come to make their reports, and receive his orders. At eleven o'clock, *the fiel de fecho* (principal secretary) brings the papers which are to be inspected by him, and writes from his dictation till noon. At noon all the officers retire, and Doctor Francia sits down to table. His dinner, which is extremely frugal, he always himself orders. When the cook returns from market, she deposits her provisions at the door of her master's room ; the Doctor then comes out, and selects what he wishes for himself.

' After dinner he takes his *siesta*. On awakening he drinks his *mate*, and smokes a cigar, with the same precautions as in the morning. From this, till four or five, he occupies himself with business, when the escort to attend him on his promenade arrives. The barber then enters and dresses his hair, while his horse is getting ready. During his ride, the Doctor inspects the public works, and the barracks, particularly

those of the cavalry, where he has had a set of apartments prepared for his own use. While riding, though surrounded by his escort, he is armed with a sabre and a pair of double-barrelled pocket-pistols. He returns home about nightfall, and sits down to study till nine; then he goes to supper, which consists of a roast pigeon and a glass of wine. If the weather be fine, he again walks in the Outer Colonnade, where he often remains till a very late hour. At ten o'clock he gives the watchword. On returning into the house, he fastens all the doors himself.'

Francia's brother was already mad. Francia banished this sister by and by, because she had employed one of his grenadiers, one of the public government's soldiers, on some errand of her own.¹⁶ Thou lonely Francia !

Francia's escort of cavalry used to 'strike men with the flat of their swords,' much more assault them with angry epithets, if they neglected to salute the Dictator as he rode out. Both he and they, moreover, kept a sharp eye for assassins, but never found any, thanks perhaps to their watchfulness. Had Francia been in Paris !—At one time also, there arose annoyance in the Dictatorial mind from idle crowds gazing about his Government House, and his proceedings there. Orders were given that all people were to move on, about their affairs, straight across this government esplanade ; instructions to the sentry, that if any person paused to gaze, he was to be peremptorily bidden, Move on !—and if he still did not move, to be shot with ball-cartridge. All Paraguay men moved on, looking to the ground, swift as possible, straight as possible, through those precarious spaces ; and the affluence of crowds thinned itself almost to the verge of solitude. One day, after many weeks or months, a human figure did loiter, did gaze in the forbidden ground : " Move on !" cried the sentry sharply ;—no effect : " Move on !" and again none. " Move on !" for the third time:—alas, the unfortunate human figure was an Indian, did not understand human speech, stood merely gaping interrogatively :—whereupon a shot belches-forth at him, the whewing of winged lead, which luckily only whewed, and did not hit ! The astonishment of the Indian must have been considerable, his retreat-pace one of the rapidest. As for Francia, he summoned the sentry with hardly suppressed rage, " What

¹⁶ Rengger

news, *Amigo?*" The sentry quoted " Your Excellency's order;" Francia cannot recollect such an order ; commands now, that, at all events, such order cease.

It remains still that we say a word, not in excuse, which might be difficult, but in explanation, which is possible enough, of Francia's unforgivable insult to human Science in the person of M. Aime Bonpland. M. Arme Bonpland, friend of Humboldt, after much botanical wandering, did, as all men know, settle himself in Entre Rios, an Indian or Jesuit country close on Francia, now burnt to ashes by Artigas ; and there set-up a considerable establishment for the improved culture of Paraguay tea. With an eye to botany ? Botany ? Why, yes,—and perhaps to commerce still more. " Botany !" exclaims Francia : " It is shopkeeping agriculture, and tends to prove fatal to my shop ! Who is this extraneous French individual ? Artigas could not give him right to Entre Rios ; Entre Rios is at least as much mine as Artigas's ! Bring him to me !" Next night, or next, Paraguay soldiers surround M. Bonpland's tea-establishment ; gallop M Bonpland over the frontiers, to his appointed village in the interior , root-out his tea-plants; scatter his four-hundred Indians, and—we know the rest ! Hard-hearted Monopoly refusing to listen to the charmings of Public Opinion or Royal-Society presidents, charm they never so wisely! M. Bonpland, at full liberty some time since, resides still in South America ;—and is expected by the Robertsons, not altogether by this Editor, to publish his Narrative, with a due running shriek.

Francia's treatment of Artigas, his old enemy, the bandit and firebrand, reduced now to beg shelter of him, was good ; humane, even dignified. Francia refused to see or treat with such a person, as he had ever done; but readily granted him a place of residence in the interior, and ' thirty piasters a month till he died.' The bandit cultivated fields, did charitable deeds, and passed a life of penitence, for his few remaining years. His bandit followers, such of them as took to plundering again, says M. Rengger, ' were instantly seized and shot.'

On the other hand, that anecdote of Francia's dying Father—requires to be confirmed ! It seems, the old man, who, as we saw, had long since quarrelled with his son, was dying, and wished to be reconciled. Francia "was busy ;—what use

was it ?—could not come." A second still more pressing message arrives : " The old father dare not die unless he see his son ; fears he shall never enter Heaven, if they be not reconciled."—" Then let him enter—!" said Francia ; " I will not come !¹⁷" If this anecdote be true, it is certainly of all that are in circulation about Dr. Francia by far the worst. If Francia, in that death-hour, could not forgive his poor old Father, whatsoever he had, or could in the murkiest sultriest imagination be conceived to have, done against him, then let no man forgive Dr. Francia ! But the accuracy of public rumour, in regard to a Dictator who has executed forty persons, is also a thing that can be guessed at. To whom was it, by name and surname, that Francia delivered this extraordinary response ? Did the man make, or can he now be got to make, affidavit of it, to credible articulate-speaking persons resident on this earth ? if so, let him do it,—for the sake of the Psychological Sciences.

One last fact more. Our lonesome Dictator, living among Gauchos, had the greatest pleasure, it would seem, in rational conversation,—with Robertson, with Rengger, with any kind of intelligent human creature, when such could be fallen-in with, which was rarely. He would question you with eagerness about the ways of men in foreign places, the properties of things unknown to him ; all human interest and insight was interesting to him. Only persons of no understanding being near him for most part, he had to content himself with silence, a meditative cigar and cup of *matt*. O Francia, though thou hadst to execute forty persons, I am not without some pity for thee!

In this manner, all being yet dark and void for European eyes, have we to imagine that the man Rodriguez Francia passed, in a remote, but highly remarkable, not unquestionable or unquestioned manner, across the confused theatre of this world. For some thirty years he was all the government his native Paraguay could be said to have. For some six-and-twenty years he was express Sovereign of it; for some three, or some two years, a Sovereign with bared sword, stern as Rhadamanthus : through all his years and through all his

days, since the beginning of him, a Man or Sovereign of iron energy and industry, of great and severe labour. So lived Dictator Francia, and had no rest; and only in Eternity any prospect of rest. A Life of terrible labour;—but for the last twenty years, the Fulgencio Plot being once torn in pieces, and all now quiet under him, it was a more equable labour: severe but equable, as that of a hardy draught-steed fitted in his harness, no longer plunging and champing; but pulling steadily,—till he do all his rough miles, and get to his still *home*.

So dark were the Messrs. Robertson concerning Francia, they had not been able to learn in the least whether, when their Book came out, he was living or dead. He was living then, he is dead now. He is dead, this remarkable Francia; there is no doubt about it: have not we and our readers heard pieces of his Funeral Sermon! He died on the 20th of September 1840, as the Rev. Perez informs us; the people crowding round his Government House with much emotion, nay 'with tears,' as Perez will have it. Three Excellencies succeeded him; as some 'Directorate,' '*Junta Gubernativa*' or whatever the name of it is, before whom this reverend Perez preaches. God preserve them many years!

AN ELECTION TO THE LONG PARLIAMENT.'

[1844]

ANTHONY WOOD, a man to be depended on for accuracy, states as a fact that John Pym, Clerk of the Exchequer, and others, did, during the autumn of 1640, ride to and fro over England, inciting the people to choose members of their faction. Pym and others. Pym 'rode about the country to promote elections of the Puritanical brethren to serve in Parliament; • wasted his body much in carrying-on the cause, and was himself,' as we well know, 'elected a Burgess.' As for Hampden, he had long been accustomed to ride : « being a person 'of antimonarchical principles,' says Anthony, 'he did not only ride, for several years before the Grand Rebellion broke out, 'into Scotland, to keep consults with the Covenanting brethren there; but kept his circuits to several Puritanical houses 'in England ; particularly to that of Knightley in Northamptonshire,' to Fawsley Park, then and now the house of the Knightleys, 'and also to that of William Lord Say at Broughton near Banbury in Oxfordshire :'¹²—Mr. Hampden might well be on horseback in election-time. These Pym, these Hampdens, Knightleys were busy riding over England in those months : it is a little fact which Anthony Wood has seen fit to preserve for us.

A little fact, which, if we meditate it, and picture in any measure the general humour and condition of the England that then was, will spread itself into great expanse in our imagination! What did they say, do, think, these patriotic missionaries, • as they rode about the country' ? What did they propose, advise, in the successive Townhalls, Country-houses,

¹ FRASER'S MAGAZINE, NO. 178.

² Wood's *Athenæ* (Bliss's edition), Hi. 73, 59; Nugent's *Hampden*, i. 327

and 'Places of Consult' ? John Pym, Clerk of the Exchequer, Mr. Hampden of Great Hampden, riding to and fro, lodging with the Puritan Squires of this English Nation, must have had notable colloquies ! What did the Townspeople say in reply to them ? We have a great curiosity to know about it: how this momentous General Election, of autumn 1640, went on ; what the physiognomy or figure of it was ; how ' the remarkablest Parliament that ever sat, the father of all Free British Parliaments, American Congresses and French Conventions, that have sat since in this world,' was got together I

To all which curiosities and inquiries, meanwhile, there is as good as no answer whatever. Wood's fact, such as it is, has to twinkle for us like one star in a heaven otherwise all dark, and shed what light it can. There is nothing known of this great business, what it was, what it seemed to be, how in the least it transacted itself, in any town, or county, or locality. James Heath, 'Carrion Heath' as Smelfungus calls him, does, in his *Flagellum* (or *Flagitium*' as it properly is), write some stuff about Oliver Cromwell and Cambridge Election ; concerning which latter and Cleaveland the Poet there is also another blockheadism on record :—but these, and the like, mere blockheadisms, pitch-dark stupidities and palpable falsities,—what can we do with these ? Forget them, as soon as possible, to all eternity ;—that is the evident rule: Admit that we do honestly know nothing, instead of misknowing several things, and in some sense all things, which is a great misfortune in comparison !

Contemporary men had no notion, as indeed they seldom have in such cases, what an enormous work they were going on with ; and nobody took note of this election more than of any former one. Besides, if they had known, they had other business than to write accounts of it for *us*. But how could anybody know that this was to be the *Long* Parliament, and to cut his Majesty's head off, among other feats ? A very * spirited election,' I dare believe:—but there had been another election that same year, equally spirited, which had issued in a *Short* Parliament, and mere 'second Episcopal War.'

² Or, *Life of Oliver Cromwell* (London, 1663)- probably, all things considered, the brutalest Platitude this English Nation has to show for itself in writing.

There had been three prior elections, sufficiently spirited ; and had issued, each of them, in what we may call a futile shriek ; their Parliaments swiftly vanishing again.

Sure enough, from whatever cause it be, the world, as we said, knows not any where of the smallest authentic notice concerning this matter, which is now so curious to us, and is partly becoming ever more curious. In the old Memoirs, not entirely so dull when once we understand them ; in the multitudinous rubbish-mountains of old Civil-War Pamphlets (some thirty or fifty thousand of them in the British Museum alone, unread, unsorted, unappointed, unannealed !), which will continue dull till, by real labour and insight, of which there is at present little hope, the ten-thousandth part of them be extracted ; and the nine-thousand nine-hundred and ninety-nine parts of them be eaten by moths, or employed in domestic cookery when fuel grows scarce ;—in these chaotic masses of old dull printing there is not to be met with, in long years of manipulation, one solitary trait of any election, in any point of English land, to this same Long Parliament, the remarkablest that ever sat in the world. England was clearly all alive then,—with a moderate crop of corn just reaped from it ; and other things not just ready for reaping yet. In Newcastle, in ' the Bishoprick ' and that region, a Scotch Army, bristling with pike and musket, sonorous with drum and psalm-book, all snugly garrisoned and billeted ' with 850/. a-day ; ' over in Yorkshire an English Army, not quite so snugly ; and a ' Treaty of Ripon ' going on ; and immense things in the wind, and Pym and Hampden riding to and fro to hold ' consults : ' it must have been an election worth looking at ! But none of us will see it ; the Opacities have been pleased to suppress this election, considering *it* of no interest. It is erased from English and from human Memory, or was never recorded there,—(owing to the stupor and dark nature of that faculty, we may well say). It is a lost election ; swallowed in the dark deeps : *premit atra Nor*. Black Night ; and this one fact of Anthony Wood's more or less faintly twinkling there !

In such entire darkness, it was a welcome discovery which the present Editor made, of certain official or semi-official Documents, legal testimonies and signed affidavits, relative to

the Election for Suffolk, such as it actually showed itself to men's observation in the Town of Ipswich on that occasion : Documents drawn-up under the exact eye of Sir Simonds D'Ewes, High-Sheriff of Suffolk ; all carefully preserved these two centuries, and still lying safe for the inspection of the curious among the *Harley Manuscripts* in the British Museum. Sir Simonds, as will be gradually seen, had his reasons for getting these Documents drawn-up ; and luckily, when the main use of them was over, his thrifty historical turn of mind induced him to preserve them for us. A man of sublime Antiquarian researches, Law-learning, human and divine accomplishments, and generally somewhat Grandisonian in his ways ; a man of scrupulous Puritan integrity, of highflown conscientiousness, exactitude and distinguished perfection ; ambitious to be the pink of Christian country-gentlemen and magistrates of counties ; really a most spotless man and High-Sheriff : how shall he suffer, in Parliament or out of it, to the latest posterity, any shadow from election-brabbles or the like indecorous confusion to rest on his clear-polished character ? Hence these Documents ;—for there had an unseemly brabble, and altercation from unreasonable persons, fallen-out at this Election, which ' might have ended in blood,' from the nose or much deeper, had Sir Simonds been a less perfect High-Sheriff ! Hence these Documents, we say ; and they are preserved to us.

The Documents, it must be at once owned, are somewhat of the wateriest: but the reader may assure himself they are of a condensed, emphatic, and very potent nature, in comparison with the generality of Civil-War documents and records ! Of which latter indeed, and what quality they are of, the human mind, till once it has earnestly tried them, can form no manner of idea. We had long heard of Dulness, and thought we knew it a little; but here first *is* the right dead Dulness, Dulness its very self 1 Ditch-water, fetid bilge-water, ponds of it and oceans of it; wide-spread genuine Dulness, without parallel in this world : such is the element in which that history of our Heroic Seventeenth Century as yet rots and swims ! The hapless inquirer swashes to and fro, in the sorrow of his heart: if in an acre of stagnant water he can pick-up half a peascod, let him thank his stars !

This Editor, in such circumstances, read the D'Ewes Documents, and re-read them, not without some feeling of satisfaction. Such as they are, they bring one face to face with an actual election, at Ipswich, 'in Mr Hambies' field, on Monday 'the 19th of October 1640, an extreme windy day.' There is the concrete figure of that extreme windy Monday, Monday gone Two-hundred and odd years . the express image of Old Ipswich, and Old England, and that Day; exact to Nature herself,—though in a most dark glass, the more is the pity ! But it is a glass ; it is the authentic *mind*, namely, or *seeing-faculty*, of Sir Simonds D'Ewes and his Affidavit-makers, who did look on the thing with eyes and minds, and got a real picture of it for themselves. Alas, we too could see *it*, the very thing as it then and there was, through these men's poor limited authentic picture of it here preserved for us, had we eyesight *enough*;—a consideration almost of a desperate nature ! Eyesight *enough*, O reader : a man in that case were a god, and could do various things !—

We will not overload these poor Documents with commentary. Let the public, as we have done, look with its own eyes. To the commonest eyesight a mark-worthy old fact or two may visibly disclose itself; and in shadowy outline and sequence, to the interior regions of the seeing-faculty, if the eyesight be beyond common, a whole world of old facts,—an old contemporary England at large, as it stood and lived, on that 'extreme windy day,'—may more or less dimly suggest themselves. The reader is to transport himself to Ipswich ; and, remembering always that it is two centuries and four years ago, look about him there as he can. Some opportunity for getting these poor old Documents copied into modern hand has chanced to arise ; and here, with an entire welcome to all faithful persons who are sufficiently patient of dulness for the sake of direct historical knowledge, they are given forth in print.

It is to be premised that the Candidates in this Election are Three: Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker on the Puritan side; and Mr. Henry North, son of Sir Roger North, on the Court or Royalist side. Sir Roger is himself already elected, or about to be elected, for the borough of Eye ;—and now Mr. Henry, heir-apparent, is ambitious to be Knight of the Shire He, if he can, will oust one of the two Puritans, he cares little which, and it shall be tried on Monday.

To most readers these Candidates are dark and inane, mere Outlines of Candidates : but Suffolk readers, in a certain dim way, recognise something of them. 'The Parkers still continue ' in due brilliancy, in that shire : a fine old place, at Long ' Melford, near Bury :—but this Parker,' says our Suffolk monitor,⁴ 'is of another family, the family of Lord Morley-and-Mont-
• eagle, otherwise not unknown in English History.⁵ The Bar-
' nardistons too,' it would appear, 'had a noble mansion in the
' east side of the county, though it has quite vanished now, and
' corn is growing on the site of it,' and the family is somewhat eclipsed. The Norths are from Mildenhall, from Finborough, Lax field ; the whole world knows the North kindred, Lord Keeper Norths, Lord Guildford Norths, of which these Norths of ours are a junior twig. Six lines are devoted by Collins Dryasdust⁶ to our Candidate Mr. Henry, of Mildenhall, and to our Candidate's Father and Uncle ; testifying indisputably that they lived, and that they died

Let the reader look in the dim faces, Royalist and Puritan, of these respectable Vanished Gentlemen ; let him fancy their old Great Houses, in this side of the county or that other, standing all young, firm, fresh-pargeted, and warm with breakfast-fire, on that 'extreme windy morning,' which have fallen into such a state of dimness now ! Let the reader, we say, look about him in that old Ipswich ; in that old vanished population : perhaps he may recognise a thing or two. There is the old 'Market Cross,' for one thing ; 'an old Grecian cir-
' cular building, of considerable diameter ; a dome raised on
' distinct pillars, so that you could go freely in and out between
' them ; a figure of Justice on the top ;' which the elderly men in Ipswich can still recollect, for it did not vanish till some thirty years ago. The 'Corn Hill' again, being better rooted, has not vanished hitherto, but is still extant as a Street and Hill ; and the Townhall stands on one side of it.

⁴ D. E. Davy, Esq., of Ufford, in that County, whose learning in Suffolk History is understood to be supreme, and whose obliging disposition we have ourselves experienced.

⁵ It was to William Parker, Lord Monteaule, ancestor of this Sir Philip, that the Letter was addressed which saved the King and Parliament from the Gunpowder Plot. Sir Philip had been High-Sheriff in 1637 ; he died in 1675. —*Dryasdust Miss.*

⁶ *Peerage* iv. 62, 63 (London, 1741).

Samuel Duncon, the Town-constable, shall speak first. 'The Duncons were a leading family in the Corporation of Ipswich; Robert Duncon was patron of the' &c. &c. : so it would appear; but this Samuel, Town-constable, must have been of the more decayed branches, poor fellow! What most concerns us is, that he seems to do his constabling in a really judicious manner, with unspeakable reverence to the High-Sheriff; that he expresses himself like a veracious person, and writes a remarkably distinct hand. We have sometimes, for light's sake, slightly modified Mr. Duncon's punctuation; but have respected his and the High-Sheriffs spelling, though it deserves little respect,—and have in no case, never so slightly, meddled with his sense. The questionable *italic letters in brackets* are evident interpolations;—omissible, if need be.

SUFFOLKE ELECTION.'

No. I.

[Samuel Duncon testifieth.]

'Memorandum, That upon Monday the 19th day of October this present year 1640, the election of two Knights for the Shire was at Ipswich in Suffolke; the Writt being read about eight of the clocke in the morning: and in the Markett Crosse where the County Court is generally kept, Mr. Henry North sonne of Sir Roger North was there at the reading of the said Writt. All this time the other two, namely, Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker, were at the King's Head; and Mr. North was carried about neare halfe an houre before the other two came [*Carried about in his chair by the jubilant people : Let all men see, and come and vote for him. The chairing was then the first step, it would seem*]; and after the other two were taken there, Mr. North was carried into the field neare the said towne, called Mr. Hambie's feild: and the said High-Sherriffe was there polling, about halfe an houre before the other two Knights knewe either of his being polling, or of the High-Sherriffs intention to take the Poll in that place. But at length the two Knights were earned into the said feild; and before they came there, the tables which were sett for them, the said Sir Nathaniel and Sir Philip, were thrust downe, and troaden under foot [*Such a pressure and crowding was there !*]; and they both caused but one

⁷ From *Harleian Mss.*, British Museum (Parliamentary Affairs collected by Sir S. D'Ewes), No. 165, fol 5-8.

⁸ Or, 'Hambie's field,' as the *Duncon Ms.* has it: he probably means Hamby. 'A family of the latter name had property at Ipswich and about it, in those times.'—*Dryasdust Mss.*

table to bee sett there,—till about three of the clocke of the afternoone, the said day, about which time Sir Nathaniel had another table sett there, a little remote from the other. And when they went about to poll, they wanted a clarke. I, Samuell Duncon, standing by, some requested mee; and upon the Under-Sherriff's allowance, I did take names, and one Mr. Fishar with mee, he for Sir Nathaniel, and myselfe for Sir Philip; although many that came for the one, came for the other; and if any came for Mr. North (as there did some), wee tooke them likewise for him. And Mr. John Clinch of Creting,⁹ Sir Roger North's brother-in-law, or some other of Mr. North his ["*North his*" means *North's*] friends, stode by all the time. And after the space of one quarter of an houre, came Sir Robert Crane,¹⁰ and did oppose against Mr. Fishar; and then came the said High-Sherriffe himselfe to the table, where wee were writing, and discharged Mi Fishar, and tooke his papers of him; and at the request of Sir Roger North did appoint one Mr. John Sheppard to write in his place, who then tooke names for Sir Nathaniel, and myselfe for Sir Philip. About one houre after, Sir Robert Crane and the rest of Mr. North his friends moved Sir Nathaniel that wee might leave off polling for him and Sir Philip, and take the Poll only for Mr. North, for, they said, Mr. North's table was much pestered, and many of his men would be gone out of towne, being neare night,—and the like reasons. Which reasons might as well have been alledged in the behalfe of Sir Nathaniel and Sir Philip; but without reasoning, Sir Nathaniel did grant them their desire; and presently Sir Robert Crane went and called all that were for Mr. North to come to that table; and soe Mr. Sheppard and myselfe tooke for Mr. North as long as wee could well see; which I think was about one houre. Having done, wee gave upp our Bookes, and did goe to Mrs. Penning's house in Ipswich, where Sir Roger North was then with the said High-Sherriffe: and I heard no oppositions at that time taken against any thing that had passed that Monday at the taking of the said Poll; but Sir Roger North and the said High-Sherriffe did part very courteously and friendly, each from the other.

'But by the next morning it was generally thought, that Sir Nathaniel and Sir Philip had outstripped Mr. North, about 500 voices apiece, at the Poll taken on the Monday foregoing; soe as the said Sir Roger being, it seemes, much vexed thereat, came to the said High-

'The family of Clinch, or Clench as it should be spelt, were of note in Suffolk. They descended from John Clench of" &c &c, 'buned in 1607, with a handsome monument to his memory. He was one of the Justices of the King's Bench. His Grandson, John Clench, Esq., was High-Sheriff of the County in 1639.'--*Dryasdust Mss.* This, I think, is our and Samuel Duncon's Clench.

¹⁰Sir Robert Crane was descended from a Norfolk family, which mi-'grated,' &c 'He was created q Baronet in May 1627. He was of Chilton Hall, near Sudbury; he died in 1642.'—*Ibid,*

Sherriffe's lodging about eight of the clocke, the same Teuesday morning, and begann to make cavills against what had passed at the taking of the Poll the day past And then they went to the Poll againe ; and two tables were sett in the Markett Crosse," whereat the Poll was taken for Mr. North by four clarkes on oath, two writing the same names. About 12 a of the clocke, the same forenoone, the Court was adjourned to two of the clocke in the afternoone. About which time the said High-Sherriffe repairing thither againe, did with much patience attend the same Mr North's Poll, sitting sometimes about a quarter of an houre before any came in to give their voice, for the said Mr. North. And as the said High-Sherriffe was soe attending his [*Sir Roger North's*] said Sonne's Poll, about three of the clocke the same afternoone, came Sir Roger North, accompanied with divers gentlemen, most of them armed with swords or rapiers [*Lo, there!*] into the said Mearkett Crosse, and the said High-Sherriffe very respectfully attending with silence to what the said Sir Roger North had to say, he fell into most outrageous, unjust and scandalous eliminations against the said High-Sherriffe ; charging him to have dealt partialhe and unjusthe, and to have wronged his said sonne. To all which violent accusations, the said High-Sherriffe, having desired silence, did answeare soe fully and readily, as it gave all unpartiall and honest men full satisfaction. A while after the said High-Sherriffe's speech was ended, the said Sir Roger North with divers others went upp and downe in such a manner on the said Corne Hill, as I, the said Samuell Duncon, fearing that much danger and bloudshedd might ensue, and being one of the constables of Ipswich, did in the King's Majestie's name charge some of the said company to desist [*Highly proper, in such a place as the Corne Hill !*].

' S\MUEL DUNCON '

No IT.

[*Samuel Duncon testifich for the second time.*]

' *Monday, the 19th of October 1640.*

' When I came into the field where the Polling was for the Knights of the Shire, the first place I settled at was an Elm [*Nota bene*] in the middle of the feild, where there were polling for Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker: and there was a long table, at one end whereof was Mr. Robert Dowe, clerke; and he did write for both the foresaid knights; and Mr. Farran, Under-Sherriffe,¹² did sweare the people ; and at the other end of the same table did Mr. Robert Clarke write

¹¹ 'A spacious place; there was room enough in it' see the old copper-plate of 1780.—*Dryasdust Mss.*

¹² 'Under-sheriff,' so Duncon calls him ; but the real Under-Sheriff was Mr. Choppine, to whom this Mr. Farran must have been assistant or temporary substitute.

for Sir Philip, and Mr. Peter Fisher wrot for Sir Nathaniel; and sometimes Mr. Chopping¹³ did swere the people at that end, and sometimes Mr. Robert Clerke did swere them.

' After I had stood there one houre or thereabout, Mr Robert Clerke his nose did bleede [*Ominous!*], so as he coulde not write, and then he called meeto write in his stead, and the Under-Sherriffe required me so to doe; which I did till his nose left bleeding, and then he tooke the Booke again and wrot himselfe. Then I stood by againe about another houre, and then with the violent presse of the people, the tressolls brake, and the table fell downe to the ground [*Aha !*]. There was a cession of writing until the table was set up againe. In that interim, Peter Fisher and Samuel Duncon went to the Conduit-head [*Mark !*]; and having a table sett up there, they did write there for the two foresaid Knights: and then, at the former place [*Beside the big Elm, namely, under its creaking boughs, and broium leaves dropping*], when the table was up againe, Mr. Dowe wrot still for the two Knights, and then ["*Then*" signifies "*meanwhile*"] at the other end of the table was Mr. Robert Clarke writing for Sir Philip. And then there was no man at that end writing for Sir Nathaniel; which presently bred this confusion inevitable, viz. when men had with much trouble pressed to the end of the table (where Mr. Clarke did only take for Sir Philip), and desired to be sworne and entered for both, Mr. Clerke would swere and take them onely for Sir Philip; and would send them to the place where Mr. Fisher was writing for Sir Nathaniel [*And I for Sir Philip still? No, I had ceased; the official nose having done bleeding: see presently*], at the foresaid Conduit-head: whereupon men, being unwilling to endure so much trouble as to presse twice into such great crowdes, began to murmur and complaine [*Very naturally !*], saying they would not endure this, but desired they might be discharged at one place; also Mr. Fisher came to Mr. Clerke, and demanded the reason Why there was no one to take for Sir Nathaniel at that end of the table, where the said Clerke did take names for Sir Philip? and Mr. Fisher said that men complained because they were not despatched for both at once; and said also they would goe away, and not endure this crowding twice. When I [*Having now quitted the Conduit-head, and come to the Elm again*] saw no clerke to write for Sir Nathaniel, I desired this inconvenience aforesaid might be prevented; and seeing a Paper Booke in Mr. Farran his hands, I sayd to him, "Mr. Farran, you see there wants a clerke at the other end of the table to write for Sir Nathaniel;" and then Mr. Farran gave me the Paper Booke in his hands, and sayd to mee, "Write you, for Sir Nathaniel at that end of the table," where Mr. Clerke did write for Sir Philip. And then I, having the Booke, did write for Sir Nathaniel till the evening. And at that end of the table

¹³ A. D. 1640. John Choppine, Gent., Under-Sheriff; Tallemach Chop-
 • pine of Coddenham's brother.—*Harletan Mss*, No. 99, foL 7.

where ["table where," not "end where"] Mr. Robert Dowe did write at one end, and Mr. Clerke and myselfe at the other end, there were present two or three knightes or gentlemen, all the whole time, of Mr. North's partie: sometimes Sir Robert Crane, and Mr. — Waldegrave, and Mr. John Smith,¹⁴ and Mr. Henry North sen. [*This is the Candidate's Uncle, come over from Laxfield, I think, to see fair play.*] No man, all that time, made any observation against mee; and yet they stooode, some of these and sometimes some others of that side, all the afternoone, and did supravise all the clerkes. Also, at night, when wee were breaking up, Mr. Clerke demanded of Mr. Clinch [*Clinch of Creting, — whom we saw above*] if he could find any fault with us in doing any wrong? To which he answered, "He could not as yet, if there were no other carriage than there had yet beene," or to that effect. Neither was there any, that day, who did find fault with the clerkes, in my hearing; but sometimes some muttering and complaining about some particular questions in the oaths, which (as soon as they came to the High-Sheriffe his intelligence) were rectified and settled.

' And at night, when wee broke up, I gave my Booke that I wrott in, unto the Under-Sheriffe, Mr. Farran, before I stirred from the table where I wrott; and then wee came home with the High-Sheriffe to Mrs. Penning's howse [*Did she keep the King's Head ?*]; and there did the High-Sheriffe call for all the Bookes from the Under-Sheriffe, and in the presence of Sir Roger North, and Mr. North his brother, and more other gentlemen, locke up all the Bookes in a little truncke; and sett that truncke in his owne lodging-chamber; and gave the key thereof to his Under-Sheriffe, who lodged not in that howse where the Bookes were.

' *Tuesday, the 20th of October 1640.*

' In the morning Mr. High-Sheriffe came into the Corne Hill at Ipswich and the Knights, to make an end of polling. Whereupon the clerkes who wrot the day before appeared, and wrot againe as before. But Mr. High-Sheriffe commanded that wee should all of us make new Bookes to write in; for he would not stirr those that were wrot-in the day before: and so wee did, and wrot in new Bookes.

' And all that day also while wee wrot, there were divers supravisors; but they found no fault with the clerkes in my hearing; and at noone, when wee brake upp, I gave my Booke againe into Mr. Farran, before I stirred from the table where I wrot. And in the afternoone, wee came together againe, and made an end of polling; and towards the end of polling, before wee had done polling at the table where I sat

¹⁴ Smith is undecipherable; being 'very frequent' in Suffolk, as elsewhere. Of Waldegrave, the Monitor says, 'There being no Christian name mentioned, 'it is hard to say what individual is meant. Doubtless he was one of the 'Waldegraves of Smallbridge. Wm. Waldegrave, Esq., son of Sir Wm. 'Waldegrave, Knight, of Smallbridge in Bures, Suffolk, would be about 'forty years of age about this time:—let us fancy it was he.

to write, Sir Roger with the rest of the knights and gentlemen went about the Corne Hill, swinging their caps and hats crying, "A North ! A North !" [*Questionable*]; which caused me to admire; because I knew the Bookes were not cast up [*And nobody could yet tell who was to win*].

'Then after that, Mr. High-Sheriffe went to Mrs. Penning's, and the Knights followed him, and the clerkes to summe up the Bookes. But the night grew on so fast, that they could not be ended that night: then Mr. High-Sheriffe did agame locke up the Bookes in the same truncke they were in before, and gave the key to Mr. — North, and sett the truncke into his chamber, and appointed to meete the next day upon [*Means, in it, not on the roof of it; the figure of Justice stands on the roof*] the Townhall.'

[*Samuel Duncon still testifieth.*]

'Memorandum, That on Tuesday October 20, in the afternoone, this present year 1640, the High-Sherriffe of the county of Suffolk, sitting in the Markett Crosse [*Note him !*], in Ipswich, where hee kept his County Court, and had that afternoone taken the poll of divers that came to give their voices for Mr. Henry North, sonne of Sir Roger North [*Grammar fails a little*]. And when it appeared, after some stay, that noe more weere likely to come, and Mr. Gardener Webb¹⁵ speaking concerning the said election averred That the said High-Sheriffe had been damnably base in all his carriage Whereupon I, Samuel Duncon, hearing the same, did [*As an enemy of blasphemy, and Constable of this Borough*] enforme the said High-Sheriffe of that outrageous and scandalous speche; who thereupon asking the said Webb, Whether hee had spoken the said wordes or not? he answered, with much impudence and earnestness, That he had said soe, and would maintain it. And did thereupon in the presence of the said High-Sherriffe call mee, the said Samuel Duncon, base rascall and rogue [*He shall answer it !*] because I had acquainted the said High-Sherriffe with his said injurious speeches.

SAMUEL DUNCON '

No. III.

[*Samuel Duncon still testifieth, though without signature.*]

' Wednesday the 21st October 1640.

' The truncke was brought up into the Townhall, and the High-Sherriffe and the rest of the knights and gentlemen came up together to make end of their Bookes: and they passed quietly untill my Booke was produced ; and then Mr. North protested against my Booke, and Sir Roger came up and exclaimed at mee, and said I was no fitt clerke,

¹⁵ ' Gardiner Webb was the son of William Webb of Ixworth in Suffolk, attorney-at-law. He became heir, in right of his mother (who was one of the Gardiners of Elms well), to considerable landed property' [*Dryasdust Mss.*]; and seems to have been a hot-tempered loose-spoken individual

neither authorised to write. Then was Mr. Farran called, and asked How I came to write? Which he answered, " He never saw mee before Monday in all his life, but wanting one to write, and I standing by, he requested mee to write." The High-Sherriffe told Sir Roger, " He could not but accept of my Booke, and would doe so if I had wrot for his own sonne;" and for myselfe, as I then testified, so am I ready to make oath, being lawfully called, That my Booke was just and right, and that I did not write one name that was not sworne for Sir Nathaniel; and notwithstanding Sir Roger and other knights did speake their large pleasures of mee and charged me with direct and manifest outrage [*Maltreating the honest Town-constable: shameful !*].

' In conclusion, the High-Sherriffe finished the Bookes, and soe we brake up that night, and the next day we proclaymed Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker Knights of the Shire for the ensuing Parliament.' [SAMUEL DUNCON : signature not given.]

' To all these Three Pages I am ready to give testimony; and to the whole substance thereof. EDW. BESTWALL.'¹⁶

No. IV.

[*Samuel Duncon still testifieth.*]

' Memorandum, Upon Tuesday morning some women [*Puritan women, zealous beyond discretion !*] came to be sworne for the two foresaid Knights; and Mr. Robert Gierke did suddenly take some of them; but as soone as Mr. High-Sherriffe had intelligence of it, wee had worde brought to the table where Mr. Clerke and myselfe wrot, that Mr. Sheriffe would have us take no women's oaths; and both the Knights desired that those that were taken might be put out, and that we should take no more: and so we refused the rest of the women after that notice from Mr High-Sherriffe; and when Mr. High-Sherriffe cast up the Bookes, he cast out the women out of the generall summe.'

[SAMUEL DUNCON : signature not given.]

These transactions are of 'so high a nature,' it is probable a Parliamentary Committee will have to sit upon them: justice between the vociferous irrational Sir Roger and the discreet unspotted Sir Simonds will then be done. Duncon backed by Bestwall, in writing, and by the Under-Sheriffs Farran and Choppin *viva voce* if needful, and indeed by the whole town of Ipswich if needful,—may sufficiently evince that Mr. High-Sheriffs carriage in the business was perfection or nearly so.

¹⁶ Bestwall is not known to Dryasdust. An impartial onlooker, and presumably nothing more. The 'Three Pages' he vouches for are all these testimonies of Dunoon's from beginning to end,—*nearly six pages as printed here.*

The accurate Magistrate meanwhile thinks good to subjoin a succinct Narrative of his own, which he is ready to sign when required ; every word of which can be proved by the oath of witnesses. No. V. is clearly by D'Ewes himself; there are even some directions to his clerk about writing it fair.

No. V.

*A short and true relation of the carriage of the Election of the Knights for the Countie of Suffolke at Ipswich, which beganne there upon Monday morning, October 19, this present Year 1640, and ended upon the Thursday morning then next ensuing.*¹⁷

'The Under-Sherriffe having had order from the High-Sheriffe of the same Countie to provide honest and able men to take the Poll, and to looke to gett ready materialls for the Election, went to Ipswich on Friday night: and the said High-Sherriffe was purposed to have gone thither the next day, but that hee understood the small-pox [*Nota bene*] was exceeding spread in the said towne. Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker joined together, and Henry North stood singlie, for the place of Knights of the Shire.

'The said High-Sherriffe came to Ipswich about eight of the clocke of the said Monday morning.¹⁸ To whom Sir Roger North, father of the said Mr. Henry North, and divers other gentlemen repairing, hee yeilded to them to have the Poll taken in a feild neare the towne; and soe, after a little discourse without further stay, went to the Markett Crosse, and caused the King's Majestie's Writt to bee published ; by which means the said Mr. North was carried about a good while before the other Knights [*Yes!*] had notice that the said Writt was published. And this the said High-Sherriffe did about an houre and halfe sooner than he was by law compelled to; that there might be noe just ground of cavill, as if he had delaid the business [*Sir Simonds is himself known to be a Puritan ; already elected, or about to be elected, for the town of Sudbury. So high stood Sudbury then; sunk now so low !*].

'After the publication of which, the said High-Sherriffe withdrew himselfe to make haste into the said feild [*Mr. Hamble's field; with the Conduit-head and big Elms in it*] to take the Poll. But before hee got thither, or any place was made readie for the clerkes to write, the said Mr. North was brought into the feild [*Triumphantly in his chair*] ; and many of the gentry as well as others that were of his partie pressed soe upon the place where the planks and boards were setting upp, as they could not be fastened or finished. All this time the other two Knights

¹⁷ From *Harleian Mss.* British Museum, collected by Sir S. D'Ewes, No. 158, page 275.

¹⁸ He lived at Stow Hall (*Autobiography of D'Ewes*); he must have started early.

knew yett nothing that the said Poll was begunn in the said feild : soe as [*So that*] the said High-Sherriffe begann Mr. North's poll alone, and admitted a clerke. The said Sir Roger North proffered to write the names, with the clerke his [*The High-Sheriffs*] Under-Sherriffe had before appointed, which hee [*The High-Sheriff*] conceived hee was not in law bound unto.

' Having then taken the Poll a while, in the said Sir Roger North's presence and his said Sonne's, the companie did tread upon the said planks with such extreme violence, as having divers times borne them downe upon the said High-Sherriffe ; and hee having used all meanes of entreatie and perswasion to desire them to beare off, as did the said Sir Roger North also,—the said High-Sherriffe was at the last forced to give over; and soe gave speedie order, by the advice of the said Sir Roger North and others, To have three severall tables [*" Three: " Duncon notices only two of them ; one under the Elm, one at the Conduit-head, where the Puritan Knights were polling ; Sir Simonds himself superintends the Norths' table.—" three several tables"*] sett upp against trees or other places wheree they might not bee borne downe by violence. Which being vene speedilie performed, the said High-Sherriffe went in person and assisted at the said table wheree Mr. North's poll was taking, leaving his Under-Sherriffe and sworne deputies to attend the other tables, and to administer the oath, where the said Sir Roger and his sonne did appoint their kindred and friends to overview all that was done.

'The said High-Sherriffe did there, without eating or drinking, assist the said Mr. North, from about nine of the clocke in the morning till it grew just upon night, notwithstanding it was in the open feild, and a verie cold and windie day: and did in his owne person take much paines to dispatch the said Poll; which had been much better advanced, if such as came to the same had not treaded with such extreme violence one upon another. And whereas the said Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston came, about twelve of the clocke that forenoone, to the said High-Sherriffe, desiring him that all the companie might dissolve to goe to dinner, and that in respect of the great winde, the Poll in the afternoone might be taken in the said towne of Ipswich [*A very reasonable motion*]: The said High-Sherriffe, upon the said Mr. North's request to the contrary, staide in the said feild till the shutting upp of the said day, as is aforesaid.

' What was done at the other tables the said High-Sherriffe knew not; but twice, upon complaint to him made, repaired thither, and certified and reconciled all matters. And during the same day alsoe the said High-Sherriffe did desire the said Sir Roger North to sende for another table to the place wheree he sate, being willing by all meanes to expedite the said Poll. And though there were not one man sworne for the other two Knights at the said Mr. North's table,—yet were there divers sworne at one of the other two tables for the said Mr.

North ; soe as, by this and the early beginning of the said Mr. North's poll, he had neare upon Two-hundred voices advantage of the other two Knights, had they come single; but they having mame hundreds that gave voices for them jointly, did before night outstrippe his votes by about Fowre-hundred apiece.

' At the said High-Sherriffe's rising from the said Poll on the said Monday night, hee tooke the Bookes from the said clerkes; and though by lawe he was tied to call noe partie to assist him in the laying them upp, yet to take away all possible cause of cavill, and to shoue his integritie in the whole proceedings, hee called the said Sir Roger North to him, and desired him to accompane him not only to the places where he received all the other Bookes or Papers from his said Under-Sherriffe, or the other clarkes that wrote them, but to his lodging also [*Mrs. Penning's*]; where hee bound and sealed upp the said Bookes and Papers, in the presence of the said Sir Roger North and the said Under-Sherriffe; then locking them upp, gave the key to his said Under-Sherriffe to keepe; having first asked the said Sir Roger, If hee were not a person fitt to be trusted with it? And soe the said Sir Roger North departed, in a verie friendly and amicable manner, from the said High-Sherriffe, without so much as moving the least complaint against any of the said proceedings of that day.

' But it seemes, after his departure, having that night learned that the other Knights' polls outstripped his said Sonne's by divers hundreds, —he came the next morning to the said High-Sherriffe's lodging; and beganne, in violent and passionate termes, to charge him That hee had dealt unjustlie and partiallie in taking the Poll the day past [*Behold !*]: which at the present caused the said High-Sherriffe to wonder at that sudden and unexpected change; in respect the same Sir Roger parted in soe friendlie a manner from him the night foregoing, and that his indefatigable paines the day past deserved rather just acknowledgment than such unjust expostulation [*Certainly !*].

' The said High-Sherriffe therefore, having received the said key from his said Under-Sherriffe, in the presence of the said Sir Roger North, departed to the finishing of the said Poll. And whereas the other two Knights had but each of them one table allowed at which two clerkes only wrote; the said High-Sherriffe allowed the said Mr. North two tables and four clerkes: and at noone when the said Court was adjourned to two of the clocke of the same afternoone, the said High-Sherriffe having taken all the Bookes and Papers touching the same Poll from his Under-Sherriffe, or the clerkes which wrot them, desired the said Mr. North himselfe to accompane him to his said lodging; which he did, and sawe them sealed and locked upp, and then had himselfe the key along with him.

' But all these testimonies of the said High-Sherriffe's impartialitie, and integritie in his proceedings, did in noe way mitigate the passion and indignation of the said Sir Roger North and some others, who now

beganne to give the cause upp as conclimated¹⁹ and lost; and therefore, though the said High-Sherriffe afterwarde in his numbering the votes of the said Poll did proceed with it in publike view, which hee might have done privately with his own clerkes, yet all the time after hee was often interrupted by most unjust and outrageous accusations and criminations; and by that meanes was almost as long, within an houre or two, in numbering the names of the said Poll, as hee was in taking the Poll itselfe. And in all differences that emergently fell out in numbering the said names, where there was but any equalitie of doubt, the said High-Sherriffe prevailed with the other two Knights to let the advantage rest on the said Mr. North's side.

' And though the said Sir Roger North came, on the said Tuesday in the afternoone, October 20th, into the Countie Court whilst the said High-Sherriffe sate taking the Poll for his said sonne, and there used most outrageous and violent speeches against the said High-Sherriffe [*Hear Duncon too*] and told him " Hee would make it good with his blood;" yet the said High-Sherriffe, seeing him accompanied with many young gentlemen and others, all or most of them armed with their swords and their rapiers [*Questionable !*], and fearing if he had made use of his just power to punish such an affront, much bloudshedd would have ensued, hee rather passed it over with an invincible patience; and only stode upp, and desired silence to cleare himselfe from these unjust assertions and criminations which had been laid upon him; and resolved to expect redresse of his enemies from the High Court of Parliament [*Far the better plan, Mr. High-Sheriff !—which, among other good effects, has yielded us these present Documents withal.*]

' Yet the said Sir Roger, not satisfied herewith, did, a little after, with the said companie of young gentlemen, and others that followed him, armed as aforesaid, or the greater part of them, go about the Corne Hill in Ipswich, where the Crosse stands, and cried, " A North I a North !" calling the saylers Water-dogges [*Puritan sailors;—mark it; had voted for the Gospel Candidates; " water-dogs"*], and otherwise provoking them: one also of the companie drewe out his sword [*Lo, there !*], and brandished it about, nor did they give over till one of the Constables of Ipswich [*Sam Duncon; we saw him doing it*] being a sworne officer, charged them In the King's name to desist. The other two Knights, then sitting at the Poll, were fain at the instant to withdraw themselves in at the next windowe of the house where they stode; having first besought the people and saylers to bee quiet, and not to answer violence with violence. For it is too apparent what was sought for in that dangerous action; and that if the said High-Sherriffe had, at that present, made use of his power to vindicate his owne affronts and sufferings, much bloudshedd might have ensued. Nor did the said High-Sherriffe suffer only from the violent language of the said

¹⁹ *Conclamatum est*;—summoned nine times, and making no answer, is now to be held for *dead*.

Sir Roger North and some others of qualitie, but from two of the Webbes alsoe, whose Christian names were Roger and Gardiner [*The intemperate Webbes of Ixworth*], and suchlike persons of inferiour rank. The said High-Sherriffe having sate out all Wednesday October 21, from morning till night, in the West Hall or Court House in Ipswich aforesaid, without dining, did at last, notwithstanding the violent interruptions of the said Sir Roger North and others, finish the numbring of the said votes that day; and found that the said Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston had 2140 voices, and Sir Philip Parker 2240 at the least,—besides the voices of all such persons as had been admitted without the said High-Sherriffe's knowledge, and were by him, upon numbring the same, disallowed and cast out. And the said Mr. Henry North had 1422.

'The next morning, October 22, the said High-Sherriffe made open publication of the said votes; and pronounced the said Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston and Sir Philip Parker the due elected Knights for the said Countie of Suffolke. And then caused the indentures witnessing the same election to be there ensealed and loyalhe [*Lawfully*] executed.

'Tis true that, by the ignorance of some of the clerkes at the other tables, the oaths of some single women [*We saw it with Duncon*] that were freeholders were taken, without the knowledge of the said High-Sherriffe; who, as soon as he had notice thereof, instanthe sent to forbid the same, conceiving it a matter verie unworthy of anie gentleman, and most dishonourable in such an election, to make use of their voices, although they might in law have been allowed; nor did the said High-Sherriffe allow of the said votes upon his numbring the said Poll, but with the allowance and consent of the said two Knights themselves discount them and cast them out.

'Now, though all the frivolous cavills, exceptions and protestations which were made against the foresaid Election by the said Sir Roger North or others did only concerne the Poll which was taken on the said Monday October 19; and are sufficiently answered with the verie preceding bare Narration of the true carriage thereof; and the rather, because himselfe accompanying the said High-Sherriffe the same evening when he received all the said Bookes and Papers from his said Under-Sherriffe, or such persons who had written them, did except against noe person, nor noe booke or paper, but consented to the sealing and locking them upp as Acts by which the matter in question was to be decided: Yet to satisfy all the world, such exceptions shall be heare set down, and clearly elevated or wiped away, which on the Tuesday and Wednesday following were pressed at Ipswich upon the said High-Sherriffe, with soe much outrageous passion as he could be scarce permitted to make answer to the same, by reason of the vociferation and clamours of the other partie.

'It was objected, That the said High-Sherriffe made delais on purpose to hinder the said Mr. North. This is so frivolous as 'tis not worth the answering; for the hindrance must have been equallie prejudicialle to the other two Knights as well as to him. Nay, on the contrary, if any had wrong, they had; for the said High-Sherriffe soe hastened both the reading of the Writt, and goeing to the Poll as hee could not in time give the other two Knights notice of it. Soe as if the said Mr. North's companie had not by their overpressing violence throwne downe the boards and planks, where the said High-Sherriffe begann his the said Mr. North's poll alone, hee had gained neare upon an houre's advantage of the other two.

'Another objection, That the said High-Sherriffe refused such clerkes as the said Sir Roger North offered him; telling him hee was provided. This is a shamefull objection: as if the adverse partie were to provide men to take the poll. In this matter the said High-Sherriffe committed all to the trust and care of his Under-Sherriffe, who assured him hee had provided able and sufficient writers; yet did the said High-Sherriffe admitt a clarke, at the said Mr. North's poll, to write with the clerke his said Under-Sherriffe had provided, upon the motion of the said Sir Roger North.

'A third objection, That the said Mr. North lost many voices that were forced to goe out of towne the same Monday, because they could not be sworne. And soe doubtless did the other two likewise. And this was an invincible or remediless mischief on all sides. And 'tis evident the extreame pressing of the said Mr. North's votes hindred some hundreds from being dispatched. Besides, the said High-Sherriffe, at his entreatie, forebore his dinner [*The high-spirited immaculate man*], to sitt it out with him in the winde and cold till night; which deserved acknowledgment, and not rage and furie. Besides, he made the said Sir Roger North once or twice to send for another table to the same place; which courtesie the said High-Sherriffe afforded the said Mr. North the next morning, more than was allowed the other two Knights. And had the said Mr. North lost the place by one or two hundred voices, there might indeed be some colour that hee had miscarried because the Poll could not be finished on the said Monday night; which notwithstanding that it had been soe, yet the said High-Sherriffe was noe ways the cause thereof. But it is noe ways probable that the said Mr. North should be so ill-beloved or lighthe esteemed by such as appeared for him, that Seven-hundred persons would all depart and desert his cause, rather than abide and stay one night in Ipswich to assist him with their votes. For by so many at the least did either of the other two Knights carrie it from him.

'Lastly, for conclusion of the whole. There is not a word or sillible sett down here, which is not notoriously known to manie, or which the said High-Sherriffe himself will not make good by his corporall oath, being loyallie thereunto called, as also by **the** Bookes and Papers taken

at the said Poll. Soe as never was innocency oppressed more by violence and fury; nor did his royall Majestie's Authoritie ever suffer more in the person of his Minister, than by the outrageous affronts offered unto, and unjust criminations heaped upon, the said High-Sherriffe at the said Election.'

Such is the account High-Sheriff D'Ewes has to give of himself, concerning his carriage in the Election of Knights of the Shire for Suffolk on this memorable occasion. He has written it down in an exact manner, to be ready for the Parliament, or for any and all persons interested; his clerks can now make copies of it as many as wanted. In the same Volume, No. 158 of the *Harley Collection*, there is another copy of this 'short and true relation,' with slight changes, principally in the punctuation; doubtless the immaculate Magistrate saw good to revise his Narrative more than once, and bring it still nearer perfection: he adds always this direction for the amanuenses: "They are desired who take a coppie of this to compare it with the originall after they have transcribed it,"—to be sure that they are exact. The original, which, at any rate, in D'Ewes's hand, few persons could have read, is happily lost.

No notice in the *Commons journals*, or elsewhere, indicates at all whether this case ever came before the Election Committee of the Long Parliament. But if it did, as is probable enough, we put it to the commonest sense of mankind, whether on Sir Roger North's side it could have a leg to stand on! No Election Committee can have difficulty here. Accordingly our Puritan Knights Sir Philip Parker and Sir Nathaniel Barnardiston sat indisputable as County Members for Suffolk, Mr. Henry North consoling himself as he could. Sir Simonds the High-Sheriff had another case before the Parliament; this namely, that he being High-Sheriff had returned *himself* for Sudbury as duly elected there, which was thought informal by some: but in this too he prospered, and sat for that Borough. The intemperate Sir Roger, as we said, was admitted Member for Eye: but in the second year, mingling with 'Commission of Array' and other Royalist concerns, to small purpose as is likely, he, like many others, was 'disabled,'—cast forth, to Oxford, to 'malignancy,' disaster, and a fate that has not been **inquired into.**

Sir Simonds sat spotless for Sudbury; made occasional

fantastic Speeches ; and what is far more important for us, took exact Notes. Several of his Speeches he has preserved in writing ; one, probably the most fantastic and pedantic of all, he sent forth in print: it relates to a dispute for seniority that had arisen between Oxford University and Cambridge; proves by unheard-of arguments and erudition, obsolete now to all mortals, that Cambridge, which was his own University, is by far the older,—older than Alfred himself, old as the very hills in a manner. Sir Simonds had the happiness to " shake hands with Mr. Prynne," when he came to the Parliament Committee on his deliverance from prison, and to congratulate Mr. Prynne on the changed aspects that then were. He wrote frequent letters to 'Abraham Wheloc' and many others. Far better, he almost daily dictated to his secretary, or jotted-down for him on scraps of paper, Notes of the Proceedings of the Long Parliament; which Notes still exist, safe in the British Museum ; unknown seemingly to all the learned. He was a thin high-flown character, of eminent perfection and exactitude, little fit for any solid business in this world, yet by no means without his uses there.

This one use, had there been no other, That he took Notes of the Long Parliament! Probably there is much light waiting us in these Notes of his, were they once disimprisoned into general legibility. They extend, in various forms, in various degrees of completeness, to the year 1645 : but in that year, after the victory of Naseby, the questionable course things were taking gave offence to our Presbyterian Grandison ; he sat mostly silent, with many thoughts, and forbore jotting any farther. Two of his written Speeches relate to the confused negotiations with King Charles in the Isle of Wight; and are strong in the Royalist-Presbyterian direction. Colonel Pride, in the end, purged him out altogether, on the memorable 6th December 1648 ; sent him, with four or five score others, 'over to the Tavern called Hell, kept by Mr. Duke, near Palaceyard,'—in the most unheard-of manner ! For, on questioning Mr. Hugh Peters, who had come across to them, By what law ? By what shadow or vestige of any law, common or statutory, human or divine, is this unheard-of thing done ?—the candid Mr. Peters, a man of good insight and **considerable humour** of character, answered these **much-injured honourable gentlemen,**

" By the law of Necessity ; truly by the power of the sword !" And they remained in a nearly rabid state; evidently purged out, without reason and without remedy ; and had to retire to their respective countries, and there rhyme the matter for themselves as they could.

Our poor Knight, Sir Simonds, soon after died ; leaving an unspotted pedant character, and innumerable Manuscripts behind him. Besides his *History of the Parliaments of Queen Elizabeth*, a laborious compilation, which has since been printed, long ago, and still enjoys a good reputation of its sort, there are, as we count, some Ninety and odd Volumes of his Papers still extant in the British Museum : very worthless some of them, very curious others ;—among which latter, certain portions of his *Autobiography*, already known in print,²⁰ are well worth reading ; and these his *Notes of the Long Parliament* are perhaps, to us English, the most interesting of all the Manuscripts that exist there. Pury's *Notes of the Long Parliament*²¹ appear to be irretrievably lost; Varney's, which also have never yet been made accessible,²² extend over only a short early period of the business : it is on these *Notes of D'Ewes's*, principally, that some chance of understanding the procedure and real character of the Long Parliament appears still to depend for us. At present, after shiploads of historical printing, it is and remains mere darkness visible ; if in these *Notes* by an accurate eye-witness there be no chance of light, then is light

²⁰ *Bibliotheca Topographica*, No. 6.

²¹ Mr. Robinson asked me this morning, ' Monday, 12 Jan. 1656-7, 'before the Speaker came, If I took Notes at Scot's Committee? I said, Yea. ' He told me He had much ado to forbear moving against my taking Notes, ' for it was expressly against the Orders of the House. I told him how Mr. ' Davy took Notes all the Long Parliament, and that Sir Symons D'Ewes ' wrote great volumes' of the like. *Burton's Diary* (London, 1828), i. 341.

Of Sir Simonds's ' great volumes' we are here speaking but who the ; Mr. Davy' is ? No person of the name of Davy sat in the Long Parliament at all; or could by possibility have taken Notes ! After multifarious examination, and bootless trial of various names more or less resembling Davy, a sight of the original MS. of the thing called *Burton's Diary* was procured; and the name 'Davy' then straightway turned out to be Pury. Pury, or Purry, perhaps now written Perry, Alderman of Gloucester, and once well known as Member for that City. But of him or of his *Notes*, on repeated application there, no trace could now be found. If, as is possible, they still exist, in the buried state, in those regions,—to resuscitate and print them were very meritorious.

²² Edited now (London, 1845) by Mr. Bruce.

anywhere hopeless, and this remarkablest Parliament that ever sat will continue an enigma forever. In such circumstances, we call these Notes the most interesting of all Manuscripts. To an English soul who would understand what was really memorable and godlike in the History of his Country, distinguishing the same from what was at bottom unmemorable and devil-like; who would bear in everlasting remembrance the doings of our noble heroic men, and sink into everlasting oblivion the doings of our loud ignoble quacks and sham-heroes,—what other record can be so precious? If English History have nothing to afford us concerning the Puritan Parliament but vague incoherencies, inconceivabilities and darkness visible,—English History, in this Editor's opinion, must be in a poor way!

It has often been a question, Why none of the Dryasdust Publishing Societies, the *Camden* or some other, has gone into these D'Ewes's *Mss.* in an efficient spirit, and fished-up somewhat of them? Surely it is the office of such Publishing Societies. Now when Booksellers are falling irrecoverably into the hand-to-mouth system, unable to publish anything that will not repay them on the morrow morning; and in Printed Literature, as elsewhere, matters seem hastening pretty fast towards strange consummations: who else but the Printing Societies is to do it? They should lay aside vain Twaddle and Dilettantism, and address themselves to their function by real Labour and Insight, as above hinted,—of which, alas, there is at present little hope!

Unhappily the Publishing Societies, generally speaking, are hitherto 'Dryasdust' ones; almost a fresh nuisance rather than otherwise. They rarely spend labour on a business, rarely insight; they consider that sham-labour, and a twilight of ignorance and buzzard stupidity, backed by prurient desire for distinction, with the subscription of a guinea a year, will do the turn. It is a fatal mistake! Accordingly the Books they print, intending them apparently to be read by some class of human creatures, are wonderful. Alas, they have not the slightest talent for knowing, first of all, what *not* to print; what, as a thing dead, and incapable of ever interesting or profiting a human creature more, ought not to be printed again, to steal away the valuable cash, and the invaluable time and patience of any

man again ! It is too bad. How sorrowful to see a mass of printed Publishings and Republishings, all in clear white paper, bound in cloth and gold lettered ; concerning which you have to acknowledge that there should *another* artist be appointed to go in the rear of them, to fork them swiftly into the oven, and save all men's resources from one kind of waste at least. Mr. Chadwick proposes that sweepers shall go in the rear of all horses in London, and instantly sweep-up their offal, before it be trampled abroad over the pavement to general offence. Yes ; but what sweeper shall follow the Dryasdust Printing Societies, the Authors, Publishers, and other Prurient-Stupids of this intellectual Metropolis, who are rising to a great height at present ! Horse-offal, say Chadwick and the Philanthropists very justly, if not at once swept-up, is trampled abroad over the pavements, into the sewers, into the atmosphere, into the very lungs and hearts of the citizens : Good Heavens, and to think of Author-offal, and how it is trampled into the very souls of men ; and how the rains and the trunkmakers do not get it abolished for years on years, in some instances !

THE NIGGER QUESTION.

[Precursor to *Latter-day Pamphlets.*"]

[1849.]

OCCASIONAL DISCOURSE ON THE NIGGER QUESTION.'

THE following Occasional Discourse, delivered by we know not whom, and of date seemingly above a year back, may perhaps be welcome to here and there a speculative reader. It comes to us,—no speaker named, no time or place assigned, no commentary of any sort given,—in the handwriting of the so-called "Doctor," properly "Absconded Reporter," Dr. Phelim M'Quirk, whose singular powers of reporting, and also whose debts, extravagancies and sorrowful insidious finance-operations, now winded-up by a sudden disappearance, to the grief of many poor tradespeople, are making too much noise in the police-offices at present! Of M'Quirk's composition we by no means suppose it to be; but from M'Quirk, as the last traceable source, it comes to us;—offered, in fact, by his respectable unfortunate landlady, desirous to make-up part of her losses in this way.

To absconded reporters who bilk their lodgings, we have of course no account to give; but if the Speaker be of any eminence or substantiality, and feel himself aggrieved by the transaction, let him understand that such, and such only, is our connection with him or his affairs. As the Colonial and Negro Question is still alive, and likely to grow livelier for some time, we have accepted the Article, at a cheap market-rate; and give it publicity, without in the least committing ourselves to the strange doctrines and notions shadowed forth in it. Doctrines and notions which, we rather suspect, are pretty much in a "minority of one," in the present era of the world! Here, sure enough, are peculiar views of the Rights of Negroes; involving, it is probable, peculiar ditto of innumerable other rights, duties, expectations, wrongs and disappointments, much argued of, by logic and by grape-shot, in these emancipated epochs of the human mind!—Silence now, however; and let the Speaker himself enter.

My Philanthropic Friends,—It is my painful duty to address some words to you, this evening, on the Rights of Negroes.

¹ First printed in *Fraser's Magazine*, December 1849; reprinted in the form of a separate Pamphlet, London, 1853.

Taking, as we hope we do, an extensive survey of social affairs, which we find all in a state of the frightfullest embroilment, and as it were of inextricable final bankruptcy, just at present; and being desirous to adjust ourselves in that huge upheave, and unutterable welter of tumbling rums, and to see well that our grand proposed Association of Associations, the UNIVERSAL ABOLITION-OF-PAIN ASSOCIATION, which is meant to be the consummate golden flower and summary of modern Philanthropisms all in one, do *not* issue as a universal "Sluggard-and-Scoundrel Protection Society,"—we have judged that, before constituting ourselves, it would be very proper to commune earnestly with one another, and discourse together on the leading elements of our great Problem, which surely is one of the greatest. With this view the Council has decided, both that the Negro Question, as lying at the bottom, was to be the first handled, and if possible the first settled; and then also, what was of much more questionable wisdom, that—that, in short, I was to be Speaker on the occasion. An honourable duty; yet, as I said, a painful one!—Well, you shall hear what I have to say on the matter; and probably you will not in the least like it.

West-Indian affairs, as we all know, and as some of us know to our cost, are in a rather troublous condition this good while. In regard to West-Indian affairs, however, Lord John Russell is able to comfort us with one fact, indisputable where so many are dubious, That the Negroes are all very happy and doing well. A fact very comfortable indeed. West-Indian Whites, it is admitted, are far enough from happy; West-Indian Colonies not unlike sinking wholly into ruin: at home too, the British Whites are rather badly off; several millions of them hanging on the verge of continual famine; and in single towns, many thousands of them very sore put to it, at this time, not to live "well" or as a man should, in any sense temporal or spiritual, but to live at all:—these, again, are uncomfortable facts; and they are extremely extensive and important ones. But, thank Heaven, our interesting Black population,—equaling almost in number of heads one of the Ridings of Yorkshire, and in *worth* (in quantity of intellect, faculty, docility, energy, and available human valour and value) perhaps one Of

the streets of Seven Dials,—are all doing remarkably well. "Sweet blighted lilies,"—as the American epitaph on the Nigger child has it,—sweet blighted lilies, they are holding-up their heads again! How pleasant, in the universal bankruptcy abroad, and dim dreary stagnancy at home, as if for England too there remained nothing but to suppress Chartist riots, banish united Irishmen, vote the supplies, and *wait* with arms crossed till black Anarchy and Social Death devoured us also, as it has done the others; how pleasant to have always this fact to fail-back upon: Our beautiful Black darlings are at last happy; with little labour except to the teeth, *which* surely, in those excellent horse-jaws of theirs, will not fail!

Exeter Hall, my philanthropic friends, has had its way in this matter. The Twenty Millions, a mere trifle despatched with a single dash of the pen, are paid; and far over the sea, we have a few black persons rendered extremely "free" indeed. Sitting yonder with their beautiful muzzles up to the ears in pumpkins, imbibing sweet pulps and juices; the grinder and incisor teeth ready for ever new work, and the pumpkins cheap as grass in those rich climates: while the sugar-crops rot round them uncut, because labour cannot be hired, so cheap are the pumpkins,—and at home we are but required to rasp from the breakfast-loaves of our own English labourers some slight "differential sugar-duties," and lend a poor half-million or a few poor millions now and then, to keep that beautiful state of matters going on. A state of matters lovely to contemplate, in these emancipated epochs of the human mind; which has earned us not only the praises of Exeter Hall, and loud long-eared hallelujahs of laudatory psalmody from the Friends of Freedom everywhere, but lasting favour (it is hoped) from the Heavenly Powers themselves;—and which may, at least, justly appeal to the Heavenly Powers, and ask them, If ever in terrestrial procedure they saw the match of it? Certainly in the past history of the human species it has no parallel: nor, one hopes, will it have in the future. [*Some emotion in the audience; which the Chairman suppressed.*]

Sunk in deep froth-oceans of "Benevolence," "Fraternity," "Emancipation-principle," "Christian Philanthropy," and other most amiable-looking, but most baseless, and in the end baleful and all-bewildering jargon,—sad product of a sceptical

Eighteenth Century, and of poor human hearts left *destitute* of any earnest guidance, and disbelieving that there ever was any, Christian or Heathen, and reduced to believe in rosepink Sentimentalism alone, and to cultivate the same under its Christian, Antichristian, Broad-brimmed, Brutus-headed, and other forms,—has not the human species gone strange roads, during that period? And poor Exeter Hall, cultivating the Broad-brimmed form of Christian Sentimentalism, and long talking and bleating and braying in that strain, has it not worked-out results? Our West-Indian Legislatings, with their spoutings, anti-spoutings, and interminable jangle and babble; our Twenty millions down on the nail for Blacks of our own; Thirty gradual millions more, and many brave British lives to boot, in watching Blacks of other people's; and now at last our ruined sugar-estates, differential sugar-duties, "immigration loan," and beautiful Blacks sitting there up to the ears in pumpkins, and doleful Whites sitting here without potatoes to eat: never till now, I think, did the sun look-down on such a jumble of human nonsenses;—of which, with the two hot nights of the Missing-Despatch Debate,² God grant that the measure might now at last be full! But no, it is not yet full; we have a long way to travel back, and terrible flounderings to make, and in fact an immense load of nonsense to dislodge from our poor heads, and manifold cobwebs to rend from our poor eyes, before we get into the road again, and can begin to act as serious men that have work to do in this Universe, and no longer as windy sentimentalists that merely have speeches to deliver and despatches to write. O Heaven, in West-Indian matters, and in all manner of matters, it is so with us: the more is the sorrow!—

The West Indies, it appears, are short of labour; as indeed is very conceivable in those circumstances. Where a Black man, by working about half-an-hour a-day (such is the calculation), can supply himself, by aid of sun and soil, with as much pumpkin as will suffice, he is likely to be a little stiff to raise into hard work! Supply and demand, which, science
&c

² Doss any reader now remember it? A cloudy reminiscence of some such thing, and of noise in the Newspapers upon it, remains with us,—fast hastening to abolition for everybody (*Note 0/1849.*)—This Missing-Despatch Debate, what on earth was it? (*Note of 1853.*)

says, should be brought to bear on him, have an uphill task of it with such a man. Strong sun supplies itself gratis, rich soil in those unpeopled or half-peopled regions almost gratis; these are *his* "supply;" and half-an-hour a-day, directed upon these, will produce pumpkin, which is his "demand." The fortunate Black man, very swiftly does he settle *his* account with supply and demand:—not so swiftly the less fortunate White man of those tropical localities. A bad case, his, just now. He himself cannot work; and his black neighbour, rich in pumpkin, is in no haste to help him. Sunk to the ears in pumpkin, imbibing saccharine juices, and much at his ease in the Creation, he can listen to the less fortunate white man's "demand," and take his own time in supplying it. Higher wages, massa; higher, for your cane-crop cannot wait; still higher,—till no conceivable opulence of cane-crop will cover such wages. In Demerara, as I read in the Blue-book of last year, the cane-crop, far and wide, stands rotting; the fortunate black gentlemen, strong in their pumpkins, having all struck till the "demand" rise a little. Sweet blighted lilies, now getting-up their heads again!

Science, however, has a remedy still. Since the demand is so pressing, and the supply so inadequate (equal in fact to *nothing* in some places, as appears), increase the supply; bring more Blacks into the labour-market, then will the rate fall, says science. Not the least surprising part of our West-Indian policy is this recipe of "immigration;" of keeping-down the labour-market in those islands by importing new Africans to labour and live there. If the Africans that are already there could be made to lay-down their pumpkins, and labour for their living, there are already Africans enough. If the new Africans, after labouring a little, take to pumpkins like the others, what remedy is there? To bring-in new and ever new Africans, say you, till pumpkins themselves grow dear; till the country is crowded with Africans; and black men there, like white men here, are forced by hunger to labour for their living? That will be a consummation. To have "emancipated" the West Indies into a *Black Ireland*; "free" indeed, but an Ireland, and Black 1 The world may yet see prodigies; and reality be stranger than a nightmare dream.

Our own white or sallow Ireland, skittishly starving from

age to age on its act-of-parliament "freedom," was hitherto the flower of mismanagement among the nations: but what will this be to a Negro Ireland, with pumpkins themselves fallen scarce like potatoes ! Imagination cannot fathom such an object ; the belly of Chaos never held the like. The human mind, in its wide wanderings, has not dreamt yet of such a "freedom" as that will be. Towards that, if Exeter Hall and science of supply-and-demand are to continue our guides in the matter, we are daily travelling, and even struggling, with loans of half-a-million and suchlike, to accelerate ourselves

Truly, my philanthropic friends, Exeter-Hall Philanthropy is wonderful. And the Social Science,—not a "gay science," but a rueful,—which finds the secret of this Universe in "supply and demand," and reduces the duty of human governors to that of letting men alone, is also wonderful. Not a "gay science," I should say, like some we have heard of; no, a dreary, desolate, and indeed quite abject and distressing one ; what we might call, by way of eminence, the *dismal science*. These two, Exeter-Hall Philanthropy and the Dismal Science, led by any sacred cause of Black Emancipation, or the like, to fall in love and make a wedding of it,—will give birth to progenies and prodigies ; dark extensive moon-calves, unnamable abortions, wide-coiled monstrosities, such as the world has not seen hitherto! [*Increased emotion, again suppressed by the Chairman.*']

In fact, it will behove us of this English nation to overhaul our West-Indian procedure from top to bottom, and ascertain a little better what it is that Fact and Nature demand of us, and what only Exeter Hall wedded to the Dismal Science demands. To the former set of demands we will endeavour, at our peril,—and worse peril than our purse's, at our soul's peril,—to give all obedience. To the latter we will very frequently demur, and try if we cannot stop short where they contradict the former,—and especially *before* arriving at the black throat of ruin, whither they appear to be leading us. Alas, in many other provinces besides the West Indian, that unhappy wedlock of Philanthropic Liberalism and the Dismal Science has engendered such all-enveloping delusions, of the moon-calf sort, and wrought huge woe for us, and for the poor civilised world, **in these days 1** And sore will be the battle with said moon-

calves ; and terrible the struggle to return out of our delusions, floating rapidly on which, not the West Indies alone, but Europe generally, is nearing the Niagara Falls. [*Here various persons, in an agitated manner, with an air of indignation, left the room; especially one very tall gentleman in white trousers; whose boots creaked much. The President, in a resolved voice, with a look of official rigour, whatever his own private feelings might be, enjoined " Silence, Silence!" The meeting again sat motionless.*]

My philanthropic friends, can you discern no fixed headlands in this wide-weltering deluge, of benevolent twaddle and revolutionary grape-shot, that has burst-forth on us ; no sure bearings at all ? Fact and Nature, it seems to me, say a few words to us, if happily we have still an ear for Fact and Nature. Let us listen a little and try.

And first, with regard to the West Indies, it may be laid-down as a principle, which no eloquence in Exeter Hall, or Westminster Hall, or elsewhere, can invalidate or hide, except for a short time only, That no Black man who will not work according to what ability the gods have given him for working, has the smallest right to eat pumpkin, or to any fraction of land that will grow pumpkin, however plentiful such land may be; but has an indisputable and perpetual *right* to be compelled, by the real proprietors of said land, to do competent work for his living. This is the everlasting duty of all men, black or white, who are born into this world. To do competent work, to labour honestly according to the ability given them; for that and for no other purpose was each one of us sent into this world; and woe is to every man who, by friend or by foe, is prevented from fulfilling this the end of his being. That is the "unhappy" lot: lot equally unhappy cannot otherwise be provided for man. Whatsoever prohibits or prevents a man from this his sacred appointment to labour while he lives on earth,—that, I say, is the man's deadliest enemy; and all men are called upon to do what is in their power or opportunity towards delivering him from that. If it be his own indolence that prevents and prohibits him, then his own indolence is the enemy he must be delivered from: and the first "right" he has,—poor indolent blockhead, black or white,—is, That every unprohibited man, whatsoever wiser, more industrious

person may be passing that way, shall endeavour to "emancipate" him from his indolence, and by some wise means, as I said, compel him, since inducing will not serve, to do the work he is fit for. Induce him, if you can: yes, sure enough, by all means try what inducement will do; and indeed every coachman and carman knows that secret, without our preaching, and applies it to his very horses as the true method:—but if your Nigger will not be induced? In that case, it is full certain, he must be compelled; should and must; and the tacit prayer he makes (unconsciously he, poor blockhead,) to you, and to me, and to all the world who are wiser than himself, is, "Compel me!" For indeed he *must*, or else do and suffer worse,—he as well as we. It were better the work did come out of him ! It was the meaning of the gods with him and with us, that his gift should turn to use in this Creation, and not he poisoning the thoroughfares, as a rotten mass of idleness, agreeable to neither heaven nor earth. For idleness does, in all cases, inevitably *rot*, and become putrescent;—and I say deliberately, the very Devil is in *it*.

None of you, my friends, have been in Demerara lately, I apprehend ? May none of you go till matters mend there a little! Under the sky there are uglier sights than perhaps were seen hitherto! Dead corpses, the rotting body of a brother man, whom fate or unjust men have killed, this is not a pleasant spectacle; but what say you to the dead soul of a man,—in a body which still pretends to be vigorously alive, and can drink rum? An idle White gentleman is not pleasant to me; though I confess the real work for him is not easy to find, in these our epochs; and perhaps he is seeking, poor soul, and may find at last. But what say you to an idle Black gentleman, with his rum-bottle in his hand (for a little additional pumpkin you can have red-herrings and rum, in Demerara),—rum-bottle in his hand, no breeches on his body, pumpkin at discretion, and the fruitfulest region of the earth going back to jungle round him? Such things the sun looks-down upon in our fine times; and I, for one, would rather have no hand in them.

Yes, this is the eternal law of Nature for a man, my beneficent Exeter-Hall friends; this, that he shall be permitted, encouraged, and if need be, compelled to do what work the Maker of him has intended by the making of him for this

world! Not that he should eat pumpkin with never such felicity in the West-India Islands is, or can be, the blessedness of our Black friend; but that he should do useful work there, according as the gifts have been bestowed on him for that. And his own happiness, and that of others round him, will alone be possible by his and their getting into such a relation that this can be permitted him, and in case of need, that this can be compelled him. I beg you to understand this; for you seem to have a little forgotten it, and there lie a thousand inferences in it, not quite useless for Exeter Hall, at present. The idle Black man in the West Indies had, not long since, the right, and will again under better form, if it please Heaven, have the right (actually the first "right of man" for an indolent-person) to be *compelled* to work as he was fit, and to *do* the Maker's will who had constructed him with such and such capabilities, and prefigurements of capability. And I incessantly pray Heaven, all men, the whitest alike and the blackest, the richest and the poorest, in other regions of the world, had attained precisely the same right, the divine right of being compelled (if "permitted" will not answer) to do what work they are appointed for, and not to go idle another minute, in a life which is so short, and where idleness so soon runs to putrescence! Alas, we had then a perfect world; and the Millennium, and true "Organisation of Labour," and reign of complete blessedness, for all workers and men, had then arrived,—which in these our own poor districts of the Planet, as we all lament to know, it is very far from having yet done. [*More withdrawals; but the rest sitting with increased attention.*]

Do I, then, hate the Negro? No; except when the soul is killed out of him, I decidedly like poor Quashee; and find him a pretty kind of man. With a pennyworth of oil, you can make a handsome glossy thing of Quashee, when the soul is not killed in him! A swift, supple fellow; a merry-hearted, grinning, dancing, singing, affectionate kind of creature, with a great deal of melody and amenability in his composition. This certainly is a notable fact: The black African, alone of wild-men, can live among men civilised. While all manner of Caribs and others pine into annihilation in presence of the pale faces, he contrives to continue; does not die of sullen irreconcilable rage,

of rum, of brutish laziness and darkness, and fated incompatibility with his new place; but lives and multiplies, and evidently means to abide among us, if we can find the right regulation for him. We shall have to find it; we are now engaged in the search; and have at least discovered that of two methods, the old Demerara method, and the new Demerara method, neither will answer.

Alas, my friends, I understand well your rage against the poor Negro's slavery; what said rage proceeds from; and have a perfect sympathy with it, and even know it by experience. Can the oppressor of my black fellow-man be of any use to me in particular? Am I gratified in my mind by the ill-usage of any two- or four-legged thing; of any horse or any dog? No* so, I assure you. In me too the natural sources of human rage exist more or less, and the capability of flying out into "fiery wrath against oppression," and of signing petitions; both of which things can be done very cheap. Good heavens, if signing petitions would do it, if hopping to Rome on one leg would do it, think you it were long undone!

Frightful things are continually told us of Negro slavery, of the hardships, bodily and spiritual, suffered by slaves. Much exaggerated, and mere exceptional cases, say the opponents. Exceptional cases, I answer; yes, and universal ones! On the whole, hardships, and even oppressions and injustices are not unknown in this world; I myself have suffered such, and have not you? It is said, Man, of whatever colour, is born to such, even as the sparks fly upwards. For in fact labour, and this is properly what we call hardship, misery, &c. (meaning mere ugly labour not yet done), labour is not joyous but grievous; and we have a good deal of it to do among us here. We have, simply, to carry the whole world and its businesses upon our backs, we poor united Human Species; to carry it, and shove it forward, from day to day, somehow or other, among us, or else be ground to powder under it, one and all. No light task, let me tell you, even if each did his part honestly, which each doesn't by any means. No, only the noble lift willingly with their whole strength, at the general burden; and in such a crowd, after all your drillings, regulatings, and attempts at equitable distribution, and compulsion, what deceptions are till practicable, what errors are inevitable! Many cunning

ignoble fellows shirk the labour altogether; and instead of faithfully lifting at the immeasurable universal handbarrow with its thousand-million handles, contrive to get on some ledge of it, and be lifted!

What a story we have heard about all that, not from vague rumour since yesterday, but from inspired prophets, speakers and seers, ever since speech began! How the giant willing spirit, among white masters, and in the best-regulated families, is so often not loaded only but overloaded, crushed-down like an Enceladus; and, all his life, has to have armies of pigmies building tabernacles on his chest; marching composedly over his neck, as if it were a highway; and much amazed if, when they run their straw spear into his nostril, he is betrayed into sudden sneezing, and oversets some of them. [*Some laughter, the speaker himself looking terribly serious.*,] My friends, I have come to the sad conclusion that SLAVERY, whether established by law, or by law abrogated, exists very extensively in this world, in and out of the West Indies; and, in fact, that you cannot abolish slavery by act of parliament, but can only abolish the *name* of it, which is very little!

In the West Indies itself, if you chance to abolish Slavery to Men, and in return establish Slavery to the Devil (as we see in Demerara), what good is it? To save men's bodies, and fill them with pumpkins and rum, is a poor task for human benevolence, if you have to kill their soul, what soul there was, in the business! Slavery is not so easy to be abolished; it will long continue, in spite of acts of parliament. And shall I tell you which is the one intolerable sort of slavery; the slavery over which the very gods weep? That sort is not rifest in the West Indies; but, with all its sad fruits, prevails in nobler countries. It is the slavery of the strong to the weak; of the great and noble-minded to the small and mean! The slavery of Wisdom to Folly. When Folly all "emancipated," and become supreme, armed with ballot-boxes, universal suffrages, and appealing to what Dismal Sciences, Statistics, Constitutional Philosophies, and other Fool Gospels it has got devised for itself, can say to Wisdom: "Be silent, or thou shalt repent it! Suppress thyself, I advise thee; canst thou not contrive to cease, then?" That also, in some anarchic-constitutional epochs, has been seen. When, of high and noble objects, there re-

mained, in the market-place of human things, at length none; and he that could not make guineas his pursuit, and the applause of flunkies his reward, found himself in such a minority as seldom was before.

Minority, I know, there always was: but there are degrees of it, down to minority of one,—down to suppression of the unfortunate minority, and reducing it to zero, that the flunky-world may have peace from it henceforth. The flunky-world has peace; and descends, manipulating its ballot-boxes, Coppock suffrages, and divine constitutional apparatus; quoting its Dismal Sciences, Statistics, and other satisfactory Gospels and Talmuds,—into the throat of the Devil; not bothered by the importunate minority on the road. Did you never hear of "Crucify him! Crucify him!" That was a considerable feat in the suppressing of minorities; and is still talked-of on Sundays, —with very little understanding, when I last heard of it. My friends, my friends, I fear we are a stupid people; and stuffed with such delusions, above all with such immense hypocrisies and self-delusions, from our birth upwards, as no people were before; God help us!—Emancipated? Yes, indeed, we are emancipated out of several things, and into several things. No man, wise or foolish, any longer can control you for good or for evil. Foolish Tomkms, foolish Jobson, cannot now singly oppress you: but if the Universal Company of the Tomkinses and Jobsons, as by law established, can more than ever? If, on all highways and byways, that lead to other than a Tomkins-Jobson winning-post, you meet, at the second step, the big, dumb, universal genius of Chaos, and are so placidly yet peremptorily taught, "Halt here!" There is properly but one slavery in the world. One slavery, in which all other slaveries and miseries that afflict the earth are included; compared with which the worst West-Indian, white, or black, or yellow slaveries are a small matter. One slavery over which the very gods weep. Other slaveries, women and children and stump-orators weep over; but this is for men and gods I [*Sensation; some, however, took snuff.*]

If precisely the Wisest Man were at the top of society, and the next-wisest next, and so on till we reached the Demerara Nigger (from whom downwards, through the horse, &c, there is no question hitherto), then were this a perfect world, the ex-

treme *maximum* of wisdom produced in it. That is how you might produce your maximum, would some god assist. And I can tell you also how the *minimum* were producible. Let no man in particular be put at the top; let all men be accounted equally wise and worthy, and the notion get abroad that anybody or nobody will do well enough at the top; that money (to which may be added success in stump-oratory) is the real symbol of wisdom, and supply-and-demand the all-sufficient substitute for command and obedience among two-legged animals of the unfeathered class: accomplish all those remarkable convictions in your thinking department; and then in your practical, as is fit, decide by count of heads, the vote of a Demerara Nigger equal and no more to that of a Chancellor Bacon: this, I perceive, will (so soon as it is fairly under way, and *all* obstructions left behind) give the *minimum* of wisdom in your proceedings. Thus were your minimum producible,—with no God needed to assist, nor any Demon even, except the general Demon of *Ignavia* (Unvalour), lazy Indifference to the production or non-production of such things, which runs in our own blood. Were it beautiful, think you? Folly in such million-fold majority, at length peaceably supreme in this earth. Advancing on you as the huge buffalo-phalanx does in the Western Deserts; or as, on a smaller scale, those bristly creatures did in the Country of the Gadarenes. Rushing, namely, in wild *stampede* (the Devil being in them, some small fly having stung them), boundless,—one wing on that edge of your horizon, the other wing on that, and rearward whole tides and oceans of them:—so could Folly rush; the enlightened public one huge Gadarenes-swinery, tail cocked, snout in air, with joyful animating short squeak; fast and ever faster; down steep places,—to the sea of Tiberias, and the bottomless cloacas of Nature: quenched there, since nowhere sooner. My friends, such sight is *too* sublime, if you are out in it, and are not of it!—

Well, *except* by Mastership and Servantship, there is no conceivable deliverance from Tyranny and Slavery. Cosmos is not Chaos, simply by this one quality, That it is governed. Where wisdom, even approximately, can contrive to govern, all is right, or is ever striving to become so; where folly is "emancipated," and gets to govern, a? it soon will, all is wrong.

That is the sad fact; and in other places than Demerara, and in regard to other interests than those of sugar-making, we sorrowfully experience the same.

I have to complain that, in these days, the relation of master to servant, and of superior to inferior, in all stages of it, is fallen sadly out of joint. As may well be, when the very highest stage and form of it, which should be the summary of all and the keystone of all, is got to such a pass. Kings themselves are grown sham-kings; and their subjects very naturally are sham-subjects; with mere lip-homage, insincere to their sham-kings;—sincere chiefly when they get into the streets (as is now our desperate case generally in Europe) to shoot them down as nuisances. Royalty is terribly gone; and loyalty in consequence has had to go. No man reverences another; at the best, each man slaps the other good-humouredly on the shoulder, with, "Hail, fellow; well met!"—at the worst (which is sure enough to *follow* such unreasonable good-humour, in a world like ours), clutches him by the throat, with, "Tyrannous son of perdition, shall I endure thee, then, and thy injustices forever?" We are not yet got to the worst extreme, we here in these Isles; but we are well half-way towards it, I often think.

Certainly, by any ballot-box, Jesus Christ goes just as far as Judas Iscariot; and with reason, according to the New Gospels, Talmuds and Dismal Sciences of these days. Judas looks him in the face; asks proudly, "Am not I as good as thou? Better, perhaps!" slapping his breeches-pocket, in which is audible the cheerful jingle of thirty pieces of silver. "Thirty of them here, thou cowering pauper!" My philanthropic friends, if there be a state of matters under the stars which deserves the name of damnable and damned, this I perceive is it! Alas, I know well whence it came, and how it could not help coming;—and I continually pray the gods its errand were done, and it had begun to go its ways again. Vain hope, at least for a century to come! And there will be such a sediment of Egyptian mud to sweep away, and to fish all human things out of again, once this most sad though salutary deluge is well over, as the human species seldom had before. Patience, patience!—

In fact, without real masters you cannot have servants; and a master is not made by thirty pieces or thirty-million

pieces of silver ; only a sham-master is so made. The Dismal Science of this epoch defines him to be master good enough ; but he is not such: you can see what kind of master he proves, what kind of servants he manages to have. Accordingly, the state of British servanthip, of American helpship—I confess to you, my friends, if looking out for what was *least* human and heroic, least lovely to the Supreme Powers, I should not go to Carolina at this time ; I should sorrowfully stay at home! Austere philosophers, possessed even of cash, have talked to me about the possibility of doing without servants ; of trying somehow to serve yourself (boot-cleaning &c. done by contract), and so escaping from a never-ending welter, dirtier for your mind than boot-cleaning itself. Of which the perpetual *fluctuation*, and change from month to month, is probably the most inhuman element; the fruitful parent of all else that is evil, unendurable and inhuman. A poor Negro overworked on the Cuba sugar-grounds, he is sad to look upon ; yet he inspires me with sacred pity, and a kind of human respect is not denied him ; him, the hapless brother mortal, performing something useful in his day, and only suffering inhumanity, not doing it or being it. But with what feelings can I look upon an over-fed White Flunky, if I know his ways ? Disloyal, unheroic, this one; inhuman in his character, and his work, and his position ; more so no creature ever was. Pity is not for him, or not a soft kind of it; nor is any remedy visible, except abolition at no distant date ! He is the flower of *nomadic* servitude, proceeding by month's warning, and free supply-and-demand; if obedience is not in his heart, if chiefly gluttony and mutiny are in his heart, and he has to be bribed by high feeding to do the shows of obedience,—what can await him, or be prayed for him, among men, except even "abolition"?

The Duke of Trumps, who sometimes does me the honour of a little conversation, owned that the state of his domestic service was by no means satisfactory to the human mind. "Five- and-forty of them," said his Grace ; "really, I suppose, the "cleverest in the market, for there is no limit to the wages: "I often think how many quiet families, all down to the basis "of society, I have disturbed, in attracting gradually, by higher "and higher offers, that set of fellows to me; and what the "use of them is when here ! I feed them like aldermen, pay

" them as if they were sages and heroes :—Samuel Johnson's wages, at the very last and best, as I have heard you say, were 300/. or 500/. a year; and Jelly snob, my butler, who indeed is clever, gets, I believe, more than the highest of these sums. And, shall I own it to you ? In my young days, with one valet, I had more trouble saved me, more help afforded me to live,—actually more of my will accomplished, —than from these forty-five I now get, or ever shall. It is all a serious comedy; what you call a melancholy sham. Most civil, obsequious, and indeed expert fellows these ; but bid one of them step-out of his regulated sphere on your behalf! An iron law presses on us all here ; on them and on me. In my own house, how much of my will can I have done, dare I propose to have done ? Prudence, on my side, is prescribed by a jealous and ridiculous point-of-honour attitude on theirs. They lie here more like a troop of foreign soldiers that had invaded me, than a body of servants I had hired At free quarters ; we have strict laws of war established between us ; they make their salutes, and do certain bits of specified work, with many becks and scrapings ; but as to *service*, properly so called—!—I lead the life of a servant, sir ; it is I that am a slave ; and often I think of packing the whole brotherhood of them out of doors one good day, and retiring to furnished lodgings ; but have never done it yet!"—Such was the confession of his Grace.

For, indeed, in the long-run, it is not possible to buy *obedience* with money. You may buy work done with money : from cleaning boots to building houses, and to far higher functions, there is much work bought with money, and got done in a supportable manner. But, mark withal, that is only from a class of supportably wise human creatures : from a huge and ever-increasing insupportably foolish class of human creatures you cannot buy work in that way; and the attempt in London itself, much more in Demerara, turns out a very " serious comedy" indeed ! Who has not heard of the Distressed Needlewomen in these days ? We have thirty-thousand Distressed Needlewomen,—the most of whom cannot sew a reasonable stitch ; for they are, in fact, Mutinous Serving-maids, who, instead of learning to work and to obey, learned to give warning: " Then suit yourself, Ma'am !" Hapless enfranchised White

Women, who took the "freedom" to serve the Devil with their faculties, instead of serving God or man ; hapless souls, they were "enfranchised" to a most high degree, and had not the wisdom for so ticklish a predicament,— "Then suit yourself, Ma'am;"—and so have tumbled from one stage of folly to the other stage; and at last are on the street, with five hungry senses, and no available faculty whatever. Having finger and thumb, they do procure a needle, and call themselves Distressed Needlewomen, but cannot sew at all. I have inquired in the proper places, and find a quite passionate demand for women that can sew,—such being unattainable just now. "As well " call them Distressed Astronomers as Distressed Needlewomen !" said a lady to me : " I myself will take three *sewing* Needlewomen, if you can get them for me today." Is not that a sight to set before the curious ?

Distressed enough, God knows ;—but it will require quite other remedies to get at the bottom of *their* complaint, I am afraid. O Brothers ! O Sisters ! It is for these White Women that my heart bleeds and my soul is heavy ; it is for the sight of such mad notions and such unblest doings now all-prevalent among mankind,—alas, it is for such life-theories and such life-practices, and ghastly clearstarched life-hypocrisies, playing their part under high Heaven, as render these inevitable and unaidable,—that the world of to-day looks black and vile to me, and with all its guineas, in the nostril smells badly ! It is not to the West Indies that I run first of all ; and not thither with "enfranchisement" first of all, when I discern what "enfranchisement" has led to in hopefulest localities. I tell you again and again, he or she that will not work, and in the anger of the gods cannot be compelled to work, shall die ! And not he or she only : alas, alas, were it the guilty only !—But as yet we cannot help it ; as yet, for a long while, we must be patient, and let the Exeter-Hallery and other tragic Tomfoolery rave itself out. [*Deep silence in the small remnant of audience ;—the gentleman in white trousers came in again, his creaking painfully audible in spite of efforts.*]

My friends, it is not good to be without a servant in this world ; but to be without master, it appears, is a still fataler predicament for some. Without a master, in certain cases, you become a Distressed Needlewoman, and cannot so much

as live. Happy he who has found his master, I will say; if not a good master, then some supportable approximation to ? good one ; for the worst, it appears, in some cases, is preferable to none !

Happy he who has found a master;—and now, farther I will say, having found, let him well keep him. In all human relations *permanency* is what I advocate ; *nomadism*, continual change, is what I perceive to be prohibitory of any good whatsoever. Two men that have got to cooperate will do well not to quarrel at the first cause of offence, and throw-up the concern in disgust, hoping to suit themselves better elsewhere. For the most part such hope is fallacious; and they will, on the average, not suit themselves better, but only about as well,—and have to begin again *bare*, which loss often repeated becomes immense, and is finally the loss of everything, and of their joint enterprise itself. For no mutual relation while it continues "bare," is yet a human one, or can bring blessedness, but is only waiting to become such,—mere new-piled crags, which, if you leave them, *will* at last "gather moss," and yield some verdure and pasture. O my friends, what a remedy is this we have fallen upon, for everything that goes wrong between one man and another : "Go, then ; I give you a month's warning !" What would you think of a sacrament of marriage constructed on such principles ? Marriage by the month,—why this too has been tried, and is still extensively practised in spite of Law and Gospel; but it is not found to do ! The legislator, the preacher, all rational mortals, answer, "No, no !" You must marry for longer than a month, and the contract not so easily revocable, even should mistakes occur, as they sometimes do.

I am prepared to maintain against all comers, That in every human relation, from that of husband and wife down to that of master and servant, *nomadism* is the bad plan, and continuance the good. A thousand times, since I first had servants, it has occurred to me, How much better had I servants that were bound to me, and to whom I were bound ! Doubtless it were not easy ; doubtless it is now impossible : but if it could be done I I say, if the Black gentleman is born to be a servant, and, in fact, is useful in God's creation only as a servant, then let him hire not by the month, but by a very much longer

term. That he be "hired for life,"—really here is the essence of the position he now holds ! Consider that matter. All else is abuse in it, and this only is essence;—and the abuses must be cleared away. They must and shall ! Yes ; and the thing itself seems to offer (its abuses once cleared away) a possibility of the most precious kind for the Black man and for us. Servants hired for life, or by a contract for a long period, and not easily dissoluble; so and not otherwise would all reasonable mortals, Black and White, wish to hire and to be hired ! I invite you to reflect on that; for you will find it true. And if true, it is important for us, in reference to this Negro Question and some others. The Germans say, "You must empty-out the bathing-tub, but not the baby along with it." Fling-out your dirty water with all zeal, and set it careering down the kennels ; but try if you can keep the little child !

How to abolish the abuses of slavery, and save the precious thing in it: alas, I do not pretend that this is easy, that it can be done in a day, or a single generation, or a single century : but I do surmise or perceive that it will, by straight methods or by circuitous, need to be done (not in the West-Indian regions alone); and that the one way of helping the Negro at present (Distressed Needlewomen &c. being quite out of our reach) were, by piously and strenuously beginning it. Begun it must be, I perceive ; and carried on in all regions where servants are born and masters ; and are *not* prepared to become Distressed Needlewomen, or Demerara Niggers, but to live in some human manner with one another. And truly, my friends, with regard to this world-famous Nigger Question,—which perhaps is louder than it is big, after all,—I would advise you to attack it on that side. Try against the dirty water, with an eye to *save* the baby ! That will be a quite new point of attack ; where, it seems to me, some real benefit and victory for the poor Negro, might before long be accomplished ; and something else than Demerara freedom (with its rum-bottle and no breeches,—' baby' quite *gone* down into the kennels !), or than American stump-oratory, with mutual exasperation fast rising to the desperate pitch, might be possible for philanthropic met and women of the Anglo-Saxon type. Try this ; perhaps the very Carolina planter will cooperate with you ; he will, if he has any wisdom left in this exasperation ! If he do not, he

will do worse; and go a strange road with those Niggers of his.

By one means or another these enormities we hear of from the Slave States,—though I think they are hardly so hideous, any of them, as the sight our own Demerara now offers,—must be heard of no more. Men will and must summon "indignation-meetings" about them; and simple persons,—like Wilhelm Meister's Felix flying at the cook's throat for plucking pigeons, yet himself seen shortly after pelting frogs to death with pebbles that lay handy,—will agitate their caucuses, ballot-boxes, dissever the Union, and, in short, play the very devil, if these things are not abated, and do not go on abating more and more towards perfect abolition. *Unjust* master over servant *hired for life* is, once for all, and shall be, unendurable to human souls. To *cut* the tie, and "fling Farmer Hodge's horses quite loose" upon the supply-and-demand principle: that, I will believe, is not the method! But by some method, by hundredfold restrictions, responsibilities, laws, conditions, cunning methods, Hodge must be got to treat his horses *justly*, for we cannot stand it longer. And let Hodge think well of it,—I mean the American two-footed Hodge,—for there is no other salvation for him. And if he would avoid a consummation like our Demerara one, I would advise him to know this secret; which our poor Hodge did not know, or would not practise, and so is come to such a pass!—Here is part of my answer to the Hon. Hickory Buckskin, a senator in those Southern States, and man of really respectable attainments and dimensions, who in his despair appears to be entertaining very violent projects now and then, as to uniting with our West Indies (under a *New Downing Street*), forming a West-Indian empire, &c. &c.

' The *New Downing Street*, I take it, is at a great distance
' here; and we shall wait yet awhile for it, and run good risk
' of losing all our Colonies before we can discover the way of
' managing them. On that side do not reckon upon help.
' At the same time, I can well understand you should "pub-
' licly discuss the propriety of severing the Union," and that
' the resolution should be general "you will rather die," &c.
' A man, having certified himself about his trade and post
under **the** sun, is actually called upon to "die" in vindica-

' tion of it, if needful ; in defending the possibilities he has of
' carrying it on, and eschewing with it the belly of Perdition,
' when extraneous Insanity is pushing it thither. All this I
' presuppose of you, of men born of your lineage; and have
' not a word to say against it.

' Meanwhile suffer me to say this other thing. You will
' not find Negro Slavery defensible by the mere resolution,
' never so extensive, to defend it. No, there is another con-
' dition wanted : That your relation to the Negroes, in this
' thing called Slavery (with such an emphasis upon the word)
' be actually fair, just and according to the facts ;—fair, I say,
' not in the sight of New-England platforms, but of God Al-
' mighty the Maker of both Negroes and you. That is the
' one ground on which men can take their stand ; in the long-
' run all human causes, and this cause too, will come to be
' settled *there*. Forgive me for saying that I do not think you
' have yet got to that point of perfection with your Negro re-
' lations ; that there is probably much in them *not* fair, nor
' agreeable to the Maker of us, and to the eternal laws of fact
' as written in the Negro's being and in ours.

' The advice of advices, therefore, to men so circumstanced
' were, With all diligence make them so ! Otherwise than *so*,
' they are doomed by Earth and by Heaven. Demerara may
' be the maddest remedy, as I think it is a very mad one : but
' some remedy we must have ; or if none, then destruction
' and annihilation, by the Demerara or a worse method. These
' things it would behove you of the Southern States, above all
' men, to be now thinking of. How to make the Negro's po-
' sition among his White fellow-creatures a just one,—the real
' and genuine expression of what *commandment* the Maker has
' given to both of you, by making the one of you thus and the
' other so, and putting you in juxtaposition on this Earth of
' His ? That you should *cut* the ligature, and say, " He has
' made us equal," would be saying a palpable falsity, big with
' hideous ruin for all concerned in it: I hope and believe, you,
' with our example before you, will say something much better
' than that. But something, very many things, do not hide
' f r o m yourselves, will require to be said ! And I do not pre-
' tend that it will be easy or soon done, to get a proper code
' of laws (and still more difficult, a proper system of habits,

' ways of thinking, for a basis to such "code") on the rights
' of Negroes and Whites. But that also, you may depend
' upon it, has fallen to White men as a duty;—to you now in
' the first place, after our sad failure. And unless you can do
' it, be certain, neither will you be able to keep your Negroes ;
' your portion too will be the Demerara or a worse one. This
' seems to me indubitable.

' Or perhaps you have already begun ? Persist diligently,
' if so ; but at all events, begin ! For example, ought there
' not to be in every Slave State, a fixed legal sum, on paying
' which, any Black man was entitled to demand his freedom ?
' Settle a fair sum ; and let it stand fixed by law. If the poor
' Black can, by forethought, industry, self-denial, accumulate
' this sum, has he not proved the actual "freedom" of his
' soul, to a fair extent: in God's name, why will you keep his
' body captive ? It seems to me a well-considered law of this
' kind might do you invaluable service :—might it not be a
' real *safety-valve*, and ever-open *chimney*, for that down-pressed
' Slave-world with whatever injustices are still in it; whereby
' all the stronger and really worthier elements would escape
' peaceably, as they arose, instead of accumulating there, and
' convulsing you, as now ? Or again, look at the Serfs of the
' Middle Ages : they married and gave in marriage ; nay, they
' could not even be *divorced* from their natal soil; had home,
' family, and a treatment that was human. Many laws, and
' gradually a whole code of laws, on this matter, could be made!
' And will have to be made ; if you would avoid the ugly De-
' merara issue, or even uglier which may be in store. I can
' see no other road for you. This new question has arisen,
' million-voiced : "what *are* the wages of a Black servant,
' hired for life by White men ?" This question must be ans-
' wered, in some not insupportably erroneous way : gods and
' men are warning you that you must answer it, if you would
' continue there I'—The Hon. Hickory never acknowledged
my letter; but I hope he is getting on with the advice I gave
him, all the same !

For the rest, I never thought the "rights of Negroes"
worth much discussing, nor the rights of men in any form;
the grand point, as I once said, is the *mights* of men,—what

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portion of their "rights" they have a chance of getting sorted out, and realised, in this confused world. We will not go deep into the question here about the Negro's rights. We will give a single glance into it, and see, for one thing, how complex it is.

West-India Islands, still full of waste fertility, produce abundant pumpkins : pumpkins, however, you will observe, are not the sole requisite for human well-being. No ; for a pig they are the one thing needful ; but for a man they are only the first of several things needful. The first is here; but the second and remaining, how are they to be got ? The answer is wide as human society itself. Society at large, as instituted in each country of the world, is the answer such country has been able to give : Here, in this poor country, the rights of man and the might of man are—such and such ! An approximate answer to a question capable only of better and better solutions, never of any perfect, or absolutely good one. Nay, if we inquire, with much narrower scope, as to the right of chief management in cultivating those West-India lands : as to the "right of property" so-called, and of doing what you like with your own ? Even this question is abstruse enough. Who it may be that has a right to raise pumpkins and other produce on those Islands, perhaps none can, except temporarily, decide. The Islands are good withal for pepper, for sugar, for sago, arrow-root, for coffee, perhaps for cinnamon and precious spices ; things far nobler than pumpkins ; and leading towards Commerces, Arts, Politics and Social Developments, which alone are the noble product, where men (and not pigs with pumpkins) are the parties concerned ! Well, all this fruit too, fruit spicy and commercial, fruit spiritual and celestial, so far beyond the merely pumpkinish and grossly terrene, lies in the West-India lands : and the ultimate "proprietorship" of them,—why, I suppose, it will vest in him who can the *best* educe from them whatever of noble produce they were created fit for yielding. He, I compute, is the real "Viceroy of the Maker" there; in him, better and better chosen, and not in another, is the "property" vested by decree of Heaven's chancery itself !

Up to this time it is the Saxon British mainly ; they hitherto have cultivated with some manfulness : and when a manfuler

class of cultivators, stronger, worthier to have such land, abler to bring fruit from it, shall make their appearance,—they, doubt it not, by fortune of war, and other confused negotiation and vicissitude, will be declared by Nature and Fact to *be* the worthier, and will become proprietors,—perhaps also only for a time. That is the law, I take it; ultimate, supreme, for all lands in all countries under this sky. The one perfect eternal proprietor is the Maker who created them: the temporary better or worse proprietor is he whom the Maker has sent on that mission; he who the best hitherto can educe from said lands the beneficent gifts the Maker endowed them with; or, which is but another definition of the same person, he who leads hitherto the manfulest life on that bit of soil, doing, better than another yet found can do, the Eternal Purpose and Supreme Will there.

And now observe, my friends, it was not Black Quashee, or those he represents, that made those West-India Islands what they are, or can, by any hypothesis, be considered to have the right of growing pumpkins there. For countless ages, since they first mounted oozy, on the back of earthquakes, from their dark bed in the Ocean deeps, and reeking saluted the tropical Sun, and ever onwards till the European white man first saw them some three short centuries ago, those Islands had produced mere jungle, savagery, poison-reptiles and swamp-malaria: till the white European first saw them, they were as if not yet created,—their noble elements of cinnamon, sugar, coffee, pepper black and gray, lying all asleep, waiting the white enchanter who should say to them, Awake! Till the end of human history and the sounding of the Trump of Doom, they might have lain so, had Quashee and the like of him been the only artists in the game. Swamps, fever-jungles, man-eating Caribs, rattle-snakes, and reeking waste and putrefaction, this had been the produce of them under the incompetent Caribal (what we call Cannibal) possessors, till that time; and Quashee knows, himself, whether ever he could have introduced an improvement. Him, had he by a miraculous chance been wafted thither, the Caribals would have eaten, rolling him as a fat morsel under their tongue; for him, till the sounding of the Trump of Doom, the rattlesnakes and savageries would have held-on their way. It was not he, then;

it was another than he ! Never by art of his could one pumpkin have grown there to solace any human throat; nothing but savagery and reeking putrefaction could have grown there. These plentiful pumpkins, I say therefore, are not **his** : no, they are another's ; they are his only under conditions. Conditions which Exeter Hall, for the present, has forgotten ; but which Nature and the Eternal Powers have by no manner of means forgotten, but do at all moments keep in mind; and, at the right moment, will, with the due impressiveness, perhaps in a rather terrible manner, bring again to our mind also !

If Quashee will not honestly aid in bringing-out those sugars, cinnamons and nobler products of the West-Indian Islands, for the benefit of all mankind, then I say neither will the Powers permit Quashee to continue growing pumpkins there for his own lazy benefit; but will shear him out, by and by, like a lazy gourd overshadowing rich ground ; him and all that partake with him,—perhaps in a very terrible manner. For, under favour of Exeter Hall, the " terrible manner" is not yet quite extinct with the Destinies in this Universe; nor will it quite cease, I apprehend, for soft sower or philanthropic stump-oratory now or henceforth. No ; the gods wish besides pumpkins, that spices and valuable products be grown in their West Indies ; thus much they have declared in so making the West Indies :—infinitely more they wish, that manful industrious men occupy their West Indies, not indolent two-legged cattle, however " happy" over their abundant pumpkins ! Both these things, we may be assured, the immortal gods have decided upon, passed their eternal Act of Parliament for : and both of them, though all terrestrial Parliaments and entities oppose it to the death, shall be done. Quashee, if he will not help in bringing-out the spices, will get himself made a slave again (which state will be a little less ugly than his present one), and with beneficent whip, since other methods avail not, will be compelled to work.

Or, alas, let him look across to Haiti, and trace a far sterner prophecy! Let him, by his ugliness, idleness, **rebellion, banish all White men from the West Indies, and** make it all one Haiti,—**with little or no sugar growing, black Peter exterminating black Paul, and where a garden of the Hesper-**

rides might be, nothing but a tropical dog-kennel and pestiferous jungle,—does he think that will forever continue pleasant to gods and men ? I see men, the rose-pink cant all peeled away from them, land one day on those black coasts ; men *sent* by the Laws of this Universe, and inexorable Course of Things ; men hungry for gold, remorseless, fierce as the old Buccaneers were ;—and a doom for Quashee which I had rather not contemplate ! The gods are long-suffering ; but the law from the beginning was, He that will not work shall perish from the earth ; and the patience of the gods has limits !

Before the West Indies could grow a pumpkin for any Negro, how much European heroism had to spend itself in obscure battle ; to sink, in mortal agony, before the jungles, the putrescences and waste savageries could become arable, and the Devils be in some measure chained there ! The West Indies grow pine-apples, and sweet fruits, and spices ; we hope they will one day grow beautiful Heroic human Lives too, which is surely the ultimate object they were made for : beautiful souls and brave ; sages, poets, what not ; making the Earth nobler round them, as their kindred from of old have been doing ; true " splinters of the old Harz Rock ; " heroic white men, worthy to be called old Saxons, browned with a mahogany tint in those new climates and conditions. But under the soil of Jamaica, before it could even produce spices or any pumpkin, the bones of many thousand British men had to be laid. Brave Colonel Fortescue, brave Colonel Sedgwick, brave Colonel Brayne,—the dust of many thousand strong old English hearts lies there ; worn-down swiftly in frightful travail, chaining the Devils, which were manifold. Heroic Blake contributed a bit of his life to that Jamaica. A bit of the great Protector's own life lies there ; beneath those pumpkins lies a bit of the life that was Oliver Cromwell's. How the great Protector would have rejoiced to think, that all this was to issue in growing pumpkins to keep Quashee in a comfortably idle condition ! No ; that is not the ultimate issue ; not that.

The West-Indian Whites, so soon as this bewilderment of philanthropic and other jargon abates from them, and their poor eyes get to discern a little what the Facts are and what

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the Laws are, will strike into another course, I apprehend ! I apprehend they will, as a preliminary, resolutely *refuse* to permit the Black man any privilege whatever of pumpkins till he agree for work in return. Not a square inch of soil in those fruitful Isles, purchased by British blood, shall any Black man hold to grow pumpkins for him, except on terms that are fair towards Britain. Fair; see that they be not unfair, not towards ourselves, and still more, not towards him. For injustice is *forever* accursed: and precisely our unfairness towards the enslaved Black man has,—by inevitable revulsion and fated turn of the wheel,—brought about these present confusions.

Fair towards Britain it will be, that Quashee give work for privilege to grow pumpkins. Not a pumpkin, Quashee, not a square yard of soil, till you agree to do the State so many days of service. Annually that soil will grow you pumpkins ; but annually also, without fail, shall you, for the owner thereof, do your appointed days of labour. The State has plenty of waste soil; but the State will religiously give you none of it on other terms. The State wants sugar from these Islands, and means to have it; wants virtuous industry in these Islands, and must have it. The State demands of you such service as will bring these results, this latter result which includes all. Not a Black Ireland, by immigration, and boundless black supply for the demand ; not that,—may the gods forbid !—but a regulated West Indies, with black working population in adequate numbers ; all " happy," if they find it possible; and *not* entirely unbeautiful to gods and men, which latter result they *must* find possible ! All "happy" enough; that is to say, all working according to the faculty they have got, making a little more divine this Earth which the gods have given them. Is there any other "happiness,"—if it be not that of pigs fattening daily to the slaughter ? So will the State speak by and by.

Any poor idle Black man, any idle White man, rich or poor, is a mere eye-sorrow to the State; a perpetual blister on the skin of the State. The State is taking measures, some of them rather extensive, in Europe at this very time, and already, as in Paris, Berlin and elsewhere, rather tremendous measures, to *get* its rich white men set to work ; for alas, they also have long sat Negro-like up to the ears in pumpkin, regardless of 'work,' and of a world all going to waste for their idleness !

Extensive measures, I say; and already (as, in all European lands, this scandalous Year of street-barricades and fugitive sham-kings exhibits) *tremendous* measures; for the thing is urgent to be done.

The thing must be done everywhere; *must* is the word. Only it is so terribly difficult to do; and will take generations yet, this of getting our rich European white men 'set to work'! But yours in the West Indies, my obscure Black friends, your work, and the getting of you set to it, is a simple affair; and by diligence, the West-Indian legislatures, and Royal governors, setting their faces fairly to the problem, will get it done. You are not 'slaves' now; nor do I wish, if it can be avoided, to see you slaves again: but decidedly you will have to be servants to those that are born *wiser* than you, that are born lords of you; servants to the Whites, if they *are* (as what mortal can doubt they are?) born wiser than you. That, you may depend on it, my obscure Black friends, is and was always the Law of the World, for you and for all men: To *be* servants, the more foolish of us to the more wise; and only sorrow, futility and disappointment will betide both, till both in some approximate degree get to conform to the same. Heaven's laws are not repealable by Earth, however Earth may try,—and it has been trying hard, in some directions, of late! I say, no well-being, and in the end no being at all, will be possible for you or us, if the law of Heaven is not complied with. And if 'slave' mean essentially 'servant hired for life,'—for life, or by a contract of long continuance and not easily dissoluble,—I ask once more, Whether, in all human things, the 'contract of long continuance' is not precisely the contract to be desired, were the right terms once found for it? Servant hired for life, were the right terms once found, which I do not pretend they are, seems to me much preferable to servant hired for the month, or by contract dissoluble in a day. What that amounts to, we have known, and our thirty-thousand Distressed Astronomers have known; and we don't want that! [*Some assent in the small remnant of an audience. " Silence !" from the Chair. .]*

To state articulately, and put into practical Lawbooks, what on all sides is *fair* from the West-Indian White to the West-Indian Black; what relations the Eternal Maker *has* established between these two creatures of His; what He has

written down with intricate but ineffaceable record, legible to candid human insight, in the respective qualities, strengths, necessities and capabilities of each of the two: this, as I told the Hon. Hickory my Carolina correspondent, will be a long problem ; only to be solved by continuous human endeavour, and earnest effort gradually perfecting itself as experience successively yields new light to it. This will be to '*find* the right terms ;' terms of a contract that will endure, and be sanctioned by Heaven, and obtain prosperity on Earth, between the two. A long problem, terribly neglected hitherto ;—whence these West-Indian sorrows, and Exeter-Hall monstrosities, just now ! But a problem which must be entered upon, and by degrees be completed. A problem which, I think, the English People also, if they mean to retain human Colonies, and not Black Irelands in addition to the White, cannot begin too soon. What are the true relations between Negro and White, their mutual duties under the sight of the Maker of them both ; what human laws will assist both to comply more and more with these ? The solution, only to be gained by earnest endeavour, and sincere reading of experience, such as have never yet been bestowed on it, is not yet here ; the solution is perhaps still distant. But some approximation to it, various real approximations, could be made, and must be made :—this of declaring that Negro and White are unrelated, loose from one another, on a footing of perfect equality, and subject to no law but that of supply-and-demand according to the Dismal Science ; this, which contradicts the palpablest facts, is clearly no solution, but a cutting of the knot asunder ; and every hour we persist in this is leading us towards dissolution instead of solution !

What, then, is practically to be done by us poor English with our Demerara and other blacks ? Well, in such a mess as we have made there, it is not easy saying what is first to be done ! But all this of perfect equality, of cutting quite loose from one another ; all this, with 'immigration loan,' 'happiness of black peasantry,' and the other melancholy stuff that has followed from it, will first of all require to be *undone*, and the ground cleared of it, by way of preliminary to 'doing ! After that there may several things be possible.

Already one hears of Black *Adscriptiſſimæ* ; which seems a promising arrangement, one of the first to suggest itself in

such a complicacy. It appears the Dutch Blacks, in Java, are already a kind of *Adscripts*, after the manner of the old European serfs ; bound, by royal authority, to give so many days of work a year. Is not this something like a real approximation ; the first step towards all manner of such ? Wherever, in British territory, there exists a Black man, and needful work to the just extent is not to be got out of him, such a law, in defect of better, should be brought to bear upon said Black man ! How many laws of like purport, conceivable some of them, might be brought to bear upon the Black man and the White, with all despatch by way of solution instead of dissolution to their complicated case just now ! On the whole, it ought to be rendered possible, ought it not, for White men to live beside Black men, and in some just manner to command Black men, and produce West-Indian fruitfulness by means of them? West-Indian fruitfulness will need to be produced. If the English cannot find the method for that, they may rest assured there will another come (Brother Jonathan or still another) who can. He it is whom the gods will bid continue in the West Indies ; bidding us ignominiously, " Depart, ye quack-ridden, incompetent !—

One other remark, as to the present Trade in Slaves, and to our suppression of the same. If buying of Black war-captives in Africa, and bringing them over to the Sugar Islands for sale again be, as I think it is, a contradiction of the Laws of this Universe, let us heartily pray Heaven to end the practice ; let us ourselves help Heaven to end it, wherever the opportunity is given. If it be the most flagrant and alarming contradiction to the said Laws which is now witnessed on this Earth ; so flagrant and alarming that a just man cannot exist, and follow his affairs, in the same Planet with it ; why, then indeed——But is it, quite certainly, such ? Alas, look at that group of »»sold, unbought, unmarketable Irish "free" citizens, dying there in the ditch, whither my Lord of Rackrent and the constitutional sheriffs have evicted them ; or at those "divine missionaries," of the same free country, now traversing, with rags on back, and child on each arm, the principal thoroughfares of London, to tell men what "freedom" really is ; —and admit that there may be doubts on that point ! But if

THE NIGGER QUESTION.

it *is*, I say, the most alarming contradiction to the said Laws which is now witnessed on this earth ; so flagrant a contradiction that a just man cannot exist, and follow his affairs, in the same Planet with it, then, sure enough, let us, in God's name, fling-aside all our affairs, and hasten out to put an end to it, as the first thing the Heavens want us to do. By all manner of means. This thing done, the Heavens will prosper all other things with us ! Not a doubt of it,—provided your premiss be not doubtful.

But now, furthermore, give me leave to ask, Whether the way of doing it is this somewhat surprising one, of trying to blockade the continent of Africa itself, and to watch slave-ships along that extremely extensive and unwholesome coast ? The enterprise is very gigantic ; and proves hitherto as futile as any enterprise has lately done. Certain wise men once, before this, set about confining the cuckoo by a big circular wall ; but they could not manage it!—Watch the coast of Africa ? That is a very long Coast; good part of the Coast *of* the terraqueous Globe I And the living centres of this slave mischief, the live coals that produce all this world-wide smoke, it appears, he simply in two points, Cuba and Brazil, which *are* perfectly accessible and manageable.

If the Laws of Heaven do authorise you to keep the whole world in a pother about this question ; if you really can appeal to the Almighty God upon it, and set common interests, and terrestrial considerations, and common sense, at defiance in behalf of it,—why, in Heaven's name, not go to Cuba and Brazil with a sufficiency of Seventy-fours ; and signify to those nefarious countries : " Nefarious countries, your procedure on¹¹ the Negro Question is too bad ; see, of all the solecisms now " submitted to on Earth, it is the most alarming and transcendent, and, in fact, is such that a just man cannot follow his " affairs any longer in the same Planet with it. You clearly " will not, you nefarious populations, for love or fear, watching " or entreaty, respect the rights of the Negro enough ;—where- " fore we here, with our Seventy-fours, are come to be King " over you, and will on the spot henceforth see for ourselves " that you do it !"

Why not, if Heaven do send us ? The thing can be done ; easily, if you **are** sure **of that proviso**. **It can be done** : it is

the way to "suppress the Slave-trade;" and so far as yet appears, the one way.

Most thinking people,—if hen-stealing prevail to a plainly unendurable extent, will you station police-officers at every hen-roost; and keep them watching and cruising incessantly to and fro over the Parish, in the unwholesome dark, at enormous expense, with almost no effect? Or will you not try rather to discover where the fox's den is, and kill the fox! Which of those two things will you do? Most thinking people, you know the fox and his den; there he is,—kill him, and discharge your cruisers and police-watchers!—*[Laughter.]*

O my friends, I feel there is an immense fund of Human Stupidity circulating among us, and much clogging our affairs for some time past! A certain man has called us, "of all peoples the wisest in action;" but he added, "the stupidest in speech:"—and it is a sore thing, in these constitutional times, times mainly of universal Parliamentary and other Eloquence, that the "speakers" have all first to emit, in such tumultuous volumes, their human stupor, as the indispensable preliminary, and everywhere we must first see that and its results *out*, before beginning any business.—*{Explicit Ms.*

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.¹

DUELLING.

[1850.]

DUELLING, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was very prevalent; nor has it abated in King James's. It is one of the sincerities of Human Life, which bursts through the thickest-quilted formulas ; and in Norse-Pagan, in Christian, New-Christian, and all manner of ages, will, one way or the other, contrive to show itself.

A background of wrath, which can be stirred-up to the murderous infernal pitch, does lie in every man, in every creature ; this is a fact which cannot be contradicted ;—which indeed is but another phasis of the more general fact, that every one of us is a *Self*, that every one of us calls himself *I*. How can you be a *Self*, and not have tendencies to self-defence ! This background of wrath,—which surely ought to blaze-out as seldom as possible, and then as nobly as possible, —may be defined as no other than the general radical fire, in its least-elaborated shape, whereof Life itself is composed. Its least-elaborated shape, this flash of accursed murderous rage ; —as the glance of mother's-love, and all intermediate warmths and energies and genialities, are the same element *belter* elaborated. Certainly the elaboration is an immense matter,—indeed, is the whole matter ! But the figure, moreover, under which your infernal element itself shall make its appearance, nobly or else ignobly, is very significant. From Indian Tomahawks, from Irish Shillelahs, from Arkansas Bowie-knives, up to a deliberate Norse *Holmgang*, to any civilised Wager of Battle, the distance is great.

¹ Found recently in *Leigh Hunts Journal*, Nos. I, 3, 6 (Saturday 7th December 1850 et seqq.). Said there to be from a Waste-paper Bag of mine. Apparently some fraction of a certain *History* (Failure of a History) of James I., of which I have indistinct recollections. (Note of 1857.)

Certain small fractions of events in this kind, which give us a direct glance into Human Existence in those days, are perhaps, in the dim scarcity of all events that are not dead and torpid, worth snatching from the general leaden haze of my erudite friend, and saving from bottomless Nox for a while.

No. I.

HOLLES OF HAUGHTON.

John Holies, Esquire, or, to speak properly, Sir John Holies, of Haughton, in Notts; the same Sir John whom we saw lately made Comptroller of the Prince's Household;—an indignant man, not without some relation to us here: John Holies indignantly called it 'political simony' this selling of honours; which indeed it was: but what then? It was doable, it was done for others; it was desirable to John also, who possessed the requisite cash. He was come of London citizens, had got broad lands and manors, Haughton, Erby and others; had wealth in abundance,—'his father used to keep a troop of players:' he now, in this epoch, for a consideration of 10,000/., gets himself made Earl of Clare. We invite our readers to look back some two-score years upon his history, and notice slightly the following circumstances there.

John Holies, Esquire, of Haughton, in Notts, a youth of fortune, spirit and accomplishment, who had already seen service under the Veres, the Frobishers, by land and sea, did in 1591, in his twenty-sixth year, marry his fair neighbour, Anne Stanhope;—Mistress Anne Stanhope, daughter of Sir Thomas Stanhope, in those parts, from whom innumerable Chesterfields, Harringtons and other Stanhopes extant to this very day descend. This fair Anne Stanhope, beautiful in her fardingales and antiquarian headgear, had been the lady of John Holles's heart in those old times; and he married her, thinking it no harm. But the Shrewsburys, of Worksop, took offence at it. In his father's time, who kept the troop of players and did other things, John Holies had been bespoken for a daughter of the Shrewsburys; and now here has he gone over to the Stanhopes, enemies of the house of Shrewsbury. Ill blood in consequence; ferment of high humours; a Mon-

ague-and-Capulet business ; the very retainers, on both sides, biting thumbs at one another.

Pudsey, a retainer on the Shrewsbury Worksop side, bit his thumb at Orme, a retainer on the Holies Haughton side; was called-out with drawn rapier; was slain on the spot, like fiery Tybalt, and never bit his thumb more. Orme, poor man, was tried for murder; but of course the Holleses and the Stanhopes could not let him be banged ; they made interest, they fee'd law-counsel,—they smuggled him away to Ireland, and he could not be hanged. Whereupon Gervase Markham, a passably loose-tongued, loose-living gentleman, sworn squire-of-dames to the Dowager of Shrewsbury, took upon himself to say publicly, " That John Holies was himself privy to Pudsey's murder ; that John Holies himself, if justice were done—" And thereupon John Holies, at Haughton, in Notts, special date not given, presumable date 1594 or '95, indited this emphatic Note, already known to some readers :

'For Gervase Markham.

' Whereas you have said that I was guilty of that villany ' of Orme in the death of Pudsey, I affirm that you lie, and ' lie like a villain ; which I shall be ready to make good upon ' yourself, or upon any gentleman my equal living.—JOHN HOLLES.'

Gervase Markham, called upon in this emphatic way, answered, " Yes, he would fight; certainly ;—and it should be in Worksop Park, on such a day as would suit Holles best." Worksop Park ; locked Park of the Shrewsburys ! Holies, being in his sound wits, cannot consent to fight there; and Markham and the world silently insinuate, " Are you subject to niceties in your fighting, then ? Readier, after all, with your tongue than with your rapier ?" These new intolerabilities John Holles had to pocket as he could, to keep close in the scabbard, beside his rapier, till perhaps a day would come.

Time went on : John Holles had a son; then, in 1597, a second son, Denzil by name. Denzil Holles, Oliver Cromwell's Denzil: yes, reader, this is he ; come into the world not without omens! For at his christening, Lady Stanhope, glad matron, came as grandmother and godmother; and Holies,

like a dutiful son-in-law, escorted her homewards through the Forest again. Forest of merry Sherwood, where Robin Hood and others used to inhabit; that way lies their road. And now, riding so toward Shelton House, through the glades of Sherwood, whom should they chance to meet but Gervase Markham also ambling along, with some few in his company ! Here, then, had the hour arrived.

With slight salutation and time of day, the two parties passed on : but Holies, with convenient celerity, took leave of his mother-in-law : " Adieu, noble Madam, it is all straight road now ! " Waving a fond adieu, Holies gallops back through Sherwood glades ; overtakes Markham ; with brief emphasis, bids him dismount, and stand upon his guard. And so the rapiers are flashing and jingling in the Forest of Sherwood ; and two men are flourishing and fencing, their intents deadly and not charitable. " Markham," cried Holies, " guard yourself better, or I shall spoil you presently;" for Markham, thrown into a flurry, fences ill ; in fact, rather capers and flourishes than fences ; his antagonist standing steady in his place the while, supple as an eel, alert as a serpent, and with a sting in him too. See, in few passes, our alert Holies has ended the capering of Markham ; has pierced and spitted him through the lower abdominal regions, in very important quarters of the body, ' coming out at the small of the back' I That, apparently, will do for Markham ; loose-tongued, loose-living Gervase Markham lies low, having got enough. Visible to us there, in the glades of ancient Sherwood, in the depths of long-vanished years ! O Dryasdust, was there not a Human Existence going-on there too ; of hues other than the leaden-hazy ? The fruit-trees looked all leafy, blossomy, my erudite friend, and the Life-tree Igdrasil which fills this Universe ; and they had not yet rotted to brown peat ! Torpid events shall be simply damnable, and continually claim oblivion from all souls; but the smallest fractions of events not torpid shall be welcome. John Holies, •with his man Acton,' leaving Markham in this sated condition, ride home to Haughton with questionable thoughts.

Nevertheless Markham did not die. He was carried home to Worksop, pale, hopeless ; pierced in important quarters of **the** body: and **the** Earl of Shrewsbury ' gathered a hundred

retainers to apprehend Holies ;' and contrariwise the Earl of Sheffield came to Haughton with fifty retainers to protect Holies;—and in the mean while Markham began to show symptoms of recovering, and the retainers dispersed themselves again. The Doctor declared that Markham would live ; but that,—but that——Here, we will suppose, the Doctor tragi-comically shook his head, pleading the imperfections of language ! Markham did live long after ; breaking several of the commandments, but keeping one of them it is charitably believed. For the rest, having 'vowed never to eat supper nor to take the sacrament' till he was revenged on Holies, he did not enjoy either of those consolations in this world.²

Such doings went forward in Sherwood Forest and in our English Life-arena elsewhere ; the trees being as yet all green and leafy.

No. II.

CROYDON RACES.

Sardanapalus Hay, and other Scotch favourites of King James, have transiently gleamed athwart us ; their number is in excess, not in defect. These hungry magnificent individuals, of whom Sardanapalus Hay is one, and supreme Car another, are an eye-sorrow to English subjects ; and sour looks, bitter gibes, followed by duels within and without the verge, keep his Majesty's pacificatory hand in use. How many duels has he soldered-up, with difficulty: for the English are of a grim humour when soured; and the Scotch too are fierce and proud; and it is a truculent swash-buckler age, ready with its stroke, in whatever else it may be wanting.

Scotch Maxwell, James Maxwell, Usher of the Black or some kind of Rod, did he not, in his insolent sardonic way, of which he is capable, take a certain young tastefully dizened English gentleman by the bandstring, nay perhaps by the earring and its appendage, by some black ribbon in or about

² The above facts are given in Gervase Holies's Manuscript *Memoirs of the Family of Holies* (in *Biographia Britannica*, § Holies) ; a Manuscript which some of our Dryasdust Societies ought to print.

the ear; and so, by the ribbon, *lead* him out from the Royal Presence,—as if he had been a nondescript in Natural History; some tame rabbit, of unusual size and aspect, with ribbon in its ear! Such touches of sardonic humour please me little. The Four Inns of Court were in deadly emotion; and fashionable Young England in general demanded satisfaction, with a growl that was tremendous enough. Sardonic Maxwell had to apologise in the completest manner,—and be more wary in future how he led-out fashionable young gentlemen.

"*Beati pacifici*, Happy are the peacemakers," said his Majesty always. Good Majesty; shining examples of justice too he is prepared to afford; and has a snarl in him which can occasionally bite. Of Crichton Lord Sanquhar, from the pleasant valley of Nith,—how the Fencing-master accidentally pricked an eye out of him, and he forgave it; how, much wrought-upon afterwards, he was at last induced to have the Fencing-master assassinated;—and to have himself executed in Palace Yard in consequence, and his two assassin servants hanged in Fleet Street; rough Border serving-men of all work, too unregardful of the gallows: of this unadmirable Crichton the whole world heard, not without pity, and can still hear.³

This of Croydon Races, too, if we read old *Osborne* with reflection, will become significant of many things. How the races were going on, a new delightful invention of that age; and Croydon Heath was populous with multitudes come to see; and between James Ramsay of the Dalhousie Ramsays, and Philip Herbert of the Montgomery Herberts, there rose sudden strife; sharp passages of wit,—ending in a sharp stroke of Ramsay's switch over the crown and face of my Lord Montgomery, the great Earl of Pembroke's brother, and himself capable to be Earl Pembroke! It is a fact of the most astonishing description: undeniable,—though the exact date and circumstances will now never be discovered in this world. It is all vague as cloud, in old *Osborne*; lies off or on, within sight of Prince Henry's Pageant; exact date of it never to be known. Yet is it well recognisable as distant ill-defined *land*, and no cloud; not dream but astonishing fact. Can the reader sufficiently admire at it? The honourable Philip Herbert, of

² *State Trials*,

the best blood of England, here is he switched over the crown by an accursed Scotch Ramsay! We hear the swift-stinging descent of the ignominious horse-switch; we see the swift-blazing countenances of gods and men.

Instantaneous shriek, as was inevitable, rises near and far: The Scotch insolence, Scotch pride and hunger, Scotch damna-bihtyl And 'a cripple man, with only the use of three fingers,' crooked of shape, hot of temper, rode about the field with drawn dagger; urging in a shrill manner, that we should prick every Scotch lown of them home to their own beggarly country again, or to the Devil,—off Croydon Heath, at least. The name of this shrill individual, with dagger grasped between two fingers and a thumb, was 'John Pinchback' or Pinchbeck; and appears here in History, with something like golden lustre, for one moment and no more. "Let us breakfast on them at Croydon," cries Pinchbeck, in a shrill, inspired manner; "and sup on them at London!" The hour was really ominous. But Philip Herbert, beautiful young man, himself of infirm temper and given to strokes, stood firmly dissuasive: he is in the King's service, how shall he answer it; he was himself to blame withal. And young Edward Sackville is, with his young friend Bruce of Klnloss, firmly dissuasive; it is the Bruce whom we saw at the chapel-door, stepping-out a new-made knight, now here with Sackville; dear friends these, not always to be friends! But for the present they are firmly dissuasive; all considerate persons are dissuasive. Pinchbeck's dagger brandishes itself in vain.

Sits the wind so, O Pinchbeck? Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother: this is her son, and he stands a switch?—Yes, my shrill crookbacked friend, to avoid huge not and calamity, he does so: and I see a massive nobleness in the man, which thou, egregious cock of bantam, wilt never in this world comprehend, but only crow over in thy shrill way. Ramsay and the Scots, and all persons, rode home unharmed that night; and my shrill friend gradually composed himself again. Philip Herbert may expect knighthoods, lordhoods, court-promotions: neither did his heroic mother 'tear her hair,' I think, to any great extent,—except in the imaginations of Osborne, Pinchbeck and such-like.

This was the scene of Croydon Races; **a fact, and signifi-**

cant of many facts, that hangs-out for us like a cloud-island, and is not cloud.⁴

No. III.

SIR THOMAS DUTTON AND SIR HATTON CHEEK.

His Majesty, as I perceive in spite of calumnies, was not a 'coward;' see how he behaved in the Gowrie Conspiracy and elsewhere. But he knew the value, to all persons, and to all interests of persons, of a whole skin; how unthrifty everywhere is any solution of continuity, if it can be avoided! He struggled to preside pacifically over an age of some ferocity much given to wrangling. Peace here, if possible; skins were not made for mere slitting and slashing! You that are for war, cannot you go abroad, and fight the Papist Spaniards? Over in the Netherlands there is always fighting enough. You that are of ruffling humour, gather your truculent ruffians together; make yourselves colonels over them; go to the Netherlands, and fight your bellyful!

Which accordingly many do, earning deathless war-laurels for the moment; and have done, and will continue doing, in those generations. Our gallant Veres, Earl of Oxford and the others, it has long been their way; gallant Cecil, to be called Earl of Wimbledon; gallant Sir John Burroughs, gallant Sir Hatton Cheek,—it is still their way. Deathless military renowns are gathered there in this manner; deathless for the moment. Did not Ben Jonson, in his young hard days, bear arms very manfully as a private soldado there? Ben, who now writes learned plays and court-masks as Poet Laureate, served manfully with pike and sword there for his groat a day with rations. And once when a Spanish soldier came strutting forward between the lines, flourishing his weapon, and defying all persons in general,—Ben stepped forth, as I hear;⁵ fenced that braggart Spaniard, since no other would do it; and ended by soon slitting him in two, and so silencing him! Ben's war-tuck, to judge by the flourish of his pen, must have had a very dangerous stroke in it.

⁴ Francis Osborne's *Traditional Memorials on the Reign of James the First* (Reprinted in Sir Walter Scott's *History of the Court of James I.* Edinburgh, 1811), pp. 220-227. ⁵ *Life of Ben Jonson.*

'Swashbuckler age,' we said; but the expression was in' correct, except as a figure. Bucklers went out fifty years ago, 'about the twentieth of Queen Elizabeth;' men do not now swash with them, or fight in that way. Iron armour has mostly gone out, except in mere pictures of soldiers: King James said, It was an excellent invention; you could get no harm in it, and neither could you do any. Bucklers, either for horse or foot, are quite gone. Yet old Mr. Stowe, good chronicler, can recollect when every gentleman had his buckler: and at length every serving-man and City dandy. Smithfield,—still a waste field, full of puddles in wet weather,—was in those days full of buckler-duels, every Sunday and holiday in the dry season; and was called Ruffian's Rig, or some such name.

A man, in those days, bought his buckler, of gilt leather and wood, at the haberdasher's; 'hung it over his back, by a strap fastened to the pommel of his sword in front.' Elegant men showed what taste, or sense of poetic beauty, was in them, by the fashion of their buckler. With Spanish beaver, with starched ruff, and elegant Spanish cloak, with elegant buckler hanging at his back, a man, if his moustachios and boots were in good order, stepped forth with some satisfaction. Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard; a decidedly truculent-looking figure. Jostle him in the street thoroughfares, accidentally splash his boots as you pass,—by Heaven, the buckler gets upon his arm, the sword flashes in his fist, with oaths enough; and you too being ready, there is a noise! Clank, clank, death and fury; all persons gathering round, and new quarrels springing from this one! And Dogberry comes up with the town-guard? And the shopkeepers hastily close their shops? Nay, it is hardly necessary, says Mr. Howe: these buckler-fights amount only to noise, for most part; the jingle of iron against tin and painted leather. Ruffling swashers strutting along, with big oaths and whiskers, delight to pick a quarrel; but the rule is, you do not thrust, you do not strike below the waist; and it was oftenest a dry duel—mere noise, as of working tinsmiths, with profane swearing! Empty vapouring bullybrooks and braggarts, they encumber the thorough" fares mainly. Dogberry and Verges ought to apprehend them. I have seen, in Smithfield on a dry holiday, 'thirty of them on a side,' fighting and hammering as if for life; and was not at

the pains to look at them, the blockheads ; their noise as the mere beating of old kettles to me !

The truth is, serving-men themselves, and City apprentices, had got bucklers ; and the duels, no death following, ceased to be sublime. About fifty years ago, serious men took to fighting with rapiers, and the buckler fell away. Holies in Sherwood, as we saw, fought with rapier, and he soon spoiled Markham. Rapier and dagger especially; that is a more silent duel, but a terribly serious one! Perhaps the reader will like to take a view of one such serious duel in those days, and therewith close this desultory chapter.

It was at the siege of Juliers, in the Netherlands wars, of the year 1610;⁷ we give the date, for wars are perpetual, or nearly so, in the Netherlands. At one of the storm-parties of the siege of Juliers, the gallant Sir Hatton Cheek, above alluded to, a superior officer of the English force which fights there under my Lord Cecil, that shall be Wimbledon ; the gallant Sir Hatton, I say, being of hot temper, superior officer, and the service a storm-party on some bastion or demilune, speaks sharp word of command to Sir Thomas Dutton, the officer under him, who also is probably of hot temper in this hot moment. Sharp word of command to Dutton; and the movement not proceeding rightly, sharp word of rebuke. To which Dutton, with kindled voice, answers something sharp; is answered still more sharply with voice high-flaming ;—whereat Dutton suddenly holds in ; says merely, " He is under military duty here, but perhaps will not always be so;" and rushing forward, does his order silently, the best he can. His order done, Dutton straightway lays down his commission; packs up, that night, and returns to England.

⁶ Stowe's *Chronicle*, and Howe's *Continuation*, X024, &c.

⁷ Siege began in the latter end of July 1610 ; ended victoriously, 4th September following: principal assaults were, 10th August and 14th August, ill one of which this affair of ours must have taken rise. Siege commanded by Christian of Anhalt, a famed Protestant Captain of those times. Henn IV. of France was assassinated while setting-out for this siege. Prince Maurice of Nassau was there; ' Dutch troops, French, English and German' (Brandenburgers and Pfalz-Neuburgers chiefly, *versus* Kaiser Rodolf II. and his unjust seizure of the Town) fought with the greatest unity.' Prelude to the Thirty-Years War, and one of the principal sources of it, this Controversy about Juliers (Carl Friedrich Pauh: *Allgemeine Preussische Staats-Geschich.*, 4to, Halle, 1762. in. 502-527.)

Sir Hatton Cheek prosecutes his work at the siege of Juliers ; gallantly assists at the taking of Juliers, triumphant over all the bastions and half-moons there; but hears withal that Dutton is, at home in England, defaming him as a choleric tyrant and so forth. Dreadful news ; which brings some biliary attack on the gallant man, and reduces him to a bed of sickness. Hardly recovered, he despatches message to Dutton, That he will request to have the pleasure of his company, with arms and seconds ready, on some neutral ground, — Calais sands for instance,—at an early day, if convenient. Convenient; yes, as dinner to the hungry ! answers Dutton ; and time, place and circumstances are rapidly enough agreed upon.

And so, on Calais sands, in a winter morning of the year 1610, this is what we see, most authentically, through the lapse of dim Time. Two gentlemen stript to the shirt and waistband; in the two hands of each a rapier and dagger clutched ; their looks sufficiently serious I The seconds, having stript, equipt, and fairly overhauled and certified them, are just about retiring from the measured fate-circle, not without indignation that *they* are forbidden to fight. Two gentlemen in this alarming posture; of whom the Universe knows, has known, and will know nothing, except that they were of choleric humour, and assisted in the Netherlands wars I They are evidently English human creatures, in the height of silent fury, and measured circuit of fate; whom we here audibly name once more, Sir Hatton Cheek, Sir Thomas Dutton, knights both, soldadoes both. Ill-fated English human creatures, what horrible confusion of the Pit is this ?

Dutton, though in suppressed rage, the seconds about to withdraw, will explain some things if a word were granted. " No words," says the other; "stand on your guard I" brandishing his rapier, grasping harder his dagger. Dutton, now silent too, is on his guard. Good Heavens : after some brief flourishing and flashing,—the gleam of the swift clear steel playing madly in one's eyes,—they, at the first pass, plunge home on one another; home, with beak and claws; home to the very heart! Cheek's rapier is through Dutton's throat from before, and his dagger is through it from behind,—the wind-pipe miraculously missed; and, in the same instant, Dutton's rapier is through Cheek's body from before, his dagger through

his back from behind,—lungs and life *not* missed; and the seconds have to advance, 'pull out the four bloody weapons,' disengage that hell-embrace of theirs. This is serious enough! Cheek reels, his life fast flowing; but still rushes rabid on Dutton, who merely parries, skips; till Cheek reels down, dead in his rage. "He had a bloody burial there that morning," says my ancient friend.⁸ He will assist no more in the Netherlands or other wars.

Such scene does History disclose, as in sunbeams, as in blazing hell-fire, on Calais sands, in the raw winter morning; then drops the blanket of centuries, of everlasting Night, over it, and passes on elsewhither. Gallant Sir Hatton Cheek lies buried there, and Cecil of Wimbledon, son of Burleigh, will have to seek another superior officer. What became of the living Dutton afterwards, I have never to this moment had the least hint.

⁸ Wilson (in Kennet), ii. 684.

THE OPERA.¹

[" D E A R P.,—Not having anything of my own which I could contribute (as is my wish and duty) to this pious Adventure of yours, and not being able in these busy days to get anything ready, I decide to offer you a bit of an Excerpt from that singular *Conspectus of England*, lately written, not yet printed, by Professor Ezechiel Peasemeal, a distinguished American friend of mine. Dr. Peasemeal will excuse my printing it here. His *Conspectus*, a work of some extent, has already been crowned by the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Buncombe, which includes, as you know, the chief thinkers of the New World; and it will probably be printed entire in their 'Transactions' one day. Meanwhile let your readers have the first taste of it; and much good may it do them and you!"—T. C]

Music is well said to be the speech of angels; in fact, nothing among the utterances allowed to man is felt to be so divine. It brings us near to the Infinite; we look for moments, across the cloudy elements, into the eternal Sea of Light, when song leads and inspires us. Serious nations, all nations that can still listen to the mandate of Nature, have prized song and music as the highest; as a vehicle for worship, for prophecy, and for whatsoever in them was divine. Their singer was a *vates*, admitted to the council of the universe, friend of the gods, and choicest benefactor to man.

Reader, it was actually so in Greek, in Roman, in Moslem, Christian, most of all in Old-Hebrew times: and if you look how it now is, you will find a change that should astonish you. Good Heavens, from a Psalm of Asaph to a seat at the London Opera in the Haymarket, what a road have men travelled! The waste that is made in music is probably among the sad-

¹ KEEPSAKE for 1852.—The 'dear P.,' there, I recollect, was my old friend Procter (Barry Cornwall); and his 'pious Adventure' had reference to that same Publication, under touching human circumstances which had lately arisen.

dest of **all our squanderings** of God's gifts Music has, for a long time past, been avowedly mad, divorced from sense and the **reality** of things ; and runs about now as an open Bedlamite, **for** a good many generations back, bragging that she has nothing to do with sense and reality, but with fiction and delirium only; and stares with unaffected amazement, not able to suppress an elegant burst of witty laughter, at my suggesting the old fact to her.

Fact nevertheless it is, forgotten, and fallen ridiculous as it may be. Tyrtæus, who had a little music, did not sing Barbers of Seville, but the need of beating back one's country's enemies ; a most *true* song, to which the hearts of men did burst responsive into fiery melody, followed by fiery strokes before long. Sophocles also sang, and showed in grand dramatic rhythm and melody, not a fable but a fact, the best he could interpret it; the judgments of Eternal Destiny upon the erring sons of men. -Æschylus, Sophocles, all noble poets were priests as well; and sang the *truest* (which was also the divnest) they had been privileged to discover here below. To 'sing the praise of God,' that, you will find, if you can interpret old words, and see what new things they mean, was always, and will always be, the business of the singer. He who forsakes that business, and, wasting our divinest gifts, sings the praise of Chaos, what shall we say of him !

David, king of Judah, a soul inspired by divine music and much other heroism, was wont to pour himself in song ; he, with seer's eye and heart, discerned the Godlike amid the Human ; struck tones that were an echo of the sphere-harmonies, and are still felt to be such. Reader, art thou one of a thousand, able still to *read* a Psalm of David, and catch some echo of it through the old dim centuries; feeling far off, in thy own heart, what it once was to other hearts made as thine ? To sing it attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time ; only know that it once was sung. Then go to the Opera, and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what things men now sing!

Of the Haymarket Opera my account, in fine, is this: Lustras, candelabras, painting, gilding at discretion ; a hall as of the Caliph Alraschid, or him that commanded the slaves of

the Lamp ; a hall as if fitted-up by the genii, regardless of expense. Upholstery, and the outlay of human capital, could do no more. Artists, too, as they are called, have been got together from the ends of the world, regardless likewise of expense, to do dancing and singing, some of them even geniuses in their craft. One singer in particular, called Coletti or some such name, seemed to me, by the cast of his face, by the tones of his voice, by his general bearing, so far as I could read it, to be a man of deep and ardent sensibilities, of delicate intuitions, just sympathies ; originally an almost poetic soul, or man *of genius*, as we term it ; stamped by Nature as capable of far other work than squalling here, like a blind Samson, to make the Philistines sport!

Nay, all of them had aptitudes, perhaps of a distinguished kind; and must, by their own and other people's labour, have got a training equal or superior in toilsomeness, earnest assiduity and patient travail to what breeds men to the most arduous trades. I speak not of kings, grandees, or the like show-figures; but few soldiers, judges, men of letters, can have had such pains taken with them. The very ballet-girls, with their muslin saucers round them, were perhaps little short of miraculous ; whirling and spinning there in strange mad vortexes, and then suddenly fixing themselves motionless, each upon her left or right great toe, with the other leg stretched out at an angle of ninety degrees,—as if you had suddenly pricked into the floor, by one of their points, a pair, or rather a multitudinous cohort, of mad restlessly jumping and clipping scissors, and so bidden them rest, with opened blades, and stand still, in the Devil's name! A truly notable motion; marvellous, almost miraculous, were not the people there so used to it. Motion peculiar to the Opera; perhaps the ugliest, and surely one of the most difficult, ever taught a female creature in this world. Nature abhors it; but Art does at least admit it to border on the impossible. One little Cerito, or Taghoni the Second, that night when I was there, went bounding from the floor as if she had been made of Indian-rubber, or filled with hydrogen gas, and inclined by positive levity to bolt through the ceiling; perhaps neither Semi rami s nor Catherine the Second had bred herself so carefully.

Such talent, and such martyrdom of training, gathered

from the four winds, was now here, to do its feat and be paid for it. Regardless of expense, indeed! The purse of Fortunatus seemed to have opened itself, and the divine art of Musical Sound and Rhythmic Motion was welcomed with an explosion of all the magnificences which the other arts, fine and coarse, could achieve. For you are to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of it, too: to say nothing of the Stanfields, and hosts of scene-painters, machinists, engineers, enterprisers;—fit to have taken Gibraltar, written the History of England, or reduced Ireland into Industrial Regiments, had they so set their minds to it!

Alas, and of all these notable or noticeable human talents, and excellent perseverances and energies, backed by mountains of wealth, and led by the divine art of Music and Rhythm vouchsafed by Heaven to them and us, what was to be the issue here this evening? An hour's amusement, not amusing either, but wearisome and dreary, to a high-dizened select populace of male and female persons, who seemed to me not much worth amusing I. Could any one have pealed into their hearts once, one true thought, and glimpse of Self-vision: "High-dizened, most expensive persons, Aristocracy so-called, or *Best* of the World, beware, beware what proofs you are giving here of betterness and bestness!" And then the salutary pang of conscience in reply: "A select populace, with money in its purse, and drilled a little by the posture-master: good Heavens! if that were what, here and everywhere in God's Creation, I *am*! And a world all dying because I am, and show myself to be, and to have long been, even that? John, the carriage, the carriage; swift! Let me go home in silence, to reflection, perhaps to sackcloth and ashes!" This, and not amusement, would have profited those high-dizened persons.

Amusement, at any rate, they did not get from Euterpe and Melpomene. These two Muses, sent-for regardless of expense, I could see, were but the vehicle of a kind of service which I judged to be Paphian rather. Young beauties of both sexes used their opera-glasses, you could notice, not entirely for looking at the stage. And, it must be owned, the light, in this explosion of all the upholsteries, and the human fine arts and coarse, was magical; and made your fair one an Armida,

—if you liked her better so. Nay, certain old Improper-Females (of quality), in their rouge and jewels, even these looked some *reminiscence* of enchantment; and I saw this and the other lean domestic Dandy, with icy smile on his old worn face; this and the other Marquis Chatabagues, Prince Mahogany, or the like foreign Dignitary, tripping into the boxes of said females, grinning there awhile, with dyed moustachios and macassar-oil graciousity, and then tripping-out again;—and, in fact, I perceived that Coletti and Cerito and the Rhythmic Arts were a mere accompaniment here.

Wonderful to see; and sad, if you had eyes I Do but think of it. Cleopatra threw pearls into her drink, in mere waste; which was reckoned foolish of her. But here had the Modern Aristocracy of men brought the divinest of its Arts, heavenly Music itself; and, piling all the upholsteries and ingenuities that other human art could do, had lighted them into a bonfire to illuminate an hour's flirtation of Chatabagues, Mahogany, and these improper persons! Never in Nature had I seen such waste before. O Coletti, you whose inborn melody, once of kindred, as I judged, to 'the Melodies Eternal,' might have valiantly weeded-out this and the other false thing from the ways of men, and made a bit of God's Creation more melodious,—they have purchased you away from that; chained you to the wheel of Prince Mahogany's chariot, and here you make sport for a macassar Chatabagues and his improper-females past the prime of life! Wretched spiritual Nigger, O, if you *had* some genius, and were not a born Nigger with mere appetite for pumpkin, should you have endured such a lot? I lament for you beyond all other expenses. Other expenses are light; you are the Cleopatra's pearl that should not have been flung into Mahogany's claret-cup. And Rossini, too, and Mozart and Bellini—O Heavens! when I think that Music too is condemned to be mad, and to burn herself, to this end, on such a funeral pile,—your celestial Opera-house grows dark and infernal to me! Behind its glitter stalks the shadow of Eternal Death; through it too, I look not 'up into the divine eye,' as Richter has it, 'but down into the bottomless eye-socket'—not up towards God, Heaven, and the Throne of Truth, but too truly down towards Falsity, Vacuity, and the dwelling-place of Everlasting Despair.

Good sirs, surely I by no means expect the Opera will abolish itself this year or the next. But if you ask me, Why heroes are not born now, why heroisms are not done now? I will answer you: It is a world all calculated for strangling of heroisms. At every ingress into life, the genius of the world lies in wait for heroisms, and by seduction or compulsion unweariedly does its utmost to pervert them or extinguish them. Yes; to its Hells of sweating tailors, distressed needlewomen and the like, this Opera of yours is the appropriate Heaven! Of a truth, if you will read a Psalm of Asaph till you understand it, and then come hither and hear the Rossini-and-Coletti Psalm, you will find the ages have altered a good deal. * * *

Nor do I wish all men to become Psalmist Asaphs and fanatic Hebrews. Far other is my wish; far other, and wider, is now my notion of this Universe. Populations of stern faces, stern as any Hebrew, but capable withal of bursting into inextinguishable laughter on occasion:—do you understand that new and better form of character? Laughter also, if it come from the heart, is a heavenly thing. But, at least and lowest, I would have you a Population abhorring phantasms;—abhorring *unveracity* in all things; and in your "amusements," which are voluntary and not compulsory things, abhorring it most impatiently of all.

PROJECT OF A NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF SCOTTISH PORTRAITS.¹

[1854.]

To DAVID LAING, *Esquire (Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland), Signet Library, Edinburgh.*

MY DEAR SIR,

Chelsea, 3d May 1854.

With regard to that *General Exhibition of Scottish Historical Portraits*, it is certain there are many people more qualified to speak than I. In fact, it has never been with me more than an aspiration; an ardent wish, rather without much hope : to make it into an executable project there are needed far other capacities and opportunities than mine. However, you shall at once hear what my crude notions on the subject are or have been, since you wish it.

First of all, then, I have to tell you, as a fact of personal experience, that in all my poor Historical investigations it has been, and always is, one of the most primary wants to procure a bodily likeness of the personage inquired after ; a good *Portrait* if such exists ; failing that, even an indifferent if sincere one. In short, *any* representation, made by a faithful human creature, of that Face and Figure, which *he* saw with his eyes, and which I can never see with mine, is now valuable to me, and much better than none at all. This, which is my own deep experience, I believe to be, in a deeper or less deep degree, the universal one ; and that every student and reader of History, who strives earnestly to conceive for himself what manner of Fact and *Man* this or the other vague Historical *Name* can have been, will, as the first and directest indication of all, search eagerly for a Portrait, for all the reasonable Portraits there are ; and never rest till he have made out, it possi-

¹ Printed in *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, vol i part 3 (4to. Edinburgh, 1855).

ble, what the man's natural face was like. Often I have found a Portrait superior in real instruction to half-a-dozen written 'Biographies,' as Biographies are written ;—or rather, let me say, I have found that the Portrait was as a small lighted *candle* by which the Biographies could for the first time be *read*, and some human interpretation be made of them ; the *Biographed* Personage no longer an empty impossible Phantasm, or distracting Aggregate of inconsistent rumours—(in which state, alas his usual one, he is *worth* nothing to anybody, except it be as a dried thistle for Pedants to thrash, and for men to fly out of the way of),—but yielding at last some features which one could admit to be human. Next in directness are a man's genuine Letters, if he have left any, and you can get to *read* them to the bottom : of course, a man's *actions* are the most complete and indubitable stamp of him ; but without these aids, of Portraits and Letters, they are in themselves so infinitely abstruse a stamp, and so confused by foreign rumour and false tradition of them, as to be oftenest undecipherable with certainty.

This kind of value and interest I may take as the highest pitch of interest there is in Historical Portraits ; this, which the zealous and studious Historian feels in them : and one may say, all men, just in proportion as they are '*Historians*' (which every mortal is, who has a *memory*, and attachments and possessions in the Past), will feel something of the same,—every human creature, something. So that I suppose there is absolutely nobody so dark and dull, and everyway sunk and stupefied, that a Series of Historical Portraits, especially of his native country, would not be of real interest to him ;—*real* I mean, as coming from himself and his own heart, not *imaginary*, and preached-in upon him by the Newspapers ; which is an important distinction.

And all this is quite apart from the *artistic* value of the Portraits (which also is a real value, of its sort, especially for some classes, however exaggerated it may sometimes be) : all this is a quantity to be *added* to the artistic value, whatever it may be ; and appeals to a far deeper and more universal principle in human nature than the love of Pictures is. Of which principle some dimmer or clearer form may be seen continually active wherever men are ;—in your Antiquarian Museum, for

example, may be seen, giving very conspicuous proofs of itself, sanctioned more or less by all the world ! If one would buy an indisputably authentic *old shoe* of William Wallace for hundreds of pounds, and run to look at it from all ends of Scotland, what would one give for an authentic visible shadow of his face, could such, by art natural or art magic, now be had !

It has always struck me that Historical Portrait-Galleries far transcend in worth all other kinds of National Collections of Pictures whatever ; that in fact they ought to exist (for many reasons, of all degrees of weight) in every country, as among the most popular and cherished National Possessions :—and it is not a joyful reflection, but an extremely mournful one, that in no country is there at present such a thing to be found. What Louis-Philippe may have collected, in the way of French Historical Portrait, at Versailles, I did not see: if worth much (which I hear it is not), it might have proved the best memorial left by him, one day. Chancellor Clarendon made a brave attempt in that kind for England ; but his House and ' Gallery ' fell all asunder, in a sad way ; and as yet there has been no second attempt that I can hear of. As matters stand, Historical Portraits abound in England; but where they are, or where any individual of them is, no man knows, or can discover except by groping and hunting (*underground*, as it were, and like the mole !) in an almost desperate manner: even among the intelligent and learned of your acquaintance, you inquire to no purpose. Nor is the English National Gallery poorer in this respect than others,—perhaps even much the reverse. The sad rule holds in all countries.

In the Dresden Gallery, for instance, you find Flayings of Bartholomew, Flayings of Marsyas, Rapes of the Sabines . but if you ask for a Portrait of Martin Luther, of Friedrich the Wise, nay even of August the Big, of Marshal Saxe or poor Count Bruhl, you will find no satisfactory answer. In Berlin itself, which affects to be a wiser city, I found, not long ago, Picture-Galleries not a few, with ancient and modern *virtu* in abundance and superabundance,—whole acres of mythological smearing (Tower of Babel, and I know not what), by Kaulbach and others, still going on : but a *genuine Portrait of Frederit the Great* was a thing I could nowhere hear of. That is strange, but that is true. I roamed through endless lines of Pictures ;

inquired far and wide, even Sculptor Rauch could tell me nothing : at last it was chiefly by good luck that the thing I was in quest of turned up.—This I find to be one of the saddest of those few defects in the world which are easily capable of remedy : I hope you in Scotland, in the ' new National Museum ' we hear talk of, will have a good eye to this, and remedy it in your own case ! Scotland at present is not worse than other countries in the point in question : but neither is it at all better; and as Scotland, unlike some other countries, *has* a History of a very readable nature, and has never published even an *engraved* series of National Portraits, perhaps the evil is more sensible and patent there than elsewhere. It is an evil which should be everywhere remedied : and if Scotland be the first to set an example in that respect, Scotland will do honourably by herself, and achieve a benefit to all the world.

From this long Prologue, if you have patience to consider it over, you will see sufficiently what my notion of the main rules for executing the Project would be. The grand interest to be held in view is that which I have defined as the *Historian's*, the ingenuous sincere *Student of History's*. Ingenuous and sincere student; not *pedantic*, fantastic and imaginary ! It seems to me all *real* interest for the other classes of mankind, down to the most ignorant class, may well be considered as only a more and more diluted form of that interest. The rule therefore is, Walk straight towards that; not refusing to look to the right and left, but keeping your face steadily on that: if you can manage to secure that *well*, all else will follow from it, or attend it. Ask always, What would the best-informed and most ingenuous Scottish soul like most to see, for illuminating and verifying of Scottish History to himself? This is what it concerns us to try if we can get for him and for the world ;—and, on the whole, this only ; for it is certain, all other men will by and by follow this best-informed and most ingenuous one ; and at the end of the account, if you have served him well, you will turn-out to have served everybody well.

Great zeal, great industry will of course be needed in hunting-up what Portraits there are, scattered wide over country mansions in all parts of Scotland ;—in gathering-in your raw-material, so to speak. Next, not less, but even more import'

ant, will be skill,—knowledge, judgment, and above all, fidelity,—in selecting, exhibiting and elucidating these. That indeed, I reckon, will be the vitalest condition of all ; the cardinal point, on which success or failure will turn. You will need the best Pictorial judgment (some faithful critic who really *knows* the Schools and Epochs of Art a little, and can help towards the solution of so many things that will depend on that) ; especially all the *Historical* knowledge and good sense that can be combined upon the business will be indispensable! For the rest, I would sedulously avoid all concern with the vulgar Showman or Charlatan line of action in this matter. For though the thing must depend, a good deal at least, on popular support, the real way to get that (especially in such a matter) is, to deserve it: the thing can by no means be done by *Yankee-Barnum* methods ; nor should it, if it could.—In a word, here as everywhere, to winnow-out the chaff of the business, and present in a clear and pure state what of *wheat* (little or much) may be in it; on this, as I compute, the Project will stand or fall. If faithfully executed,—the chaff actually well suppressed, the wheat honestly given,—I cannot doubt but it might succeed. Let it but promise to deserve success, I suppose honourable help might be got for it among the wealthier and wiser classes of Scotchmen.

But to come now to your more specific questions, I should be inclined, on the above principles, to judge :

I°. That no living Scotchman's portrait should be admitted, however 'Historical' it promised to be. And I would farther counsel that you should be extremely chary about such 'Historical men' as have died within the last twenty-five or thirty years ; it requires always the space *of* a generation to discriminate between popular monstrosities and Historical realities, in the matter of Men,—to let mere dust-clouds settle into their natural place and bulk. But from that point, especially from the beginning of this century, you have free scope, and ever freer, backwards to the very beginning of things, — which, alas, in the Pictorial respect, I fear will only be some two or three centuries, or little more ! The oldest Scottish portrait I can recollect to have seen, of any worth, is that of James IV. (and only as an engraving, the original at Taymouth), though probably enough you may know of older. But for the earlier

figures,—I would go back to Colm and Adamnan,—if I *could*, by any old illuminated missal or otherwise? You will have engravings, coins, casts of sepulchral monuments—I have seen Bruce's *skull*, at least, cast in plaster! And remember always that any genuine help to conceive the actual likeness of the man will be welcome, in these as indeed in all cases. The one question is, that they be genuine (or, if not, well marked as *doubtful*, and in what degree doubtful); that they *be* 'helps,' instead of *hindrances* and criminal misguidances!

2°. In regard to modern pictures representing historical events, my vote would clearly be, To make the rule absolute *not* to admit any one of these; at least not till I saw one that was *other* than an infatuated blotch of insincere ignorance, and a mere distress to an earnest and well-instructed eye! Since the time of *Hollar*, there is not the least *veracity*, even of intention, in such things; and, for most part, there is an *ignorance* altogether abject. *Wilkie's John Knox*, for example: no picture that I ever saw by a man of genius can well be, in regard to all earnest purposes, a more perfect failure! Can anything, in fact, be more entirely *useless* for earnest purposes, more *unlike* what ever could have been the reality, than that gross Energumen, more like a boxing Butcher, whom he has set into a pulpit surrounded with draperies, with fat-shouldered women, and play-actor men in mail, and labelled KNOX? I know the picture only by engravings, always hasten-on when I see it in a window, and would not for much have it hung on the wall beside me! So, too, I have often seen a *Battle of Worcester*, by some famed Academician or other, which consists of an angry man and horse (man presumably intended for Cromwell, but not like him),—man, with heavy flapping Spanish cloak, &c, and no hat to his head, firing a pistol over his shoulder into what seems a dreadful shower of rain in the distance! What can be the use of such things, except to persons who have turned their back on real interests, and gone wool-gathering in search of imaginary? All that kind of matter, as midisputable 'chaff,' ought to be severely purged away.

3°. With respect to *plurality* of portraits, when you have the offer of more than one? The answer to that, on the principles already stated, will come out different in different cases, and be an affair of consideration and compromise. For the

earlier (and more uncertain) figures, I should incline to admit *all* that could be got; certainly all that could be found genuine, that were 'helps,' as above said. Nay, such even as were only half-genuine, if there were no others; marking well their doubtful character. As you come lower down, the selection will be stricter; and in quite modern times when pictures are plentiful, I should think *one* portrait would in general be the rule. But of course respect must be had to the importance of the man, the *excellence* of the portraits offered (or their peculiar worth for your objects), the quantity of house-room you are like to have, &c. &c.; and the decision will be the summary and adjustment of all these considerations.

For example, during the *Reformation period* I would take of John Knox, and his consorts and adversaries (Lethington, Kirkcaldy, Regents Murray, Morton, and Mar, Buchanan, Bothwell, even Rizzio, and the like), any picture I could get; all attainable pictures, engravings, &c, or almost all, unless they be more numerous than I suppose,—might promise to be 'helps,' in that great scarcity, and great *desire* to be helped. While, again, in reference to *The Forty-five*, where pictures abound, and where the personages and their affair are so infinitely insignificant in comparison, I should expect that one portrait, and that only of the very topmost men, would well suffice. Yet there is a real interest, too, in that poor Forty-five,—for, in fine, we lie very *near* it still, and that is always a great point; and I should somehow like to have a Hawley, a Sir John Cope, Wade, and Duke of Cumberland smuggled in, by way of 'illustrative Notes,' if that were possible. Nay, I really think it should be done; and, on the whole, perceive that *The Forty-five* will be one of your more opulent fields.

The question, "Who is a Historical Character?" is, in many cases, already settled, and, in most cases, will be capable of easy settlement. In general, whoever *lives* in the memory of Scotchmen, whoever is yet practically recognisable as a conspicuous worker, speaker, singer, or sufferer in the past time of Scotland, he is a 'Historical Character,' and we shall be glad to see the veritable likeness of him. For examples, given at random:—George Buchanan, David Rizzio, Lord Hailes, Lord Karnes, Monboddo, *Bozzy*, Burns, Gawin Douglas, Barbour, Jamie Thomson. I would take in. and eagerly,

David Dale (of the cotton manufacture), less eagerly Dundas (of the suffrage ditto), and, in general, ask myself, Who said, did, or suffered anything truly memorable, or even anything still much remembered? From Bruce down to Heathfield and Abercromby, the common History-books will direct you plentifully as to one class; and for the others, knowledge and good judgment will be the methods.

4^o. Lastly, as to the Catalogue. I am accustomed to conceive the Catalogue, if well done, as one of the best parts of the whole. Brevity, sound knowledge, exactitude, fidelity, ought to be the characteristic of every feature of it. Say you allow, on the average, not more than half a page to each, in by far the majority of cases; hardly more than a page to any: historical, lucid, above all things exact. I would give the *essence* of the man's history, *condensed* to the very utmost; the dates, his birth, death, main transactions,—in short the *bones* of his history; then add reference to books and sources (carefully distinguishing the good from the less good), where his history and character can be learned farther by such as wish to study it. Afterwards in a line or two, indicate the actual *habitat* of the picture here exhibited; *its* history, if it have one; that it is *known* to be by such and such a master (and on what authority), or that it is only guessed. What value and excellence might lie in such a Catalogue, if rightly done, I need not say to David Laing; nor what labour, knowledge and resources would be needed to do it well! Perhaps divided among several men (with some head to *preside* over all), according to the several *periods* and classes of subject;—I can perceive *work* enough for *you*, among others, there! But, on the whole, it could be done; and it would be well worth doing, and a permanently useful thing. I would have it printed in some *bound* form, not as a pamphlet, but still very cheap; I should expect a wide immediate sale for it at railway stations and elsewhere while the Exhibition went on, and a steady and permanent sale for it afterwards for a long time indeed. A modern *Nico/son*, done according to the *real want* of the present day; and far beyond what any 'Historical Library,' with its dusty pedantries, ever was before! But enough now. Your patience must not be quite ridden to death, and the very paper admonishes me to have done.

Accept in good part what hasty stuff I have written ; forgive it at least. I must say, this small National Project has again grown to look quite beautiful to me;—*possible* surely in some form, and full of uses. Probably the real "*Crystal Palace*" that would beseem poor old Scotland in these days of Exhibitions, —a country rather eminently rich in men perhaps, which is the pearl and soul of all other "riches."

Believe me yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.²

² Some efforts, I believe, were made in the direction indicated, by Gentlemen of the Antiquarian Society and others, but as yet without any actual "Exhibition" coming to light. Later, and for Britain at large, we have had, by the Government itself, some kind of "Commission" or "Board" appointed, for forming a permanent "National Portrait-Gallery,"—with what success is still to be seen —(*Note of 1857.*)

THE PRINZENRAUB.¹

A GLIMPSE OF SAXON HISTORY.

[1855]

OVER seas in Saxony, in the month of July 1455, a notable thing befell; and this in regard to two persons who have themselves, by accident, become notable. Concerning which we are now to say something, with the reader's permission. Unluckily, few English readers ever heard of the event; and it is probable there is but one English reader or writer (the present reviewer, for his sins) that was ever driven or led to inquire into it: so that it is quite wild soil, very rough for the ploughshare; neither can the harvest well be considerable. "English readers are so deeply ignorant of foreign history, especially of German history!" exclaims a learned professor. Alas, yes; English readers are dreadfully ignorant of many things, indeed of most things;—which is a lamentable circumstance, and ought to be amended by degrees.

But, however all this may be, here is somewhat in relation to that Saxon business, called the *Prinzenraub*, or Stealing of the Princes, and to the other "pearls of memory" (do not call them old buttons of memory!) which string themselves upon the threads of that. Beating about in those dismal haunted wildernesses; painfully sorting and sifting in the historical lumber-rooms and their dusty fusty imbroglios, in quest of far other objects,—this is what we have picked-up on that acci-

¹ WESTMINSTER REVIEW, NO. 123, January 1855 —1. *Schretters Geschichte des Prinzenraubs* (Schreiter's History of the Stealing of the Princes) Leipzig, 1804.

² *Johann Hubners, Rectoris der Schule su S. Johannis in Hamburg, Genealogische Tabellen* (Genealogical Tables, by Johann Hubner, Rector of St. John's School in Hamburg) 3 vols oblong 4to Leipzig, 1725-1728.

³ *Genealogische Tafeln sur Staatengeschichte der Germanischen und Slawischen Volker im 19ten Jahrhundert* (Genealogical Tables for the State History of the Germanic and Slavic Nations in the 19th Century). By Dr Friedrich Maximilian Hertel. x vol. oblong 12mo. Leipzig, 1846.

dental matter. To which the reader, if he can make any use of it, has our welcome and our blessing.

The *Wettin* Line of Saxon Princes, the same that yet endures, known by sight to every English creature (for the high individual, Prince Albert, is of it), had been lucky enough to combine in itself, by inheritance, by good management, chiefly by inheritance and mere force of survival, all the Three separate portions and divided dignities of that country : the Thüiringen Landgraviate, the Meissen Markgraviate, and the ancient Duchy and Electorate of Saxony ; and to become very great among the Princes of the German Empire. It was in 1423 that Elector Frederick, named *der Streitbare* (the Fencible, or Prompt-to-fight), one of the notables of this line, had got from Emperor Sigismund, for help rendered (of which poor Sigismund had always need, in all kinds), the vacant *Kur* (Electorship) and Dukedom of Saxony ; after which accession, and through the earlier portion of the fifteenth century, this Saxon House might fairly reckon itself the greatest in Germany, till Austria, till Brandenburg gradually rose to overshadow it. Law of primogeniture could never be accepted in that country ; nothing but divisions, redivisions, coalescings, splittings, and never-ending readjustments and collisions were prevalent in consequence; to which cause, first of all, the loss of the race by Saxony may be ascribed.

To enter into all that, be far from us. Enough to say that this *Streitbare*, Frederick the *Fencible*, left several sons, and none of them without some snack of principality taken from the main lot: several sons, who, however, by death and bad behaviour, pretty soon reduced themselves to two : 1st, the eldest, a Frederick, named the Placid, Peaceable, or Pacific (*Friedrich der Sanftmuthige*), who possessed the electorate, and indivisible, inalienable land thereto pertaining (Wittenberg, Torgau, &c. ; a certain 'circle' or province in the Wittenberg region ; of which, as Prussia has now got all or most of it, the exact boundaries are not known to me); and 2d, a Wilhelm, who in all the other territories * ruled conjointly' with Frederick.

Conjointly : were not such lands likely to be beautifully 'ruled' ? Like a carriage-team with *two* drivers on the box ! Frederick, however, was pacific; probably an excellent good-

natured man; for I do not find that he wanted fire either, and conclude that the friendly elements abounded in him. Frederick was a man that could be lived with; and the conjoint government went on, without visible outbreak, between his brother Wilhelm and him, for a series of years. For twelve years, better or worse;—much better than our own red and white *Roses* here at home, which were fast budding into battles of St. Albans, battles of Towton, and other sad outcomes about that time ! Of which twelve years we accordingly say nothing.

But now in the twelfth year, a foolish second-cousin, a Friedrich the Silly (*EIn/faltige*), at Weimar, died childless, A.D. 1440; by which event extensive Thuringian possessions fell into the main lot again ; whereupon the question arose, How to divide them ? A question difficult to solve ; which by and by declared itself to be insoluble ; and gave rise to open war between the brothers Frederick Pacific and Wilhelm of Meissen. Frederick proving stronger, Wilhelm called-in the Bohemians,—confused Hussite, Ziska-Podiebrad populations, bitter enemies of orthodox Germany ; against whom Frederick sent celebrated fighting captains, Kunz von Kaufungen and others; who did no good on the Bohemians, but showed all men how dangerous a conflagration had arisen here in the heart of the country, and how needful to be quenched without delay. Accordingly the neighbours all ran up, Kaiser Frederick III. at the head of them (a cunning old Kaiser, Max's father); and quenched it was, after four or five years' ruinous confusion, by the 'treaty of Naumburg' in 1450,—most obscure treaty, not necessary to be laid before the reader ;—whereby, if not joint government, peaceable division and separation could ensue.

The conflagration was thus put out; but various coals of, it continued hot for a long time,—Kunz von Kaufungen, above mentioned, the hottest of all. Kunz or Conrad, born squire or ritter of a certain territory and old tower called Kaufungen, the *site* of which old tower, if now no ruins of it, can be seen near Penig on the Mulde river, some two-hours ride south-east of Altenburg in those Thuringian or Upper Saxon regions,—Kunz had made himself a name in the world, though unluckily he was short of property otherwise at present. For one thing, Kunz had gained great renown by beating Albert of Brandenburg, the Albert named *Achilles*, third Hohenzollern Elector of

Brandenburg, and the fiercest fighter of his day (a terrible hawk-nosed, square-jawed, lean, ancient man, ancestor of Frederick the Great) ; Kunz, I say, had beaten this potentate, being hired by the town of Nurnberg, Albert's rebellious town, to do it ; or if not beaten him (for Albert prevailed in the end), had at least taken him captive in some fight, and made him pay a huge ransom. He had also been in the Hussite wars, this Kunz, fighting up and down: a German *condottiere*, I find, or Dugald Dalgetty of the epoch ; his last stroke of work had been this late engagement, under Frederick the Peaceable, to fight against brother Wilhelm and his Bohemian allies.

In this last enterprise Kunz had prospered but indifferently. He had indeed gained something they called the 'victory of Gera,'—loud honour, I doubt not, and temporary possession of that little town of Gera ;—but in return, had seen his own old tower of Kaufungen and all his properties wasted by ravages of war. Nay, he had at length been taken captive by the Bohemians, and been obliged to ransom himself by huge outlay of money :—4,000 *goldgulden*, or about 2,000/. sterling ; a crushing sum ! With all which losses, why did not Kunz lose his life too, as he might easily have done? It would have been better for him. Not having lost his life, he did of course, at the end of the war, claim and expect indemnity : but he could get none, or not any that was satisfactory to him.

Elector Frederick had had losses of his own ; was disposed to stick to the letter of his contracts in reference to Kunz: not even the 4,000 *goldgulden* of Bohemian ransom would he consent to repay. Elector Frederick alleged that Kunz was not his liegeman, whom he was bound to protect; but only his soldier, hired to fight at so much per day, and stand the risks himself. In fine, he exasperated Kunz very much ; and could be brought to nothing, except to agree that arbitrators should be named, to settle what was really due from one to the other ;—a course of little promise to indigent, indignant Kunz. The arbitrators did accordingly meet, and Kunz being summoned, made his appearance; but not liking the figure of the court, went away again without waiting for the verdict; which accordingly did fall out infinitely short of his wishes or expectations, and made the indigent man still more indignant. Violent speeches were heard from him in consequence, and were officiously reported ;

may, some say, were heard by the Elector himself: for example, That a man might have vengeance, if he could get nothing else ; that an indigent, indignant fighting man, driven utterly desperate, would harry and destroy; would do this and also that, of a direful and dreadful nature. To which the Elector answered: " Don't burn the fishponds, at any rate; the poor fishes in their ponds !"—still farther angering Kunz. Kunz was then heard growling about "vengeance not on this unjust Elector's land and people, but on his flesh and blood ;" in short, growing ever more intemperate, grim of humour, and violent of speech, Kunz was at last banished the country ; ordered flatly to go about his business, and growl elsewhere. He went, with certain indigent followers of his, across into Bohemia ; where, after groping about, he purchased an old castle, Isenburg the name of it; castle hanging somewhere on the western slopes of the *Erzgebirge* (Metal Mountains so-called), convenient for the Saxon frontier, and to be had cheap : this empty damp old castle of Isenburg Kunz bought, and lived there, in such humour as may be conceived. Revenge on this unjust Elector, and "not on his land and people, but on his flesh and blood," was now the one thought of Kunz.

Two Misnian squires, Mosen and SchOnberg, former subalterns of his, I suppose, and equally disaffected as himself, were with him at Isenburg ; besides these, whose connections and followers could assist with head or hand, there was in correspondence with him one Schwalbe, a Bohemian by birth, officiating now as cook (cook or scullion, I am uncertain which) in the electoral Castle itself at Altenburg; this Schwalbe, in the way of intelligence and help for plotting, was of course the most important of all. Intelligence enough from Schwalbe and his consorts; and schemes grounded thereon ; first one scheme and then another in that hungry castle of Isenburg, we need not doubt. At length word came from Schwalbe, That on the 7th of July (1455) the Elector was to take a journey to Leipzig ; Electress and two Princes (there were but two, still boys) to be left behind at Altenburg: whether anything could follow out of that ? Most of the servants, Schwalbe added, were invited to a supper in the town, and would be absent drinking. Absent drinking; Princes left unguarded ? Much can follow out of that! Wait for an opportunity till Doomsday, will there

ever come a better? Let this, in brief, be the basis of our grand scheme; and let all hands be busy upon it. Isenburg expects every man to do his duty!—Nor was Isenburg disappointed.

The venerable little Saxon town of Altenburg lies, among intricate woods and Metal-Mountain wildernesses, a good day's riding west from Isenburg: nevertheless, at the fit date, Isenburg has done its duty; and in spite of the intricacies and the hot weather, Kunz is on the ground in full readiness. Towards midnight, namely, on the 7th of July 1455, Kunz, with a party of thirty men, his two Misnian squires among them, well-mounted and armed, silently approaches the rendezvous under the Castle of Altenburg, softly announces himself, by whew of whistling, or some concerted signal, audible in the stillness of the ambrosial night. Cook Schwalbe is awake; Cook Schwalbe answers signal; flings him down a line, fixes his rope-ladders. Kunz, with his Misnian squires and a select few more, mounts aloft; leaving the rest below, to be vigilant, to seize the doors especially, when once we are masters of them from within.

Kunz, who had once been head chamberlain here, knows every room and passage of this royal Castle; probably his Misnians also know it, or a good deal of it, from of old. They first lock all the servants' doors; lock the Electress's door; walk then into the room where the two Princes sleep, in charge of their ancient governess, a feeble old lady, who can give no hindrance;—they seize the two Princes, boys of twelve and fourteen; descend with them, by the great staircase, into the court of the Castle, successfully so far;—or rather, not quite successfully, but with a mistake to mend. They find, when in the court of the Castle, that here indeed is Prince Ernst, the eldest boy, but that instead of Prince Albert we **have** brought his bedfellow, a young Count Barby, of **no** use to us. This was Mosen the Misnian's mistake; stupid Mosen! **Kunz** himself **runs aloft again**; finds **now the real Albert, who had hid himself below** the bed; descends with the **real Albert**. "**To horse now, to horse, my men, without delay!**" These noises had awakened the Electress; to what terrors and emotions we can fancy. Finding her door bolted, but learning gradually what is toward, she speaks or shrieks, from the window, a passionate prayer, in the name of earth and heaven, Not to take her chil-

dren from her. "Whatsoever your demands are, I will see them granted, only leave my children!"—"Sorry we cannot, high Lady!" thought Kunz, and rode rapidly away; for all the Castle is now getting awake, and locks will not long keep every one imprisoned in his room.

Kunz, forth again into the ambrosial night, divides his party into two, one Prince with each; Kunz himself leading the one, Mosen to lead the other. They are to ride by two different roads towards Bohemia, that if one misluck, there may still be another to make terms. Kunz himself, with the little Albert he has got on hand (no time to *change* princes at present), takes the more northerly road; and both dive into the woods. Not a moment to be lost; for already the alarm-bell is out at Altenburg,—some servant having burst his door, and got clutch of it; the results of which will be manifold. Result *first* could not fail: The half-drunk servants, who are out at supper, come tumbling home; listen open-mouthed, then go tumbling back into the little town, and awaken *its* alarm-bell; which awakens, in the usual progression, all others whatsoever; so that Saxony at large, to the remotest village, from all its belfries, big and little, is ringing madly; and all day Kunz, at every thin place of the forest, hears a ding-dong of doom pronounced against him, and plunges deviously forward all the more intently.

A hot day, and a dreadful ride through boggy wastes and intricate mountain woods; with the alarm-bell, and shadow of the gallows, dogging one all the way. Here, however, we are now, within an hour of the Bohemian border;—cheerily, my men, through these wild woods and hills! The young Prince, a boy of twelve, declares himself dying of thirst. Kunz, not without pity, not without anxiety on that head, bids his men ride on; all but himself and two squires shall ride on, get everything ready at Isenburg, whither we and his young Highness will soon follow. Kunz encourages the Prince; dismounts, he and his squires, to gather him some bilberries. Kunz is busy in that search,—when a black figure staggers-in upon the scene; a grimy *Kohler*, namely (Collier, Charcoal-burner), with a long poking-pole (what he calls *schurbaum*) in his hand: grimy Collier, just awakened from his after-dinner nap; somewhat astonished to find company in these solitudes. "How, what! Who is the young gentleman? What are my Herren pleased

to be doing here ?" inquired the Collier. " Pooh, a youth who has run away from his relations ; who has fallen thirsty : do you know where bilberries are ?—No ?—Then why not walk on your way, my grim one ?" The grim one has heard ringing of alarm-bells all day; is not quite in haste to go : Kunz, whirling round to make him go, is caught in the bushes by the spurs, falls flat on his face; the young Prince whispers eagerly, "I am Prince Albert, and am stolen!"—Whew-wew!—One of the squires aims a blow at the Prince, so it is said ; perhaps it was at the Collier only: the Collier wards with his poking-pole, strikes fiercely with his poking-pole, fells down the squire, belabours Kunz himself. During which the Collier's dog lustily barks ; and, behold, the Collier's Wife comes running on the scene, and with her shrieks brings a body of other colliers upon it: Kunz is evidently done !

He surrenders, with his squires and Prince ; is led, by this black bodyguard, armed with axes, shovels, poking-poles, to the neighbouring monastery of Grunhain (Green Grove), and is there safe warded under lock-and-key. The afternoon of July 8th, 1455 ; what a day for him and for others!—I remark, with certainty, that dusty riders, in rather unusual numbers, and of miscellaneous equipment, are also entering London City, far away, this very evening; a constitutional parliament having to take seat at Westminster, tomorrow, 9th July 1455, of ail days and years,² to settle what the battle of St. Albans, lately fought, will come to. For the rest, that the King of England has fallen imbecile, and his she-wolf of France is on flight; that probably York will be Protector again (till he lose his head),—and that the troubles of mankind are not limited to Saxony and its Metal Mountains, but that the Devil everywhere is busy, as usual!—This consideration will serve at least to date the affair of Kunz for us, and shall therefore stand un-erased.

From Grunhain Monastery the Electress, gladdest of Saxon mothers, gets back her younger boy to Altenburg, with hope of the other : praised be heaven forever for it. " And you, O Collier of a thousand! what is your wish, what is your want?—How dared you beard such a lion as that Kunz, you with your simple poking-pole, you Collier sent of heaven!"—"*Ma-*
*Ma*² Henry's *History of Britain*, vi. 108.

dam, I drilled him soundly with my poking-pole (*hob ihn weid-Itch getrillt*);" at which they all laughed, and called the Collier der Triller, the Driller.

Meanwhile, Mosen the Misnian is also faring ill; with the alarm-bells all awake about him, and the country risen in hot chase. Six of his men have been caught; the rest are diving ever deepeel into the thickets. In the end, they seek shelter in a cavern, stay there perdue for three days, not far from the castle of Sterna, still within the Saxon border. Three days,—while the debate of Westminster is prosperously proceeding, and imbecile Henry the Sixth takes his ease at Windsor,—these poor fellows lie quaking, hungry, in their cave; and dare not debate, except in whispers, very uncertain what the issue will be. The third day they hear from colliers or wandering woodmen, accidentally talking together in their neighbourhood, that Kunz is taken, tried, and most probably beheaded. Well-a-day! Well-a-day! Hereupon they open a correspondence with the nearest Amtmann, him of Zwickau: to the effect, That if free pardon is granted, they will at once restore Prince Ernst; if not, they will at once kill him. The Amtmann of Zwickau is thrown into excitement, it may well be supposed: but what can the Amtmann or any official person do? Accede to their terms, since, as desperate men, they have the power of enforcing them. It is thought, had they even demanded Kunz's pardon, it must have been granted; but they fancied Kunz already ended, and did not insist on this. Enough, on the nth of the month, fourth day since the flight, third day in this hunger-cave of Steina, Prince Ernst was given up; and Mosen, Schdnfels and Co., refreshed with food, fled swiftly, unharmed, and 'were never heard of more,' say my authorities.

Prince Ernst was received by his glad father at Chemnitz; soon carried to his glad mother and brother at Altenburg upon which the whole court, with trembling joy, made a pilgrimage to Ebersdorf, a monastery and shrine in those parts. They gave pious thanks there, one and all; the mother giving suitable dotation furthermore; and, what is notable, hanging-up among her other votive gifts two coats (she, says rumour and prints; but I guess it was the lucrative showmen after her): the coat of Kunz, leather buff I suppose, and the

coat of The Driller, Triller, as we call that heaven-sent Collier, coat grimy black, and made of what stuff I know not. Which coats were still shown in the present generation ; nay perhaps are still to be seen at this day, if a judicious tourist made inquiry for them.

On the 14th, and not till then, Kunz of Kaufungen, tried and doomed before, laid his head on the block at Freyberg; some say, pardon *had* been got for him from the joyful Serene Highnesses, but came an hour too late. This seems uncertain, seems improbable : at least poor Dietrich of Kaufungen, his younger brother, was done to death at Altenburg itself some time after, for 'inconsiderate words' uttered by him,—feelings not sufficiently under one's control. That Schwalbe, the Bohemian Cook, was torn with 'red-hot pincers,' and otherwise mercilessly mangled and strangled, need not be stated. He and one or two others, supposed to be concerned in his peculiar treason, were treated so ; and with this the gallows-part of the transaction ended.

As to the Driller himself, when asked what his wish was, it turned out to be modest in the extreme: Only liberty to cut, of scraggs and waste wood, what would suffice for his charring purposes, in those wild forests. This was granted to the man and his posterity; made sure to him and them by legal deed: and to this was added, So many yearly bushels of corn from the electoral stockbarns, and a handsome little farm of land, to grow cole and *sauerkraut*, and support what cows and sheep, for domestic milk and wool, were necessary to the good man and his successors. 'Which properties,' I am vaguely told, but would go to see it with my eyes, were I touring in those parts, 'they enjoy to this day.' Perhaps it was a bit of learned jocularly on the part of the old conveyancers, perhaps in their high chancery at Altenburg they did not know the man's real name, or perhaps he had no very fixed one ; at any rate, they called him merely *Triller* (Driller), in these important documents: which courtly nickname he or his sons adopted as a surname that would do very well; surname borne by them accordingly ever since, and concerning which there have been treatises written.³

³ Grosdropfs *Oratio de gentis Trillerianæ ortu* (cited In Michaelis, *Geschichte der Chur- und Fürstlichen Häuser In Teutschland*, i. 469) is one—

This is the tale of Kunz of Kaufungen; this is that adventure of the *Prinzenraub* (Stealing of the Princes), much wondered at, and talked of, by all princes and all courtiers in its own day, and never quite forgotten since; being indeed apt for remembrance, and worthy of it, more or less. For it actually occurred in God's Creation, and was a fact, four-hundred years ago; and also is, and will forever continue one,—ever-enduring part and parcel of the Sum of Things, whether remembered or not. In virtue of which peculiarity it is much distinguished from innumerable other tales of adventures which did *not* occur in God's Creation, but only in the waste chambers (to be let unfurnished) of certain human heads, and which are part and parcel only of the Sum of Nothings; which nevertheless obtain some temporary remembrance, and lodge extensively, at this epoch of the world, in similar still more unfurnished chambers. In comparison, I thought this business worth a few words to the ingenuous English reader, who may still have rooms to let, in that sense. Not only so; but it seemed to deserve a little nook in modern memory for other peculiar reasons,—which shall now be stated with extreme brevity.

The two boys, Ernst and Albert, who, at the time of their being stolen, were fourteen and twelve years old respectively, and had Frederick the *Peaceable*, the *Placid* or *Pacific*, for father, came safe to manhood. They got, by lucky survivorship, all these inextricable Saxon Territories combined into Two round lots;—did not, unfortunately, keep them so, but split them again into new divisions,—for new despair of the historical student, among others!—and have at this day extensive posterity, of thrice-complex relationship, of unintelligible names, still extant in the high places of the world. Unintelligible names, we may well say; each person having probably from ten to twenty names: not John or Tom; but Joachim *John* Ferdinand Ernst Albrecht; Theodor *Tom* Carl Friedrich Kunz;—as if we should say, Bill Walter Kit all as

See, for the rest, Schurzfleisch, *Disscrtatio de Conrado Kaufungo* (Wittenberg, 1720); Tenzel (Gotha, 1700); Rechenberg, *De Raftu Ernesti et Alberti*; Sagittarius, Fabncius, &c. &c

one name ; every one of which is good, could you but omit the others ! Posterity of unintelligible names, thrice-complex relationship ;—and in fine, of titles, qualities and territories that will remain forever unknown to man. Most singular princely nomenclature, which has often filled me with amazement. Designations *worse* than those of the Naples Lazzaroni; who indeed "have no names," but are, I conclude, distinguished by Numbers, No. 1, No. 2, and can be *known* when mentioned in human speech! Names, designations, which are too much for the human mind ;—which are intricate, long-winded ; abstruse as the Sibyl's oracles ; and flying about, too, like her leaves, with every new accident, every new puff of wind. Ever-fluctuating, ever-splitting, coalescing, re-splitting, re-combining, insignificant little territories, names, relationships and titles ; inextricably indecipherable, and not worth deciphering; which only the eye of the Old Serpent could or would decipher !—Let us leave them there ; and remark that they are all divided, after our little stolen Ernst and Albert, into Two main streams or Lines, the Ernst or *Ernestine Line*, and the Albert or *Albertine Line* ; in which two grand divisions they flow on, each of them many-branched, through the wilderness of Time ever since. Many-branched each of the two, but conspicuously separate each from the other, they flow on ; and give us the comfort *of* their company, in great numbers, at this very day. We will note a few of the main phenomena in these two Saxon Lines,—higher trees that have caught our eye, in that sad wilderness of princely shrubbery unsurveyable otherwise.

ERNESTINE LINE.

Ernst, the elder of those two stolen boys, became *Kurfürst* (Electors); and got for inheritance, besides the 'inalienable properties' which lie round Wittenberg, as we have said, the better or Thuringian side of the Saxon country—that is, the Weimar, Gotha, Altenburg, &c. Principalities :—while the other youth, Albert, had to take the '*Osterland* (Easternland), with part of Meissen,' what we may in general imagine to be (for no German Dryasdust will do you the kindness to say precisely) the eastern region of what is Saxony in our day. These Albertines, with an inferior territory, had, as their main

towns, Leipzig and Dresden, a *Residezs-Schloss* (or sublime enough Ducal Palace) in each city, Leipzig as yet the grander and more common one. There, at Leipzig chiefly, I say, lived the august younger or Albertine Line; especially there lived Prince Albert himself, a wealthy and potent man, though younger. But it is with Ernst that we are at present concerned.

As for Ernst, the elder, he and his lived chiefly at Wittenberg, as I perceive; there or in the neighbourhood, was their high Schloss; distinguished among palaces. But they had Weimar, they had Altenburg, Gotha, Coburg,—above all, they had the *Wartburg*, one of the most distinguished Strong Houses any Duke could live in, if he were of frugal and heroic turn. Wartburg, built by fabulous Ludwig the Springer, which grandly overhangs the town of Eisenach, grandly the general Thuringian forest; it is now,—Magician Klingsohr having sung there, St. Elisabeth having lived there and done conscious miracles, Martin Luther having lived there and done unconscious ditto,—the most interesting *Residenz*, or old grim shell of a mountain Castle turned into a tavern, now to be found in Germany, or perhaps readily in the world. One feels,—standing in Luther's room, with Luther's poor old oaken table, oaken inkholder still there, and his mark on the wall which the Devil has not yet forgotten,—as if here once more, with mere Heaven and the silent Thuringian Hills looking on, a grand and grandest battle of "One man *versus* the Devil and all men" was fought, and the latest prophecy of the Eternal was made to these sad ages that yet run; as if here, in fact, of all places that the sun now looks upon, were the *holiest* for a modern man. To me, at least, in my poor thoughts, there seemed something of *authentically* divine in this locality; as if immortal remembrances and sacred influences and monitions were hovering over it; speaking sad, and grand, and valiant things to the hearts of men. A distinguished person, whom I had the honour of attending on that occasion, actually stooped down, when he thought my eye was off him; *kissed* the old oaken table, though one of the grimmest men now living; and looked like lightning and rain all the morning after, with a visible moisture in those sun-eyes of his, and not a word to be drawn from him. Sure enough, Ernst and his

line are not at a loss for Residences, whatever else he and they may want.

Ernst's son was *Frederick the Wise*, successor in the *Kur* (Electorship) and paternal lands; which, as Frederick did not marry and there was only one other brother, were not farther divided on this occasion. Frederick the Wise, born in 1463, was that ever-memorable *Kurfurst* who saved Luther from the Diet of Worms in 1521. A pious Catholic, with due horror of heresy up to that time, he listened with all his faculties to the poor Monk's earnest speech of four hours; knew not entirely what to think of it; thought at least, "We will hear this man farther, we will not burn this man just yet I"—and snatched him up accordingly, and stuck him safe into the Wartburg for a year. Honour to such a *Kurfurst*:—and what a luck to him and us that he was there to do so ever-memorable a thing, just in the nick of time! A *Kurfurst* really memorable and honourable, by that and by many other acts of wisdom, piety and prudent magnanimity; in which qualities History testifies that he shone. He could have had the Kaisership, on Max's death, some years before, but preferred to have young Charles V., Max's grandson, elected to it. Whereby it came that the grand Reformation Cause, at once the grandest blessing and the grandest difficulty, fell to the guidance, not of noble German veracity and pious wisdom, but of long-headed obstinate Flemish cunning; and Elector Frederick indeed had an easier life, but Germany has ever since had a much harder one! Two portraits of this wise Frederick, one by Albert Durer, and another of inferior quality by Lucas Kranach, which represent to us an excellent, rather corpulent, elderly gentleman, looking-out from under his electoral cap, with a fine placid, honest and yet vigilant and sagacious aspect, are well known to print-collectors: but his history, the practical physiognomy of his life and procedure in this world, is less known to hereditary governing persons, and others, than it ought to be,—if there were any chance of their taking pattern by him! He was twenty years Luther's senior; they never met personally, much as they corresponded together, during the next four years, both living oftenest in the same town. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his brother, John the Steadfast (*Johann der Bestandige*).

This brother, Johann *der Bestandige*, was four years younger; he also was a wise and eminently Protestant man. He struggled very faithfully for the good Cause, during his term of sovereignty; died in 1532 (fourteen years before Luther), having held the Electorate only seven years. Excellent man, though dreadfully *fat*; so that they had to screw him up by machinery when he wished to mount on horseback, in his old days.—His son was Johann Friednch, the Magnanimous by epithet (*der Grossmuthige*), under whom the Line underwent sad destinies; *lost* the Electorship, *lost* much; and split itself after him, into innumerable branches, who are all of a small type ever since; and whom we shall leave for a little, till we have brought forward the Albertine Line.

ALBERTINE LINE.

Albert the Courageous (*der Beherzte*) was the name this little stolen boy attained among mankind, when he grew to maturity and came to his properties in Meissen and the Osterland. What he did to merit such high title might, at this date, in this place, be difficult to say. I find he was useful in the Netherlands, assisting Kaiser Max (or rather young Prince Max, Kaiser indeed, and Charles V.'s grandfather, in time coming) when the said young Max wedded the beautiful young Mary of Burgundy, the great heiress in those parts. Max got the Netherlands by this fine match, and came into properties enough; and soon into endless troubles and sorrows thereby; in all which, and in others that superadded themselves, Albert the Courageous was helpful according to ability; distinguishing himself indeed throughout by loyalty to his Kaiser; and in general, I think, being rather of a conservative turn. The rest of his merit in History,—we conclude, it was work that had mainly a Saxon, or at most a German fame, and did not reach the ear of the general world. However, sure enough it all lies safely *funded* in Saxon and German Life to this hour, Saxony reaping the full benefit of it' (if any); and it shall not concern us here. Only on three figures of the posterity begotten by him shall we pause a little, then leave him to his fate. Elector Moritz, Duke George, August the Strong: on these three we glance for one moment; the rest, in mute endless procession, shall rustle past unseen by us.

Albert's eldest son, then, and successor in the eastern properties and residences, was Duke George of Saxony,—called 'of Saxony,' as all those Dukes, big and little, were and still are,—*Herzog Georg von Sachsen*: of whom, to make him memorable, it is enough to say that he was Luther's Duke George! Yes, this is he with whom Luther had such wrangling and jangling. Here, for the first time, English country gentlemen may discern "Duke George" as a fact, though a dark one, in this world; see dimly who begat him, where he lived, how he actually *was* (presumably) a human creature, and not a mere rumour of a name. "Fear of Duke George?" said Luther: "No, not that. I have seen the King of Chaos in my time, Sathanas himself, and thrown my inkbottle at him. Duke George! Had I had business in Leipzig, I should have gone thither, if it had rained Duke Geoges for nine days running!" Well, reader, this is he: George the Rich, called also the *Barbatus* (Beardy), likewise the Learned: a very magnificent Herr; learned, bearded, gilded, to a notable degree; and much revered by many, though Luther thought so little of him.

He was strong for the old religion, while his cousins went so valiantly ahead for the new. He attended at Diets, argued, negotiated; offered to risk life and fortune, in some diplomatic degree, but was happily never called to do it. His Brother, and most of his people, gradually became Protestants, which much grieved him. Pack, unfortunate Herr Pack, whose 'revelations' gave rise to the Schmalkaldic League, and to the first Protestant War, had been his secretary. Pack ran off from him; made said 'revelations,' That there was a private bargain, between Duke George and others, headed by the Kaiser, to cut-off and forfeit Philip of Hessen, the chief Protestant, that &c. &c.: whereby, in the first place, poor Pack lost his head; and, in the second place, poor Duke George's troubles were increased fourfold and tenfold.

Poor soul, he had lost most of his ten children, some of them in infancy, others in maturity and middle age, by death; was now himself getting old, within a year or two of seventy; and his troubles not in the least diminishing. At length he lost his wife; the good old dame, a princess of Bohemia, who had been his stay in all sorrows, she too was called away from him.

Protestantism spreading, the Devil broken loose, ail was against Duke George; and he felt that his own time must now be nigh. His very Brother, now heir-apparent by the death of all the young men, was of declared Protestant tendencies. George wrote to his Brother, who, for the present, was very poor, offering to give him up the government and territories at once, on condition that the Catholic Religion should be maintained intact : Brother respectfully refused. Duke George then made a will, to the like effect; summoned his Estates to sanction it; Estates would not sanction : Duke George was seized with dreadful bowel-disorders, and lay down to die. Sorrow on it! Alas, alas !

There is one memorability of his sad last moments : A reverend Pater was endeavouring to strengthen him by assurances about his own good works, about the favour of the Saints and suchlike, when Dr. Rothe, the Crypto-Protestant medical gentleman, ventured to suggest in the extreme moment, "*Gnädiger Herr*, you were often wont to say, Straightforward is the best runner ! Do that yourself; go straight to the blessed Saviour and eternal Son of God, who bore our sins ; and leave the dead Saints alone !"—" Ey, then,—help me, then," George groaned out in low sad murmur, "true Saviour, Jesus Christ; take pity on me, and save me by thy bitter sorrows and death!" and yielded-up his soul in this manner. A much-afflicted, hard-struggling, and not very useful man. He was so learned, he had written his Father Albert's exploits in Latin ; of which respectable « Monograph,' Fabricius, in his Chronicle, has made use. Fabricius : not that big Hamburg Fabricius of the *Bibliothecas*; but an earlier minor one, *Georg Goldschmied* his vernacular name, who was 'crowned poet by Kaiser Max,' became head-schoolmaster in Meissen, and wrote meritorious chronicles, indifferently exact, *Rerum Misnicarum*, and suchlike, —*he* is the Fabricius to whom the respectable Monograph fell. Of this poor Duke's palaces and riches, at Leipzig and elsewhere, I say nothing, except that they were very grand. He wore a magnificent beard, too, dagger-shaped and very long; was of heroic stature and carriage ; truly a respectable-looking man. I will remember nothing more of him, except that he was withal an ancestor of Frederick the Great: no doubt of that small interesting fact. One of his daughters was married to

Philip the Magnanimous of Hessen,—wife insufficient for magnanimous Philip, wherefore he was obliged to marry a second, or supplement to her, which is a known story ! But another of Duke George's daughters, who alone concerns us here, was spouse to Joachim II., sixth *Kurfurst* of Brandenburg, who bore him Johann George, seventh ditto, in lawful wedlock ; and so was Frederick the Unique's great-grandfather's great-grandmother, that is to say, lineal ancestress in the seventh generation. If it rained Duke Georges nine days running, I would say no more about them.

We come now to *Elector Moritz*, our second figure. George's brother, Henry, succeeded ; lived only for two years ; in which time all went to Protestantism in the eastern parts of Saxony, as in the western. This Henry's eldest son, and first successor, was *Moritz*, the "Maurice" known in English Protestant books, who, in the Schmalkaldic League and War, played such a questionable game with his Protestant cousin, of the elder or Ernestine Line,—quite ousting said cousin, by superior jockeyship, and reducing his Line and him to the second rank ever since. This cousin was Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, of the Ernestine Line ; whom we left above waiting for that catastrophe : and it came about in this manner.

Duke Moritz refused, namely, to join his poor cousin and other fellow Protestants in the Schmalkaldic League or War, in spite of Secretary Pack's denunciations, and the evidence of facts. Duke Moritz waited till the Kaiser (Charles V., year 1547), and their own ill-guidance, had beaten to pieces and ruined said League and War ; till the Kaiser had captured Johann Frederick the Magnanimous in person, and was about to kill him. And then, at this point of the game, by dextrous management, Duke Moritz got the Electorship transferred to himself' Electorship, with Wittenberg and the 'inalienable lands and dignities ;'—his poor cousin sitting prisoner the while, in imminent danger of his life ; not getting loose for five years, but following the Kaiser like condemned luggage, up and down, in a very perilous and uncomfortable manner ! This from Moritz, who was himself a Protestant, only better skilled in jockeyship, was not thought handsome conduct,—nor could it be.

However, he made it good ; succeeded in it,—what is

called succeeding. Neither is the game yet played out, nor Moritz publicly declared (what he full surely *is*, and can by discerning eyes be seen to be) the *loser*. Moritz kept his Electorship, and, by cunning jockeying, his Protestantism too; got his Albertine or junior Line pushed into the place of the Ernestine or first; in which dishonourably acquired position it continues to this day; performing ever since the chief part in Saxony, as Electors, and now as Kings of Saxony;—which seems to make him out rather as winner in the game? For the Ernestine, or honourable Protestant Line is ever since in a secondary, diminished, and as it were, *disintegrated* state, a Line *broken small*; nothing now but a series of small Dukes, Weimar, Gotha, Coburg, and the like, in the Thuringian region, who, on mere genealogical grounds, put Sachsen to their name: Sachsen-Coburg, Sachsen-Weimar, &c.;—and do not look like winners. Nor perhaps are they,—if they also have played too ill! Perhaps neither of the two is winner; for there are many other hands in the game withal: sure I am only that Moritz has *lost*, and never *could* win! As perhaps may appear yet, by and by.

But, however that may be, the Ernestine Line has clearly got *disintegrated*, broken small, and is not in a culminating condition. These, I say, are the Dukes who in the present day put Sachsen to their name; sons of Ernst, sons of Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, all now in a reduced condition: while the sons of Albert, nephews of George the Dagger-bearded ('if it rain Duke Georges'), are Kings of Saxony, so-called Kings. No matter: nay, who knows whether it is not perhaps even *less* than nothing to them, this grand dignity of theirs? Whether, in very truth, if we look at substance and not semblance, the Albertine Line has *risen* since Moritz's time; or in spite of all these crowns and appearances, sublime to the valet judgment, has fallen and is still falling? I do not find, in fact, that it has ever *done* anything considerable since; which is the one sure symptom of rising. My probable conjecture rather is, that it has done (if Nature's Register, if the Eternal Daybook, were consulted) very little indeed, except dwindle into more and more contemptibility, and impotence to *do* anything considerable whatever! Which is a very melancholy issue of Moritz's great -efforts; and might give rise to unspeakable

considerations, in many a high man and many a low,—for which there is not room in this place.

Johann Frederick, it is well known, sat magnanimously playing chess, while the Kaiser's sentence, of death, was brought in to him : he listened to the reading of the sentence; said a polite word or two ; then turning round, with "*Pergamus*, Let us proceed !" quietly played on till the checkmate had been settled.⁴ Johann Frederick magnanimously waited-out his five years of captivity, excellent old Lucas Kranach, his painter and humble friend, refusing to quit him, but steadfastly sharing the same; then quietly returned (old Lucas still with him) to his true loving-hearted wife, to the glad friends whose faith had been tried in the fire. With such a wife waiting him, and such a Lucas attending him, a man had still something left, had his lands been all gone ; which in Johann Frederick's case, they were still far from being. He settled at Weimar, having lost electoral Wittenberg and the inalienable properties; he continued to do here, as formerly, whatever wise and noble thing he could, through the short remainder of his life :—one wishes he had not founded all that imbroglia of little dukes ! But perhaps he could not help it: law of primogeniture, except among the Brandenburg Hohenzollerns. always a wise, decisive, thrifty and growing race, who *had* the fine talent of * annihilating rubbish,' was not yet known in those countries. Johann Frederick felt, most likely, that he, for one, in this aspect of the stars, was not founding kingdoms! But indeed it was not he, it was his successors, his grandson and great-grandson chiefly, that made these multiplex divisions and confusions on the face of the German mother-earth, and perplexed the human soul with this inextricable wilderness of little dukes. From him, however, they do all descend ; this let the reader know, and let it be some slight satisfaction to him to have got a historical double-girth tied round them in that manner, and see two compact Bundles made of them, in the mean while.

Moritz, the new Elector, did not last long. Shortly after Johann Frederick got home to Weimar, Moritz had already found his death, in prosecution of that game begun by him. It is well known he had no sooner made the Electorate sure to him-

⁴ De Wette: *Lebens-Geschichte der Herzoge zu Sachsen* (Weimar, 1770), i 39.

self than he too drew sword against the Kaiser ; beat the Kaiser ; chased him into the Tyrol mountains ; could have taken him there, but—" I have no cage big enough to hold such a bird," said Moritz : so he let the Kaiser run ; and made the Treaty of Passau with him instead. Treaty of Passau (A.D. 1552), by which Johann Frederick's liberty was brought about, for one thing, and many liberties were stipulated for the Protestants ; upon which Treaty indeed Germany rested from its religious battles, of the blood-shedding sort, and fought only by ink thenceforth,—till the Thirty-Years War came, and a new Treaty, that of Munster or Westphalia (1648), had to succeed.

Shortly after Passau, Moritz, now on the Kaiser's side, and clear for peace and submission to said treaty, drew-out against his oldest comrade, Albert Hohenzollern of Anspach,—'Albert *Alcibiades*' as they call him, that far-shining, too-impetuous Failure of a Frederick the Great ; drew-out, I say, against this Alcibiades, who would not accept the Treaty of Passau ; beat Alcibiades in the battle of Sievershausen, but lost his own life withal in it,—no more, either of fighting or diplomatising, needed from him ;—and thus, after only some six years of Electorship, slept with his fathers, no Elector, but a clod of the valley.

His younger brother succeeded ; from whom, in a direct line, come all the subsequent Saxon potentates ; and the present King of Saxony, with whom one has no acquaintance, nor much want of any. All of them are *nephews*, so to speak, of Elector Moritz, grand-nephews of Duke George the Dagger-bearded (' if it rained Duke Georges'). Duke George is, as it were, the grand-uncle of them all ; as Albert, our little stolen boy for whom Kunz von Kaufungen once gathered bilberries, is father of him and of them all. A goodly progeny, in point of numbers ; and handsomely equipt and decorated by a liberal world : most expensive people,—in general not admirable otherwise. Of which multifarious progeny I will remember farther only one, or at most two ; having no esteem for them myself, nor wish to encumber anybody's innocent memory with what perhaps deserves oblivion better, and at all events, is rapidly on the way to get it, with or without my sanction. Here, however is our third figure, *August the Strong*.

Friedrich August, the big King of Poland, called by some of his contemporaries August the Great, which epithet they had to change for *August der Starke*, August the Physically Strong: this August, of the three-hundred and fifty-four bastards, who was able to break a horse-shoe with his hands, and who lived in this world regardless of expense,—he is the individual of this junior-senior Albertine Line, whom I wish to pause one moment upon: merely with the remark, that if Moritz had any hand in making him the phenomenon he was, Moritz may well be ashamed of his work. More transcendent king of gluttonous flunkies seldom trod this lower earth. A miracle to his own century,—to certain of the flunky species a quasi-celestial miracle, bright with diamonds, with endless mistresses, regardless of expense,—to other men a prodigy, portent and quasi-infernal miracle, awakening insoluble inquiries: Whence this, ye righteous gods, and above all, whither! Poor devil, he was full of good humour too, and had the best of stomachs. A man that had his own troubles withal. His miscellany of mistresses, very pretty some of them, but fools all, would have driven most men mad. You may discern dimly in the flunky histories, in babbling *Pollnitz* and others, what a set they were; what a time he must have had with their jealousies, their sick vapours, megrims, angers and infatuations;—springing, on occasion, out of bed in their shift, like wild-cats, at the throat of him, fixing their mad claws in him, when he merely enters to ask, "How do you do, *mon chou?*"⁵ Some of them, it is confidently said, were his own children. The unspeakably unexemplary mortal!

He got his skin well beaten,—cow-hided, as we may say,—by Charles XII., the rough Swede, clad mostly in leather. He was coaxed and driven-about by Peter the Great, as Irish post-horses are,—long miles, with a bundle of hay, never to be attained, stuck upon the pole of the coach. He reduced himself to utter bankruptcy. He had got the crown of Poland by pretending to adopt Papistry,—the apostate, and even pseudo-apostate; and we may say he has made Protestant Saxony, and his own House first of all, spiritually bankrupt ever since. He died at last, at Warsaw (year 1733), of an 'old man's foot;' highly composed, eupeptic to the last; busy in scheming-

⁵ *Pollnitz: La Saxe Galante; Mimoires et Lett res, &c.*

out a partition of Poland,—a thing more than once in men's heads, but not to be completed just yet. Adieu to him forever and a day.

One of his bastards was Rutowsky, long conspicuous in poor Saxony as their chief military man ; whom the Prussians beat at Kesselsdorf,—who was often beaten ; whom Frederick the Great at last shut-up in Pirna. Another was the *Chevalier de Saxe*, also a kind of general, good for very little. But by far the notablest was he of Aurora von Konigsmark's producing, whom they called *Comte de Saxe* in his own country, and who afterwards in France became *Marechal de Saxe*; a man who made much noise in the world for a time. Of him also let us say an anecdotic word. Baron d'Espagnac and the biographers had long been uncertain about the date of his birth,—date and place alike dubious. For whose sake, here at length, after a century of searching, is the extract from the baptismal register, found by an inquiring man. Poor Aurora, it appears, had been sent to the Harz Mountains, in the still autumn, in her interesting situation ; lodges in the ancient highland town of Goslar, anonymously, very privately; and this is what the books of the old *Marktkirche* (Market-Church) in that remote little place still bear :

• *Den acht-und-zwenzigsten October'* — But we must translate : * The twenty-eighth of October, in the year Sixteen-hundred and ninety-six, in the evening, between seven and eight o'clock, there was born by the high Lady {*von der vornehmen Frau*) who lodges in R. Heinrich Christoph Winkel's house, a Son ; which Son, on the 30th *ejusdem*, was in the evening baptised, in M. S. Alb's house, and, by the name *Mauritius*, incorporated to the Lord Jesus (*dem Herrn Jesu einverleibt*). Godlathers were Herr Dr. Triumph, R. N. Dusings and R. Heinrich Christoph Winkel.⁶ Which ought to settle that small matter at least.

On the authority of Baron d'Espagnac, I mention one other thing of this *Mauritius*, or Moritz, Marechal de Saxe; who, like his father, was an immensely strong man. Walking once in the streets of London, he came into collision with a scavenger, had words with the scavenger, who perhaps had splashed

⁶ Cramer ; *Aurora von Konigsmark* (Leipzig, 1836), i. 126.

him with his mud-shovel, or the like. Scavenger would make no apology ; willing to try a round of boxing instead. Moritz grasps him suddenly by the back of the breeches ; whirls him aloft, in horizontal position ; pitches him into his own mudcart, and walks on.⁷ A man of much physical strength, till his wild ways wasted it all.

He was tall of stature, had black circular eyebrows, black bright eyes,—brightness partly intellectual, partly animal,—oftenest with a smile in them. Undoubtedly a man of unbounded dissoluteness ; of much energy, loose native ingenuity ; and the worst *speller* probably ever known. Take this one specimen, the shortest I have, not otherwise the best ; specimen achieved, when there had a proposal risen in the obsequious Academie Franchise to elect this *Mardchal* a member. The *Mardchal* had the sense to decline. *Ils veule me fere de la Cademie*, writes he ; *sela tintret com. une bage a un chas* ; meaning probably, *lis veulent me faire de l'Academie ; cela m'iroit comme une bague a un chat* : 'They would have me in the Academy ; it would suit me as a ring would a cat,'—or say, a pair of breeches a cock. Probably he had much skill in war ; I cannot judge : his victories were very pretty ; but it is to be remembered, he gained them all over the Duke of Cumberland ; who was beaten by everybody that tried, and never beat anything, except once some starved Highland peasants at Culloden.

To resume and conclude. August the Physically Strong, be it known in brief, then, is great-grandson of an Elector called Johann Georg I., who behaved very ill in the Thirty-Years War ; now joining with the great Gustavus, now deserting him ; and seeking merely, in a poor tortuous way, little to the honour of German Protestantism in that epoch, to save his own goods and skin ; wherein, too, he did not even succeed : August the Physically Strong, and Pseudo-Papist apostate, is great-grandson of that poor man ; who again is grand-nephew of the worldly-wise Elector Moritz, Passau-Treaty Moritz, questionable Protestant, questionable friend and enemy of Charles V., with * No cage fit to hold so big a bird,'—and is therefore also great-grand-nephew of Luther's friend, 'If it rained Duke Georges.' To his generation there are six from

⁷ Espagnac: *Vie du Marechal de Saxe* (ii. 274, of the German Translation).

Duke George's, five from Elector Moritz's : that is the genealogy. And if I add, that the son of August the Physically Strong was he who got to be August III., King of Poland ; spent his time in smoking tobacco ; and had Bruhl for minister,—Bruhl of the three-hundred and sixty-five suits of clothes, who brought Frederick of Prussia and the Seven-Years War into his country, and thereby, so to speak, quite broke the back of Saxony,—I think we may close our excerpts from the Albertine Line. Of the elder or Ernestine Line, in its *disintegrated* state, I will hastily subjoin yet a word, with the reader's leave, and then end.

ERNESTINE LINE (*in the disintegrated state, or broken small*).

Noble Johann Frederick, who lost the Electorate, and retired to Weimar, nobler for his losses, is not to be particularly blamed for splitting his territory into pieces, and founding that imbroglia of little dukedoms, which run about, ever shifting, like a mass of quicksilver cut into little separate pools and drops ; distractive to the human mind, in a geographical and in far deeper senses. The case was not peculiar to Johann Frederick of the Ernestine Line ; but was common to all German dukes and lines. The pious German mind grudges to lop anything away ; holds by the palpably superfluous ; and in general ' cannot annihilate rubbish ;'—that is its inborn fault. Law of primogeniture, for such small sovereignties and dukedoms, is hardly yet, as the general rule, above a century old in that country ; which, for sovereigns and for citizens, much more than for geographers, was certainly a strange state of matters !

The Albertine Line, Electoral though it now was, made apanages, subdivisions, unintelligible little dukes and dukeries of a similar kind, though perhaps a little more charily : almost within a century we can remember little sovereign dukes of that line. A Duke of Weissenfels, for instance ; foolish old gawk, whom Wilhelmina Princess Royal recollects for his distracted notions,³—which were well shaken-out of him by Wilhelmina's Brother afterwards. Or again, contemporaneously, that other little Duke,—what was the title of him ?—who had

²*Memoires de Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margrave de Bareith.*

built the biggest bassoon ever heard of; thirty feet high, or so ; and was seen playing on it from a trap-ladder ;⁹—poor soul, denied an employment in this world, and obliged to fly to bassoons!

Then, too, a Duke of Merseburg,¹⁰ who was dining solemnly, when the "Old Dessauer" (Leopold of Anhalt-Dessau, conqueror at Kesselsdorf afterwards, and a great rough Prussian son of Mars) broke-in upon him, in a friendly manner, half-drunk, with half-drunk grenadiers whom he had been reviewing ; and reviewed and paraded them again *there* within the sublime ducal dining-room itself, and fired volleys there (to the ruin of mirrors and cut-glass); and danced with the princesses, his officers and he,—a princess in your left-hand, a drawn sword in your right;—and drank and uproared, in a Titanic manner, for about eight hours ; making a sorcerer's-sabbath of the poor duke's solemn dinner.¹¹ Sachsen-Weissenfels, Sachsen-Merseburg, Sachsen-Zeitz :—there were many little dukes of the Albertine Line, too, but happily they are now all dead childless; and their apanages have fallen home to the general mass, which does not henceforth make subdivisions of itself. The Ernestine Line was but like the Albertine, and like all its neighbours, in that respect.

So, too, it would be cruel to say of these Ernestine little Dukes that they have no history; though it must be owned, in the modern state of the world, they are evermore, and have long been, almost in the impossibility of having any. To build big bassoons, and play on them from trap-ladders ; to do hunting, build opera-houses, give court-shows : what else, if they do not care to serve in foreign armies, is well possible for them ? It is a fatal position ; and they really ought to be delivered from it. Perhaps, then, they might do better. Nay, perhaps already here and there they have more history than we are all aware of. The late Duke of Weimar was beneficent to men-of-letters; had the altogether essential merit, too, which is a very singular one, of finding out, for that object, the real men-of-letters instead of the counterfeit. A Duke

² Pollnitz: *Memotres et Lettres*.

¹⁰ Same as the Bassoon Duke.—ED.

¹¹ *Des weltberuhmten Furstent Leopoldi von Anhalt-Dessau Leben, &c.* (Leipzig, 1742), pp. 108-112.

of Sachsen-Gotha, of earlier date, went into the *Grutnbach'sche Handel* (sad 'Grumbach Brabble,' consisting of wild-justice in high quarters, by assassination or sudden homicide in the street, with consequences; of all which the English reader happily knows nothing),—went into it bravely, if rashly, in generous pity for Grumbach, in high hope for himself withal; and got thrown into jail for life, poor Duke ! Where also his Wife attended him, like a brave true woman, 'for twenty years.'—On the whole, I rather think they would still gladly have histories if they could ; and am willing to regret that brave men and princes, descended presumably from Witekind and the gods, certainly from John the Steadfast and John Frederick the Magnanimous, should be reduced to stand inert in the whirling arena of the world in that manner, swathed in old wrappages and packthread meshes, into inability to move ; watching sadly the Centuries with their stormful opulences rush past you, Century after Century in vain !

But it is better we should close. Of the Ernestine Line, in its disintegrated state, let us mention only two names, in the briefest manner, who are not quite without significance to men and Englishmen ; and therewith really end. The first is Bernhard of Weimar ; champion of Elizabeth Stuart, Ex-queen of Bohemia ; famed captain in the Thirty-Years War ; a really notable man. Whose *Life* Goethe once thought of writing ; but prudently (right prudently, as I can now see) drew out of it, and wrote nothing. Not so easy to dig-out a Hero from the mountainous owl-droppings, deadening to the human nostril, which moulder in Record Offices and Public Libraries ; patrolled-over by mere irrational monsters, of the gryphon and vulture and chimera species ! Easier, a good deal, to versify the Ideal a little, and stick-by ballads and the legitimate drama. Bernhard was Johann Frederick the Magnanimous's great-grandson : that is his genealogy ; great-grandson of little stolen Ernst's grandson. He began in those Bohemian Campaigns (1621), a young lad of seventeen ; *Rittmeister* to one of his elder Brothers ; some three of whom, in various capacities, fought in the Protestant wars of their time. Very ardent Protestants, they and he ; men of devout mind withal ; as generally their whole Line, from Johann Frederick the Magnanimous downwards, were distinguished by being.

He had risen to be a famed captain, while still young ; and, under and after the great Gustavus, he did exploits to make the whole world know him. He 'was in two-and-thirty battles ;' gained, or helped to gain, almost all of them ; but unfortunately *lost* that of Nordhngen, which, next to Lutzen, was the most important of all. He had taken Breisach (in the Upper-Rhine country), thought to be inexpugnable ; and was just in sight of immense ulterior achievements and advancements, when he died suddenly (1639), still only in his thirty-fifth year. The Richelieu French poisoned him (so ran and runs the rumour) ; at least he died conveniently for Richelieu, for Germany most inconveniently ; and was in truth a mighty kind of man ; distinguished much from the imbroglia of little Dukes : 'grandson's great-grandson,' as I said, 'o f———Or, alas, is it hopeless to charge a modern reader's memory even with Bernhard I

Another individual of the Ernestine Line, surely notable to Englishmen, and much to be distinguished amid that imbroglia of little Dukes, is the '*Prinz ALBRECHT Franz August Karl Emanuel von Sachsen-Coburg-Gotha,*' whom we call, in briefer English, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg; actual Prince Consort of these happy realms. He also is a late, very late, grandson of that little stolen Ernst. Concerning whom both English History and English Prophecy might say something,—but not conveniently in this place. By the generality of thinking Englishmen he is regarded as a man of solid sense and worth, seemingly of superior talent, placed in circumstances beyond measure singular. Very complicated circumstances; and which do not promise to grow less so, but the contrary. For the Horologe of Time goes inexorably on; and the Sick Ages ripen (with terrible rapidity at present) towards——Who will tell us what? The human wisdom of this Prince, whatever share of it he has, may one day be unspeakably important to mankind!—But enough, enough. We will here subjoin his Pedigree at least; which is a very innocent Document, riddled from the big Historical cinderheaps, and may be comiortable to some persons:

'Ernst the Pious, Duke of Sachsen-Gotha (1601-1675), was one of Bernhard of Weimar's elder brothers; great-grandson of Johann Frederick the Magnanimous, who lost the Electorate. Had been a soldier

in his youth; succeeded to Gotha and the main part of the Territories, and much distinguished himself there. A patron of learning, among other good things; set Seckendorf on compiling the *History of the Reformation*. To all appearance, an excellent, prudent and really *pious* Governor of men. He left seven sons; who at first lived together at Gotha, and 'governed conjointly;' but at length divided the Territories; Frederick the eldest taking Gotha, where various other Fredericks succeeded him, and the line did not die out till 1824. The other six brothers likewise all founded 'Lines,' Coburg, Memungen, Romhild, Eisenberg, Hildburghausen, Saalfeld, most of which soon died out; but it is only the youngest brother, he of *Saalfeld* with his Line, that concerns us here.

1° JOHANN ERNST (1658-1729), youngest son of Ernst the Pious; got *Saalfeld* for his portion. The *then* Coburg Line died out in 1678, upon which arose great arguings as to who should inherit; argumgs, bargainings; and, between Memungen and Saalfeld especially, a lawsuit in the *Reichshofrath* (Imperial Aulic Council, as we call it), which seemed as if it would never end. At length, in 1735, Saalfeld, 'after two-hundred and six *Conclusa* (Decrees) in its favour,' carried the point over Meinungen; got possession of 'Coburg Town, and nearly all the Territory,' and holds it ever since. Johann Ernst was dead in the interim; but had left his son,

2° FRANZ JOSIAS (born 1697), Duke of *Sachsen-Saalfeld*,—who, as we see, in 1735, after these '206 Decrees,' got Coburg too, and adopted that town as his *Resident*; Duke of *Sachsen-Coburg-Saalfeld* thenceforth. A younger son of this Franz Josias was the "Coburg" (Austrian General) thrice-famous in the French Newspapers of 1792-'94, if now forgotten. His (Franz Josias's) eldest son and successor was

3° ERNST FRIEDRICH (1724-1800) '—and his

4° FRANZ FRIEDRICH ANTON (1750-1806). He left three daughters, one of whom became Duchess of Kent, and mother of Queen Victoria: likewise three sons; the youngest of whom is Leopold, now King of the Belgians; and the eldest of whom was

5° ERNST ANTON KARL LUDWIG (1784-1844); to whom *Sachsen-Gotha* fell in 1824;—whose elder son is now reigning Duke of *Sachsen-Coburg-Saalfeld-Gotha* (chief Residence Gotha); and whose younger is

6° PRINCE ALBERT, whom we know."

So that the young gentleman who will one day (it is hoped, but not till after many years) be King of England, is visibly, as we count, Thirteenth in direct descent from that little boy Ernst whom Kunz von Kaufungen stole. Ernst's generation and Twelve others have blossomed-out and grown big, and have

¹² Hubner, tab. 163; Certeil, tab. 70; Michaelis. *Chur-und Furstlichen Houser Teutschland*, i. 511-525.

faded and been blown away; and in these 400 years, since Kunz did his feat, we have arrived so far. And that is the last 'pearl, or odd button,' I will string on that Transaction.

. Here is a Letter since received, which may be worth printing:

' Royal Society, Somerset House, 6th August 1856

' DEAR SIR,—I am a stranger to you, though not to your works ; and would not intrude on your time and attention, were it not that the subject on which I write may perhaps procure me your indulgence.

' I have taken a walk into Bohemia, and visited, on the way, some of the places identified with the Prinzenraub. The old town of Altenburg is picturesque in situation, architecture and the costume of its Wendish population. In the castle, which stands on a hill resembling that at Edinburgh, are to be seen the dresses worn by the young Princes at the time of their kidnapping, ancient weapons, armour, &c , old chambers and modern halls, and a walled-up window marking the situation of the one through which Kunz carried-off his princely booty.

' The estate which was given to the Driller is situate about half-an-hour's walk to the east of Zwickau ; a town that recalls Luther to memory. He (Luther) often ascended the tall church-tower to enjoy the prospect around ; and there remains on the top an old clumsy table said to have been his.

' The Driller family is not extinct. Three male representatives are living at Freyberg and other places in Saxony; but the estate has been out of their possession for many years. It lies pleasantly on one side of a narrow glen, and is now the site of a large brewery—*Driller Bierbrautra*—famed in all the country round for the excellence of its beer. By experience acceptably gathered on the spot on a hot afternoon, I can testify that the *Driller beer* is equal to its reputation. Hence there is something besides a patriotic sentiment to attract customers to the shady gardens and spacious guest-chambers of the brewery ; and to justify the writing over the entrance,—*Dulcius ex ipso fonte bibuntur aqua*.

' In one of the rooms I saw a full-length painting of the Driller ; a sturdy, resolute-looking fellow, with ample black beard, grasping his pole, and supporting the young Prince whom he had just rescued. Also two miniatures ; one inscribed *Georg Schmidt od. Triller*; the other, a likeness of his Wife, a rustic dame of quiet expression, with gray eyes and arched eyebrows. Also a portrait of Kunz, very different from what I expected. He bears a striking resemblance to our portraits of Sir Philip Sidney; with crisp curly hair, ample forehead, well-opened eye, pointed beard, and wearing a gold chain. Also a thin quarto containing a history of the *prinzenraub*, with portraits, and engravings of the incidents : The stealing of the princes from the castle—the rescue

—the joyful return—the beheading of Kunz, &c. All these things help to keep-up a little enthusiasm among the Saxons, and perhaps encourage trade.

' On the 8th of July of last year (1855), a festival was held to celebrate the four-hundredth anniversary of the *Prinzenraub*. A long procession, headed by Herr Ebert, the chief proprietor (since deceased), walked from Zwickau to the brewery, passing under two triumphal arches on the way. The leader was followed by a long file of coalers, by friends on foot and in carriages, and bands of music in wagons ; altogether about eight-hundred persons. They kept-up the celebration with right good will, and drank, so the Braumeister told me, a hundred *timers* of beer.

' A similar festival was held on the same day at Altenburg, Hartenstein, Grunhain, attended by people from all the neighbouring villages, when not a few paid a visit to the Prinzenhohle,—the cave in which Prince Ernst was hidden.

' I did not see the monastery of Ebersdorf; but I was informed by sundry persons that the Driller's coat is still to be seen there.

¹ remain, yours with much respect,

¹ WALTER WHITE.

'THOMAS CARLYLE, ESQ.'

INAUGURAL ADDRESS AT EDINBURGH,

2D APRIL 1866,

ON BEING INSTALLED AS RECTOR OF THE UNIVERSITY THERE.

GENTLEMEN,—I have accepted the office you have elected me to, and it is now my duty to return thanks for the great honour done me. Your enthusiasm towards me, I must admit, is in itself very beautiful, however undeserved it may be in regard to the object of it. It is a feeling honourable to all men, and one well known to myself when I was of an age like yours, nor is it yet quite gone. I can only hope that, with you too, it may endure to the end,—this noble desire to honour those whom you think worthy of honour; and that you will come to be more and more select and discriminate in the choice of the object of it:—for I can well understand that you will modify your opinions of me and of many things else, as you go on [*Laughter and cheers*]. It is now fifty-six years, gone last November, since I first entered your City, a boy of not quite fourteen; to attend the classes here, and gain knowledge of all kinds, I could little guess what, my poor mind full of wonder and awe-struck expectation; and now, after a long course, this is what we have come to [*Cheers*]. There is something touching and tragic, and yet at the same time beautiful, to see, as it were, the third generation of my dear old native land rising up and saying, "'Well, you are not altogether an unworthy labourer in the vineyard; you have toiled through a great variety of fortunes, and have had many judges: this is our judgment of you I'" As the old proverb says, 'He that builds by the wayside has many masters.' We must expect a variety of judges; but the voice of young Scotland, through you, is really of some value to me;

and I return you many thanks for it, though I cannot go into describing my emotions to you, and perhaps they will be much more perfectly conceivable if expressed in silence [*Cheers*].

When this office was first proposed to me, some of you know I was not very ambitious to accept it, but had my doubts rather. I was taught to believe that there were certain more or less important duties which would lie in my power. This, I confess, was my chief motive in going into it, and overcoming the objections I felt to such things: if I could do anything to serve my dear old *Alma Mater* and you, why should not I? [*Loud cheers.*] Well, but on practically looking into the matter when the office actually came into my hands, I find it grows more and more uncertain and abstruse to me whether there is much real duty that I can do at all. I live four hundred miles away from you, in an entirely different scene of things; and my weak health, with the burden of the many years now accumulating on me, and my total unacquaintance with such subjects as concern your affairs here,—all this fills me with apprehension that there is really nothing worth the least consideration that I can do on that score. You may depend on it, however, that if any such duty does arise in any form, I will use my most faithful endeavour to do in it whatever is right and proper, according to the best of my judgment [*Cheers*].

Meanwhile, the duty I at present have,—which might be very pleasant, but which is not quite so, for reasons you may fancy,—is to address some words to you, if possible not quite useless, nor incongruous to the occasion, and on subjects more or less cognate to the pursuits you are engaged in. Accordingly, I mean to offer you some loose observations, loose in point of order, but the truest I have, in such form as they may present themselves; certain of the thoughts that are in me about the business you are here engaged in, what kind of race it is that you young gentlemen have started on, and what sort of arena you are likely to find in this world. I ought, I believe, according to custom, to have written all that down on paper, and had it read out. That would have been much handier for me at the present moment [*A laugh*];—but on attempting the thing, I found I was not used to write speeches, and that I didn't get on very well. So I flung that aside; and could only resolve to trust, in all superficial respects, to the suggestion of

the moment, as you now see. You will therefore have to accept what is readiest; what comes direct from the heart; and you must just take that in compensation for any good order or arrangement there might have been in it. I will endeavour to say nothing that is not true, so far as I can manage; and that is pretty much all I can engage for [*A laugh*"].

Advices, I believe, to young men, as to all men, are very seldom much valued. There is a great deal of advising, and very little faithful performing; and talk that does not end in any kind of action is better suppressed altogether. I would not, therefore, go much into advising; but there is one advice I must give you. In fact, it is the summary of all advices, and doubtless you have heard it a thousand times; but I must nevertheless let you hear it the thousand-and-first time, for it is most intensely true, whether you will believe it at present or not:—namely, That above all things the interest of your whole life depends on your being *diligent*, now while it is called today, in this place where you have come to get education! Diligent: that includes in it all virtues that a student can have; I mean it to include all those qualities of conduct that lead on to the acquirement of real instruction and improvement in such a place. If you will believe me, you who are young, yours is the golden season of life. As you have heard it called, so it verily is, the seed-time of life; in which, if you do not sow, or if you sow tares instead of wheat, you cannot expect to reap well afterwards, and you will arrive at little. And in the course of years, when you come to look back, if you have not done what you have heard from your advisers,—and among many counsellors there is wisdom,—you will bitterly repent when it is too late. The habits of study acquired at Universities are of the highest importance in after-life. At the season when you are young in years, the whole mind is, as it were, fluid, and is capable of forming itself into any shape that the owner of the mind pleases to allow it, or constrain it, to form itself into. The mind is then in a plastic or fluid state; but it hardens gradually, to the consistency of rock or of iron, and you cannot alter the habits of an old man: he, as he has begun, so he will proceed and go on to the last.

By diligence I mean, among other things, **and very** chiefly too,—honesty, in all your inquiries, **and** in all you are about

pursue your studies in the way your conscience can name honest. More and more endeavour to do that. Keep, I should say for one thing, an accurate separation between what you have really come to know in your minds and what is still unknown. Leave all that latter on the hypothetical side of the barrier, as things afterwards to be acquired, if acquired at all; and be careful not to admit a thing as known when you do not yet know it. Count a thing known only when it is imprinted clearly on your mind, and has become transparent to you, so that you may survey it on all sides with intelligence. There is such a thing as a man endeavouring to persuade himself, and endeavouring to persuade others, that he knows things, when he does not know more than the outside skin of them; and yet he goes flourishing about with them [*Hear, hear, and a laugh*]. There is also a process called cramming, in some Universities [*A laugh*],—that is, getting-up such points of things as the examiner is likely to put questions about. Avoid all that, as entirely unworthy of an honourable mind. Be modest, and humble, and assiduous in your attention to what your teachers tell you, who are profoundly interested in trying to bring you forward in the right way, so far as they have been able to understand it. Try all things they set before you, in order, if possible, to understand them, and to follow and adopt them in proportion to their fitness for you. Gradually see what kind of work you individually can do; it is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. In short, morality as regards study is, as in all other things, the primary consideration, and overrules all others. A dishonest man cannot do anything real; he never will study with real fruit; and perhaps it would be greatly better if he were tied up from trying it. He does nothing but darken counsel by the words he utters. That is a very old doctrine, but a very true one; and you will find it confirmed by all the thinking men that have ever lived in this long series of generations of which we are the latest.

I daresay you know, very many of you, that it is now some seven hundred years since Universities were first set-up in this world of ours. Abelard and other thinkers had arisen with doctrines in them which people wished to hear of, and students flocked towards them from all parts of the world. There was

no getting the thing recorded in books, as you now may. You had to hear the man speaking to you vocally, or else you could not learn at all what it was that he wanted to say. And so they gathered together, these speaking ones,—the various people who had anything to teach;—and formed themselves gradually, under the patronage of kings and other potentates who were anxious about the culture of their populations, and nobly studious of their best benefit; and became a body-corporate, with high privileges, high dignities, and really high aims, under the title of a University.

Possibly too you may have heard it said that the course of centuries has changed all this ; and that * the true University of our days is a Collection of Books.' And beyond doubt, all this is greatly altered by the invention of Printing, which took place about midway between us and the origin of Universities. Men have not now to go in person to where a Professor is actually speaking; because in most cases you can get his doctrine out of him through a book ; and can then read it, and read it again and again, and study it. That is an immense change, that one fact of Printed Books. And I am not sure that I know of any University in which the whole of that fact has yet been completely taken in, and the studies moulded in complete conformity with it. Nevertheless, Universities have, and will continue to have, an indispensable value in society;—I think, a very high, and it might be, almost the highest value. They began, as is well known, with their grand aim directed on Theology,—their eye turned earnestly on Heaven. And perhaps, in a sense, it may be still said, the very highest interests of man are virtually intrusted to them. In regard to theology, as you are aware, it has been, and especially was then, the study of the deepest heads that have come into the world,—what is the nature of this stupendous Universe, and what are our relations to it, and to all things knowable by man, or known only to the great Author of man and it. Theology was once the name for all this ; all this is still alive for man, however dead the name may grow ! In fact, the members of the Church keeping theology in a lively condition [*Laughter*] for the benefit of the whole population, theology was the great object of the Universities. I consider it is the same intrinsically now, though very much forgotten, from many causes, and not

so successful [*A laugh*] as might be wished, by any manner of means !

It remains, however, practically a most important truth, what I alluded to above, that the main use of Universities in the present age is that, after you have done with all your classes, the next thing is a collection of books, a great library of good books, which you proceed to study and to read. What the Universities can mainly do for you,—what I have found the University did for me, is, That it taught me to read, in various languages, in various sciences; so that I could go into the books which treated of these things, and gradually penetrate into any department I wanted to make myself master of, as I found it suit me.

Well, Gentlemen, whatever you may think of these historical points, the clearest and most imperative duty lies on ever) one of you to be assiduous in your reading. Learn to be good readers,—which is perhaps a more difficult thing than you imagine. Learn to be discriminative in your reading ; to read faithfully, and with your best attention, all kinds of things which you have a real interest in, a real not an imaginary, and which you find to be really fit for what you are engaged in. Of course, at the present time, in a great deal of the reading incumbent on you, you must be guided by the books recommended by your Professors for assistance towards the effect of their prelections. And then, when you leave the University, and go into studies of your own, you will find it very important that you have chosen a field, some province specially suited to you, in which you can study and work. The most unhappy of all men is the man who cannot tell what he is going to do, who has got no work cut-out for him in the world, and does not go into it. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind,—honest work, which you intend getting done.

If, in any vacant vague time, you are in a strait as to choice of reading,—a very good indication for you, perhaps the best you could get, is towards some book you have a great curiosity about. You are then in the readiest and best of all possible conditions to improve by that book. It is analogous to what doctors tell us about the physical health and appetites of the patient

You must learn, however, to distinguish between false appetite and true. There is such a thing as a false appetite, which will lead a man into vagaries with regard to diet; will tempt him to eat spicy things, which he should not eat at all, nor would, but that the things are toothsome, and that he is under a momentary baseness of mind. A man ought to examine and find out what he really and truly has an appetite for, what suits his constitution and condition; and that, doctors tell him, is in general the very thing he ought to have. And so with books.

As applicable to all of you, I will say that it is highly expedient to go into History; to inquire into what has passed before you on this Earth, and in the Family of Man.

The history of the Romans and Greeks will first of all concern you; and you will find that the classical knowledge you have got will be extremely applicable to elucidate that. There you have two of the most remarkable races of men in the world set before you, calculated to open innumerable reflections and considerations; a mighty advantage, if you can achieve it;—to say nothing of what their two languages will yield you, which your Professors can better explain; model languages, which are universally admitted to be the most perfect forms of speech we have yet found to exist among men. And you will find, if you read well, a pair of extremely remarkable nations, shining in the records left by themselves, as a kind of beacon, or solitary mass of illumination, to light-up some noble forms of human life for us, in the otherwise utter darkness of the past ages; and it will be well worth your while if you can get into the understanding of what these people were, and what they did. You will find a great deal of hearsay, of empty rumour and tradition, which does not touch on the matter; but perhaps some of you will get to see the old Roman and the old Greek face to face; you will know in some measure how they contrived to exist, and to perform their feats in the world,

I believe, also, you will find one important thing not much noted, That there was a very great deal of deep religion in both nations. This is pointed out by the wiser kind of historians, and particularly by Ferguson, who is very well worth reading on Roman History,—and who, I believe, was an alumnus of our own University. His book is a very creditable work. He points out the profoundly religious nature of the Roman

people, notwithstanding their ruggedly positive, defiant and fierce ways. They believed that Jupiter Optimus Maximus was lord of the universe, and that he had appointed the Romans to become the chief of nations, provided they followed his commands,—to brave all danger, all difficulty, and stand up with an invincible front, and be ready to do and die; and also to have the same sacred regard to truth of promise, to thorough veracity, thorough integrity, and all the virtues that accompany that noblest quality of man, valour,—to which latter the Romans gave the name of * virtue' proper (*virtus*, manhood), as the crown and summary of all that is ennobling for a man. In the literary ages of Rome this religious feeling had very much decayed away; but it still retained its place among the lower classes of the Roman people. Of the deeply religious nature of the Greeks, along with their beautiful and sunny effulgences of art, you have striking proof, if you look for it. In the tragedies of Sophocles there is a most deep-toned recognition of the eternal justice of Heaven, and the unfailing punishment of crime against the laws of God. I believe you will find in all histories of nations, that this has been at the origin and foundation of them all; and that no nation which did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awestricken and reverential belief that there was a great unknown, omnipotent, and all-wise and all-just Being, superintending all men in it, and all interests in it,—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any man either, who forgot that. If a man did forget that, he forgot the most important part of his mission in this world.

Our own history of England, which you will naturally take a great deal of pains to make yourselves acquainted with, you will find beyond all others worthy of your study. For indeed I believe that the British nation,—including in that the Scottish nation,—produced a finer set of men than any you will find it possible to get anywhere else in the world [*Applause*]. I don't know, in any history of Greece or Rome, where you will get so fine a man as Oliver Cromwell, for example [*Applause*]. And we too have had men worthy of memory, in our little corner of the Island here, as well as others; and our history has had its heroic features all along; and did become great at last in being connected with world-history:—for if you examine well, you will find that John Knox was the author, as it were, of

Oliver Cromwell; that the Puritan revolution never would have taken place in England at all, had it not been for that Scotchman [*Applause*]. That is an authentic fact, and is not prompted by national vanity on my part, but will stand examining [*Laughter and applause*'].

In fact, if you look at the struggle that was then going on in England, as I have had to do in my time, you will see that people were overawed by the immense impediments lying in the way. A small minority of God-fearing men in that country were flying away, with any ship they could get, to New England, rather than take the lion by the beard. They durst not confront the powers with their most just complaints, and demands to be delivered from idolatry. They wanted to make the nation altogether conformable to the Hebrew Bible, which they, and all men, understood to be the exact transcript of the Will of God;—and could there be, for man, a more legitimate aim? Nevertheless, it would have been impossible in their circumstances, and not to be attempted at all, had not Knox succeeded in it here, some fifty years before, by the firmness and nobleness of his mind. For he also is of the select of the earth to me,—John Knox [*Applause*]. What he has suffered from the ungrateful generations that have followed him should really make us humble ourselves to the dust, to think that the most excellent man our country has produced, to whom we owe everything that distinguishes us among the nations, should have been so sneered at, misknown, and abused [*Applause*]. Knox was heard by Scotland; the people heard him, believed him to the marrow of their bones: they took up his doctrine, and they defied principalities and powers to move them from it. "We must have it," they said; "we will and must!" It was in this state of things that the Puritan struggle arose in England; and you know well how the Scottish earls and nobility, with their tenantry, marched away to Dunse Hill in 1639, and sat down there: just at the crisis of that struggle, when it was either to be suppressed or brought into greater vitality, they encamped on Dunse Hill,—thirty-thousand armed men, drawn out for that occasion, each regiment round its landlord, its earl, or whatever he might be called, and zealous all of them 'For Christ's Crown and Covenant.' That was the signal for all England's rising up into unappeasable deter-

mination to have the Gospel there also; and you know it went on, and came to be a contest whether the Parliament or the King should rule ; whether it should be old formalities and use-and-wont, or something that had been of new conceived in the souls of men, namely, a divine determination to walk according to the laws of God here, as the sum of all prosperity ; which of these should have the mastery : and after a long, long agony of struggle, it was decided—the way we know.

I should say also of that Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell's, notwithstanding the censures it has encountered, and the denial of everybody that it could continue in the world, and so on, it appears to me to have been, on the whole, the most salutary thing in the modern history of England. If Oliver Cromwell had continued it out, I don't know what it would have come to. It would have got corrupted probably in other hands, and could not have gone on ; but it was pure and true, to the last fibre, in his mind; there was perfect truth in it while he ruled over it.

Macchiavelli has remarked, in speaking of the Romans, that Democracy cannot long exist anywhere in the world; that as a mode of government, of national management or administration, it involves an impossibility, and after a little while must end in wreck. And he goes on proving that, in his own way. I do not ask you all to follow him in that conviction [*Hear*],—but it is to him a clear truth; he considers it a solecism and impossibility that the universal mass of men should ever govern themselves. He has to admit of the Romans, that they continued a long time ; but believes it was purely in virtue of this item in their constitution, namely, of their all having the conviction in their minds that it was solemnly necessary, at times, to appoint a Dictator; a man who had the power of life and death over everything, who degraded men out of their places, ordered them to execution, and did whatever seemed to him good in the name of God above him. He was commanded to take care that the republic suffer no detriment. And Macchiavelli calculates that this was the thing which purified the social system from time to time, and enabled it to continue as it did. Probable enough, if you consider it. And an extremely proper function surely, this of a Dictator, if the republic was com-

posed of little other than bad and tumultuous men, triumphing in general over the better, and all going **the** bad road, in fact. Well, Oliver Cromwell's Protectorate, or Dictatorate if you will let me name it so, lasted for about ten years, and you will find that nothing which was contrary to the laws of Heaven was allowed to live by Oliver [*Applause*].

For example, it was found by his Parliament of Notables, what they call the 'Barebones Parliament,'—the most zealous of all Parliaments probably [*Laughter*],—that the Court of Chancery in England was in a state which was really capable of no apology; no man could get up and say that that was a right court. There were, I think, fifteen-thousand, or fifteen-hundred [*Laughter*],—I really don't remember which, but we will call it by the latter number, to be safe [*Renewedlaughter*],—there were fifteen-hundred cases lying in it undecided; and one of them, I remember, for a large amount of money, was eighty-three years old, and it was going on still; wigs were wagging over it, and lawyers were taking their fees, and there was no end of it. Upon view of all which, the Barebones people, after deliberation about it, thought it was expedient, and commanded by the Author of Man and Fountain of Justice, and in the name of what was true and right, to abolish said court. Really, I don't know who could have dissented from that opinion. At the same time, it was thought by those who were wiser in their generation, and had more experience of the world, that this was a very dangerous thing, and wouldn't suit at all. The lawyers began to make an immense noise about it [*Laughter*]. All the public, the great mass of solid and well-disposed people who had got no deep insight into such matters, were very adverse to it: and the Speaker of the Parliament, old Sir Francis Rous,—who translated the Psalms for us, those that we sing here every Sunday in the Church yet; a very good man, and a wise and learned, Provost of Eton College afterwards,—**he** got a great number of **the** Parliament to go to Oliver the Dictator, **and lay down their functions** altogether, and declare officially, **with their signature, on Monday morning, that the Parliament** was dissolved. **The act of abolition had been passed on Saturday night; and on Monday morning Rous came and said, "We cannot carry-on the affair any longer, and we remit it into the hands of your Highness,"**

believer in that way became Protector, virtually in some sort a dictator, for the first time.

And I give you this as an instance that Oliver did faithfully set to doing a Dictator's function, and of his prudence in it as well. Oliver felt that the Parliament, now dismissed, had been perfectly right with regard to Chancery, and that there was no doubt of the propriety of abolishing Chancery, or else reforming it in some kind of way. He considered the matter, and this is what he did. He assembled fifty or sixty of the wisest lawyers to be found in England. Happily, there were men great in the law ; men who valued the laws of England as much as anybody ever did; and who knew withal that there was something still more sacred than any of these [*A laugh*] Oliver said to them, " Go and examine this thing, and in the name of God inform me what is necessary to be done with it. You will see how we may clean-out the foul things in that Chancery Court, which render it poison to everybody." Well, they sat down accordingly, and in the course of six weeks,—(there was no public speaking then, no reporting of speeches, and no babble of any kind, there was just the business in hand),—they got some sixty propositions fixed in their minds as the summary of the things that required to be done. And upon these sixty propositions, Chancery was reconstituted and remodelled ; and so it got a new lease of life, and has lasted to our time. It had become a nuisance, and could not have continued much longer. That is an instance of the manner of things that were done when a Dictatorship prevailed in the country, and that was how the Dictator did them. I reckon, all England, Parliamentary England, got a new lease of life from that Dictatorship of Oliver's; and, on the whole, that the good fruits of it will never die while England exists as a nation.

In general, I hardly think that out of common history-books you will ever get into the real history of this country, or ascertain anything which can specially illuminate it for you, and which it would most of all behoove you to know. You may read very ingenious and very clever books, by men whom it would be the height of insolence in me to do other than express my respect for. But their position is essentially sceptical. God and the Godlike, as our fathers would have said, has fallen

asleep for them ; and plays no part in their histories. A most sad and fatal condition of matters ; who shall say how fatal to us all ! A man unhappily in that condition will make but a temporary explanation of anything :—in short, you will not be able, I believe, by aid of these men, to understand how this Island came to be what it is. You will not find it recorded in books. You will find recorded in books a jumble of tumults, disastrous ineptitudes, and all that kind of thing. But to get what you want, you will have to look into side sources, and inquire in all directions.

I remember getting Collins's *Peerage* to read,—a very poor performance as a work of genius, but an excellent book for diligence and fidelity. I was writing on Oliver Cromwell at the time [*Applause*"]. I could get no biographical dictionary available ; and I thought the *Peerage Book*, since most of my men were peers or sons of peers, would help me, at least would tell me whether people were old or young, where they lived, and the like particulars, better than absolute nescience and darkness. And accordingly I found amply all I had expected in poor Collins, and got a great deal of help out of him. He was a diligent dull London bookseller, of about a hundred years ago, who compiled out of all kinds of parchments, charter-chests, archives, books that were authentic, and gathered far and wide, wherever he could get it, the information wanted. He was a very meritorious man.

I not only found the solution of everything I had expected there, but I began gradually to perceive this immense fact, which I really advise every one of you who read history to look out for, if you have not already found it. It was that the Kings of England, all the way from the Norman Conquest down to the times of Charles I., had actually, in a good degree, so far as they knew, been in the habit of appointing as Peers those who *deserved* to be appointed. In general, I perceived, those Peers of theirs were all royal men of a sort, with minds full of justice, valour and humanity, and all kinds of qualities that men ought to have who rule over others. And then their genealogy, the kind of sons and descendants they had, this also was remarkable :—for there is a great deal more in genealogy than is generally believed at present. I never heard tell of any clever man that came of entirely stupid people [*Laughter*]. If you look

around, among the families of your acquaintance, you will see such cases in all directions;—I know that my own experience is steadily that way; I can trace the father, and the son, and the grandson, and the family stamp is quite distinctly legible upon each of them. So that it goes for a great deal, the hereditary principle,—in Government as in other things; and it must be again recognised so soon as there is any fixity in things. You will remark, too, in your Collins, that, if at any time the genealogy of a peerage goes awry, if the man that actually holds the peerage is a fool,—in those earnest practical times, the man soon gets into mischief, gets into treason probably,—soon gets himself and his peerage extinguished altogether, in short. [*Laughter*],

From those old documents of Collins, you learn and ascertain that a peer conducts himself in a pious, high-minded, grave, dignified and manly kind of way, in his course through life, and when he takes leave of life:—his last will is often a remarkable piece, which one lingers over. And then you perceive that there was kindness in him as well as rigour, pity for the poor; that he has fine hospitalities, generousities,—in fine, that he is throughout much of a noble, good and valiant man. And that in general the King, with a beautiful approximation to accuracy, had nominated this kind of man; saying, "Come you to me, sir. Come out of the common level of the people, where you are liable to be trampled upon, jostled about, and can do in a manner nothing with your fine gift; come here and take a district of country, and make it into your own image more or less; be a king under me, and understand that that is your function." I say this is the most divine thing that a human being can do to other human beings, and no kind of thing whatever has so much of the character of God Almighty's Divine Government as that thing, which, we see, went on all over England for about six hundred years. That is the grand soul of England's history [*Cheers*], It is historically true that, down to the time of James, or even Charles I., it was not understood that any man was made a Peer without having merit in him to constitute him a proper subject for a peerage. In Charles I.'s time it grew to be known or said that, if a man was born a gentleman, and cared to lay-out 10,000/. judiciously up and down among courtiers, he could be made a Peer. Under

Charles II it went on still faster, and has been going-on with ever-increasing velocity, until we see the perfectly breakneck pace **at** which they are going now [*A laugh*], so that now a peerage is a paltry kind of thing to what it was in those old times. I could go into a great many more details about things of that sort, but I must turn to another branch of the subject.

First, however, one remark more about your reading. I do not know whether it has been sufficiently brought home to you that there are two kinds of books. When a man is reading on any kind of subject, in most departments of books,—in all books, if you take it in a wide sense,—he will find that there is a division into good books and bad books. Everywhere a good kind of book and a bad kind of book. I am not to assume that you are unacquainted, or ill acquainted, with this plain fact; but I may remind you that it is becoming a very important consideration in our day. And we have to cast aside altogether the idea people have, that if they are reading any book, that if an ignorant man is reading any book, he is doing rather better than nothing at all. I must entirely call that in question; I even venture to deny that [*Laughter and cheers*]. It would be much safer and better for many a reader, that he had no concern with books at all. There is a number, a frightfully increasing number, of books that are decidedly, to the readers of them, not useful [*Hear*]. But an ingenuous reader will learn, also, that a certain number of books were written by a supremely noble kind of people,—not a very great number of books, but still a number fit to occupy all your reading industry, do adhere more or less to that side of things. In short, as I have written it down somewhere else, I conceive that books are like men's souls; divided into sheep and goats [*Laughter and cheers*]. Some few are going up, **and** carrying us up, heavenward; calculated, I mean, to be of priceless advantage in teaching,—in forwarding **the** teaching of all generations. Others, a frightful multitude, **are going down, down; doing ever the more and the wider and the wilder mischief. Keep a strict eye on that latter class of books, my young friends!**—

And for the rest, in regard to all your studies and readings here, and to whatever you may learn, you are to remember that the object is not particular knowledges,—not that of get-

ting higher and higher in technical perfections, and all that sort of thing. There is a higher arm lying at the rear of all that, especially among those who are intended for literary or speaking pursuits, or the sacred profession. You are ever to bear in mind that there lies behind that the acquisition of what may be called wisdom;—namely, sound appreciation and just decision as to all the objects that come round you, and the habit of behaving with justice, candour, clear insight, and loyal adherence to fact. Great is wisdom ; infinite is the value of wisdom. It cannot be exaggerated ; it is the highest achievement of man : ' Blessed is he that getteth understanding.' And that, I believe, on occasion, may be missed very easily ; never more easily than now, I sometimes think. If that is a failure, all is failure !—However, I will not touch further upon that matter.

But I should have said, in regard to book-reading, if it be so very important, how very useful would an excellent library be in every University I I hope that will not be neglected by the gentlemen who have charge of you ; and, indeed, I am happy to hear that your library is very much improved since the time I knew it, and I hope it will go on improving more and more. Nay, I have sometimes thought, why should not there be a library in every county town, for benefit of those that could read well, and might if permitted ? True, you require money to accomplish that;—and withal, what perhaps is still less attainable at present, you require judgment in the selectors of books ; real insight into what is for the advantage of human souls, the exclusion of all kinds of clap-trap books which merely excite the astonishment of foolish people [*Laughter*], and the choice of wise books, as much as possible of good books. Let us hope the future will be kind to us in this respect.

In this University, as I learn from many sides, there is considerable stir about endowments ; an assiduous and praiseworthy industry for getting new funds collected to encourage the ingenuous youth of Universities, especially of this our chief University [*Hear, hear*]. Well, I entirely participate in everybody's approval of the movement. It is very desirable. It should be responded to, and one surely expects it will. At least, if it is not, it will be shameful to the country of Scotland,

which never was so rich in money as at the present moment, and never stood so much in need of getting noble Universities, and institutions to counteract many influences that are springing up alongside of money. It should not be slack in coming forward in the way of endowments [*A laugh*]; at any rate, to the extent of rivalling our rude old barbarous ancestors, as we have been pleased to call them. Such munificence as theirs is beyond all praise; and to them, I am sorry to say, we are not yet by any manner of means equal, or approaching equality [*Laughter*]. There is an abundance and over-abundance of money. Sometimes I cannot help thinking that probably never has there been, at any other time, in Scotland, the hundredth part of the money that now is, or even the thousandth part. For wherever I go, there is that same gold-nuggeting [*A laugh*],—that 'unexampled prosperity,' and men counting their balances by the *million* sterling. Money was never so abundant, and nothing that is good to be done with it [*Hear, hear, and a laugh*]. No man knows,—or very few men know,—what benefit to get out of his money. In fact, it too often is secretly a curse to him. Much better for him never to have had any. But I do not expect that generally to be believed [*Laughter*]. Nevertheless, I should think it would be a beneficent relief to many a rich man who has an honest purpose struggling in him, to bequeath some house of refuge, so to speak, for the gifted poor man who may hereafter be born into the world, to enable him to get on his way a little. To do, in fact, as those old Norman kings whom I have been describing; to raise some noble poor man out of the dirt and mud, where he is getting trampled on unworthily by the unworthy, into some kind of position where he might acquire the power to do a little good in his generation I I hope that as much as possible will be achieved in this direction; and that efforts will not be relaxed till the thing is in a satisfactory state. In regard to the classical department, above all, it surely is to be desired by us that it were properly supported,—that we could allow the fit people to have their scholarships and subventions, and devote more leisure to the cultivation of particular departments. We might have more of this from Scotch Universities than we have; and I hope we shall

I am bound, however, to say that it does not appear as if, of late times, endowment were the real soul of the matter. The English, for example, are the richest people in the world for endowments in their Universities; and it is an evident fact that, since the time of Bentley, you cannot name anybody that has gained a European name in scholarship, or constituted a point of revolution in the pursuits of men in that way. The man who does so is a man worthy of being remembered; and he is poor, and not an Englishman. One man that actually did constitute a revolution was the son of a poor weaver in Saxony; who edited his Tibullus, in Dresden, in a poor comrade's garret, with the floor for his bed, and two folios for pillow; and who, while editing his Tibullus, had to gather pease-cods on the streets and boil them for his dinner. That was his endowment [*Laughter*]. But he was recognised soon to have done a great thing. His name was Heyne [*Cheers.*] I can remember, it was quite a revolution in my mind when I got hold of that man's edition of Virgil. I found that, for the first time, I understood Virgil; that Heyne had introduced me, for the first time, into an insight of Roman life and ways of thought; had pointed out the circumstances in which these works were written, and given me their interpretation. And the process has gone on in all manner of developments, and has spread out into other countries.

On the whole, there is one reason why endowments are not given now as they were in old days, when men founded abbeys, colleges, and all kinds of things of that description, with such success as we know. All that has now changed; a vast decay of zeal in that direction. And truly the reason may in part be, that people have become doubtful whether colleges are now the real sources of what I called wisdom; whether they are anything more, anything much more, than a cultivating of man in the specific arts. In fact, there has been in the world a suspicion of that kind for a long time [*A laugh*]. There goes a proverb of old date, 'An ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of clergy' [*Laughter*]. There is a suspicion that a man is perhaps not nearly so wise as he looks, or because he has poured out speech so copiously [*Laughter*]. When 'the seven free arts,' which the old Universities were based on, came to be modified a little, in order to be convenient for the wants of

modern society,—though perhaps some of them are obsolete enough even yet for some of us,—there arose a feeling that mere vocality, mere culture of speech, if that is what comes out of a man, is not the synonym of wisdom by any means ! That a man may be a 'great speaker,' as eloquent as you like, and but little real substance in him,—especially, if that is what was required and aimed at by the man himself, and by the community that set him upon becoming a learned man. Maid-servants, I hear people complaining, are getting instructed in the 'ologies,' and are apparently becoming more and more ignorant of brewing, boiling, and baking [*Laughter*], and above all, are not taught what is necessary to be known, from the highest of us to the lowest,—faithful obedience, modesty, humility, and correct moral conduct.

Oh, it is a dismal chapter all that, if one went into it,—what has been done by rushing after fine speech ! I have' written down some very fierce things about that, perhaps considerably more emphatic than I could now wish them to be ; but they were and are deeply my conviction [*Hear, hear*] There is very great necessity indeed of getting a little more silent than we are. It seems to me as if the finest nations of the world,—the English and the American, in chief,—were going all off into wind and tongue [*Applause and laughter*] But it will appear sufficiently tragical by and by, long after I am away out of it. There is a time to speak, and a time to be silent. Silence withal is the eternal duty of a man. He won't get to any real understanding of what is complex, and what is more than aught else pertinent to his interests, without keeping silence too. 'Watch the tongue,' is a very old precept, and a most true one.

I don't want to discourage any of you from your Demosthenes, and your studies of the niceties of language, and all that. Believe me, I value that as much as any one of you. I consider it a very graceful thing, and a most proper, for every human creature to know what the implement which he uses in communicating his thoughts is, and how to make the very utmost of it. I want you to study Demosthenes, and to know all his excellences. At the same time, I must say that speech, in the case even of Demosthenes, does not seem, on the whole,

to have turned to almost any good account. He advised next to nothing that proved practicable; much of the reverse. Why tell me that a man is a fine speaker, if it is not the truth that he is speaking? Phocion, who mostly did not speak at all, was a great deal nearer hitting the mark than Demosthenes [*Laughter*]. He used to tell the Athenians, "You can't fight Philip. Better if you don't provoke him, as Demosthenes is always urging you to do. You have not the slightest chance with Philip. He is a man who holds his tongue; he has great disciplined armies; a full treasury; can bribe anybody you like in your cities here; he is going on steadily with an unvarying aim towards his object; while you, with your idle clamourings, with your Cleon the Tanner spouting to you what you take for wisdom—! Philip will infallibly beat any set of men such as you, going on raging from shore to shore with all that rampant nonsense." Demosthenes said to him once, "Phocion, you will drive the Athenians mad some day, and they will kill you." "Yes," Phocion answered, "me, when they go mad; and as soon as they get sane again, you!" [*Laughter and applause.*]

It is also told of him how he went once to Messene, on some deputation which the Athenians wanted him to head, on some kind of matter of an intricate and contentious nature: Phocion went accordingly; and had, as usual, a clear story to have told for himself and his case. He was a man of few words, but all of them true and to the point. And so he had gone on telling his story for a while, when there arose some interruption. One man, interrupting with something, he tried to answer; then another, the like; till finally, too many went in, and all began arguing and bawling in endless debate. Whereupon Phocion struck-down his staff; drew back altogether, and would speak no other word to any man. It appears to me there is a kind of eloquence in that rap of Phocion's staff which is equal to anything Demosthenes ever said: "Take your own way, then; I go out of it altogether" [*Applause*],

Such considerations, and manifold more connected with them,—innumerable considerations, resulting from observation of the world at this epoch,—have led various people to doubt of the salutary effect of vocal education altogether. I do not

mean to say it should be entirely excluded ; but I look to something that will take hold of the matter much more closely, and not allow it to slip out of our fingers, and remain worse than it was. For, if a 'good speaker,' never so eloquent, does not see into the fact, and is not speaking the truth of that, but the untruth and the mistake of that,—is there a more horrid kind of object in creation ? [*Loud cheers.*] Of such speech I hear all manner of people say, "How excellent !" Well, really it is not the speech, but the thing spoken, that I am anxious about! I really care very little how the man said it, provided I understand him, and it be true. Excellent speaker ? But what if he is telling me things that are contrary to the fact; what if he has formed a wrong judgment about the fact,—if he has in his mind (like Phocion's friend, Cleon the Tanner) no power to form a right judgment in regard to the matter ? An excellent speaker of that kind is, as it were, saying, "Ho, every one that wants to be persuaded of the thing that is not true; here is the man for you!" [*Great laughter and applause.*] I recommend you to be very chary of that kind of excellent speech [*Renewed laughter*].

Well, all that sad stuff being the too well-known product of our method of vocal education,—the teacher merely operating on the tongue of the pupil, and teaching him to wag it in a particular way [*Laughter*],—it has made various thinking men entertain a distrust of this not very salutary way of procedure, and they have longed for some less theoretic, and more practical and concrete way of working-out the problem of education ;—in effect, for an education not vocal at all, but mute except where speaking was strictly needful. There would be room for a great deal of description about this, if I went into it; but I must content myself with saying that the most remarkable piece of writing on it is in a book of Goethe's,—the whole of which you may be recommended to take up, and try if you can study it with understanding. It is one of his last books; written when he was an old man above seventy years of age; I think, one of the most beautiful he ever wrote; full of meek wisdom, of intellect and piety; which is found to be strangely illuminative, and very touching, by those who have eyes to discern and hearts to feel it. This about education is one of the

pieces in *Wilhelm Meister's Travels*; or rather, in a fitful way, it forms the whole gist of the book. I first read it many years ago; and, of course, I had to read into the very heart of it while I was translating it [*Applause*]; and it has ever since dwelt in my mind as perhaps the most remarkable bit of writing which I have known to be executed in these late centuries. I have often said that there are some ten pages of that, which, if ambition had been my only rule, I would rather have written, been able to write, than have written all the books that have appeared since I came into the world [*Cheers*], Deep, deep is the meaning of what is said there. Those pages turn on the Christian religion, and the religious phenomena of the modern and the ancient world: altogether sketched out in the most aerial, graceful, delicately wise kind of way, so as to keep himself out of the common controversies of the street and of the forum, yet to indicate what was the result of things he had been long meditating upon.

Among others, he introduces in an airy, sketchy kind of way, with here and there a touch,—the sum-total of which grows into a beautiful picture,—a scheme of entirely mute education, at least with no more speech than is absolutely necessary for what the pupils have to do. Three of the wisest men discoverable in the world have been got together, to consider, to manage and supervise, the function which transcends all others in importance,—that of building up the young generation so as to keep it free from that perilous stuff that has been weighing us down, and clogging every step;—which function, indeed, is the only thing we can hope to go on with, if we would leave the world a little better, and not the worse, of our having been in it, for those who are to follow. The Chief, who is the Eldest of the three, says to Wilhelm: "Healthy well-formed children bring into the world with them many precious gifts; and very frequently these are best of all developed by Nature herself, with but slight assistance, where assistance is seen to be wise and profitable, and with forbearance very often on the part of the overseer of the process. But there is one thing which no child brings into the world with him, and without which all other things are of no use." Wilhelm, who is there beside him, asks, "And what is that?" "All want it," says the Eldest; "perhaps you yourself" Wilhelm says,

"Well, but tell me what it is?" "It is," answers the other, "Reverence (*Ehrfurcht*); Reverence!" Honour done to those who are greater and better than ourselves; honour distinct from fear. *Ehrfurcht* the soul of all religion that has ever been among men, or ever will be.

And then he goes into details about the religions of the modern and the ancient world. He practically distinguishes the kinds of religion that are, or have been, in the world; and says that for men there are three reverences. The boys are all trained to go through certain gesticulations; to lay their hands on their breast and look up to heaven, in sign of the first reverence; other forms for the other two: so they give their three reverences. The first and simplest is that of reverence for what is above us. It is the soul of all the Pagan religions; there is nothing better in the antique man than that. Then there is reverence for what is around us,—reverence for our equals, to which he attributes an immense power in the culture of man. The third is reverence for what is beneath us; to learn to recognise in pain, in sorrow and contradiction, even in those things, odious to flesh and blood, what divine meanings are in them; to learn that there lies in these also, and more than in any of the preceding, a priceless blessing. And he defines that as being the soul of the Christian religion,—the highest of all religions; 'a height,' as Goethe says (and that is very true, even to the letter, as I consider), 'a height to which mankind was fated and enabled to attain; and from which, having once attained it, they can never retrograde.' Man cannot quite lose that (Goethe thinks), or permanently descend below it again; but always, even in the most degraded, sunken and unbelieving times, he calculates there will be found some few souls who will recognise what this highest of the religions meant; and that, the world having once received it, there is no fear of its ever wholly disappearing.

The Eldest then goes on to explain by what methods they seek to educate and train their boys; in the trades, in the arts, in the sciences, in whatever pursuit the boy is found best fitted for. Beyond all, they are anxious to discover the boy's aptitudes; and they try him and watch him continually, in many wise ways, till by degrees they can discover this. Wilhelm had left his own boy there, perhaps expecting they would make

him a Master of Arts, or something of the kind ; and on coming back for him, he sees a thunder-cloud of dust rushing over the plain, of which he can make nothing. It turns out to be a tempest of wild horses, managed by young lads who had a turn for horsemanship, for hunting, and being grooms. His own son is among them ; and he finds that the breaking of colts has been the thing *he* was most suited for [*Laughter*].

The highest outcome, and most precious of all the fruits that are to spring from this ideal mode of educating, is what Goethe calls Art:—of which I could at present give no definition that would make it clear to you, unless it were clearer already than is likely [*A laugh*]. Goethe calls it music, painting, poetry: but it is in quite a higher sense than the common one, and a sense in which, I am afraid, most of our painters, poets and music-men would not pass muster [*A laugh*]. He considers this as the highest pitch to which human culture can go ; infinitely valuable and ennobling; and he watches with great industry how it is to be brought about in the men who have a turn for it. Very wise and beautiful his notion of the matter is. It gives one an idea that something far better and higher, something as high as ever, and indubitably true too, is still possible for man in this world.—And that is all I can say to you of Goethe's fine theorem of mute education.

I confess it seems to me there is in it a shadow of what will one day be ; will and must, unless the world is to come to a conclusion that is altogether frightful: some kind of scheme of education analogous to that; presided over by the wisest and most sacred men that can be got in the world, and watching from a distance: a training in practicality at every turn ; no speech in it except speech that is to be followed by action, for that ought to be the rule as nearly as possible among men. Not very often or much, rarely rather, should a man speak at all, unless it is for the sake of something that is to be done; this spoken, let him go and do his part in it, and say no more about it.

I will only add, that it is possible,—all this fine theorem of Goethe's, or something similar! Consider what we have already ; and what 'difficulties' we have overcome. I should say there is nothing in the world you can conceive so difficult, *prima facie*, as—that of getting a set of men gathered together

as soldiers. Rough, rude, ignorant, disobedient people ; you gather them together, promise them a shilling a day ; rank them up, give them very severe and sharp drill ; and by bullying and drilling and compelling (the word *drilling*, if you go to the original, means 'beating,' 'steadily tormenting' to the due pitch), they do learn what it is necessary to learn ; and there is your man in red coat, a trained soldier ; piece of an animated machine incomparably the most potent in this world ; a wonder of wonders to look at. He will go where bidden ; obeys one man, will walk into the cannon's mouth for him ; does punctually whatever is commanded by his general officer. And, I believe, all manner of things of this kind could be accomplished, if there were the same attention bestowed. Very many things could be regimented, organised into this mute system ;—and perhaps in some of the mechanical, commercial and manufacturing departments some faint incipiences may be attempted before very long. For the saving of human labour, and the avoidance of human misery, the effects would be incalculable, were it set about and begun even in part.

Alas, it is painful to think how very far away it all is, any real fulfilment of such things ! For I need not hide from you, young Gentlemen,—and it is one of the last things I am going to tell you,—that you have got into a very troublous epoch of the world ; and I don't think you will find your path in it to be smoother than ours has been, though you have many advantages which we had not. You have careers open to you, by public examinations and so on, which is a thing much to be approved of, and which we hope to see perfected more and more. All that was entirely unknown in my time, and you have many things to recognise as advantages. But you will find the ways of the world, I think, more anarchical than ever. Look where one will, revolution has come upon us. We have got into the age of revolutions. All kinds of things are coming to be subjected to fire, as it were : hotter and hotter blows the element round everything. Curious to see how, in Oxford and other places that used to seem as lying at anchor in the stream of time, regardless of all changes, they are getting into the highest humour of mutation, and all sorts of new ideas are afloat. It is evident that whatever is not unconsumable, made

of *asbestos*, will have to be burnt, in this world. Nothing other will stand the heat it is getting exposed to.

And in saying that, I am but saying in other words that we are in an epoch of anarchy. Anarchy *plus* a constable ! [*Laughter.*] There is nobody that picks one's pocket without some policeman being ready to take him up [*Renewed laughter.*]. But in every other point, man is becoming more and more the son, not of Cosmos, but of Chaos. He is a disobedient, discontented, reckless and altogether waste kind of object (the commonplace man is, in these epochs); and the wiser kind of man,—the select few, of whom I hope you will be part,—has more and more to see to this, to look vigilantly forward ; and will require to move with double wisdom. Will find, in short, that the crooked things he has got to pull straight in his own life all round him, wherever he may go, are manifold, and will task all his strength, however great it be.

But why should I complain of that either ? For that is the thing a man is born to, in all epochs. He is born to expend every particle of strength that God Almighty has given him, in doing the work he finds he is fit for; to stand up to it to the last breath of life, and do his best. We are called upon to do that; and the reward we all get,—which we are perfectly sure of, if we have merited it,—is that we have got the work done, or at least that we have tried to do the work. For that is a great blessing in itself; and I should say, there is not very much more reward than that going in this world. If the man gets meat and clothes, what matters it whether he buy those necessaries with seven thousand a year, or with seven million, could that be, or with seventy pounds a year? He can get meat and clothes for that; and he will find intrinsically, if he is a wise man, wonderfully little real difference [*Laughter.*].

On the whole, avoid what is called ambition ; that is not a fine principle to go upon,—and it has in it all degrees of *vulgarity*, if that is a consideration. ' Seekest thou great things, seek them not: ' I warmly second that advice of the wisest of men. Don't be ambitious ; don't too much need success ; be loyal and modest. Cut down the proud towering thoughts that get into you, or see that they be pure as well as high. There is a nobler ambition than the gaining of all California

would be, or the getting of all the suffrages that are on the Planet just now [*Loud and prolonged cheers*].

Finally, Gentlemen, I have one advice to give you, which is practically of very great importance, though a very humble one. In the midst of your zeal and ardour,—for such, I foresee, will rise high enough, in spite of all the counsels to moderate it that I can give you,—remember the care of health. I have no doubt you have among you young souls ardently bent to consider life cheap, for the purpose of getting forward in what they are aiming at of high ; but you are to consider throughout, much more than is done at present, and what it would have been a very great thing for me if I had been able to consider, that health is a thing to be attended to continually ; that you are to regard that as the very highest of all temporal things for you [*Applause*]. There is no kind of achievement you could make in the world that is equal to perfect health. What to it are nuggets and millions ? The French financier said, " Why, is there no sleep to be sold !" Sleep was not in the market at any quotation [*Laughter and applause*].

It is a curious thing, which I remarked long ago, and have often turned in my head, that the old word for ' holy ' in the Teutonic languages, *heilig*, also means ' healthy.' Thus *Heilbronn* means indifferently ' holy-well ' or ' health-well.' We have in the Scotch, too, ' hale,' and its derivatives ; and, I suppose, our English word ' whole ' (with a ' w'), all of one piece, without any *hole* in it, is the same word. I find that you could not get any better definition of what ' holy ' really is than ' healthy.' Completely healthy ; *mens sana in corpore sano* [*Applause*]. A man all lucid, and in equilibrium. His intellect a clear mirror geometrically plane, brilliantly sensitive to all objects and impressions made on it, and imaging all things in their correct proportions ; not twisted up into convex or concave, and distorting everything, so that he cannot see the truth of the matter without endless groping and manipulation : healthy, clear and free, and discerning truly all round him. We never can attain that at all. In fact, the operations we have got into are destructive of it. You cannot, if you are going to do any decisive intellectual operation that will last a long while ; if, **for** instance, you are going to write

a book,—you cannot manage it (at least, I never could) without getting decidedly made ill by it : and really one nevertheless must; if it is your business, you are obliged to follow out what you are at, and to do it, if even at the expense of health. Only remember, at all times, to get back as fast as possible out of it into health ; and regard that as the real equilibrium and centre of things. You should always look at the *heilig*, which means ' holy ' as well as ' healthy .'

And that old etymology,—what a lesson it is against certain gloomy, austere, ascetic people, who have gone about as if this world were all a dismal prison-house! It has indeed got all the ugly things in it which I have been alluding to ; but there is an eternal sky over it; and the blessed sunshine, the green of prophetic spring, and rich *harvests* coming,—all this is in it too. Piety does not mean that a man should make a sour face about things, and refuse to enjoy wisely what his Maker has given. Neither do you find it to have been so with the best sort,—with old Knox, in particular. No; if you look into Knox, you will find a beautiful Scotch humour in him, as well as the grimmest and sternest truth when necessary, and a great deal of laughter. We find really some of the sunniest glimpses of things come out of Knox that I have seen in any man; for instance, in his *History of the Reformation*—which is a book I hope every one of you will read [*Applause*]. a glorious old book.

On the whole, I would bid you stand up to your work, whatever it may be, and not be afraid of it; not in sorrows or contradictions to yield, but to push on towards the goal. And don't suppose that people are hostile to you or have you at ill-will, in the world. In general, you will rarely find anybody designedly doing you ill. You may feel often as if the whole world were obstructing you, setting itself against you: but you will find that to mean only, that the world is travelling in a different way from you, and, rushing on in its own path, heedlessly treads on yours That is mostly all: to you no specific ill-will;—only rich has an extremely good-will to himself, which he has a right to have, and is rushing on towards his object. Keep out of literature, I should say also, as a general rule [*Laughter*].—though that is by the bye. If you find many people who are hard and indifferent to you, in a world which you consider to

be inhospitable and cruel, as often indeed happens to a tender-hearted, striving young creature, you will also find there are noble hearts who will look kindly on you; and their help will be precious to you beyond price. You will get good and evil as you go on, and have the success that has been appointed you.

I will wind-up with a small bit of verse, which is from Goethe also, and has often gone through my mind. To me it has something of a modern psalm in it, in some measure. It is deep as the foundations, deep and high, and it is true and clear:—no clearer man, or nobler and grander intellect has lived in the world, I believe, since Shakspeare left it. This is what the poet sings;—a kind of road-melody or marching-music of mankind:

' The Future hides in it
Gladness and sorrow;
We press still thorow,
Nought that abides in it
Daunting us,—onward.

And solemn before us,
Veiled, the dark Portal;
Goal of all mortal •—
Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent I

While earnest thou gazest,
Comes boding of terror,
Comes phantasm and error ;
Perplexes the bravest
With doubt and misgiving.

But heard are the Voices,
Heard are the Sages,
The Worlds and the Ages:
"Choose well; your choice is
Brief, and yet endless.

Here eyes do regard you,
In Eternity's stillness;
Here is all fulness,
Ye brave, to reward you;
Work, and despair not."

Work, and despair not: *Wirhetssen euch hoffen*, • We bid you

be of hope!'—let that be my last word. Gentlemen, I thank you for your great patience in hearing me; and, with many most kind wishes, say Adieu for this time.

FINIS OF RECTORSHIP —' *Edinburgh University*. Mr. Carlyle ex-Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, has been asked to deliver a valedictory address to the students, but has declined. The following is a copy of the correspondence.

' 2 S -W Circus Place, Edinburgh, 3d December 1868.

' SIR,—On the strength of being Vice-President of the Committee for your election as Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, I have been induced to write to you, in order to know if you will be able to deliver a Valedictory Address to the Students. Mr. Gladstone gave us one, and we fondly hope you will find it convenient to do so as well. Your Inaugural Address is still treasured up in our memories, and I am sure; nothing could give us greater pleasure than once more to listen to your words. I trust you will pardon me for this intrusion; and hoping to receive a favourable answer, I am, &c.

'A. ROBERTSON, M.A.

;'T. CARLYLE, ESQ.'

;'Chelsea, 9th December 1868

' DEAR SIR,—I much regret that a Valedictory Speech from me, in present circumstances, is a thing I must not think of; Be pleased to assure the young Gentlemen who were so friendly towards me, that I have already sent them, in silence, but with emotions deep enough, perhaps too deep, my loving Farewell, and that ingratitude, or want of regard, is by no means among the causes that keep me absent. With a fine youthful enthusiasm, beautiful to look upon, they bestowed on me that bit of honour, loyally **all** they had; and it has now, for reasons one **and** another, become touchingly **memorable** to me,—touchingly, and **even grandly and tragically**,—never to be **forgotten for the remainder of my life**.

' **Bid them, in my name, if they still love me, fight the good fight, and quit themselves like men, in the warfare, to which they are as if conscript and consecrated, and which lies ahead**

Tell them to consult the eternal oracles (not yet inaudible, nor ever to become so, when worthily inquired of); and to disregard, nearly altogether, in comparison, the temporary noises, menacings and deliriums. May they love Wisdom as Wisdom, if she is to yield *her* treasures, must be loved,—piously, valiantly, humbly, beyond life itself or the prizes of life, with all one's heart, and all one's soul:—in that case (I will say again), and not in any other case, it shall be well with them.

' Adieu, my young Friends, a long adieu.

' Yours with great sincerity,

T. CARLYLE,

' A ROBERTSON, ESQ.[†] [†]Edinburgh Newspapers of December 12-13, 1862-

SHOOTING NIAGARA: AND AFTER?'

[August 1867.]

I.

THERE probably never was since the Heptarchy ended, or almost since it began, so hugely critical an epoch in the history of England as this we have now entered upon, with universal self-congratulation and flinging-up of caps; nor one in which, —with no Norman Invasion now ahead, to lay hold of it, to bridle and regulate it for us (little thinking it was *for us*), and guide it into higher and wider regions,—the question of utter death or of nobler new life for the poor Country was so uncertain. Three things seem to be agreed upon by gods and men, at least by English men and gods; certain to happen, and are now in visible course of fulfilment.

i° *Democracy* to complete itself; to go the full length of its course, towards the Bottomless or into it, no power now extant to prevent it or even considerably retard it,—till we have seen where it will lead us to, and whether there will *then* be any return possible, or none. Complete "liberty" to all persons; Count of Heads to be the Divine Court of Appeal on every question and interest of mankind; Count of Heads to choose a Parliament according to its own heart at last, and sit with Penny Newspapers zealously watching the same; said Parliament, so chosen and so watched, to do what trifle of legislating and administering may still be needed in such an England, with its hundred-and-fifty millions 'free' more and more to follow each his own nose, by way of guide-post in this intricate world.

2° That, in a limited time, say fifty years hence, the Church, all Churches and so-called religions, the Christian Religion it-

¹ Reprinted from *Macmillan's Magazine*, for August 1867. With some Additions and Corrections.

self, shall have deliquesced,—into "Liberty of Conscience," Progress of Opinion, Progress of Intellect, Philanthropic Movement, and other aqueous residues, of a vapid badly-scented character;—and shall, like water spilt upon the ground, trouble nobody considerably thenceforth, but evaporate at its leisure.

3^o That, in lieu thereof, there shall be Free Trade, in all senses, and to all lengths: unlimited Free Trade,—which some take to mean, * Free racing, ere long with unlimited speed, in the career of *Cheap and Nasty*;—this beautiful career, not in shop-goods only, but in all things temporal, spiritual and eternal, to be flung generously open, wide as the portals of the Universe; so that everybody shall start free, and everywhere, 'under enlightened popular suffrage,' the race shall be to the swift, and the high office shall fall to him who is ablest if not to do it, at least to get elected for doing it.

These are three altogether new and very considerable achievements, lying visibly ahead of us, not far off,—and so extremely considerable, that every thinking English creature is tempted to go into manifold reflections and inquiries upon them. My own have not been wanting, any time these thirty years past, but they have not been of a joyful or triumphant nature; not prone to utter themselves; indeed expecting, till lately, that they might with propriety lie unuttered altogether. But the series of events comes swifter and swifter, at a strange rate; and hastens unexpectedly,—'velocity increasing' (if you will consider, for this too is as when the little stone has been loosened, which sets the whole mountain-side in motion) 'as the *square* of the time:'—so that the wisest Prophecy finds it was quite wrong as to date; and, patiently, or even indolently waiting, is astonished to see itself fulfilled, not in centuries as anticipated, but in decades and years. It was a clear prophecy, for instance, that Germany would either become honourably Prussian or go to gradual annihilation: but who of us expected that we ourselves, instead of our children's children, should live to behold it; that a magnanimous and fortunate Herr von Bismarck, whose dispraise was in all the Newspapers, would, to his own amazement, find the thing now doable; and would do it, do the essential of it, in a few of the current weeks? That England would have to take the Niagara leap of com-

pleted Democracy one day, was also a plain prophecy, though uncertain as to time.

II.

The prophecy, truly, was plain enough this long while : ~~Ἄφρα οὐδέποτε μεταβάλει τὸ αἶθρον~~ ; opinion of these people !" as the sage Antoninus notes. It is indeed strange how prepossessions and delusions seize upon whole communities of men ; no basis in the notion they have formed, yet everybody adopting it, everybody finding the whole world agree with him in it, and accept it as an axiom of Euclid ; and, in the universal repetition and reverberation, taking all contradiction of it as an insult, and a sign of malicious insanity, hardly to be borne with patience. " For who can change the opinion of these people ?" as our Divus Imperator says. No wisest of mortals. This people cannot be convinced out of its "axiom of Euclid" by any reasoning whatsoever ; on the contrary, all the world assenting, and continually repeating and reverberating, there soon comes that singular phenomenon, which the Germans call *Schwarmerey* ('*enthusiasm*' is our poor Greek equivalent), which means simply '*Swarmery*,' or the '*Gathering of Men in Swarms*,' and what prodigies they are in the habit of doing and believing, when thrown into that miraculous condition. Some big Queen Bee is in the centre of the swarm ; but any commonplace stupidest *bee*, Cleon the Tanner, Beales, John of Ley den, John of Bromwicham, any bee whatever, if he can happen, by noise or otherwise, to be chosen for the function, will straightway get fatted and inflated into *bulk*, which of itself means complete capacity; no difficulty about your Queen Bee: and the swarm once formed, finds itself impelled to action, as with one heart and one mind. Singular, in the case of human swarms, with what perfection of unanimity and quasi-religious conviction the stupidest absurdities can be received as axioms of Euclid, nay as articles of faith, which you are not only to believe, unless malignantly insane, but are (if you have any honour or morality) to push into practice, and without delay see *done*, if your soul would live! Divine commandment *to vote* (" Manhood Suffrage,"—Horsehood, Doghood ditto not yet treated of); universal " glorious Liberty" (to Sons of the Devil in overwhelming majority, as

would appear) ; count of Heads the God-appointed way in this Universe, all other ways Devil-appointed , in one brief word, which includes whatever of palpable incredibility and delirious absurdity, universally believed, can be uttered or imagined on these points, "the equality of men," any man equal to any other; Quashee Nigger to Socrates or Shakspeare ; Judas Iscariot to Jesus Christ;—and Bedlam and Gehenna equal to the New Jerusalem, shall we say ? If these things are taken up, not only as axioms of Euclid, but as articles of religion burning to be put in practice for the salvation of the world,— I think you will admit that *Swarmery* plays a wonderful part in the heads of poor Mankind ; and that very considerable results are likely to follow from it in our day !

But you will in vain attempt, by argument of human intellect, to contradict or turn aside any of these divine axioms, indisputable as those of Euclid, and of sacred or quasi-celestial quality to boot: if you have neglected the one method (which was a silent one) of dealing with them at an early stage, they are thenceforth invincible; and will plunge more and more madly forward towards practical fulfilment. Once fulfilled, it will then be seen how credible and wise they were. Not even the Queen Bee but will then know what to think of them. Then, and never till then.

By far the notablest case of *Swarmery*, in these times, is that of the late American War, with Settlement of the Nigger Question for result. Essentially the Nigger Question was one of the smallest, and in itself did not much concern mankind in the present time of struggles and hurries. One always rather likes the Nigger; evidently a poor blockhead with good dispositions, with affections, attachments,—with a turn for Nigger Melodies, and the like :—he is the only Savage of all the coloured races that doesn't die out on sight of the White Man ; but can actually live beside him, and work and increase and be merry. The Almighty Maker has appointed him to be a Servant. Under penalty of Heaven's curse, neither party to this pre-appointment shall neglect or misdo his duties therein;—and it is certain (though as yet widely unknown), Servantship on the *nomadic* principle, at the rate of so many shillings per day, *cannot* be other than misdome. The whole world rises

in shrieks against you, on hearing of such a thing :—yet the whole world, listening to those cool Sheffield disclosures of *rating*, and the market-rates of murder in that singular 'Sheffield Assassination Company (Limited),' feels its hair rising on end ;—to little purpose hitherto ; being without even a gallows to make response ! The fool of a world listens, year after year, for above a generation back, to "disastrous *strikes*" "merciless *lockouts*" and other details of the nomadic scheme of servitude ; nay is becoming thoroughly disquieted about its own too lofty-minded flunkies, mutinous maid-servants (ending, naturally enough, as "distressed needle-women" who cannot sew; thirty-thousand of these latter now on the pavements of London), and the kindred phenomena on every hand : but it will be long before the fool of a world open its eyes to the taproot of all that,—to the fond notion, in short, That servanthip and mastership, on the nomadic principle, was ever, or will ever be, except for brief periods, possible among human creatures. Poor souls, and when they have discovered it, what a puddling and weltering, and scolding and jargonng, there will be, before the first real step towards remedy is taken !

Servanthip, like all solid contracts between men (like wedlock itself, which was *once* nomadic enough, temporary enough I), must become a contract of permanency, not easy to dissolve, but difficult extremely,—a "contract for life," if you can manage it (which you cannot, without many wise laws and regulations, and a great deal of earnest thought and anxious experience), will evidently be the best of all.² And this was already the Nigger's essential position. Mischief, irregularities, injustices did probably abound between Nigger and Buckra ; but the poisonous taproot of all mischief, and impossibility of fairness, humanity, or well-doing in the contract, never had been there ! Of all else the remedy was easy in comparison; vitally

¹ *I has (Americana) ²n Nuce.*

¹ PETER of the North (to PAUL of the South). "Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year as I do! You are going straight to Hell, you —!"

¹ PAUL : "Good words, Peter! The risk is my own ; I am willing to take the risk. Hire you your servants by the month or the day, and gef straight to Heaven ; leave me to my own method."

¹ PETER : "No, I won't. I will beat your brains out first I" (*And is try. ing dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage It.*)—T. C.

³d Mav 1863—(*Macmillan's Magazine*, for August 1863.)

important to every just man concerned in it; and, under all obstructions (which in the American case, begirt with frantic "Abolitionists," fire-breathing like the old Chimæra, were immense), was gradually getting itself done. To me individually the Nigger's case was not the most pressing in the world, but among the least so I—America, however, had got into *Swarmery* upon it (not America's blame either, but in great part ours, and that of the nonsense *we* sent over to them); and felt that in the Heavens or the Earth there was nothing so godlike, or incomparably pressing to be done. Their energy, their valour, their &c. &c. were worthy of the stock they sprang from:—and now, poor fellows, *done* it they have, with a witness. A continent of the earth has been submerged, for certain years, by deluges as from the Pit of Hell; half a million (some say a whole million, but surely they exaggerate) of excellent White Men, full of gifts and faculty, have torn and slashed one another into horrid death, in a temporary humour, which will leave centuries of remembrance fierce enough: and three million absurd Blacks, men and brothers (of a sort), are completely "emancipated;" launched into the career of improvement,—likely to be 'improved off the face of the earth' in a generation or two! That is the dismal prediction to me, of the warmest enthusiast to their Cause whom I have known of American men,—who doesn't regret his great efforts either, in the great Cause now won, Cause incomparably the most important on Earth or in Heaven at this time. *Papa, papa;* wonderful indeed!

In our own country, too, *Swarmery* has played a great part for many years past; and especially is now playing, in these very days and months. Our accepted axioms about "Liberty," "Constitutional Government," "Reform," and the like objects, are of truly wonderful texture: venerable by antiquity, many of them, and written in all manner of Canonical Books; or else, the newer part of them, celestially clear as perfect unanimity of all tongues, and *Vox populi vox Dei*, can make them: axioms confessed, or even inspirations and gospel verities, to the general mind of man. To the mind of here and there a man it begins to be suspected that perhaps they are only conditionally true; that taken unconditionally, or under changed

conditions, they are not true, but false and even disastrously and fatally so. Ask yourself about "Liberty," for example; what you do really mean by it, what in any just and rational soul is that Divine quality of liberty? That a good man be "free," as we call it, be permitted to unfold himself in works of goodness and nobleness, is surely a blessing to him, immense and indispensable;—to him and to those about him. But that a bad man be "free,"—permitted to unfold himself *in his* particular way, is contrariwise the fatalest curse you could inflict on him; curse and nothing else, to him and all his neighbours. Him the very Heavens call upon you to persuade, to urge, induce, compel, into something of well-doing; if you absolutely cannot, if he will continue in ill-doing,—then for him (I can assure you, though you will be shocked to hear it), the one "blessing" left is the speediest gallows you can lead him to. Speediest, that at least his ill-doing may cease *quam primum*. Oh, my friends, whither are you buzzing and swarming, in this extremely absurd manner? Expecting a Millennium from "extension of the suffrage," laterally, vertically, or in whatever way?

All the Millenniums I ever heard of heretofore were to be preceded by a "chaining of the Devil for a thousand years,"—laying *htm* up, tied neck and heels, and put beyond stirring, as the preliminary. You too have been taking preliminary steps, with more and more ardour, for a thirty years back; but they seem to be all in the opposite direction: a cutting asunder of straps and ties, wherever you might find them; pretty indiscriminate of choice in the matter: a general repeal of old regulations, fetters and restrictions (restrictions on the Devil originally, I believe, for most part, but now fallen slack and ineffectual), which had become unpleasant to many of you,—with loud shouting from the multitude, as strap after strap was cut, "Glory, glory, another strap is gone!"—this, I think, has mainly been the sublime legislative industry of Parliament since it became "Reform Parliament;" victoriously successful, and thought sublime and beneficent by some. So that now hardly any limb of the Devil has a thrum or tatter of rope or leather left upon it:—there needs almost superhuman heroism in you to "whip" a garotter; no Fenian taken with the reddest hand is to be meddled **with, under penalties**; hardly a murderer,

never so detestable and hideous, but you find him "insane," and board him at the public expense,—a very peculiar *British* Prytaneum of these days ! And in fact, THE DEVIL (he, verily, if you will consider the sense of words) is likewise become an Emancipated Gentleman; lithe of limb, as in Adam and Eve's time, and scarcely a toe or finger of him *tied* any more. And you, my astonishing friends, *you* are certainly getting into a millennium, such as never was before,—hardly even in the dreams of Bedlam. Better luck to you by the way, my poor friends ;—a little less of buzzing, humming, *swarming* (i.e. tumbling in infinite noise and darkness), that you might try to look a little, each for himself, what kind of "way" it is !

But indeed your "Reform" movement, from of old, has been wonderful to me ; everybody meaning by it, not 'Reformation,' practical amendment of his own foul courses, or even of his neighbour's, which is always much welcomer; no thought of that whatever, though that, you would say, is the one thing to be thought of and aimed at;—but meaning simply "Extension of the Suffrage." Bring in more voting ; that will clear away the universal rottenness, and quagmire of mendacities, in which poor England is drowning; let England only vote sufficiently, and all is clean and sweet again. A very singular *swarmery* this of the Reform movement, I must say.

III.

Inexpressibly delirious seems to me, at present in my solitude, the puddle of Parliament and Public upon what it calls the "Reform Measure," that is to say, The calling in of new supplies of blockheadism, gullibility, bribeability, amenability to beer and balderdash, by way of amending the woes we have had from our previous supplies of that bad article. The intellect of a man who believes in the possibility of "improvement" by such a method is to me a finished-off and shut-up intellect, with which I would not argue ; mere waste of wind between us to exchange words on that class of topics. It is not Thought, this which my reforming brother utters to me with such emphasis and eloquence ; it is mere 'reflex and reverberation,' repetition of what he has always heard others imagining to think, and repeating as orthodox, indisputable, and the gospel of our salvation in this world. Does not all

Nature groan everywhere, and he in bondage, till you give it a Parliament? Is one a man at all unless one have a suffrage to Parliament? These are axioms admitted by all English creatures for the last two hundred years. If you have the misfortune not to believe in them at all, but to believe the contrary for a long time past, the inferences and inspirations drawn from them, and the '*swarmeries*' and enthusiasms of mankind thereon, will seem to you not a little marvellous!—

Meanwhile the *good* that lies in this delirious "new Reform Measure,"—as there lies something of good in almost everything,—is perhaps not inconsiderable. It accelerates notably what I have long looked upon as inevitable;—pushes us at once into the Niagara Rapids: irresistibly propelled, with ever-increasing velocity, we shall now arrive; who knows how *soon*! For a generation past, it has been growing more and more evident that there was only this issue; but now the issue itself has become imminent, the distance of it to be guessed by years. Traitorous Politicians, grasping at votes, even votes from the rabble, have brought it on;—one cannot but consider them traitorous; and for one's own poor share, would rather have been shot than been concerned in it. And yet, after all my silent indignation and disgust, I cannot pretend to be clearly sorry that such a consummation is expedited. I say to myself, "Well, perhaps the sooner such a mass of hypocrisies, universal mismanagements and brutal platitudes and infidelities *ends*,—if not in some improvement, then in death and finis,—may it not be the better? The sum of our sins, increasing steadily day by day, will at least be less, the sooner the settlement is!" Nay have not I a kind of secret satisfaction, of the malicious or even of the judiciary kind (*scha-denfreude*, 'mischief-joy,' the Germans call it, but really it is *justice-joy* withal), that he they call "Dizzy" is to do it; that other jugglers, of an unconscious and deeper type, having sold their poor Mother's body for a mess of Official Pottage, this clever conscious juggler steps in, "Soft you, my honourable friends; I will weigh-out the corpse of your Mother (mother of mine she never was, but only stepmother and milk-cow);—and you sha'n't have the pottage: not yours, you observe, but mine!" This really is a pleasing trait of its sort. Other

traits there are abundantly ludicrous, but they are too lugubrious to be even momentarily pleasant. A superlative Hebrew Conjuror, spell-binding all the great Lords, great Parties, great Interests of England, to his hand in this manner, and leading them by the nose, like helpless mesmerised somnambulant cattle, to such issue,—did the world ever see a *fiebile ludibrium* of such magnitude before? Lath-sword and Scissors of Destiny; Pickleherring and the Three *Parcæ* alike busy in it. This too, I suppose, we had deserved. The end of our poor Old England (such an England as we had at last made of it) to be not a tearful Tragedy, but an ignominious Farce as well!—

Perhaps the consummation may be now nearer than is thought. It seems to me sometimes as if everybody had privately now given-up serious notion of resisting it. Beales and his ragamuffins pull down the railings of Her Majesty's Park, when Her Majesty refuses admittance; Home-Secretary Walpole (representing England's Majesty) listens to a Colonel Dickson talking of "barricades," "improvised pikes," &c.; does *not* order him to be conducted, and if necessary to be kicked, down stairs, with injunction never to return, in case of worse; and when Beales says, "I will see that the Queen's Peace is kept," Queen (by her Walpole) answers, "Will you, then, God bless *you*!" and bursts into tears. Those 'tears' are certainly an epoch in England; nothing seen, or dreamt of, like them in the History of poor England till now.

In the same direction we have also our remarkable "Jamaica Committee;" and a Lord Chief Justice 'speaking six hours' (with such "eloquence," such &c. &c. as takes with ravishment the general Editorial ear, Penny and Threepenny), to prove that there is no such thing, nor ever was, as Martial Law;—and that any governor, commanded soldier, or official person, putting down the frightfulest Mob-insurrection, Black or White, shall do it with the rope round *his* neck, by way of encouragement to him. Nobody answers this remarkable Lord Chief Justice, "Lordship, if you were to speak for six hundred years, instead of six hours, you would only prove the more to us that, unwritten if you will, but real and fundamental, anterior to all written laws and first making written laws *possible*, there must have been, and is, and will be, coeval with

Human Society, from its first beginnings to its ultimate end, an actual *Martial Law*, of more validity than any other law whatever. Lordship, if there is no written law that three and three shall be six, do you wonder at the Statute-Book for that omission? You may shut those eloquent lips, and go home to dinner. May your shadow never be less; greater it perhaps has little chance of being."

Truly one knows not whether less to venerate the Majesty's Ministers, who, instead of rewarding their Governor Eyre, throw him out of window to a small loud group, small as now appears, and nothing but a group or knot of rabid Nigger-Philanthropists, barking furiously in the gutter, and threatening one's Reform Bill with loss of certain friends and votes (which could not save it, either, the dear object),—or that other unvenerable Majesty's Ministry, which, on Beales's generous undertaking for the Peace of an afflicted Queen's Majesty, bursts into tears.

Memorable considerably, and altogether new in our History, are both those ministerial feats; and both point significantly the same way. The perceptible, but as yet unacknowledged truth is, people are getting dimly sensible that our Social Affairs and Arrangements, all but the money-safe, are pretty universally a Falsehood, an elaborate old-established Hypocrisy, which is even serving its own poor private purpose ill, and is openly mismanaging every public purpose or interest, to a shameful and indefensible extent. For such a Hypocrisy, in any detail of it (except the money-safe), nobody, official or other, is willing to risk his skin; but cautiously looks round whether there is no postern to retire by, and retires accordingly,—leaving any mob-leader, Beales, John of Leyden, Walter the Penniless, or other impotent enough loud individual, with his tail of loud Roughs, to work their own sweet will. Safer to humour the mob than repress them, with the rope about *your* neck. Everybody sees this official slinking-off, has a secret fellow-feeling with it; nobody admires it; but the spoken disapproval is languid, and generally from the teeth outwards. "Has not everybody been very good to you?" say the highest Editors, in these current days, admonishing and soothing-down Beales and his Roughs.

So that, if loud mobs, supported by one or two Eloquences

in the House, choose to proclaim, some day, with vociferation, as some day they will, " Enough of kingship, and its grimacings and futilities ! Is it not a Hypocrisy and Humbug, as you yourselves well know ? We demand to become *Commonwealth of England*; that will perhaps be better, worse it cannot be!" —in such case, how much of available resistance does the reader think would ensue ? From official persons, with the rope round their neck, should you expect a great amount ? I do not; or that resistance to the death would anywhere, ' within these walls' or without, be the prevailing phenomenon.

For we are a people drowned in Hypocrisy; saturated with it to the bone :—alas, it is even so, in spite of far other intentions at one time, and of a languid, dumb, but ineradicable inward protest against it still.—and we are beginning to be universally conscious of that horrible condition, and by no means disposed to die in behalf of continuing it ! It has lasted long, that unblest process ; process of ' lying to steep in the Devil's Pickle,' for above two hundred years (I date the formal beginning of it from the year 1660, and desperate *return* of Sacred Majesty after such an ousting as it had got); process which appears to be now about complete. Who could regret the finis of such a thing ; finis on any terms whatever ! Possibly it will not be death eternal, possibly only death temporal, death temporary.

My neighbours, by the million against one, all expect that it will almost certainly be New-birth, a Saturnian time, with gold nuggets themselves more plentiful than ever. As for us, we will say, Rejoice in the *awakening* of poor England even on these terms. To lie torpid, sluttishly gurgling and mumbling, spiritually in soak 'in the Devil's Pickle' (choicest elixir the Devil brews,—is not unconscious or half-conscious *Hypocrisy*, and quiet *Make-believe* of yourself and others strictly that ?) for above two hundred years: that was the infinitely dismal condition, all others are but finitely so.

IV.

Practically the worthiest inquiry, in regard to all this, would be : " What are probably the steps towards consummation all this will now take; what are, in main **features**, the issues it will arrive **at**, on unexpectedly (with immense **sur-**

prise to the most) *shooting* Niagara, to the bottom? And above all, what are the possibilities, resources, impediments, conceivable methods and attemptings of its ever getting out again?" Darker subject of Prophecy can be laid before no man; and to be candid with myself, up to this date I have never seriously meditated it, far less grappled with it as a Problem in any sort practical. Let me avoid branch *first* of this inquiry altogether. If 'immortal smash,' and shooting of the Falls, be the one issue ahead, our and the reformed Parliament's procedures and adventures in arriving there are not worth conjecturing, in comparison!—And yet the inquiry means withal, both branches of it mean, "What are the duties of good citizens in it, now and onwards?" Meditated it must be, and light sought on it, however hard or impossible to find! It is not always the part of the infinitesimally small minority of wise men and good citizens to sit silent; idle they should never sit.

Supposing the *Commonwealth* established, and Democracy rampant, as in America, or in France by fits for 70 odd years past,—it is a favourable fact that our Aristocracy, in their essential height of position, and capability (or possibility) of doing good, are not at once likely to be interfered with; that they will be continued farther on their trial, and only the question somewhat more stringently put to them, "What *are* you good for, then? Show us, show us; or else disappear!" I regard this as potentially a great benefit;—springing from what seems a mad enough phenomenon, the fervid zeal in *behalf* of this "new Reform Bill" and all kindred objects, which is manifested by the better kind of our young Lords and Honourables; a thing very curious to me. Somewhat resembling that bet of the impetuous Irish carpenter, astride of his plank firmly stuck out of window in the sixth story, "Two to one, I *can* saw this plank in so many minutes;" and sawing accordingly, fiercely impetuous,—with success! But from the maddest thing, as we said, there usually may come some particle of good withal (if any poor particle of *good* did lie in it, waiting to be disengaged!)—and this is a signal instance of that kind. Our Aristocracy are not hated or disliked by any Class of the People, but on the contrary are looked up to,—

with a certain vulgarly human admiration, and spontaneous recognition of their good qualities and good fortune, which is by no means wholly envious or wholly servile,—by all classes, lower and lowest class included. And indeed, in spite of lamentable exceptions too visible all round, my vote would still be, That from *Plebs* to *Princess*, there was still no Class among us intrinsically so valuable and recommendable.

What the possibilities of our Aristocracy might still be? this is a question I have often asked myself. Surely their possibilities might still be considerable; though I confess they lie in a most abstruse, and as yet quite uninvestigated condition. But a body of brave men, and of beautiful polite women, furnished *gratis* as they are,—some of them (as my Lord Derby, I am told, in a few years will be) with not far from two-thirds of a million sterling annually,—ought to be good for something, in a society mostly fallen vulgar and chaotic like ours! More than once I have been affected with a deep sorrow and respect for noble souls among them, and their high stoicism, and silent resignation to a kind of life which they individually could not alter, and saw to be so empty and paltry; life of giving and receiving Hospitalities in a gracefully splendid manner. "This, then" (such mute soliloquy I have read on some noble brow), "this, and something of Village-schools, of Consulting with the Parson, care of Peasant Cottages and Economies, is to be all our task in the world? Well, well; let us at least *do* this, in our most perfect way!"

In past years, I have sometimes thought what a thing it would be, could the Queen • in Council' (in Parliament or wherever it were) pick out some gallant-minded, stout, well-gifted Cadet,—younger Son of a Duke, of an Earl, of a Queen herself; younger Son doomed **now** to go mainly to the Devil, for absolute want of a career;—and say to him, "Young fellow, if there do lie **in** you potentialities of governing, of gradually guiding, leading **and** coercing to a **noble** goal, how sad is it they should be all lost! They are **the** grandest gifts **a mortal** can **have**; **and they are, of all, the most necessary to other mortals in this world.** See, I have scores on scores of 'Colonies,' all ungoverned, and nine-tenths of them full of jungles, boa-constrictors, rattlesnakes, Parliamentary Eloquentes, and Emancipated Niggers ripening towards nothing but destruc-

tion : one of these *you* shall have, you as Vice-King; on rational conditions, and *ad vitam aut culpam* it shall be yours (and perhaps your posterity's if worthy) : go you and buckle with it, in the name of Heaven ; and let us see what you will build it to!" To something how much better than the Parliamentary Eloquences are doing,—thinks the reader ? Good Heavens, these West-India Islands, some of them, appear to be the richest and most favoured spots on the Planet Earth. Jamaica is an angry subject, and I am shy to speak of it. Poor Dominica itself is described to me in a way to kindle a heroic young heart; look at Dominica for an instant.

Hemispherical, they say, or in the shape of an Inverted Washbowl; rim of it, first twenty miles of it all round, starting from the sea, is flat alluvium, the fruitfulest in Nature, fit for any noblest spice or product, but unwholesome except for Niggers held steadily to their work : ground then gradually rises, umbrageously rich throughout, becomes fit for coffee ; still rises, now bears oak woods, cereals, Indian corn, English wheat, and in this upper portion is salubrious and delightful for the European,—who might there spread and grow, according to the wisdom given him ; say only to a population of 100,000 adult men; well fit to defend their Island against all comers, and beneficently keep steady to their work a million of Niggers on the lower ranges. What a kingdom my poor Friedrich Wilhelm, followed by his Friednch, would have made of this Inverted Washbowl; clasped round and lovingly kissed and laved by the beautifullest seas in the world, and be-shone by the grandest sun and sky!

" Forever impossible," say you ; " contrary to all our notions, regulations and ways of proceeding or of thinking" ? Well, I daresay. And the state your regulations have it in, at present, is : Population of 100 white men (by no means of select type) ; unknown cipher of rattlesnakes, profligate Niggers and Mulattoes ; governed by a Piebald Parliament of Eleven (**head** Demosthenes there a Nigger Tinman),—and so exquisite a care of Being **and** of Well-being that **the** old Fortifications **have** become jungle-quarries (Tinman " at liberty to **tax himself**), **vigorous roots penetrating the old ashlar, dislocating it everywhere, with tropical effect; old cannon going quietly to honeycomb'** and oxide of iron, in the vigorous embrace of

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jungle : military force nil, police force next to nil : an Island capable of being taken by the crew of a man-of-war's boat. And indeed it was nearly lost, the other year, by an accidental collision of two Niggers on the street, and a concourse of other idle Niggers to see,—who would not go away again, but idly re-assembled with increased numbers on the morrow, and with ditto the next day ; assemblage pointing *ad infinitum* seemingly,—had not some charitable small French Governor, from his bit of Island within reach, sent over a Lieutenant and twenty soldiers, to extinguish the devouring absurdity, and order it home straightway to its bed. Which instantly saved this valuable Possession of ours, and left our Demosthenic Tinman and his Ten, with their liberty to tax themselves as heretofore. Is not " Self-government " a sublime thing, in Colonial Islands and some others ?—But to leave all this.

V.

I almost think, when once we have made the Niagara leap, the better kind of our Nobility, perhaps after experimenting, will more and more withdraw themselves from the Parliamentary, Oratorical or Political element ; leaving that to such Cleon the Tanner and Company as it rightfully belongs to ; and be far more chary of their speech than now. Speech issuing in no deed is hateful and contemptible :—how can a man have any nobleness who knows not that ? In God's name, let us find out what of noble and profitable we can *do* ; if it be nothing, let us at least keep silence, and bear gracefully our strange lot I—

The English Nobleman has still left in him, after such sorrowful erosions, something considerable of chivalry and magnanimity : polite he is, in the finest form ; politeness, modest, simple, veritable, ineradicable, dwells in him to the bone ; I incline to call him the politest kind of nobleman or man (especially his wife the politest and gracefulest kind of woman) you will find in any country. An immense endowment this, if you consider it well ! A very great and indispensable help to whatever other faculties of *kingship* a man may have. Indeed it springs from them all (its sources, every kingly faculty lying in you) ; and is as the beautiful natural skin, and visible sanction, index and outcome of them all. No king can rule without it ; none but potential kings can really have it. In **the**

cricle I what we call unbred or *Orson* form, all ' men of genius' have is but see what it avails some of them,—your Samuel Johnson, for instance,—in that crude form, who was so rich in it, too, in the crude way!

Withal it is perhaps a fortunate circumstance, that the population has no wild notions, no political enthusiasms of a " New Era" or the like. This, though in itself a dreary and ignoble item, in respect of the revolutionary Many, may nevertheless be for good, if the Few *shall* be really high and brave, as things roll on.

Certain it is, there is nothing but vulgarity in our People's expectations, resolutions or desires, in this Epoch. It is all a peaceable mouldering or tumbling down from mere rottenness and decay ; whether slowly mouldering or rapidly tumbling, there will be nothing found of real or true in the rubbish-heap, but a most true desire of making money easily, and of eating it pleasantly. A poor ideal for " reformers," sure enough. But it is the fruit of long antecedents, too; and from of old, our habits in regard to " reformation," or repairing what went wrong (as something is always doing), have been strangely didactic ! And to such length have we at last brought it, by our wilful, conscious, and now long-continued method of using *varnish*, instead of actual repair by honest *carpentry*, of what we all knew and saw to have gone undeniably wrong in our procedures and affairs! Method deliberately, steadily, and even solemnly continued, with much admiration of it from ourselves and others, as the best and only good one, for above two hundred years.

Ever since that *annus mirabilis* of 1660, when Oliver Cromwell's dead clay was hung on the gibbet, and a much easier " reign of Christ" under the divine gentleman called Charles II. was thought the fit thing, this has been our steady method: varnish, varnish; if a thing have grown so rotten that it yawns palpable, and is so inexpressibly ugly that the eyes of the very populace discern it and detest it,—bring out a new pot of varnish, with the requisite supply of putty ; and lay it on handsomely. Don't spare varnish; how well it will all look in a few days, if laid on well I Varnish alone is cheap and is safe ; avoid carpentering, chiselling, sawing and ham

mering on the old quiet House ;—dry-rot is in it, who knows how deep ; don't disturb the old beams and junctures • varnish, varnish, if you will be blessed by gods and men ! This is called the Constitutional System, Conservative System, and other fine names ; and this at last has its fruits,—such as we see. Mendacity hanging in the very air we breathe ; all men become, unconsciously or half or wholly consciously, *liars* to their own souls and to other men's ; grimacing, finessing, penphrasing, in continual hypocrisy of *word*, by way of varnish to continual past, present, future misperformance of *thing*:—clearly sincere about nothing whatever, except in silence, about the appetites of their own huge belly, and the readiest method of assuaging these. From a Population of that sunk kind, ardent only in pursuits that are low and in industries that are sensuous and *beaverish*, there is little peril of *human* enthusiasms, or revolutionary transports, such as occurred in 1789, for instance. A low-minded *pecus* all that ; essentially torpid and *ignavum*, on all that is high or nobly human in revolutions.

It is true there is in such a population, of itself, no *help* at all towards reconstruction of the wreck of your Niagara plunge ; of themselves they, with whatever cry of "liberty" in their mouths, are inexorably marked by Destiny as *slaves* ; and not even the immortal gods could make them free,—except by making them anew and on a different pattern. No help in them at all, to your model Aristocrat, or to any noble man or thing. But then likewise there is no hindrance, or a minimum of it ! Nothing there in *bar* of the noble Few, who we always trust will be born to us, generation after generation ; and on whom and whose living of a noble and valiantly cosmic life amid the worst impediments and hugest anarchies, the whole of our hope depends. Yes, on them only ! If amid the thickest welter of surrounding gluttony and baseness, and what must be reckoned bottomless anarchy from shore to shore, there be found no man, no small but invincible minority of men, capable of keeping themselves free from all that, and of living a heroically human life, while the millions round them are noisily living a mere beaversh or doglike one, then truly all hope is gone. But we always struggle to believe Not. Aristocracy by title, by fortune and position, who can doubt but there are still precious possibilities among the chosen of that class ? And

if that fail us, there is still, we hope, the unclassed Aristocracy by nature, not inconsiderable in numbers, and supreme in faculty, in wisdom, human talent, nobleness and courage, 'who derive their patent of nobility direct from Almighty God.' If indeed these also fail us, and are trodden out under the unanymous torrent of brutish hoofs and hobnails, and cannot vindicate themselves into clearness here and there, but at length cease even to try it,—then indeed it is all ended: national death, scandalous 'Copper-Captaincy' as of France, stern Russian Abolition and Erasure as of Poland; in one form or another, well deserved annihilation, and dismissal from God's universe, that and nothing else lies ahead for our once heroic England too.

How many of our Titular Aristocracy will prove real gold when thrown into the crucible? That is always a highly interesting question to me; and my answer, or guess, has still something considerable of hope lurking in it. But the question as to our Aristocracy by Patent from God the Maker, is infinitely interesting. How many of these, amid the ever-increasing bewilderments, and welter of impediments, will be able to develop themselves into something of Heroic Weil-doing by act and by word? How many of them will be drawn, pushed and seduced, their very docility and lovingness assisting, into the universal vulgar whirlpool of Parhamenteering, Newspapering, Novel-writing, Comte-Philosophy-ing, immortal Verse-writing, &c. &c. (if of *vocal* turn, as they mostly will be, for some time yet)? How many, by their too desperate resistance to the unanimous vulgar of a Public round them, will become spasmodic instead of strong; and will be overset, and trodden out, under the hoofs and hobnails above-said? Will there, in short, prove to be a recognisable small nucleus of Invincible ~~Applauding~~ ^{Fighting} for the Good Cause, in their various wisest ways, and never ceasing or slackening till they die? This is the question of questions, on which all turns; in the answer to this, could we give it clearly, as no man can, lies the oracle-response, "Life for you," "Death for you" 'Looking into this, there are fearful dubitations many. But considering what of Piety, the devoutest and the bravest yet known, there once was in England, **and how** extensively, in stupid, maundering and

degraded forms, it still lingers, one is inclined timidly to hope the best!

The *best*: for if this small Aristocratic nucleus can holdout and work, it is in the sure case to increase and increase; to become (as Oliver once termed it) "a company of poor men, who will spend all their blood rather." An openly belligerent company, capable at last of taking the biggest slave Nation by the beard, and saying to it, "Enough, ye slaves, and servants of the mud-gods; all this must cease! Our heart abhors all this; our soul is sick under it; God's curse is on us while this lasts. Behold, we will all die rather than that this last. Rather all die, we say;—what is your view of the corresponding alternative on your own part?" I see well it must at length come to battle; actual fighting, bloody wrestling, and a great deal of it: but were it unit against thousand, or against thousand-thousand, on the above terms, I know the issue, and have no fear about it. That also is an issue which has been often tried in Human History; and, 'while God lives'—(I hope the phrase is not yet obsolete, for the fact is eternal, though so many have forgotten it!)—said issue can or will fall only one way.

VI.

What we can expect this Aristocracy of Nature to do for us? They are of two kinds: the Speculative, speaking or vocal; and the Practical or industrial, whose function is silent. These are of brother quality; but they go very different roads: 'men of *genius*' they all emphatically are, the 'inspired Gift of God' lodged in each of them. They do infinitely concern the world and us; especially that first or speaking class,—provided God *have* 'touched their lips with his hallowed fire!' Supreme is the importance of these. They are our inspired speakers and seers, the light of the world; who are to deliver the world from its swarmeries, its superstitions (*political or other*);—priceless and indispensable to us that first Class!

Nevertheless it is not of these I mean to speak at present; the topic is far too wide, nor is the call to it so immediately pressing. These Sons of Wisdom, gifted to speak as with hallowed lips a real God's-message to us,—**I don't much expect they will be numerous, for a long while yet, nor even perhaps appear at all** in this time of swarmeries, **or** be disposed to speak

their message to such audience as there is. And if they did, I know well it is not from my advice, or any mortal's, that they could learn their feasible way of doing it. For a great while yet, most of them will fly off into "Literature," into what they call Art, Poetry and the like; and will mainly waste themselves in that inane region, — fallen so inane in our mad era. Alas, though born Sons of Wisdom, they are not exempt from all our 'Swanneries,' but only from the grosser kinds of them. This of "Art," "Poetry" and so forth, is a refined Swarmery; the most refined now going; and comes to us, in venerable form, from a distance of above a thousand years. And is still undoubtedly sanctioned, canonised and marked sacred, by the unanimous vote of cultivated persons to this hour. How stir such questions in the present limits? Or in fact, what chance is there that a guess of mine, in regard to what these born Sons of Wisdom in a yet unborn section of Time will say, or to how they will say it, should avail in the least my own contemporaries, much less them or theirs? Merely on a point or two I will hint what my poor wish is; and know well enough that it is the drawing a bow, not at a venture indeed, but into the almost utterly dark.

First, then, with regard to Art, Poetry and the like, which at present is esteemed the supreme of aims for vocal genius, I hope my literary *Atistos* will pause, and seriously make question before embarking on that; and perhaps will end, in spite of the Swarmenes abroad, by devoting his divine faculty to something far higher, far more vital to us. Poetry? It is not pleasant singing that we want, but wise and earnest speaking: — 'Art,' 'High Art' &c. are very fine and ornamental, but only to persons sitting at their ease: to persons still wrestling with deadly chaos, and still fighting for dubious existence, they are a mockery rather. Our *Aristos*, well meditating, will perhaps discover that the genuine 'Art' in all times is a higher synonym for God Almighty's Facts,—which come to us direct from Heaven, but in so abstruse a condition, and cannot be read at all till the better intellect interpret them. That is the real function of our *Aristos* and of his divine gift. Let him think well of this ! He will find that all real 'Art' is definable as Fact, or say as the disimprisoned 'Soul of Fact'; that any other kind of Art, Poetry or High Art is quite idle in comparison.

The *Bible* itself has, in all changes of theory about it, this as its highest distinction, that it is the *truest* of all Books;—Book springing, every word of it, from the intensest convictions, from the very heart's core, of those who penned it. And has not that been a "successful" Book? Did all the Pater-noster-Rows of the world ever hear of one so "successful"! Homer's *Iliad*, too, that great Bundle of old Greek Ballads, is nothing of a *Fiction*; it is the *truest* a Patriotic Balladsinger, rapt into paroxysm and enthusiasm for the honour of his native Country and native Parish, could manage to sing. To 'sing,' you will observe; always sings,—pipe often rusty, at a loss for metre (flinging-in his γῆ, μῆν, θῆ); a rough, laborious, wallet-bearing man; but with his heart rightly on fire, when the audience goes with him, and 'hangs on him with greed' (as he says they often do). Homer's *Iliad* I almost reckon next to the *Bible*; so stubbornly sincere is it too, though in a far different element, and a far shallower.

"Fiction,"—my friend, you will be surprised to discover at last what alarming cousinship it has to *Lying*: don't go into "Fiction," you *Aristos*, nor concern yourself with "Fine Literature," or Coarse ditto, or the unspeakable glories and rewards of pleasing your generation; which you are not sent hither to *please*, first of all! In general, leave "Literature," the thing called "Literature" at present, to run through its rapid fermentations (how more and more rapid they are in these years!), and to fluff itself off into Nothing, in its own way,—like a poor bottle of soda-water with the cork sprung;—it won't be long. In our time it has become all the rage; highest noblemen and dignitaries courting a new still higher glory there; innumerable men, women and children rushing towards it, yearly ever more. It sat painfully in Grub Street, in hungry garrets, so long; some few heroic martyrs always serving in it, among such a miscellany of semi-fatuous worthless ditto, courting the bubble reputation in *worse* than the cannon's mouth; in general, a very flimsy, foolish set. But that little company of martyrs has at last lifted Literature furiously or foamingly high in the world. Goes like the Iceland geysers in our time,—like uncorked soda-water;—and will, as I said, soon have done. Only wait: in fifty years, I should guess, all really serious souls will have quitted that mad province, left it to the roaring populaces; and for any

Noble-man or useful person it will be a credit rather to declare, "I never tried Literature; believe me, I have not written anything;"—and we of "Literature" by trade, we shall sink again, I perceive, to the rank of street-fiddling; no higher rank, though with endless increase of sixpences flung into the hat. Of "Literature" keep well to windward, my serious friend!—

"But is not Shakspeare the highest genius?" Yes, of all the Intellects of Mankind that have taken the speaking shape, I incline to think him the most divinely gifted; clear, all-piercing like the sunlight, lovingly melodious; probably the noblest human Intellect in that kind. And yet of Shakspeare too, it is not the Fiction that I admire, but the Fact; to say truth, what I most of all admire are the traces he shows of a talent that could have turned the *History of England* into a kind of *Iliad*, almost perhaps into a kind of *Bible*. Manifest traces that way; something of *epic* in the cycle of hasty Fragments he has yielded us (slaving for his bread in the Bankside Theatre);—and what a work wouldn't that have been! Marlborough said, He knew no English History but what he had got from Shakspeare;—and truly that is still essentially the serious and sad fact for most of us; Fact thrice and four times lamentable, though Marlborough meant it lightly. Innumerable grave Books there are; but for none of us any real *History* of England, intelligible, profitable, or even conceivable in almost any section of it!

To write the History of England as a kind of BIBLE (or in parts and snatches, to *sing* it if you could), this were work for the highest Anstos or series of Aristoi in Sacred Literature (really a sacred kind, this); and to be candid, I discover hitherto no incipiences of this; and greatly desire that there were some! Some I do expect (too fondly perhaps, but they seem to me a *sine qua non*) from the Writing and Teaching Heroes that will yet be born to us. For England too (equally with any Judah whatsoever) has a History that is Divine; an Eternal Providence presiding over every step of it, now in sunshine and soft tones, now in thunder and storm, audible to millions of awe-struck valiant hearts in the ages that are gone; guiding England forward to *its* goal and work, which too has been highly considerable in the world! The "interpretation" of **all** which, in **the** present ages, has (what is **the root of all**

our woes) fallen into such a set of hands ! Interpretation scandalously ape-like, I must say; impious, blasphemous ;—totally incredible withal. Which Interpretation will have to become pious and human again, or else—or else vanish into the Bottomless Pit, and carry us and our England along with it ! This, some incipiences of this, I gradually expect from the Heroes that are coming. And in fact *this*, taken in full compass, is the one thing needed from them ; and all other things are but branches of this.

For example, I expect, as almost the first thing, new definitions of LIBERTY from them ; gradual extinction, slow but steady, of the stupid ' *swarmeries* ' of mankind on this matter, and at length a complete change of their notions on it. ' Superstition and idolatry,' sins real and grievous, sins ultimately ruinous, wherever found,—this is now our English, our Modern European form of them ; Political, not Theological now ! England, Modern Europe, will have to quit them or die. They are sins of a fatal slow-poisonous nature, not permitted in this Universe. The poison of them is not intellectual dimness chiefly, but torpid untruthfulness of heart : not mistake of road, but want of pious earnestness in seeking your road. Insincerity, unfaithfulness, impiety :—careless tumbling and buzzing about, in blind, noisy, pleasantly companionable ' *swarms*,' instead of solitary questioning of yourself and of the Silent Oracles, which is a sad, sore and painful duty, though a much incumbent one upon a man. The meaning of LIBERTY, what it veritably signifies in the speech of men and gods, will gradually begin to appear again ? Were that once got, the eye of England were *couched*; poor honest England would again *see*,—I will fancy with what horror and amazement,—the thing she had grown to in this interim of *swarmertes*. To show this poor well-meaning England, Whom it were desirable to furnish with a " *suffrage*," and Whom with a *dog-muzzle* (and plenty of fresh water on the streets), against rabidity in the hot weather :—what a work for our Hero speakers that are coming !—

I hope also they will attack earnestly, and at length extinguish and eradicate, this idle habit of " *accounting for the Moral Sense*," as they phrase it. A most singular problem :—instead of bending every thought to *have* more and ever more of " *Moral Sense*," and therewith to irradiate your own poor

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soul, and all its work, into something of divineness, as the one thing needful to you in this world ! A very futile problem that other, my friends ; futile, idle, and far worse ; leading to what Moral *Ruin* you little dream of ! The Moral Sense, thank God, is a thing you never will "account for;" that, if you could think of it, is the perennial Miracle of Man; in all times, visibly connecting poor transitory Man here on this bewildered Earth with his Maker, who is Eternal in the Heavens. By no Greatest Happiness Principle, Greatest Nobleness Principle, or any Principle whatever, will you make that in the least clearer than it already is ;—forbear, I say ; or you may *darken* it away from you altogether ! ' Two things,' says the memorable Kant, deepest and most logical of Metaphysical Thinkers, ' Two things strike me dumb: the infinite Starry Heaven ; and ' the Sense of Right and Wrong in Man.'³ *Visible* Infinities, both ; *say* nothing of them ; don't try to "account for them ;" for you can say nothing wise.

On the whole, I hope our Hero will, by heroic word, and heroic thought and *act*, make manifest to mankind that ' Reverence for God and for Man' is not yet extinct, but only fallen into disastrous comatose sleep, and hideously dreaming; that the ' Christian Religion itself is not dead,' that the soul of it is alive forevermore,—and only the dead and rotting *body* of it is now getting burial. The noblest of modern Intellects, by far the noblest we have had since Shakspeare left us, has said of this Religion : ' It is a Height to which the HUMAN SPECIES ' were fitted and destined to attain ; and from which, having ' once attained it, they can never retrograde.' Permanently, never. Never, *they* ;—though individual Nations of them fatally *can*; of which I hope poor England is not one ? Though, here as elsewhere, the *burial-process* does offer ghastly enough phenomena: Ritualisms, Puseyisms, Arches-Court Lawsuits, Cardinals of Westminster, &c. &c. ;—making night hideous ! For a time and times and half a time, as the old Prophets used to say.

³ ' Zwei Dinge erfüllen das Gemuth mit immer neuer und zunehmender ' Bewunderung und Ehrfurcht, je öfter und anhaltender sich das Nachden- ' ken daß es beschäfftigt: *der bestirnte Himmel über mir, und das moralische ' Gesetz in mir,*' . . . *ü. s. w.* Kant's *Sammtliche Werke* (Rosenkranz and Schubert's edition, Leipzig, 1838), viii. 312.

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One of my hoping friends, yet more sanguine than I fully dare to be, has these zealous or enthusiast words : ' A very ' great " work," surely, is going on in these days,—has been ' *begun*, and is silently proceeding, and cannot easily *stop*, under ' all the flying dungheaps of this new " Battle of the Giants" ' flinging their *Dung-Pelion* on their *Dung-Ossa*, in these bal ' lot-boxing, Nigger-emancipating, empty, dirt-eclipsed days ' —no less a " work" than that of restoring GOD and whatever ' was Godlike in the traditions and recorded doings of Man ' kind ; dolefully forgotten, or sham-remembered, as it has been, ' for long degraded and degrading hundreds of years, latterly! ' Actually this, if you understand it well. The essential, still ' awful and ever-blessed Fact of all that was meant by " God ' and the Godlike" to men's souls is again struggling to become ' clearly revealed; will extricate itself from what some of us, too ' irreverently in our impatience, call "Hebrew old - clothes ;" ' and will again bless the Nations ; and heal them from their ' basenesses, and unendurable woes, and wanderings in the ' company of madness ! This Fact lodges, not exclusively or ' specially in Hebrew Garnitures, Old or New; but in the Heart ' of Nature and of Man forevermore. And is not less certain, ' here at this hour, than it ever was at any Sinai whatsoever. ' Kant's " Two things that strike me *dumb*"—these are per- ' ceptible at Konigsberg in Prussia, or at Charing-cross in Lon- ' don. And all eyes shall yet see them *better*; and the heroic ' Few, who are the salt of the earth, shall at length see them ' *well*. With results for everybody. A great " work" indeed ; ' the greatness of which beggars all others !

VII.

Of the second, or silent Industrial Hero, I may now say something, as more within my limits and the reader's.

This Industrial hero, here and there recognisable and known to me, as developing himself, and as an opulent and dignified kind of man, is already almost an Aristocrat by class. And if his chivalry is still somewhat in the *Orson* form, he is already by intermarriage and otherwise coming into contact with the Aristocracy by title ; and by degrees will acquire the fit *Valentinism*, and other more important advantages there. He cannot do better than unite with this naturally noble kind of Aristocrat

by title ; the Industrial noble and this one are brothers born ; called and impelled to cooperate and go together. Their united result is what we want from both. And the Noble of the Future,—if there be any such, as I well discern there must,—will have grown out of both. A new " Valentine ;" and perhaps a considerably improved,—by such recontact with his wild Orson kinsman, and with the earnest veracities this latter has learned in the Woods and the Dens of Bears.

The Practical ' man of genius' will probably *not* be altogether absent from the Reformed Parliament:—his *Make-believe*, the vulgar millionaire (truly a " bloated" specimen, this!) is sure to be frequent there; and along with the multitude of *brass* guineas, it will be very salutary to have a *gold* one or two ! — In or out of Parliament, our Practical hero will find no end of work ready for him. It is he that has to recivilise, out of its now utter savagery, the world of Industry ;—think what a set of items : To change *nomadic* contract into *permanent*; to annihilate the soot and dirt and squalid horror now defacing this England, once so clean and comely while it was poor ; matters sanitary (and that not to the *body* only) for his people, matters governmental for them; matters &c. &c.:—no want of work for this Hero, through a great many generations yet!

And indeed Reformed Parliament itself, with or without his presence, will, you would suppose, have to start at once upon the Industrial question and go quite deep into it. That of Trades Union, in quest of its " Four eights,"⁴ with assassin pistol in its hand, will at once urge itself on Reformed Parliament : and Reformed Parliament will give us Blue Books upon it, if nothing farther. Nay, almost still more urgent, and what ' could reckon,—as touching on our Ark of the Covenant, on sacred " Free Trade" itself,—to be the preliminary of all, there is the immense and universal question of *Cheap and Nasty*. Let me explain it a little.

" Cheap and nasty;" there is a pregnancy in that poor vulgar proverb, which I wish we better saw and valued! It is the rude indignant protest of human nature against a mischief which, in all times and places, haunts it or lies near it, and

⁴ "Eight hours to work, eight hours to play,
Eight hours to sleep, and eight shillings a day !"
Reformed Workman's Pusgah Song

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which never in any time or place was so like utterly overwhelming it as here and now. Understand, if you will consider it, that no good man did, or ever should, encourage "cheapness" at the ruinous expense of *unfitness*, which is always infidelity, and is dishonourable to a man. If I want an article, let it be genuine, at whatever price ; if the price is too high for me, I will go without it, unequipped with it for the present,—I shall not have equipped myself with a hypocrisy, at any rate ! This, if you will reflect, is primarily the rule of all purchasing and all producing men. They are not permitted to encourage, patronise, or in any form countenance the working, wearing or acting of Hypocrisies in this world. On the contrary, they are to hate all such with a perfect hatred ; to do their best in extinguishing them as the poison of mankind. This is the temper for purchasers of work : how much more for that of doers and producers of it I Work, every one of you, like the Demiurgus or Eternal World-builder ; work, none of you, like the Diabolus or Denier and Destroyer,—under penalties I

And now, if this is the fact, that you are not to purchase, to make or to vend any ware or product of the "cheap and nasty" genus, and cannot in any case do it without sin, and even treason against the Maker of you,—consider what a *quantity* of sin, of treason, petty and high, must be accumulating in poor England every day ! It is certain as the National Debt; and what are all National money Debts, in comparison I Do you know the shop, saleshop, workshop, industrial establishment temporal or spiritual, in broad England, where genuine work is to be had ? I confess I hardly do ; the more is my sorrow ! For a whole Pandora's Box of evils lies in that one fact, my friend ; that one is enough for us, and may be taken as the sad summary of all. Universal *shoddy* and Devil's-dust cunningly varnished over ; that is what you will find presented you in all places, as ware invitingly cheap, if your experience is like mine. Yes ; if Free Trade is the new religion, and if Free Trade do mean Free racing with unlimited velocity in the career of *Cheap and Nasty*,—our Practical hero will be not a little anxious to deal with that question. Infinitely anxious to see how "Free Trade," with such a devil in the belly of it, is to be got *tied* again a little, and forbidden to make a very brute of itself at his rate !

Take one small example only. London bricks are reduced to dry clay again in the course of sixty years, or sooner. *Bricks*, burn them rightly, build them faithfully, with mortar faithfully tempered, they will stand, I believe, barring earthquakes and cannon, for 6,000 years if you like ! Etruscan Pottery (*baked clay*, but rightly baked) is some 3,000 years of age, and still fresh as an infant. Nothing I know of is more lasting than a well-made brick ;—we have them here, at the head of this Garden (wall once of a Manor Park), which are in their third or fourth century (Henry Eighth's time, I was told), and still perfect in every particular.

Truly the state of London houses and London housebuilding, at this time, who shall express how detestable it is, how frightful! "Not a house this of mine," said one indignant gentleman, who had searched the London Environs all around for any bit of Villa, "Alpha"-cottage or Omega, which were less inhuman, but found none : "Not a built house, but a congeries of plastered bandboxes ; shambling askew in all joints and corners of it ; creaking, quaking under every step ;—filling you with disgust and despair !" For there lies in it not the Physical mischief only, but the Moral too, which is far more. I have often sadly thought of this. That a fresh human soul should be born in such a place ; born in the midst of a concrete mendacity ; taught at every moment not to abhor a lie, but to think a lie all proper, the fixed custom and general law of man, and to twine its young affections round that sort of object!

England needs to be *rebuilt ones* every seventy years. Build it once *rightly*, the expense will be, say fifty per cent more; but it will stand till the Day of Judgment. Every seventy years we shall save the expense of building all England over again ! Say nine-tenths of the expense, say three-fourths of it (allowing for the changes necessary or permissible in the change of things); and in rigorous arithmetic, such is the saving possible to you ; lying under your nose there; soliciting you to pick it up,—by the mere act of behaving like sons of Adam, and not like scandalous esurient Phantasms and sons of Bel and the Dragon.

Here is a thrift of money, if you want money ! The money-saving would (you can compute in what short length of time)

pay your National Debt for you ; bridge the ocean for you ; wipe away your smoky nuisances, your muddy ditto, your miscellaneous ditto, and make the face of England clean again;—and all this I reckon as mere zero in comparison with the accompanying improvement to your poor souls,—now dead in trespasses and sins, drowned in beer-butts, wine-butts, in gluttonies, slaveries, quackeries, but recalled *then* to blessed life again, and the sight of Heaven and Earth, instead of Payday, and Meux and Co.'s Entire. Oh, my bewildered Brothers, what foul infernal Circe has come over you, and changed you from men once really rather noble of their kind, into beavers, into hogs and asses, and beasts of the field or the slum ! I declare I had rather die. . . .

One hears sometimes of religious controversies running very high ; about faith, works, grace, preventient grace, the Arches Court and *Essays and Reviews*;—into none of which do I enter, or concern myself with your entering. One thing I will remind you of, That the essence and outcome of all religions, creeds and liturgies whatsoever is, To do one's work in a faithful manner. Unhappy caitiff, what to you is the use of orthodoxy, if with every stroke of your hammer you are breaking all the Ten Commandments,—operating upon Devil's-dust, and, with constant invocation of the Devil, endeavouring to reap where you have not sown ?—

Truly, I think our Practical Anstos will address himself to this sad question, almost as the primary one of all. It is impossible that an Industry, national or personal, carried on under ' constant invocation of the Devil,' can be a blessed or happy one in any fibre or detail of it ! Steadily, in every fibre of it, from heart to skin, that is and remains an Industry accursed; nothing but bewilderment, contention, misery, mutual rage, and continually advancing ruin, *can* dwell there. *Cheap and Nasty* is not found on shop-counters alone; but goes down to the centre,—or indeed springs from it. Overend-Gurney Bankruptcies, Chatham-and-Dover Railway Fmancierings,—Railway " Promoters" generally, (and no oakum or beating of hemp to give them, instead of that nefarious and pernicious industry) ;—Sheffield Sawgrinders and Assassination Company ; " Four eights," and workman's Pisgah Song : all these **are** diabolic

short-cuts towards wages; clutchings at money without just work done ; all these are *Cheap and Nasty* in another form. The glory of a workman, still more of a master-workman, That he does his work well, ought to be his most precious possession; like "the honour of a soldier," dearer to him than life. That is the ideal of the matter :—lying, alas, how far away from us at present! But if you yourself *demoralise* your soldier, and teach him continually to invoke the Evil Genius and to dishonour himself,—what do you expect your big Army will grow to ?—

"The *prestige* of England on the Continent," I am told, is much decayed of late ; which is a lamentable thing to various Editors ; to me not. ' *Prestige, præstigiū*, magical illusion,'—I never understood that poor England had in her good days, or cared to have, any "*prestige* on the Continent" or elsewhere ; England was wont to follow her own affairs in a diligent heavy-laden frame of mind, and had an almost perfect stoicism as to what the Continent, and its extraneous ill-informed populations might be thinking of her. Nor is it yet of the least real importance what '*prestiges*, magical illusions,' as to England, foolish neighbours may take up ; important only one thing, What England *is*. The account of that in Heaven's Chancery, I doubt, is very bad: but as to "*prestige*," I hope the heart of the poor Country would still say, "Away with your *prestige* ; that won't help me or hinder me! The word was Napoleonic, expressive enough of a Grand-Napoleonic fact: better leave it on its own side of the Channel; not wanted here!"

Nevertheless, unexpectedly, I have myself something to tell you about English *prestige*. "In my young time," said lately to me one of the wisest and faithfulest German Friends I ever had, a correct observer, and much a lover both of his own country and of mine, "In my boyhood" (that is, some fifty years ago, in Wurzburg country, and Central Germany), "when you were going to a shop to purchase, wise people would advise you: 'If you can find an English article of the sort wanted, buy that; it will be a few pence dearer ; but it will prove itself a well-made, faithful and skilful thing; a comfortable servant and friend to you for a long time; better buy

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" that.' And now," continued he, "directly the reverse is the advice given: 'If you find an English article, don't buy that; that will be a few pence cheaper, but it will prove only a more cunningly devised mendacity than any of the others; avoid that above all.' Both were good advices; the former fifty years ago was a good advice; the latter is now." Would to Heaven this were a *præstigium* or magical illusion only!—

But to return to our Aristocracy by title.

VIII.

Orsonism is not what will hinder our Aristocracy from still reigning, still, or much farther than now,—to the very utmost limit of their capabilities and opportunities, in the new times that come. What are these *opportunities*,—granting the capability to be (as I believe) very considerable if seriously exerted?—This is a question of the highest interest just now.

In their own Domains and land territories, it is evident each of them can still, for certain years and decades, be a complete king; and may, if he strenuously try, mould and manage everything, till both his people and his dominion correspond gradually to the ideal he has formed. Refractory subjects he has the means of *banishing*; the relations between all classes, from the biggest farmer to the poorest orphan ploughboy, are under his control; nothing ugly or unjust or improper, but he could by degrees undertake steady war against, and manfully subdue or extirpate. Till all his Domain were, through every field and homestead of it, and were maintained in continuing and being, manlike, decorous, fit; comely to the eye and to the soul of whoever wisely looked on it, or honestly lived in it. This is a beautiful ideal; which might be carried out on all sides to indefinite lengths, not in management of land only, but in thousandfold countenancing, protecting and encouraging of human worth, and discountenancing and sternly repressing the want of ditto, wherever met with among surrounding mankind. Till the whole surroundings of a nobleman were made noble like himself: and all men should recognise that here verily was a bit of kingdom ruling "by the Grace of God," in difficult circumstances, but *not* in vain.

This were a way, if this were commonly adopted, of by de-

grees reinstating Aristocracy in all the privileges, authorities, reverences and honours it ever had in its palmiest times, under any Kaiser Barbarossa, Henry Fowler (*Heinrich der Vogler*), Henry Fine-Scholar (*Beau-clerc*), or Wilhelmus Bastardus the Acquirer: this would be divine; blessed is every individual that shall manfully, all his life, solitary or in fellowship, address himself to this ! But, alas, this is an ideal, and I have practically little faith in it. Discerning well *how few* would seriously adopt this as a trade in life, I can only say, "Blessed is every one that does !"—Readers can observe that only zealous aspirants to *be* 'noble' and worthy of their title (who are not a numerous class) could adopt this trade; and that of these few, only the fewest, or the actually *noble*, could to much effect do it when adopted. 'Management of one's land on this principle,' yes, in some degree this might be possible : but as to 'fostering merit' or human worth, the question would arise (as it did with a late Noble Lord still in wide enough esteem),⁵ "What is merit? The opinion one man entertains of another !" [*'ear, hear'*] By *this* plan of diligence in promoting human worth, you would do little to redress our griefs ; this plan would be a quenching of the fire by oil: a dreadful plan ! In fact, this is what you may see everywhere going on just now ; this is what has reduced us to the pass we are at !—To recognise merit, you must first yourself have it; to recognise false merit, and crown it as true, because a long tail runs after it. is the saddest operation under the sun ; and it is one you have only to open your eyes and see every day. Alas, no: Ideals won't carry many people far. To have an Ideal generally done, it must be compelled by the vulgar appetite there is to do it, by indisputable advantage seen in doing it.

And yet, in such an independent position; acknowledged king of one's own territories, well withdrawn from the raging inanities of "politics," leaving the loud rabble and their spokesmen to consummate all that in their own sweet way, and make Anarchy again horrible, and Government or real Kingship the thing desirable,—one fancies there might be actual scope for a king'y soul to aim at unfolding itself, at imprinting itself in all manner of beneficent arrangements and improvements of things around it.

⁵Lord Palmerston, in debate on Civil-Service Examination Proposal

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Schools, for example, schooling and training of *its* young subjects in the way that they should go, and in the things that they should do: what a boundless outlook that of schools, and of improvement in school methods and school purposes, which in these ages lie hitherto all superannuated and to a frightful degree inapplicable! Our schools go all upon the *vocal* hitherto; no clear aim in them but to teach the young creature how he is to *speak*, to utter himself by tongue and pen;—which, supposing him even to *have something to utter*, as he so very rarely has, is by no means the thing he specially wants in our times. How he is to work, to behave and do; that is the question for him, which he seeks the answer of in schools;—in schools, having now so little chance of it elsewhere. In other times, many or most of his neighbours round him, his superiors over him, if he looked well and could take example, and learn by what he saw, were in use to yield him very much of answer to this vitallest of questions: but now they do not, or do it fatally the reverse way! Talent of speaking grows daily commoner among one's neighbours; amounts already to a weariness and a nuisance, so barren is it of great benefit, and liable to be of great hurt: but the talent of right conduct, of wise and useful behaviour seems to grow rarer every day, and is nowhere taught in the streets and thoroughfares any more. Right schools were never more desirable than now. Nor ever more unattainable, by public clamoring and jargoning, than now. Only the wise Ruler (acknowledged king in his own territories), taking counsel with the wise, and earnestly pushing and endeavouring all his days, might do something in it. It is true, I suppose him to be capable of recognising and searching out 'the *wise** who are apt *not to* be found on the high roads at present, or only to be transiently passing there, with closed lips, swift step, and possibly a gnmish aspect of countenance, among the crowd of loquacious *sham-wise*. To be capable of actually recognising and discerning these; and that is no small postulate (how great a one I know well):—in fact, unless our Noble by rank be a Noble by nature, little or no success is possible to us by him.

But granting this great postulate, what a field in the *Non-vocal* School department, such as was not dreamt of before! *Non-vocal*; presided over by whatever of Pious Wisdom this King could eliminate from all corners of the impious world;

and could consecrate with means and appliances for making the new generation, by degrees, less impious. Tragical to think of: Every new generation is born to us direct out of Heaven; white as purest writing-paper, white as snow;—everything we please can be written on it;—and our pleasure and our negligence is, To begin blotching it, scrawling, smutching and smearing it, from the first day it sees the sun; towards such a consummation of ugliness, dirt and blackness of darkness, as is too often visible. Woe on us; there is no woe like this,—if we were not sunk in stupefaction, and had still eyes to discern or souls to feel it! —Goethe has shadowed out a glorious farglancing specimen of that Non-vocal, or very partially vocal kind of School. I myself remember to have seen an extremely small but highly useful and practicable little corner of one, actually on work at Glasnevin in Ireland about fifteen years ago; and have often thought of it since.

IX.

I always fancy there might much be done in the way of military Drill withal. Beyond all other schooling, and as supplement or even as succedaneum for all other, one often wishes the entire Population could be thoroughly drilled; into cooperative movement, into individual behaviour, correct, precise, and at once habitual and orderly as mathematics, in all or in very many points,—and ultimately in the point of *actual Military Service*, should such be required of it!

That of commanding and obeying, were there nothing more, is it not the basis of all human culture; ought not all to have it; and how many ever do? I often say, The one Official Person, royal, sacerdotal, scholastic, governmental, of our times, who is still thoroughly a truth and a reality, and *not* in great part a hypothesis and worn-out humbug, proposing and attempting a duty which he fails to do,—is the Drill-Sergeant who is master of his work, and who will perform it. By Drill-Sergeant understand, not the man in three stripes alone; understand him as meaning all such men, up to the Turenne, to the Friedrich of Prussia;—*he* does his function, he is genuine; and from the highest **to the** lowest no one else does. **Ask your poor King's Majesty, Captain-General of England, Defender of the Faith, and so much else; ask your poor Bishop, sacred**

Overseer of souls ; your poor Lawyer, sacred Dispenser of justice ; your poor Doctor, ditto of health : they will all answer, "Alas, no, worthy sir, we are all of us unfortunately fallen not a little, some of us altogether, into the imaginary or quasi-humbug condition, and cannot help ourselves ; he alone of the three stripes, or of the gorget and baton, *does* what he pretends to !" That is the melancholy fact ; well worth considering at present.—Nay, I often consider farther, If, in any Country, the Drill-Sergeant himself fall into the partly imaginary or humbug condition (as is my frightful apprehension of him here in England, on survey of him in his marvellous Crimean expeditions, marvellous Court-martial revelations, Newspaper controversies, and the like), what is to become of that Country and its thrice-miserable Drill-Sergeant ? Reformed Parliament, I hear, has decided on a "thorough Army reform," as one of the first things. So that we shall at length have a perfect Army, field-worthy and correct in all points, thinks Reformed Parliament ? Alas, yes ;—and if the sky fall, we shall catch larks, too!—

But now, what is to hinder the acknowledged King in all corners of his territory, to introduce wisely a universal system of Drill, not military only, but human in all kinds ; so that no child or man born in *his* territory might miss the benefit of it, —which would be immense to man, woman and child ? I would begin with it, in mild, soft forms, so soon almost as my children were able to stand on their legs ; and I would ne[^]er wholly remit it till they had done with the world and me. Poor Wilderspin knew something *of* this ; the great Goethe evidently knew a great deal ! This of outwardly combined and plainly consociated Discipline, in simultaneous movement and action, which may be practical, symbolical, artistic, mechanical in all degrees and modes,—is one of the noblest capabilities of man (most sadly undervalued hitherto) ; and one he takes **the** greatest pleasure in exercising and unfolding, not to mention at all **the** invaluable benefit it would afford him if unfolded. From **correct marching in line, to rhythmic dancing in cotillon or minuet,—and to infinitely higher degrees (that of symboling in concert your "first reverence," for instance, supposing reverence and symbol of it to be both sincere !)—there is a natural**

charm in it; the fulfilment of a deep-seated, universal desire, to all rhythmic social creatures ! In man's heaven-born Docility, or power of being Educated, it is estimable as perhaps the deepest and richest element; or the next to that of music, of Sensibility to Song, to Harmony and Number, which some have reckoned the deepest of all. A richer mine than any in California for poor human creatures ; richer by what a multiple ; and hitherto as good as never opened,—worked only for the Fighting purpose. Assuredly I would not neglect the Fighting purpose ; no, from sixteen to sixty, not a son of mine but should know the Soldier's function too, and be able to defend his native soil and self, in best perfection, when need came. But I should not begin with this ; I should carefully end with this, after careful travel in innumerable fruitful fields by the way leading to this.

It is strange to me, stupid creatures of routine as we mostly are, how in all education of mankind, this of simultaneous Drilling into combined rhythmic action, for almost all good purposes, has been overlooked and left neglected by the elaborate and many-sounding Pedagogues and Professorial Persons we have had, for the long centuries past ! It really should be set on foot a little; and developed gradually into the multi-form opulent results it holds for us. As might well be done, by an acknowledged king in his own territory, if he were wise. To all children of men it is such an entertainment, when you set them to it. I believe the vulgarest Cockney crowd, flung out millionfold on a Whit-Monday, with nothing but beer and dull folly to depend on for amusement, would at once kindle into something human, if you set them to do almost any regulated act in common. And would dismiss their beer and dull foolery, in the silent charm of rhythmic human companionship, in the practical feeling, probably new, that all of us are made on one pattern, and are, in an unfathomable way, brothers to one another.

Soldier-Drill, for fighting purposes, as I have said, would be the last or finishing touch of all these sorts of Drilling; and certainly the acknowledged king would reckon it not the least important to him, but even perhaps the most so, in these peculiar times. Anarchic Parliaments and Penny News-

papers might perhaps grow jealous of him; in any case, he would have to be cautious, punctilious, severely correct, and obey to the letter whatever laws and regulations they emitted on the subject. But that done, how could the most anarchic Parliament, or Penny Editor, think of forbidding any fellow-citizen such a manifest improvement on all the human creatures round him? Our wise hero Aristocrat, or acknowledged king in his own territory, would by no means think of employing his superlative private Field-regiment in levy of war against the most anarchic Parliament; but, on the contrary, might and would loyally help said Parliament in warring-down much anarchy worse than its own, and so gain steadily new favour from it. From it, and from all men and gods! And would have silently the consciousness, too, that with every new Disciplined Man he was widening the arena of Anti-Anarchy, of God-appointed *Order* in this world and Nation,—and was looking forward to a day, very distant probably, but certain as Fate.

For I suppose it would in no moment be doubtful to him that, between Anarchy and Anti-ditto, it would have to come to sheer fight at last; and that nothing short of duel to the death could ever void that great quarrel. And he would have his hopes, his assurances, as to how the victory would lie. For everywhere in this Universe, and in every Nation that is not *divorced* from it and in the act of perishing forever, Anti-Anarchy is silently on the increase, at all moments: Anarchy not, but contrariwise; having the whole Universe forever set against it; pushing *it* slowly, at all moments, towards suicide and annihilation. To Anarchy, however million-headed, there is no victory possible. Patience, silence, diligence, ye chosen of the world! Slowly or fast, in the course of time, you will grow to a minority that can actually step forth (sword not yet drawn, but sword ready to be drawn), and say: "Here are we, Sirs; we also are now minded to *vote*,—to all lengths, as you may perceive. A company of poor men (as friend Oliver termed us) who will spend all our blood, if needful!" What are Beales and his 50,000 roughs against such; what are the noisiest anarchic Parliaments, in majority of a million to one, against such? Stubble against fire. Fear not, my friend; the issue is very certain when it comes so far as this!

X.

These are a kind of enterprises, hypothetical as yet, but possible evidently more or less, and, in all degrees of them, tending towards noble benefit to oneself and to all one's fellow-creatures ; which a man born noble by title and by nature, with ample territories and revenues, and a life to dispose of as he pleased, might go into, and win honour by, even in the England that now is. To my fancy, they are bright little potential breaks, and 'turnings, of that disastrous cloud which now overshadows his best capabilities and him,—as every blackest cloud 'n this world has withal a 'silver lining;' and is, full surely, beshone by the Heavenly lights, if we *can* get to that other side of it ! More of such fine possibilities I might add : that of " Sanitary regulation," for example ; To see the divinely-appointed laws and conditions of Health, at last, *humanly* appointed as well; year after year, more exactly ascertained, rendered valid, habitually practised, in one's own Dominion, and the old adjective ' Healthy' once more becoming synonymous with ' Holy,'—what a conquest there I But I forbear ; feeling well enough how visionary these things look ; and how aerial, high and spiritual they *are*; little capable of seriously tempting, even for moments, any but the highest kinds of men. Few Noble Lords, I may believe, will think of taking this course ; indeed not many, as Noble Lords now are, could do much good in it. Dilettantism will avail nothing in any of these enterprises ; the law of them is, grim labour, earnest and continual ; certainty of many contradictions, disappointments ; a life, not of ease and pleasure, but of noble and sorrowful toil; the reward of it far off,—fit only for heroes !

Much the readiest likelihood for our Aristocrat by title would be that of coalescing nobly with his two Brothers, the Aristocrats by nature, spoken of above. Both greatly need him ; especially the Vocal or Teaching one, wandering now desolate enough, heard only as a *Vox Clamantis e Deserto*;—though I suppose, it will be with the Silent or Industrial one, as with the easier of the two, that our Titular first comes into clear cooperation. This Practical hero, Aristocrat by nature, and standing face to face and hand to hand, all his days, in life-

SHOOTING NIAGARA: AND AFTER?

battle with Practical Chaos (with dirt, disorder, nomadism, disobedience, folly and confusion), slowly coercing it into Cosmos, will surely be the natural ally for any titular Aristocrat who is bent on being a real one as the business of his life. No other field of activity is half so promising as the united field which those two might occupy. By nature and position they are visibly a kind of Kings, actual British 'Peers' (or Vice-Kings, in absence and abeyance of any visible King); and might take manifold counsel together, hold manifold 'Parliament' together (*Vox e Deserto* sitting there as 'Bench of Bishops,' possibly!)—and might mature and adjust innumerable things. Were there but Three Aristocrats of each sort in the whole of Britain, what beneficent unreported '*Parhamenta*,'—actual human consultations and earnest deliberations, responsible to no '*Buncombe*,' disturbed by no Penny Editor,—on what the whole Nine were earnest to see done! By degrees, there would some beginnings of success and Cosmos be achieved upon this our unspeakable Chaos; by degrees something of light, of prophetic twilight, would be shot across its unfathomable dark of horrors,—prophetic of victory, sure though far away.

Penny-Newspaper Parliaments cannot legislate on anything, they know the real properties and qualities of no *thing*, and don't even try or want to know them,—know only what '*Buncombe*' in its darkness thinks of them. No law upon a *thing* can be made, on such terms; nothing but a mock-law, which Nature silently abrogates, the instant your third reading is done. But men in contact with the fact, and earnestly questioning it, can at length ascertain what *is* the law of it,—what it will behove any Parliament (of the Penny-Newspaper sort or other) to enact upon it. Whole crops and harvests of authentic "Laws," now pressingly needed and not obtainable, upon our new British Industries, Interests and Social Relations, I could fancy to be got into a state of forwardness by small virtual 'Parliaments' of this unreported kind,—into a real state of preparation for enactment by what actual Parliament there was, itself so incompetent for "legislating" otherwise. These are fond dreams? Well, let us hope not altogether. Most certain it is, an immense Body of Laws upon these new Industrial, Commercial, Railway &c. Phenomena of ours are pressingly wanted; and none of mortals knows where to get them.

For example, the Rivers and running Streams of England ; primordial elements of this our poor Birthland, face-features of it, created by Heaven itself: Is Industry free to tumble out whatever horror of refuse it may have arrived at into the nearest crystal brook ? Regardless of gods and men and little fishes. Is Free Industry free to convert all our rivers into Acherontic sewers ; England generally into a roaring sooty smith's forge ? Are we all doomed to eat dust, as the Old Serpent was, and to breathe solutions of soot ? Can a Railway Company with " Promoters " manage, by *feeing* certain men in bomba7een, to burst through your bedroom in the night-watches, and miraculously set all your crockery jingling ? Is an Englishman's house still his castle; and in what sense ?—Examples plenty !

The Aristocracy, as a class, has as yet no thought of giving-up the game, or ceasing to be what in the language of flattery is called " Governing Class," nor should, till it have seen farther. In the better heads among them are doubtless grave misgivings; serious enough reflections rising,—perhaps not sorrowful altogether ; for there must be questions withal, " Was it so very blessed a function, then, that of ' Governing ' on the terms given ? " But beyond doubt the vulgar Noble Lord intends fully to continue the game,—with doubly severe study of the new rules issued on it;—and will still, for a good while yet, go as heretofore into Electioneering, Parliamentary Engineering ; and hope against hope to keep weltering atop by some method or other, and to make a fit existence for himself in that miserable old way. An existence filled with labour and anxiety, with disappointments and disgraces and futilities I can promise him, but with little or nothing else. Let us hope he will be wise to discern, and not continue the experiment too long!

He has lost his place in that element; nothing but services of a sordid and dishonourable nature, betrayal of his own Order, and of the noble interests of England, can gain him even momentary favour there. He cannot bridle the wild horse of a Plebs any longer :—for a generation past, he has not even tried to bridle it; but has run panting and trotting meanly by the side of it, patting its stupid neck ; slavishly plunging with

it into any " Crimean" or other slough of black platitudes it might reel towards,—anxious he, only not to be kicked away, not just yet; oh, not yet for a little while ! Is this an existence for a man of any honour ; for a man ambitious of more honour ? I should say, not. And he still thinks to hang by the bridle, now when his Plebs is getting into the gallop ? Hanging by its bridle, through what steep brambly places (scratching out the very *eyes* of him, as is often enough observable), through what malodorous quagmires and ignominious pools will the wild horse drag him,—till he quit hold ! Let him quit, in Heaven's name. Better he should go yachting to Algeria, and shoot lions for an occupied existence :—or stay at home, and hunt rats ? Why not ? Is not, in strict truth, the Ratcatcher our one *real* British Nimrod now ! — Game-preserving, Highland deer-stalking, and the like, will soon all have ceased in this over-crowded Country ; and I can see no other business for the vulgar Noble Lord, if he will continue vulgar I—

LATTER STAGE OF THE FRENCH-GERMAN WAR,
1870-71.

To the Editor of the TIMES

Chelsea, 11 Nov. 1870.

SIR,—It is probably an amiable trait of human nature, this cheap pity and newspaper lamentation over fallen and afflicted France; but it seems to me a very idle, dangerous, and misguided feeling, as applied to the cession of Alsace and Lorraine by France to her German conquerors; and argues, on the part of England, a most profound ignorance as to the mutual history of France and Germany, and the conduct of France towards that Country, for long centuries back. The question for the Germans, in this crisis, is not one of 'magnanimity,' of 'heroic pity and forgiveness to a fallen foe,' but of solid prudence, and practical consideration what the fallen foe will, in all likelihood, do when once on his feet again. Written on her memory, in a dismally instructive manner, Germany has an experience of 400 years on this point; of which on the English memory, if it ever was recorded there, there is now little or no trace visible.

Does any of us know, for instance, with the least precision, or in fact know at all, the reciprocal procedures, the mutual history as we call it, of Louis XI. and Kaiser Max? Max, in his old age, put down, in chivalrous allegorical or emblematic style, a wonderful record of these things, The *Weisse Konig* ("White King," as he called himself; "Red King," or perhaps "Black," being Louis's adumbrative title); adding many fine engravings by the best artist of his time: for the sake of these prints, here and there an English collector may possess a copy of the book; but I doubt if any Englishman has ever read it, or could, for want of other reading on the subject, understand any part of it. Old Louis's quarrel with the Chief of Germany,

at that time, was not unlike this last one of a younger **Louis** : "You accursed Head of Germany, you have been prospering in the world lately, and I not; have at you, then, with fire and sword !" But it ended more successfully for old Louis and his French than I hope the present quarrel will. The end, at that time, was, That opulent, noble Burgundy did not get re-united to her old Teutonic mother, but to France, her grasping step-mother, and remains French to this day.

Max's grandson and successor, Charles V., was hardly luckier than Max in his road-companion and contemporary French King. Francis I., not content with France for a kingdom, began by trying to be elected German Kaiser as well; and never could completely digest his disappointment in that fine enterprise. He smoothed his young face, however; swore eternal friendship with the young Charles who had beaten him; and, a few months after, had egged-on the poor little Duke of Bouillon, the Reich's and Charles's vassal, to refuse homage in that quarter, and was in hot war with Charles. The rest of his earthly existence was a perpetual haggle of broken treaties, and ever-recurring war and injury with Charles V.;—a series, withal, of intrusive interferences with Germany, and every German trouble that arose, to the worsening and widening of them all, not to the closing or healing of any one of them. A terrible journey these Two had together, and a terrible time they made out for Germany between them, and for France too, though not by any means in a like degree. The exact deserts of his Most Christian Majesty Francis I. in covenanting with Sultan Soliman,—that is to say, in letting loose the then quasi-infernal roaring-lion of a Turk {then in the height of his sanguinary fury and fanaticism, not sunk to *caput mortuum* and a torpid nuisance as now) upon Christendom and the German Empire, I do not pretend to estimate. It seems to me, no modern imagination can conceive this atrocity of the Most Christian King; or how it harassed, and haunted with incessant terror, the Christian nations for the two centuries ensuing.

Richelieu's trade, again, was twofold : first, what everybody must acknowledge was a great and legitimate one, that of coercing and drilling into obedience to their own Sovereign the vassals of the Crown of France; and secondly, that of plundering, weakening, thwarting, and in all ways tormenting the

German Empire. " He protected Protestantism there ?" Yes, and steadily persecuted his own Huguenots, bombarded his own Rochelle ; and in Germany kept up a Thirty-Years War, cherishing diligently the last embers of it till Germany were burnt to utter ruin ; no nation ever nearer absolute ruin than unhappy Germany then was. An unblessed Richelieu for Germany ; nor a blessed for France either, if we look to the ulterior issues, and distinguish the solid from the specious in the fortune of Nations. No French ruler, not even Napoleon I , was a feller or cruder enemy to Germany, nor half so pernicious to it (to its very *soul* as well as to its body): and Germany had done him no injury that I know of, except that of existing beside him.

Of Louis XIV.'s four grand plunderings and incendiarisms of Europe,—for no real reason but his own ambition, and desire to snatch his neighbour's goods,—of all this we of this age have now, if any, an altogether faint and placid remembrance, and our feelings on it differ greatly from those that animated our poor forefathers in the time of William III. and Queen Anne. Of Belleisle and Louis XV.'s fine scheme to cut Germany into four little kingdoms, and have them dance and fence to the piping of Versailles, I do not speak ; for to France herself this latter fine scheme brought its own reward : loss of America, loss of India, disgrace and discomfiture in all quarters of the world,—advent, in fine, of The French Revolution; embarkation on the shoreless chaos on which ill-fated France still drifts and tumbles.

The Revolution and Napoleon I. , and their treatment of Germany, are still in the memory of men and newspapers ; but that was not by any means, as idle men and newspapers seem to think, the first of Germany's sufferings from France ; it was the last of a very long series of such,—*the last but one*, let us rather say; and hope that *this* now going on as "Siege of Paris," as wide-spread empire of bloodshed, anarchy, delirium, and mendacity, the fruit of France's latest "*marche a Berlin*" may be the last! No nation ever had so bad a neighbour as Germany has had in France for the last 400 years ; bad in all manner of ways ; insolent, rapacious, insatiable, unappeasable, continually aggressive.

And now, furthermore, in all History there is no insolent, unjust neighbour that ever got so complete, instantaneous, and ignominious a smashing-down as France has now got from Germany. Germany, after 400 years of ill-usage, and generally of ill-fortune, from that neighbour, has had at last the great happiness to see its enemy fairly down in this manner :—and Germany, I do clearly believe, would be a foolish nation not to think of raising up some secure boundary-fence between herself and such a neighbour, now that she has the chance.

There is no law of Nature that I know of, no Heaven's Act of Parliament, whereby France, alone of terrestrial beings, shall not restore any portion of her plundered goods when the owners they were wrenched from have an opportunity upon them. To nobody, except to France herself for the moment, can it be credible that there is such a law of Nature. Alsace and Lorraine were not got, either of them, in so divine a manner as to render that a probability. The cunning of Richelieu, the grandiose long-sword of Louis XIV., these are the only titles of France to those German countries. Richelieu screwed them loose (and, by happy accident, there was a Turenne, as General, got screwed along with them ;—Turenne, I think, was mainly German by blood and temper, had not Francis I. egged-on his ancestor, the little Duke of Bouillon, in the way we saw, and gradually *made* him French); Louis le Grand, with his Turenne as supreme of modern Generals, managed the rest of the operation,—except indeed, I should say, the burning of the Palatinate, from Heidelberg Palace steadily downwards, into black ruin; which Turenne would not do sufficiently, and which Louis had to get done by another. There was also a good deal of extortionate law-practice, what we may fairly call violently-sharp attorneyism, put in use. The great Louis's "*Chambres de Reunion*" Metz Chamber, Brissac Chamber, were once of high infamy, and much complained of here in England, and everywhere else beyond the Rhine. The Grand Louis, except by sublime gesture, ironically polite, made no answer. He styled himself, on his very coins (*ecu* of 1687, say the Medallists), EXCELSUS SUPER OMNES GENTES DOMINUS; but it is certain, attorneyism of the worst sort was one of his instruments in this conquest of Alsace. Nay, as to Strasburg, it was not even attorneyism, much less a long-sword, that did the feat; it was

a housebreaker's *jemmy* on the part of the *Grand Monarque*. Strasburg was got in time of profound peace by bribing of the magistrates to do treason, on his part, and admit his garrison one night.

Nor as to Metz la Pucelle, nor any of these Three Bishoprics, was it force of war that brought them over to France; rather it was force of fraudulent pawnbroking. King Henri II (year 1552) got these places,—Protestants applying to him in their extreme need,—as we may say, in the way of pledge. Henri entered there with banners spread and drums beating, ¹¹solely in defence of German liberty, as God shall witness;" did nothing for Protestantism or German liberty (German liberty managing rapidly to help itself in this instance); and then, like a brazen-faced unjust pawnbroker, refused to give the places back,—"had ancient rights over them," extremely indubitable to him, and could not give them back. And never yet, by any pressure or persuasion, would. The great Charles V., Protestantism itself now supporting, endeavoured, with his utmost energy and to the very cracking of his heart, to compel him; but could not. The present Hohenzollern King, a modest and pacific man in comparison, could and has. I believe it to be perfectly just, rational and wise that Germany should take these countries home with her from her unexampled campaign; and, by well fortifying her own old *Wasgau* ("Vosges"), *Hundsriick* (*Dog's-back*), Three Bishoprics, and other military strengths, secure herself in time coming against French visits.

The French complain dreadfully of threatened "loss of honour;" and lamentable bystanders plead earnestly, "Don't dishonour France; leave poor France's honour bright." But will it save the *honour* of France to refuse paying for the glass she has voluntarily broken in her neighbour's windows? The attack upon the windows was her dishonour. Signally disgraceful to any nation was her late assault on Germany; equally signal has been the ignominy of its execution on the part of France. The honour of France can be saved only by the deep repentance of France; and by the serious determination never to do so again,—to do the reverse of so forever henceforth. In that way may the honour of France again gradually brighten to the height of its old splendour,—far beyond the *First Napo-*

leonic, much more the *Third*, or any recent sort,—and offer again to our voluntary love and grateful estimation all the fine and graceful qualities Nature has implanted in the French.

For the present, I must say, France looks more and more delirious, miserable, blamable, pitiable and even contemptible. She refuses to see the facts that are lying palpable before her face, and the penalties she has brought upon herself. A France scattered into anarchic ruin, without recognisable head ; *head*, or chief, indistinguishable from *feet*, or rabble ; Ministers flying up in balloons ballasted with nothing but outrageous public lies, proclamations of victories that were creatures of the fancy ; a Government subsisting altogether on mendacity, willing that horrid bloodshed should continue and increase rather than that *they*, beautiful Republican creatures, should cease to have the guidance of it : I know not when or where there was seen a nation so covering itself with dishonour. If, among this multitude of sympathetic bystanders, France have any true friend, his advice to France would be, To abandon all that, and never to resume it more. France really ought to know that 'refuges of lies' were long ago discovered to lead down only to the Gates of Death Eternal, and to be forbidden to all creatures I—That the one hope for France is to recognise the facts which have come to her, and that they came withal by invitation of her own : how she,—a mass of gilded, proudly varnished anarchy,—has wilfully insulted and defied to mortal duel a neighbour not anarchic, but still in a quietly-human, sober and governed state ; and has prospered accordingly. Prospered as an **array** of sanguinary mountebanks *versus* a Macedonian **phalanx** must needs do ;—and now lies smitten down into hideous wreck and impotence ; testifying to gods and men **what extent of rotteness**, anarchy and hidden vileness lay in her. That **the inexorable** fact is, she has **left herself without resource or power of resisting** the victorious Germans ; **and that her wisdom will be to take that fact into her astonished mind ; to know that, howsoever hateful, said fact is inexorable, and will have to be complied with,—the sooner at the cheaper rate.** It is a hard lesson to vainglorious France ; but France, we hope, has still in it veracity and probity enough to accept fact as an evidently-adamantine entity, which will not brook resistance without penalty, and is unalterable by the very gods.

But indeed the quantity of conscious mendacity that France, official and other, has perpetrated latterly, especially since July last, is something wonderful and fearful. And, alas, perhaps even that is small compared to the self-delusion and 'unconscious mendacity' long prevalent among the French ; which is of still feller and more poisonous quality, though unrecognised for poison. To me, at times, the mournfulest symptom in France is the figure its " men of genius," its highest literary speakers, who should be prophets and seers to it, make at present, and indeed for a generation back have been making. It is evidently their belief that new celestial wisdom is radiating out of France upon all the other overshadowed nations ; that France is the new Mount Zion of the Universe ; and that all this sad, sordid, semi-delirious and, in good part, *infernal* stuff which French Literature has been preaching to us for the last fifty years, is a veritable new Gospel out of Heaven, pregnant with blessedness for all the sons of men. Alas, one does understand that France made her Great Revolution ; uttered her tremendous doom's-voice against a world of human shams, proclaiming, as with the great Last Trumpet, that shams should be no more. I often call that a celestial-infernal phenomenon,—the most memorable in our world for a thousand years ; on the whole, a transcendent revolt against the Devil and his works (since shams are *all* and sundry of the Devil, and poisonous and unendurable to man). For that we all infinitely love and honour France. And truly all nations are now busy enough copying France in regard to that ! From side to side of the civilised world there is, in a manner, nothing noticeable but the whole world in deep and dismally-chaotic Insurrection against Shams, determination to have done with shams, *coute qu'ilcoute*. Indispensable that battle, however ugly. Well done, we may say to all that ; for it is the preliminary to everything :—but, alas, all that is not yet victory ; it is but half the battle, and the much easier half. The infinitely harder half, which is the equally or the still more indispensable, is that of achieving, instead of the abolished shams which were of the Devil, the practicable realities which should be veritable and of God. That *first* half of the battle, I rejoice to see, is now safe, can now never cease except in victory ; but the farther stage of it, I also see, must be under better presidency than that of France, or

" will forever prove impossible. The German race, not the Gaelic, are now to be protagonist in that immense world-drama; and from them I expect better issues. Worse we cannot well have. France with a dead-lift effort, now of eighty-one years, has accomplished under this head, for herself or for the world, Nothing, or even less,—in strict arithmetic, *zero* with *minus* quantities. Her prophets prophesy a vain thing ; her people rove about in darkness, and have wandered far astray.

Such prophets and such a people;—who, in the way of deception and self-deception, have carried it far ! ' Given up to strong delusion,' as the Scripture says ; till, at last, the he seems to them the very truth. And now, in their strangling crisis and extieme need, they appear to have no resource but self-deception still, and quasi-heroic gasconade. They do believe it to be heroic. They believe that they are the " Christ of Nations ;" an innocent godlike people, suffering for the sins of all nations, with an eye to redeem us all :—let us hope that this of the "Christ of Nations" is the *non plus ultra* of the thing. I wish they would inquire whether there might not be a *Cartouche* of Nations, fully as likely as a Christ of Nations in our time ! Cartouche had many gallant qualities; was much admired, and much pitied in his sufferings; and had many fine ladies begging locks of his hair, while the inexorable, indispensable gibbet was preparing. But in the end there was no salvation for Cartouche. Better he should obey the heavy-handed Teutsch police-officer, who has him by the windpipe in such frightful manner ; give up part of his stolen goods ; altogether cease to be a Cartouche, and try to become again a Chevalier Bayard under improved conditions, and a blessing and beautiful benefit to all his neighbours,—instead of too much the reverse, as now ! Clear it is, at any rate, singular as it may seem to France, all Europe does *not come*, to the rescue, in gratitude for the heavenly " illumination" it is getting from France : nor could all Europe, if it did, at this moment prevent that awful Chancellor from having his own way. Metz and the boundary-fence, I reckon, will be dreadfully hard to get out of that Chancellor's hands again.

A hundred years ago there was in England the liveliest desire, and at one time an actual effort and hope, to recover

Alsace and Lorraine from the French. Lord Carteret, called afterwards Lord Granville (no ancestor, in any sense, of his now Honourable synonym), thought by some to be, with the one exception of Lord Chatham, the wisest Foreign Secretary we ever had, and especially the 'one Secretary that ever spoke German or understood German matters at all,' had set his heart on this very object, and had fair prospects of achieving it,—had not our poor dear Duke of Newcastle suddenly peddled him out of it; and even out of office altogether, into sullen disgust (and too much of *wine* withal, says Walpole), and into total oblivion by his Nation, which, except Chatham, has none such to remember. That Bismarck, and Germany along with him, should now at this propitious juncture make a like demand is no surprise to me. After such provocation, and after such a victory, the resolution does seem rational, just and even modest. And considering all that has occurred since that memorable cataclysm at Sedan, I could reckon it creditable to the sense and moderation of Count Bismarck that he stands steadily by this; demanding nothing more, resolute to take nothing less, and advancing with a slow calmness towards it by the eligibler roads. The "Siege of Paris," which looks like the hugest and most hideous farce-tragedy ever played under this sun, Bismarck evidently hopes will never need to come to uttermost bombardment, to million-fold death by hunger, or the kindling of Paris and its carpentries and asphalt streets by shells and red-hot balls into a sea of fire. Diligent, day by day, seem those Prussians, never resting nor too much hasting; well knowing the proverb, 'Slow fire makes sweet malt.' I believe Bismarck will get his Alsace and what he wants of Lorraine; and likewise that it will do him, and us, and all the world, and even France itself by and by, a great deal of good. Anarchic France gets her first stern lesson there,—a terribly drastic dose of physic to sick France!—and well will it be for her if she can learn her lesson honestly. If she cannot, she will get another, and ever another; learnt the lesson must be.

Considerable misconception as to Herr von Bismarck is still prevalent in England. The English newspapers, nearly all of them, seem to me to be only getting towards a true knowledge of Bismarck, but not yet got to it. The standing likeness, circulating everywhere ten years ago, of **demented Bis-**

marck and his ditto King to Strafford and Charles I. *versus* our Long Parliament (*as* like as Macedon to Monmouth, and not liker) has now vanished from the earth, no whisper of it ever to be heard more. That pathetic Niobe of Denmark, reft violently of her children (which were stolen children, and were dreadfully ill-nursed by Niobe Denmark), is also nearly gone; and will go altogether so soon as knowledge of the matter is had. Bismarck, as I read him, is not a person of "Napoleonic" ideas, but of ideas quite superior to Napoleonic; shows no invincible "lust of territory," nor is tormented with "vulgar ambition," &c.; but has aims very far beyond that sphere, and in fact seems to me to be striving with strong faculty, by patient, grand and successful steps, towards an object beneficial to Germans and to all other men. That noble, patient, deep, pious and solid Germany should be at length welded into a Nation, and become Queen of the Continent, instead of vapouring, vainglorious, gesticulating, quarrelsome, restless and over-sensitive France, seems to me the hopefulest public fact that has occurred in my time.

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

T. CARLYLE.

SUMMARY.

DR. FRANCIA.

THE South-American Revolution, and set of revolutions, a great confused phenomenon, worthy of better knowledge than men yet have of it (p. I) — Liberator Bolivar, a much enduring and many-counselled man. Of General San Martin, too, there is something to be said. His march over the Andes into Chile, a feat worth looking at. Might not the Chilenos as well have taken him for their Napoleon? Don Ambrosio O'Higgms. His industry and skill in road-making. O'Higgms the Second: Governing a rude business everywhere, but in South America of quite primitive rudeness. Ecclesiastic Vampire-bats. An immense increase of soap-and-water, the basis of all improvements in Chile. (2.)—By far the notablest of these South-American phenomena, Dr. Francia and his Dictatorship in Paraguay. Nothing could well shock the constitutional mind like this tawny-visaged, lean, inexorable Dr. Francia. Our chief source of information about him, a little Book by Messrs. Rengger and Longchamp: An endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done. The Messrs. Robertson, and their *Francia's Reign of Terror* and other books: Given a cubic inch of Castile soap, to lather it up in water, so as to fill a wine-puncheon. How every idle volume flies abroad like idle thistle-down, frightful to think of, were it not for reaphook and rake. In all human likelihood this sanguinary tyrant of Paraguay did mean something, could we in quietness ascertain what. (10.)—Francia born about the year 1757, of Portuguese or French extraction. Intended for a priest. Subject to the ternblest fits of hypochondria. Sent to the University of Cordova in Tucuman. Lank sallow boys in the Tucuman and other high seminaries, often dreadfully ill-dealt with, as times go. So much is unspeakable; and a most strange Universe, this, to be born into! Francia, arrived at man's years, changes from Divinity to Law. Had doubtless gained some insight into the veritable workings of the Universe. Endless heavy foddennings of Jesuit theology he did not take-in. French-Encyclopedic influences, and Gospel according to Volney, Jean-Jacques and Company: An ill-fed, ghastly-looking flame; but a needful, and even kind of sacred one. Francia perhaps the best and justest Advocate that ever took briefs in that distant Assumption City. The people of that profuse climate in careless abundance, troubling themselves about few things: One art they seemed to have perfected, that of riding. Their lives, like empty capacious bottles, calling to the Heavens and the Earth, and to all Dr. Francias who may pass that way. Francia a lonesome, down-looking man, apt to be solitary even in the press of men. Passes everywhere for a man of veracity, punctuality, of iron methodic rigour and rectitude. A Law-case; an unjust judge discomfited. Francia's quarrel

with his Father. A most barren time: Not so much as a pair of Andalusian eyes that can *lasso* him permanently. But now, far over the waters there have been Federations, Sansculottism: In the new Hemisphere, too, arise wild projects, armed gatherings, invasions and revolts. A new figure of existence is cut-out for the Assumption Advocate. (19.)—Not till a year after, did the Paraguenos, by spontaneous movement, resolve on a career of freedom. National Congress. Papers 'compiled chiefly out of Rollin's *Ancient History*? Paraguay Republic Don Fulgencio Yegros, President, two Assessors, Francia, Secretary. Alas, these Gaucho populations are greedy, superstitious, vain, mendacious. We know for certain but of one man who would do himself an injury, to do a just or true thing, under that sun Secretary Francia flings-down his papers, and retires again into privacy. An accidental meeting, description of the man, and of his library. The reign of liberty becomes unendurable. A second Congress got together • Fulgencio and Francia, joint Consuls. Next year, a third Congress, and Francia gets himself declared Dictator. He never assembled any Congress more, having stolen the constitutional palladiums, and got his wicked will! (30.)—A great improvement did, nevertheless, in all quarters forthwith show itself. Every official in Paraguay had to bethink him, and begin actually doing his work. The land had peace, a rabid dog-kennel wide as South America raging round it, but kept-out as by lock-and-key. A Conspiracy, to start with the massacre of Dr. Francia and others, whatever it might close with. Francia not a man to be trifled-with in plots. It was in this stern period he executed above forty persons. A visitation of locusts. Two harvests in one season. (35.)—Sauerteig's sun-glances into the matter. No Reform, whether of an individual or a nation, can be effected without stern suffering, stern working. Pity it cannot be done by 'tremendous cheers'. What they say about 'love of power.' Love of 'power' to make flunkies come and go for you! A true man must tend to be king of his own world. This Paraguay got the one voracious man it had, to take lease of it. Funeral Eulogium, by the Reverend Manuel Perez. Life is sacred, thinks his Reverence; but there is something more sacred still. Dictator Francia, a man whose worth and meaning are not soon exhausted. His efforts to rebuild the City of Assumption. His desire to open a trade with the English Nation,—foolishly supposed to be represented, and made accessible, in the House of Commons. Francia's unreasonable detestation of a man who was not equal to his word. (39.)—His sore struggle with imaginary workmen, cleric and laic. In despair he erected his 'Workman's Gallows.' Such an institution of society, adapted to our European ways, everywhere pressingly desirable. O Gauchos, South-American and European, what a business is it, casting-out your Seven Devils! (47.)—Francia; as he looked and lived, managing that thousand-fold business for his Paraguenos, and keeping a sharp eye for assassins. His **treatment of M. Bonpland**, of his old enemy Artigas. His rumoured conduct to his dying Father. His interest in any kind of intelligent human creature, when such by rarest chance could be fallen-in with. So lived, so laboured Dictator Francia; and had no rest but in Eternity. O Francia, though thou hadst to execute some forty persons, I am **not without some pity for thee!** (50.)

AN LECTON TO THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

How Pym, Hampden and others rode about the country to promote the election of their own faction. Our entire ignorance, but for this fact, how that celebrated Long Parliament was got together, (p. 55.)—Welcome dis-

covery of certain semi-official Documents, relative to the Election for Suffolk. Sir Simonds D'Ewes, a most spotless man and High-Sheriff; ambitious to be the very pink of Puritan magistrates: How shall any shadow of Partiality be suffered to rest on his clear-polished character?—Hence these Documents. General character of our Civil-War documents and records: Comparative emphasis and potency of Sir Simonds' affidavits. An old contemporary England at large, as it stood and lived on that 'extreme windy day,' may dimly suggest itself. (57.)—Samuel Duncon, Town-constable, testifieth: Unconsciously, How the Polling was managed in those old days. Consciously, How the Opposition Candidate was magnanimously allowed every precedence and facility, and yet couldn't win. And, How ill the rage of their disappointment and ingratitude, his party scandalously upbraided the immaculate High-Sheriff himself with injustice towards them. The High-Sheriff's own Narrative of his admirable carriage and ill-reqruited magnanimity. (61.)—Another case Sir Simonds had to clear up. Being High-Sheriff, he returned *himself* for Sudbury. In this too he prospered, and sat for that Borough. A thin high-flown character, by no means without his uses. Colonel Pride in the end had to purge him out, with four or five score others. He died soon after; leaving an unspotted pedant character and innumerable Manuscripts behind him. Some Ninety and odd Volumes of his Papers in the British Museum. His Notes of the Long Parliament, perhaps the most interesting of all the Manuscripts that exist there. Our sorrowful Dryasdust Printing Societies, and what they might do towards a real History of England. (74.)

THE NIGGER QUESTION.

Occasional Discourse of an unknown Philanthropist: Doctrines and practical notions pretty much in a 'minority of one.' Danger of our proposed universal 'Abolition-of-Pain Association' issuing in a universal 'Sluggard-and-Scoundrel Protection Society.' Our West-Indian Colonies. Black animal enjoyment, at the price of White human misery. Our entire Black population equal in importance to perhaps 'one of the streets of Seven-Dials.' Exeter-Hall jargon, and bewildered Broad-brimmed Sentimentalism. (p 79.)—'Supply and demand' brought to bear on the Black 'Labour-Market,' as well as on the White Perennial Starvation. A *Black Ireland*, and reality stranger than a nightmare dream. Such Social Science, emphatically the *dismal science*. Not the West Indies alone, but Europe generally, neaning the Niagara Falls. Nature and her Facts: Every idle man, a perpetual Right to be guided, and even compelled, to work honestly for his living: Idleness does, in all cases, inevitably *rot* and become putrid. The true 'Organisation of Labour' and reign of 'universal blessedness.' (82.)—No enmity for the poor Negro; a merry-hearted, affectionate kind of creature. We shall have to find the right regulation for him. Neither the old method nor the new method now will answer. Only the Noble work willingly with their whole strength. Slavishness, and the need of slavery, exist everywhere in this world. The one intolerable slavery, that of the great and noble-minded to the small and mean. Wise minorities, and despicable majorities: 'Crucify him—Crucify him!' Maximum and Minimum of Social Wisdom. (87.)—Except by just Mastership and Servantship, no conceivable deliverance from unjust Tyranny and Slavery. Sham-kings and sham-subjects: Ballot-box perdition. The White Flunky the flower of *nomadic* servitude and pretentious inutility: How the Duke of Trumps proposed to emancipate *himself* from slavery. Thirty-thousand Distressed Needlewomen, the most of whom cannot sew. **Alas, were it but the guilty that suffered from such 'enfranchisement' ! Per-**

manency in human relations the only condition of any good whatsoever • Marriage by the month. Servant 'hired for life,' the true essence of the Negro's position: How to abolish the abuses of slavery, and save the precious thing in it: *Unjust* master over servant hired for life, once for all undurable to human souls. Letter of advice to the Hon. Hickory Buckskin. (91).—The speculative 'rights' of Negroes, or of any men, an abstruse and unprofitable inquiry: Their 'mights,' or practical availabilities, the sum-total of all that can personally concern them. The 'right' to the West-India Islands, with those who have the 'might' to do the Will of the Maker of them He that will not work shall perish from the earth: Before the West Indies could grow a pumpkin for any Negro, how much British heroism had to spend itself in obscure battle' England wants sugar of these Islands, and means to have it: Wants virtuous industry in these Islands, and must have it. Any *idle* man, Black or White, rich or poor, a mere eye-sorrow, and must be set to work; only it is so terribly difficult to do. To be servants the more foolish of us to the more wise, the only condition of social welfare. West-Indian sorrows and Exeter-Hall monstrosities. Solution of the problem. *Black Adscripti gleba*: Many things might be done, must be done, under frightful penalties. (100).—The 'Slave-Trade' How it may easily be 'suppressed,' if the urgency be equal to the remedy 'Alas, how many sins will need to be remedied, when once we seriously begin' (108.)

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

A FRAGMENT ABOUT DUELS.

Duelling, one of the sincerities of Human Life, capable of taking many forms. A background of wrath does lie in every man and creature Dead-est rage, and tenderest love, different manifestations of the same radical fire whereof Life is made. The elaboration an immense matter! (p. xix.)

No. I. *Holies of Haughton*.

How John Holies married the fair Anne Stanhope, and so gave offence to the Shrewsbury's. High feud between the two houses, the very retainers biting thumbs, and killing one another. John Holies and Gervase Markham 'Markham, guard yourself better, or I shall spoil you!' Loose-tongued, loose-living Gervase Markham could not guard himself, and got 'spoilt' accordingly, (p. 12 a.)

No. II. *Croydon Races*.

Scotch favourites of King James, and English jealousies. Scotch Maxwell, and his insolent sardonic humour Fashionable Young England in deadly emotion. How his Majesty laboured to keep peace. At the Croydon Races there arose sudden strife; and the hour looked really ominous: Philip Herbert (beautiful young man), of the best blood in England, switched over the head by an accursed Scotch Ramsay 1 And Philip Herbert's rapier—did *not* flash-out. (p. 115.)

No. III. *Sir Thomas Button and Sir Nation Cheek*.

How unthrifty everywhere is any solution of continuity, if it can be avoided! Peace here, if possible; over in the Netherlands is always fighting enough. Swashbuckler duels had now gone out: Fifty years ago, serious men took to fighting with rapiers, and the buckler fell away: A more silent duel, but a terribly serious one. Hot tempers at the siege of Julers: Under military duty; but *not* always to be so. Two gentlemen on Calais sands, in

the height of silent fury stript to the shirt and waistband; in the two hands of each a rapier and dagger clutched • A bloody burial there that morning. Ill-fated English human creatures, what horrible confusion of the Pit is this? (P 118.)

THE OPERA.

Music the speech of Angels, raising and admitting the soul to the Council of the Universe It was so in old earnest times, whatever it may have come to be 'with us. The waste that is made in music among the saddest of all our squanderings of God's gifts David's inspired Psalms; and the things men are inspired to sing now at the Opera (p. 123) The Haymarket Opera, with its lustres, painting, upholstery. Artists, too, got together from the ends of the world; capable of far other work than squalling here The very ballet-girls, with their muslin saucers and mad ugly caperings, little short of miraculous. And to think of some Rossini or Bellini in the rear of 1811 (124.)—All this to afford an hour's dreary amusement to a high-dizened select populace—not worth amusing. The Rhythmic Arts, with their magical accessories, a mere accompaniment; the real service of the evening Paphian rather. Wonderful to see, and sad if we had eyes, what the Modern Aristocracy of men can deliberately do! A world all calculated for strangling of heroisms; and the ages have altered strangely. They will alter yet again. (126.)

A NATIONAL EXHIBITION OF SCOTTISH PORTRAITS.

Historical interest in good Historical Portraits. Any representation by a faithful human creature of a Face and Figure worth knowing, which *he* saw, which we can *never* see, is invaluable, (p. 129)—All this apart from the artistic value of the Portraits. Historical Portrait-Galleries might far transcend in worth all other kinds of National Collections of Pictures whatsoever. In selecting Portraits, the grand question, What would the best-informed and most ingenuous soul like most to see, for illuminating and verifying History to himself? At the end of the account, to have served him, will be to have served everybody. The thing can by no means be done by *Yankee-Barnum* methods, nor should it, if it could. (130.)—No portrait of any living man admitted, however 'Historical' it promised to be: The space of a generation required, to discriminate between popular monstrosities and Historical realities Engravings, coins, casts; any genuine help to conceive the actual likeness of the man, should be welcome. No modern pictures of historical events Infatuated blotches of insincere ignorance. *Wilkie's John Knox*; *Battle of Worcester*, by some famed Academician or other. All that kind of matter, as indisputable 'chaff.' to be severely purged away. Considerations respecting a plurality of portraits of the same person. The question, Who is a Historical Character? The Catalogue, if well done, one of the best parts of the whole concern. (133)

THE PRINZENRAUB

A GLIMPSE OF SAXON HISTORY.

English ignorance of foreign history. German history, especially, quite wild soil, very rough to the ploughshare, (p. 138)—The Wettin Line of Saxon Princes (Prince Albert's line); and its lucky inheritance and force of survival: Through the earlier portion of the fifteenth century, one of the greatest houses in Germany. Coalescings, splittings, never-ending readjust-

ments. Frederick the Pacific and his brother Wilhelm 'rule conjointly ; till they quarrel and take to fighting. Kunz von Kaufungen, a German *condottiere*, employed by Fredenck. The fighting over, Kunz is dissatisfied with his bargain : Exasperations, and threats of revenge. Fredenck's two children left at home unguarded : Here is the opportunity we have hungrily waited for ! A midnight surprise in the venerable little town of Altenburg . The two Princes (but with a mistake to mend) earned off: Sudden alarms, shrieks, a mother's passionate prayer: Away, rapidly, through the woods. All Saxony, to the remotest village, from all its belfries ringing madly. (139.)—Kunz, with Albert the younger Prince, within an hour of the Bohemian border. A gny Collier, much astonished to find such company in the solitudes : The Prince rescued, and Kunz safe-warded under lock-and-key. The rest of his band, supposing their leader dead, restore Prince Ernst, and are permitted to fly. Kunz and others soon after tried, and all their transactions ended. The Collier also not allowed to go unrewarded. This little actual adventure worthy of a nook in modern memory, for many reasons. (144.)—Inextricable confusion and unintelligibility of Saxon pnncky names ; each person having from ten to twenty to hide among. Our two little stolen Princes the heads of two main streams or Lines, which still continue conspicuously distinct. The elder, or Ernestine Line, got for inheritance the better side of the Saxon country: They had Weimar, Altenburg, Gotha, Coburg, had especially the *Wartburg* too, and still have ; of all places the sun now looks upon, the *holiest* for a modern man . Immortal remembrances, influences and monitions. Ernst's son, Fredenck the Wise , who saved Luther from the Diet of Worms ' A man less known to hereditary governing persons, and others, than he might be. His brother, John the Steadfast, succeeded him ; with whose son the Line underwent sad destinies. (148.)—Of the younger, or Albertine Line, there was ' Duke George ; much revered by many, though Luther thought so little of him: A much afflicted, hard-struggling, and not very useful man. One of his daughters a lineal ancestress of Fredenck the Great. Elector Montz, and his seemingly-successful jockeyship : The game not yet played out. However that may be, the Ernestine Line has clearly got disintegrated ; Johann Friedrich the Magnanimous, then head of that elder line, all now in a reduced condition : Why did he found all that imbroglgio of little dukes! The thrifty Brandenburg Hohenzollerns ; and their fine talent of ' annihilating rubbish.' Montz, the new Elector, did not last long : No cage big enough to hold a Kaiser: Beats Albert Alcibiades ; and gets killed. The present King of Saxony a far-off *nephew* of jockeying Montz: A most expensive progeny ; in general not admirable otherwise. August the Strong, of the three hundred and fifty-four bastards: More transcendent king of gluttonous flunkies seldom stalked this earth. His miscellany of mistresses, very pretty some of them, but fools all. The unspeakably unexemplary mortal I Protestant Saxony spiritually bankrupt ever since. One of his bastards became Marechal de Saxe, and made much noise for a time ' Like his father, **an** immensely strong man ; of unbounded dissoluteness and loose native ingenuity. (153.)—The elder or Ernestine Line, in its undecipherable, disintegrated state. How the pious German mind holds by the palpably superfluous ; and in general cannot annihilate rubbish - The Ernestine Line was but like its neighbours in that. Cruel to say of these Ernestine little Dukes, they **have** no history: Perhaps here and there they **have** more history than we **are** aware of. Pity brave men, descended presumably from Witekind **and the gods, certainly from John the Steadfast and John Frederick the Magnanimous, should be reduced to stand thus inert, amid the whirling arena of the world I** (162.)—Bernhard of Weimar, a famed captain in the Thirty-Years War,—whose Life Goethe prudently did *not*

write: Not so easy to dig-out a Hero from the mouldering paper-heaps. Another individual of the Ernestine Line; notable to Englishmen as 'Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg.' He also a late, very late, grandson of that little stolen Ernst; concerning whom both English History and English Prophecy might say something. The Horologe of Time goes inexorably on. (164.)

EDINBURGH INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

The desire to honour those worthy of honour, a feeling honourable to all men : Necessity for selectest discrimination. Reminiscences of boyhood. The approving voice of Young Scotland really of some value : If I could do anything to serve my dear *old Alma-Mater* and you. A few words, not quite useless, nor incongruous to the occasion. Advice seldom much valued. The whole interest of after-life depends on early diligence • Youth the golden season and seed-time of life : The habits of an old man cannot alter. Honest study. Separate accurately in the mind what is really known from what is still unknown. All 'cramming' entirely unworthy an honourable mind. Gradually see what kind of work you individually can do. A dishonest man cannot bring forth real fruit, (p. 169.)—Some seven-hundred years since Universities were first set up. No getting things recorded in books then. All this greatly altered by the invention of Printing. Present and future uses of Universities. Theology. A great library of books. Learn to be good readers,—perhaps a more difficult thing than imagined. The most unhappy of men, he who cannot tell what he is going to do. (172.)—Universal value of History. The old Romans and Greeks. A very great deal of deep religion in both nations. Our own history. The Puritan Revolution. John Knox, the author of all that distinguishes Scotland among the nations. Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. Democracy and Dictatorship. How the Court of Chancery got reformed. No real history of this country to be got out of the common history-books. Collins's Peerage-book. Kings of England once in the habit of appointing as Peers those who deserved it: That the grand soul of England's history. A peerage now a paltry thing to what it was in those old times. Good books and bad books. Infinite the value of Wisdom. Why not a library of good books in every county town? (180.)—University endowments. Heyne's 'endowment' of peashells and an empty garret. His edition of Virgil. Mere speech-culture by no means the synonym of wisdom. Demosthenes and Phocion. Not the speech, but the thing spoken that is important. (184.)—Goethe's wise thoughts and suggestions : Education ; Christian Religion ; Reverence ; Art, or Human Perfectibility. All is possible. Wonderful efficacy of soldier-drill. (189.)—A very troublous epoch of the world. Age of revolutions. Sons of Chaos and of Cosmos. A man's reward shall be in his own faithfulness. Do not too much need success. Perfect Health, the highest of all temporal things. Piety not gloomy asceticism. The world not so cruelly inhospitable as it sometimes seems. Goethe's marching-song of mankind. (193.) Finis of Rectorship, (p. 198.)

SHOOTING NIAGARA: AND AFTER?

Present critical epoch of England's history. Democracy to complete Itself,—ins Parliament zealously watched by Penny Newspapers. All Churches and so-called Religions to deliquesce into Liberty, Progress and philanthropic slush. Free Trade for everybody, in all senses and to all lengths. manifold reflections and dubitations. Unexpected velocity of events. Germany become honourably Prussian. England's Niagara leap. (p. 200.)—

Strange how prepossessions and delusions seize on whole communities of men. The singular phenomenon the Germans call *Schwarmerey*. No difficulty about your Queen Bee. Axioms of folly for articles of faith. Any man equal to any other, and Bedlam and Gehenna to the New Jerusalem. The one refutation. (202.)—The late American War a notable case of *Swarmery*. The Nigger Question essentially one of the smallest; poor Nigger. Servantship on the nomadic principle cannot but be misdane and disastrous. Sheffield Assassination Company, Limited. Thirty-thousand 'distressed needlewomen' on the pavements of London. A 'contract for life' the Nigger's essential position. Injustices between Nigger and Buckra. American *Swarmery* and a continent of the earth submerged by deluges from the Pit of Hell. (203.)—*Swarmery* in our own country. Our accepted axioms. * Liberty, for example. Chaining the Devil for a thousand years. Strange notion of 'Reform': Not practical amendment, but 'extension of the suffrage.' (205) —The intellect that believes in the possibility of 'improvement' by such a method, a finished-off and shut-up intellect. Something of good even in our 'new Reform measure.' The day of settlement at last brought nearer. He they call 'Dizzy' is to do it. Not a tearful Tragedy, but an ignominious Farce as well. Beales and his ragamuffins. Home-Secretary Walpole in tears. A Lord Chief Justice's six hours of eloquent imbecility. An actual *Martial Law* the unseen basis of all written laws, without which no effective law of any kind would be even possible. Governor Eyre and the Nigger-Philanthropists. Our Social Arrangements pretty much an old-established Hypocrisy. The demand 'to become *Commonwealth of England*,' answered by official persons with a rope round their necks. The end perhaps nearer than expected. (208) —What the duties of good citizens, now and onwards. Possibilities yet remaining with our Aristocracy. Hopes and fears. Vice-Kings for the Colonies. Even Dominica enough to kindle a heroic young heart. At present all gone to jungle and sublime 'Self-government.' (211) —The better kind of our Nobility still something considerable. Politeness the beautiful natural index and outcome of all that is kingly. Nothing but vulgarity in our People's expectations. Conservative *varnish*. Mendacity hanging in the very air we breathe. Little help or hindrance from the populace. The unclassed Aristocracy by nature, supreme in wisdom and in courage. 'If these also fail us,—national death. One is inclined timidly to hope the best. A company of poor men, who will spend all their blood rather. It must at length come to battle. While God lives, the issue can or will fall only one way. (215.)—Our inspired speakers and seers, who are to deliver the world from its swarmeries. What is called Art, Poetry and the like. How stir such questions in the present limits! All real 'Art' the imprisoned 'Soul of Fact.' The Bible the *truest* of all Books Homer's Iliad, too, the truest a Patriotic Ballad-singer could manage to sing. 'Fiction,' and its alarming cousinship to *lying*. Modern 'Literature,' like a poor bottle of soda-water tuth the cork sprung. Shakspeare, and his ability to have turned the History of England into an Iliad, almost perhaps into a kind of Bible. England, too (equally with any Judah whatsoever), has a History that is divine. Incredible, and even impious interpretations (210.)—New definitions of LIBERTY: What it veritably signifies in the speech of men and gods. Idle habit of 'accounting for the Moral Sense.' The Moral Sense, the perennial Miracle of Man, the *visible link* between Earth and Heaven. Christian Religion, the soul of it alive forevermore; its dead and rotting *body* now getting burial. A very great work going on in these days: 'God and the Godlike' again struggling to become clearly revealed. (223.)—The Industrial Noble, and his born brother the Aristocrat by title; their united result what we want from both. The world of Industry to be recivilised

of its now utter savagery. The Reformed Parliament, with Trades Unions in search of their 'Four eights.' The immense and universal question of *Cheap and Nasty* London houses and house-building. England needs to be rebuilt once every seventy years. Foul Circe enchantments. The essence and outcome of all religion, to do one's work ill a faithful manner. (225.)—Constant invocation of the Devil, and diabolic short-cuts towards wages. The '*prestige* of England on the Continent.' Account as it stands in Heaven's Chancery. (229.)—Opportunities and possibilities of Kingship still open to our titular Aristocracy. Human worth. To recognise merit, a man must first *have* it. Right Schools never more needed than now. Unless our Noble by rank be a Noble by nature, little or no success is possible by him. Non-vocal schools, presided over by * pious Wisdom.' (231.)—The Drill-Sergeant, the one official reality. Blessedness of wise drill in every activity of life. 'The richest and deepest element in all practical education. Silent charm of rhythmic human companionship. Soldier-drill, the last or finishing touch of all sorts of Drilling. Our wise hero Aristocrat, with his private Field-regiment. The issue very certain when it comes so far as that (234.)—Wide enterprise still possible. Few noble Lords, as noble Lords now are, could do much good in it. Much the readiest likelihood for our Aristocrat by title would be, to coalesce nobly with his 'two untitled Brothers.' Were there but three of each sort in the whole of Britain, what a 'Parliament' they might be! (238.)—Penny-Newspaper Parliaments. Immense body of Laws pressingly wanted, and none of mortals knows where to get them. Beyond doubt the vulgar noble Lord intends fully to continue his game,—to keep weltering atop, however ignominiously. Let us hope he will be wise in time. (239.)

LATTER STAGE OF THE FRENCH-GERMAN WAR, 1870-71.

English ignorance of the mutual history of France and Germany. Not now a question of mere 'magnanimity' between them, but of practical security. Louis XI. and Kaiser Max. Burgundy becomes French, (p. 242.)—Francis I. tries to become Kaiser. Broken treaties, and ever-recurring strife with Charles V. Lets loose the fury and fanaticism of the Turks upon Christendom and the German Empire. Richelieu's pernicious meddling in the Thirty-Years War. (243.)—Louis XIV. 'splendenns and burnings of Europe. Belleisle's and Louis XV. s fine schemes for Germany. The Revolution and Napoleon I. No nation ever had so bad a neighbour as Germany had in France. Germany now at last in a position to see itself righted. Restoration of goods basely plundered. Strasburg and Metz. (244.)—The 'honour' of France. Her late disgraceful assault on Germany, and its ignominious execution. Only repentance can make her what she once was. For the present, becoming more and more delirious. Balloons ballasted with lies. The one hope for France, to recognise the facts which have come to her, and that they came by invitation of her own. (246.)—French 'men of genius' and their semi-delirious extravagances. The 'Insurrection against Shams' indispensable, howeverugly. The infinitely 'harder half of the battle still more indispensable. The German race, not the Gaelic, now to be protagonist in the world-drama, Might there not be a *Cartouche* of Nations fully as likely as a 'Christ of Nations' in our time? (248.)—Lord Carteret once hoped to recover Alsace and Lorraine for Germany. Bismarck, and Germany with him, will make sure work of it. The 'Siege of Paris.' Considerable misconception as to Bismarck long prevalent in England. Not a person of 'Napoleonic' ideas. Noble, patient Germany at **length welded into a Nation**, and become Queen of the Continent. (249.)

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CRITICAL AND
MISCELLANEOUS ESSAYS
THE EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY

ETC.

EIGHT VOLUMES IN THREE

VOLUME VIII

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EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY.

THE Icelanders, in their long winter, had a great habit of writing; and were, and still are, excellent in penmanship, says Dahlmann. It is to this fact that any little history there is of the Norse Kings and their old tragedies, crimes, and heroisms, is almost all due. The Icelanders, it seems, not only made beautiful letters on their paper or parchment, but were laudably observant and desirous of accuracy; and have left us such a collection of narratives (*Sagas*, literally 'Says') as, for quantity and quality, is unexampled among rude nations. Snorro Sturleson's History of the Norse Kings is built out of these old Sagas; and has in it a great deal of poetic fire, not a little faithful sagacity applied in sifting and adjusting these old Sagas; and, in a word, deserves, were it once well edited, furnished with accurate maps, chronological summaries, &c, to be reckoned among the great history-books of the world. It is from these sources, greatly aided by accurate, learned, and unwearied Dahlmann,¹ the German Professor, that the following rough notes of the early Norway Kings are hastily thrown together. In Histories of England (Rapin's excepted) next to nothing has been shown of the many and strong threads of connection between English affairs and Norse.

¹ J. G. Dahlmann, *Geschuhie von Dannemark*, 3 voll. 8vo. Hamburg, 1840-3.

EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY.

CHAPTER I.

HARALD HAARFAGR.

TILL about the Year of Grace 860 there were no kings in Norway, nothing but numerous jarls,—essentially kinglets,—each presiding over a kind of republican or parliamentary little territory ; generally striving each to be on some terms of human neighbourhood with those about him, but,—in spite of ⁴ *Fylke Things*' (Folk Things, little parish parliaments), and small combinations of these, which had gradually formed themselves,—often reduced to the unhappy state of quarrel with them. Harald Haarfagr was the first to put an end to this state of things, and become memorable and profitable to his country by uniting it under one head and making a kingdom of it; which it has continued to be ever since. His father, Halfdan the Black, had already begun this rough but salutary process,—inspired by the cupidities and instincts, by the faculties and opportunities, which the good genius of this world, beneficent often enough under savage forms, and diligent at all times to diminish anarchy as the world's *worst* savagery, usually appoints in such cases,—*conquest*, hard fighting, followed by wise guidance of the conquered;—but it was Harald the Fairhaired, his son, who conspicuously carried it on and completed it. Harald's birth-year, death-year, and chronology in general, are known only by inference and computation; but, by the latest reckoning, he died about the year 933 of our era, a man of eighty-three.

The business of conquest lasted Harald about twelve years (A.D. 860-872 ?), in which he subdued also the vikings of the out-islands, Orkneys, Shetlands, Hebrides, and Man. Sixty more years were given him to consolidate and regulate what he had conquered, which he did with great judgment, industry, and success. His reign altogether is counted to have been of over seventy years.

The beginning of his great adventure was of a romantic character,—youthful love for the beautiful Gyda, a then glorious and famous young lady of those regions, whom the young Harald aspired to marry. Gyda answered his embassy and prayer in a distant, lofty manner : " Her it would not beseem to wed any Jarl or poor creature of that kind ; let him do as Gorm of Denmark, Eric of Sweden, Egbert of England, and others had done,—subdue into peace and regulation the confused, contentious bits of jarls round him, and become a king; then, perhaps, she might think of his proposal; till then, not." Harald was struck with this proud answer, which rendered Gyda tenfold more desirable to him. He vowed to let his hair grow, never to cut or even to comb it till this feat were done, and the peerless Gyda his own. He proceeded accordingly to conquer, in fierce battle, a Jarl or two every year, and, at the end of twelve years, had his unkempt (and almost unimaginable) head of hair dipt off,—Jarl Rognwald (*Reginald*) of More, the most valued and valuable of all his subject-jarls, being promoted to this sublime barber function;—after which King Harald, with head thoroughly cleaned, and hair grown, or growing again to the luxuriant beauty that had no equal in his day, brought home his Gyda, and made her the brightest queen in all the north. He had after her, in succession, or perhaps even simultaneously in some cases, at least six other wives ; and by Gyda herself one daughter and four sons.

Harald was not to be considered a strict-living man, and he had a great deal of trouble, as we shall see, with the tumultuous ambition of his sons; but he managed his government, aided by Jarl Rognwald and others, in a large, quietly potent, and successful manner; and it lasted in this royal form till his death, after sixty years of it

These were the times of Norse colonisation ; proud Norsemen flying into other lands, to freer scenes,—to Iceland, to the

Faroe Islands, which were hitherto quite vacant (tenanted only by some mournful hermit, Irish Christian *fakir*, or so) ; still more copiously to the Orkney and Shetland Isles, the Hebrides and other countries where Norse squatters and settlers already were. Settlement of Iceland, we say ; settlement of the Far6e Islands, and, by far the notablest of all, settlement of Normandy by Rolf the Ganger (A.D. 876 ?).¹

Rolf, son of Rognwald,² was lord of three little islets far north, near the Fjord of Folden, called the Three Vigten Islands; but his chief means of living was that of sea-robbery ; which, or at least Rolf's conduct in which, Harald did not approve of. In the Court of Harald, sea-robbery was strictly forbidden as between Harald's own countries, but as against foreign countries it continued to be the one profession for a gentleman ; thus, I read, Harald's own chief son, King Eric that afterwards was, had been at sea in such employments ever since his twelfth year. Rolf's crime, however, was that in coming home from one of these expeditions, his crew having fallen short of victual, Rolf landed with them on the shore of Norway, and, in his strait, drove in some cattle there (a crime by law) and proceeded to kill and eat; which, in a little while, he heard that King Harald was on foot to enquire into and punish; whereupon Rolf the Ganger speedily got into his ships again, got to the coast of France with his sea-robbers, got infestment by the poor King of France in the fruitful, shaggy desert which is since called Normandy, land of the Northmen ; and there, gradually felling the forests, banking the rivers, tilling the fields, became, during the next two centuries, Wilhelmus Conquæstor, the man famous to England, and momentous at this day, not to England alone, but to all speakers of the English tongue, now spread from side to side of the world in a wonderful degree. Tancred of Hauteville and his Italian Normans, though important too, in Italy, are not worth naming in comparison. This is a feracious earth, and the grain of mustard-seed will grow to miraculous extent in some cases.

Harald's chief helper, counsellor, and lieutenant was the

¹ 'Settlement,' dated 912, by Munch, Hanault, &c The Saxon Chronicle says (anno 876): ' In this year Rolf overran Normandy with his army, and he reigned fifty winters.'

² Dahlmann, ii. 87.

above-mentioned Jarl Rognwald of More, who had the honour to cut Harald's dreadful head of hair. This Rognwald was father of Turf-Einar, who first invented peat in the Orkneys, finding the wood all gone there ; and is remembered to this day. Einar, being come to these islands by King Harald's permission, to see what he could do in them,—islands inhabited by what miscellany of Picts, Scots, Norse squatters we do not know,—found the indispensable fuel all wasted. Turf-Einar too may be regarded as a benefactor to his kind. He was, it appears, a bastard ; and got no coddling from his father, who disliked him, partly perhaps, because « he was ugly and blind of an eye,'—got no flattering even on his conquest of the Orkneys and invention of peat. Here is the parting speech his father made to him on fitting him out with a ' long-ship' (ship of war, 'dragon-ship,' ancient seventy-four), and sending him forth to make a living for himself in the world : " It were best if thou never earnest back, for I have small hope that thy people will have honour by thee ; thy mother's kin throughout is slavish."

Harald Haarfagr had a good many sons and daughters; the daughters he married mostly to jarls of due merit who were loyal to him ; with the sons, as remarked above, he had a great deal of trouble. They were ambitious, stirring fellows, and gruded at their finding so little promotion from a father so kind to his jarls ; sea-robbery by no means an adequate career for the sons of a great king. Two of them, Halfdan Haaleg (Long-leg), and Gudrod Ljome (Gleam), jealous of the favours won by the great Jarl Rognwald, surrounded him in his house one night, and burnt him and sixty men to death there. That was the end of Rognwald, the invaluable jarl, always true to Haarfagr ; and distinguished in world history by producing Rolf the Ganger, author of the Norman Conquest of England, and Turf-Einar, who invented peat in the Orkneys. Whether Rolf had left Norway at this time there is no chronology to tell me. As to Rolf's surname, ' Ganger,' there are various hypotheses ; the likeliest, perhaps, that Rolf was so weighty a man no horse (small Norwegian horses, big ponies rather) could carry him, and that he usually walked, having a mighty stride withal, and great velocity on foot.

One of these murderers of Jarl Rognwald quietly set himself in Rognwald's place, the other making for Orkney to serve

Turf-Einar in like fashion. Turf-Einar, taken by surprise, fled to the mainland; but returned, days or perhaps weeks after, ready for battle, fought with Halfdan, put his party to flight, and at next morning's light searched the island and slew all the men he found. As to Halfdan Long-leg himself, in fierce memory of his own murdered father, Turf-Einar 'cut an eagle on his back,' that is to say, hewed the ribs from each side of the spine and turned them out like the wings of a spread-eagle : a mode of Norse vengeance fashionable at that time in extremely aggravated cases!

Harald Haarfagr, in the mean time, had descended upon the Rognwald scene, not in mild mood towards the new jarl there ; indignantly dismissed said jarl, and appointed a brother of Rognwald (brother, notes Dahlmann), though Rognwald had left other sons. Which done, Haarfagr sailed with all ipeed to the Orkneys, there to avenge that cutting of an eagle on the human back on Turf-Einar's part. Turf-Einar did not resist; submissively met the angry Haarfagr, said he left it all, what had been done, what provocation there had been, to Haarfagr's own equity and greatness of mind. Magnanimous Haarfagr inflicted a fine of sixty marks in gold, which was paid in ready money by Turf-Einar, and so the matter ended.

CHAPTER II.

ERIC BLOOD-AXE AND BROTHERS.

IN such violent courses Haarfagr's sons, I know not how many of them, had come to an untimely end; only Eric, the accomplished sea-rover, and three others remained to him. Among these four sons, rather impatient for property and authority of their own, King Harald, in his old days, tried to part his kingdom in some eligible and equitable way, and retire from the constant press of business, now becoming burdensome to him. To each of them he gave a kind of kingdom ; Eric, his eldest son, to be head king, and the others to be feudatory under him, and pay a certain yearly contribution ; an arrangement which did not answer well at all. Head-King Eric insisted on his tribute ; quarrels arose as to the payment, considerable fighting and disturbance, bringing fierce destruc-

tion from King Eric upon many valiant but too stubborn Norse spirits, and among the rest upon all his three brothers, which got him from the Norse populations the surname of *Blood-axe*, 'Eric Blood-axe,' his title in history. One of his brothers he had killed in battle before his old father's life ended; this brother was Bjorn, a peaceable, improving, trading, economic Under-king, whom the others mockingly called •Bjorn the Chapman.' The great-grandson of this Bjorn became extremely distinguished by and by as *Saint Olaf*. Head-King Eric seems to have had a violent wife, too. She was thought to have poisoned one of her other brothers-in-law. Eric Blood-axe had by no means a gentle life of it in this world, trained to sea-robbery on the coasts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and France, since his twelfth year.

Old King Fairhair, at the age of seventy, had another son, to whom was given the name of Hakon. His mother was a slave in Fairhair's house; slave by ill-luck of war, though nobly enough born. A strange adventure connects this Hakon with England and King Athelstan, who was then entering upon his great career there. Short while after this Hakon came into the world, there entered Fairhair's palace, one evening as Fairhair sat feasting, an English ambassador or messenger, bearing in his hand, as gift from King Athelstan, a magnificent sword, with gold hilt and other fine trimmings, to the great Harald, King of Norway. Harald took the sword, drew it, or was half-drawing it, admiringly from the scabbard, when the English excellency broke into a scornful laugh, "Ha, ha; thou **art** now the feudatory of my English king; thou hast accepted the sword from him, and art now his man!" (acceptance of a sword in that manner being the symbol of investiture in those days.) Harald looked a trifle flurried, it is probable; but **held** in his wrath, and did no damage to the tricky Englishman. He kept the matter in his mind, however, and next summer little Hakon, having got his weaning done,—one of the prettiest, healthiest little creatures,—Harald sent him off, **under** charge of 'Hauk' (*Hawk* so-called), one of his principal warriors, with order, "Take him to England," and instructions **what to do with him there. And accordingly, one evening, Hauk, with thirty men escorting, strode into Athelstan's high dwelling (where situated, how built, whether with logs like**

Harald's, I cannot specifically say), into Athelstan's high presence, and silently set the wild little cherub upon Athelstan's knee. "What is this?" asked Athelstan, looking at the little cherub. "This is King Harald's son, whom a serving-maid bore to him, and whom he now gives thee as foster-child!" Indignant Athelstan drew his sword, as if to do the gift a mischief; but Hauk said, "Thou hast taken him on thy knee" (common symbol of adoption); "thou canst kill him if thou wilt; but thou dost not thereby kill all the sons of Harald." Athelstan straightway took milder thoughts; brought up, and carefully educated Hakon; from whom, and this singular adventure, came, before very long, the first tidings of Christianity into Norway.

Harald Haarfagr, latterly withdrawn from all kinds of business, died at the age of eighty-three—about A.D. 933, as is computed; nearly contemporary in death with the first Danish King, Gorm the Old, who had done a corresponding feat in reducing Denmark under one head. Remarkable old men, these two first kings; and possessed of gifts for bringing Chaos a little nearer to the form of Cosmos; possessed, in fact, of loyalties to Cosmos, that is to say, of authentic virtues in the savage state, such as have been needed in all societies at their incipience in this world; a kind of 'virtues' hugely in discredit at present, but not unlikely to be needed again, to the astonishment of careless persons, before all is done I

CHAPTER III.

HAKON THE GOOD.

ERIC BLOOD-AXE, whose practical reign is counted to have begun about A.D. 930, had by this time, or within a year or so of this time, pretty much extinguished all his brother kings, and crushed down recalcitrant spirits, in his violent way; but had naturally become entirely unpopular in Norway, and filled it with silent discontent and even rage against him. Hakon Fairhair's last son, the little foster-child of Athelstan in England, who had been baptised and carefully educated, was come to his fourteenth or fifteenth year at his father's death; a very shining youth, as Athelstan saw with just pleasure. So soon

as the few preliminary preparations had been settled, Hakon, furnished with a ship or two by Athelstan, suddenly appeared in Norway; got acknowledged by the Peasant Thing in Trondhjem; 'the news of which flew over Norway, like fire through dried grass,' says an old chronicler. So that Eric, with his Queen Gunhild, and seven small children, had to run; no other shift for Eric. They went to the Orkneys first of all, then to England, and he 'got Northumberland as earldom,' I vaguely hear, from Athelstan. But Eric soon died, and his queen, with her children, went back to the Orkneys in search of refuge or help; to little purpose there or elsewhere. From Orkney she went to Denmark, where Harald Blue-tooth took her poor eldest boy as foster-child; but I fear did not very faithfully keep that promise. The Danes had been robbing extensively during the late tumults in Norway; this the Christian Hakon, now established there, paid in kind, and the two countries were at war; so that Gunhild's little boy was a welcome card in the hand of Blue-tooth.

Hakon proved a brilliant and successful king; regulated many things, public law among others (*Gule-Thing* Law, *Frosie-Thing* Law: these are little codes of his accepted by their respective Things, and had a salutary effect in their time); with prompt dexterity he drove back the Blue-tooth foster-son invasions every time they came; and on the whole gained for himself the name of Hakon the Good. These Danish invasions were a frequent source of trouble to him, but his greatest and continual trouble was that of extirpating heathen idolatry from Norway, and introducing the Christian Evangel in its stead. His transcendent anxiety to achieve this salutary enterprise was all along his grand difficulty and stumbling-block; the heathen opposition to it being also rooted and great. Bishops and priests from England Hakon had, preaching and baptising what they could, but making only slow progress; much too slow for Hakon's zeal. On the other hand, every Yule-tide, when the chief heathen were assembled in his own palace on their grand sacrificial festival, there was great pressure put upon Hakon, as to sprinkling with horse-blood, drinking Yule-beer, eating horse-flesh, and the other distressing rites; the whole of which Hakon abhorred, and with all his steadfastness strove to reject utterly. Sigurd, Jarl of Lade

(Trondhjem), a liberal heathen, not openly a Christian, was ever a wise counsellor and conciliator in such affairs ; and proved of great help to Hakon. Once, for example, there having risen at a Yule-feast, loud, almost stormful demand that Hakon, like a true man and brother, should drink Yule-beer with them in their sacred hightide, Sigurd persuaded him to comply, for peace's sake, at least in form. Hakon took the cup in his left hand (excellent *hot beer*), and with his right cut the sign of the cross above it, then drank a draught. " Yes ; but what is this with the king's right hand ?" cried the company. " Don't you see ?" answered shifty Sigurd ; " he makes the sign of Thor's hammer before drinking !" which quenched the matter for the time.

Horse-flesh, horse-broth, and the horse ingredient generally, Hakon all but inexorably declined. By Sigurd's pressing exhortation and entreaty, he did once take a kettle of horse-broth by the handle, with a good deal of linen-quilt or towel interposed, and did open his lips for what of steam could insinuate itself. At another time he consented to a particle of horse-liver, intending privately, I guess, to keep it outside the gullet, and smuggle it away without *swallowing*; but farther than this not even Sigurd could persuade him to go. At the Things held in regard to this matter Hakon's success was always incomplete ; now and then it was plain failure, and Hakon had to draw back till a better time. Here is one specimen of the response he got on such an occasion; curious specimen, withal, of antique parliamentary eloquence from an Anti-Christian Thing.

At a Thing of all the Fylkes of Trondhjem, Thing held at Froste in that region, King Hakon, with all the eloquence he had, signified that it was imperatively necessary that all Bonders and sub-Bonders should become Christians, and believe in one God, Christ the Son of Mary ; renouncing entirely blood sacrifices and heathen idols; should keep every seventh day holy, abstain from labour that day, and even from food, devoting the day to fasting and sacred meditation. Whereupon, by way of universal answer, arose a confused universal murmur of entire dissent. "Take away from us our old belief, and also our time for labour !" murmured they in angry astonishment; "how can even the land be got tilled in that way ?" " We cannot work if we don't get food" said the hand labourers and slaves.

"It lies in King Hakon's blood," remarked others; "his father and all his kindred were apt to be stingy about food, though liberal enough with money." At length, one Osbjorn (or Bear of the Asen or Gods, what we now call Osborne), one Osbjorn of Medalhusin Gulathal, stepped forward, and said, in a distinct manner, "We Bonders (peasant proprietors) thought, King Hakon, when thou heidest thy first Thing-day here in Trondhjem, and we took thee for our king, and received our hereditary lands from thee again, that we had got heaven itself. But now we know not how it is, whether we have won freedom, or whether thou intendest anew to make us slaves, with this wonderful proposal that we should renounce our faith, which our fathers before us have held, and all our ancestors as well, first in the age of burial by burning, and now in that of earth burial; and yet these departed ones were much our superiors, and their faith, too, has brought prosperity to us! Thee, at the same time, we have loved so much that we raised thee to manage all the laws of the land, and speak as their voice to us all. And even now it is our will and the vote of all Bonders to keep that paction which thou gavest us here on the Thing at Froste, and to maintain thee as king so long as any of us Bonders who are here upon the Thing has life left, provided thou, king, wilt go fairly to work, and demand of us only such things as are not impossible. But if thou wilt fix upon this thing with so great obstinacy, and employ force and power, in that case, we Bonders have taken the resolution, all of us, to fall away from thee, and to take for ourselves another head, who will so behave that we may enjoy in freedom the belief which is agreeable to us. Now shalt thou, king, choose one of these two courses before the Thing disperse." 'Whereupon,' adds the Chronicle, 'all the Bonders raised a mighty shout, "Yes, we will have it so, as has been said."' So that Jarl Sigurd had to intervene, and King Hakon to choose for the moment the milder branch of the alternative.¹ At other Things Hakon was more or less successful. All his days, by such methods as there were, he kept pressing forward with this great enterprise; and on the whole did thoroughly shake asunder the old edifice of heathendom, and fairly introduce some foundation **for the new and better rule of faith and life among**

¹ Dahlmann, ii. 93.

his people. Sigurd, Jarl of Lade, his wise counsellor in all these matters, is also a man worthy of notice.

Hakon's arrangements against the continual invasions of Eric's sons, with Danish Blue-tooth backing them, were manifold, and for a long time successful. He appointed, after consultation and consent in the various Things, so many war-ships, fully manned and ready, to be furnished instantly on the King's demand by each province or fjord; watch-fires, on fit places, from hill to hill all along the coast, were to be carefully set up, carefully maintained in readiness, and kindled on any alarm of war. By such methods Blue-tooth and Co.'s invasions were for a long while triumphantly, and even rapidly, one and all of them, beaten back, till at length they seemed as if intending to cease altogether, and leave Hakon alone of them. But such was not their issue after all. The sons of Eric had only abated under constant discouragement, had not finally left off from what seemed their one great feasibility in life. Gunhild, their mother, was still with them: a most contriving, fierce-minded, irreconcilable woman, diligent and urgent on them, in season and out of season; and as for King Blue-tooth, he was at all times ready to help, with his good-will at least.

That of the alarm-fires on Hakon's part was found troublesome by his people; sometimes it was even hurtful and provoking (lighting your alarm-fires and rousing the whole coast and population, when it was nothing but some paltry viking with a couple of ships); in short, the alarm-signal system fell into disuse, and good King Hakon himself, in the first place, paid the penalty. It is counted, by the latest commentators, to have been about A.D. 961, sixteenth or seventeenth year of Hakon's pious, valiant, and worthy reign. Being at a feast one day, with many guests, on the Island of Stord, sudden announcement came to him that ships from the south were approaching in quantity, and evidently ships of war. This was the biggest of all the Blue-tooth foster-son invasions; and it was fatal to Hakon the Good that night. Eyvind the Skaldas-pillir (annihilator of all other Skalds), in his famed *Hakon's Song*, gives account, and, still more pertinently, the always practical Snorro. Danes in great multitude, six to one, as people afterwards computed, springing swiftly to land, and

ranking themselves; Hakon, nevertheless, at once deciding not to take to his ships and run, but to fight there, one to six; fighting, accordingly, in his most splendid manner, and at last gloriously prevailing; routing and scattering back to their ships and flight homeward these six-to-one Danes. 'During the struggle of the fight,' says Snorro, 'he was very conspicuous among other men; and while the sun shone, his bright gilded helmet glanced, and thereby many weapons were directed at him. One of his henchmen, Eyvind Finnson (*i.e.* Skaldaspillir, the poet), took a hat, and put it over the king's helmet. Now, among the hostile first leaders were two uncles of the Ericsons, brothers of Gunhild, great champions both, Skreya, the elder of them, on the disappearance of the glittering helmet, shouted boastfully, "Does the king of the Norsemen hide himself, then, or has he fled? Where now is the golden helmet?" And so saying, Skreya, and his brother Alf with him, pushed on like fools or madmen. The king said, "Come on in that way, and you shall find the king of the Norsemen!" And in a short space of time braggart Skreya did come up, swinging his sword, and made a cut at the king; but Thoralf the Strong, an Icelander, who fought at the king's side, dashed his shield so hard against Skreya, that he tottered with the shock. On the same instant the king takes his sword 'quernbiter' (able to cut *querns* or mill-stones) with both hands, and hews Skreya through helm and head, cleaving him down to the shoulders. Thoralf also slew Alf. That was what they got by such over-hasty search for the king of the Norsemen.²

Snorro considers the fall of these two champion uncles as the crisis of the fight; the Danish force being much disheartened by such a sight, and King Hakon now pressing on so hard that all men gave way before him, the battle on the Ericson part became a whirl of recoil; and in a few minutes more a torrent of mere flight and haste to get on board their ships, and put to sea again; in which operation many of them were drowned, says Snorro; survivors making instant sail for Denmark in that sad condition.

This seems to have been King Hakon's finest battle, and the most conspicuous of his victories, due not a little to his

² Laing's *Snorro*, i. 344.

EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY.

own grand qualities shown on the occasion. But, alas! it was his last also. He was still zealously directing the chase of that mad Danish flight, or whirl of recoil towards their ships, when an arrow, shot most likely at a venture, hit him under the left armpit; and this proved his death.

He was helped into his ship, and made sail for Alrekstad, where his chief residence in those parts was; but had to stop at a smaller place of his (which had been his mother's, and where he himself was born)—a place called Hella (the Flat Rock), still known as Hakon's Hella,' faint from loss of blood, and crushed down as he had never before felt. Having no son and only one daughter, he appointed these invasive sons of Eric to be sent for, and if he died to become king; but to "spare his friends and kindred." "If a longer life be granted me," he said, *«I will go out of this land to Christian men, and do penance for what I have committed against God. But if I die in the country of the heathen, let me have such burial as you yourselves think fittest." These are his last recorded words. And in heathen fashion he was buried, and besung by Eyvind and the Skalds, though himself a zealously Christian king. Hakon the *Good*; so one still finds him worthy of being called. The sorrow on Hakon's death, Snorro tells us, was so great and universal, 'that he was lamented 'both by friends and enemies; and they said that never again 'would Norway see such a king.'

CHAPTER IV.

HARALD GREYFELL AND BROTHERS.

ERIC'S sons, four or five of them, with a Harald at the top, now at once got Norway in hand, all of it but Trondhjem, as king and under-kings; and made a severe time of it for those who had been, or seemed to be, their enemies. Excellent Jarl Sigurd, always so useful to Hakon and his country, was killed by them; and they came to repent that before very long. The slain Sigurd left a son, Hakon, as Jarl, who became famous in the northern world by and by. This Hakon, and him only, would the Trondhjemers accept as sovereign. "Death to him,

then," said the sons of Eric, but only in secret, till they had got their hands free and were ready; which was not yet for some years. Nay, Hakon, when actually attacked, made good resistance, and threatened to cause trouble. Nor did he by any means get his death from these sons of Eric at this time, or till long afterwards at all, from one of their kin, as it chanced. On the contrary, he fled to Denmark now, and by and by managed to come back, to their cost.

Among their other chief victims were two cousins of their own, Tryggve and Gudrod, who had been honest under-kings to the late head-king, Hakon the Good; but were now become suspect, and had to fight for their lives, and lose them in a tragic manner. Tryggve had a son, whom we shall hear of. Gudrod, son of worthy Bjorn the Chapman, was grandfather of Saint Olaf, whom all men have heard of,—who has a church in Southwark even, and another in Old Jewry, to this hour. In all these violences, Gunhild, widow of the late king Eric, was understood to have a principal hand. She had come back to Norway with her sons; and naturally passed for the secret adviser and Maternal President in whatever of violence went on; always reckoned a fell, vehement, relentless personage where her own interests were concerned. Probably as things settled, her influence on affairs grew less. At least one hopes so; and, in the Sagas, hears less and less of her, and before long nothing.

Harald, the head-king in this Eric fraternity, does not seem to have been a bad man,—the contrary indeed; but his position was untowardly, full of difficulty and contradictions. Whatever Harald could accomplish for behoof of Christianity, or real benefit to Norway, in these cross circumstances, he seems to have done in a modest and honest manner. He got the name of *Greyfell* from his people on a very trivial account, but seemingly with perfect good humour on their part. Some Iceland trader had brought a cargo of furs to Trondhjem (Lade) for sale; sale being slacker than the Icelander wished, he presented a chosen specimen, cloak, doublet, or whatever it was, to Harald; who wore it with acceptance in public, and rapidly brought disposal of the Icelander's stock, and the surname of *Greyfell* to himself. His under-kings and he were certainly not popular, though I almost think *Greyfell* himself, in

absence of his mother and the under-kings, might have been so. But here they all were, and had wrought great trouble in Norway. "Too many of them," said everybody ; "too many of these courts and court people, eating up any substance that there is." For the seasons withal, two or three of them in succession, were bad for grass, much more for grain ; no *herring* came either ; very cleanness of teeth was like to come in Ey vind Skaldaspillir's opinion. This scarcity became at last their share of the great Famine of A.D. 975, which desolated Western Europe (see the poem in the Saxon Chronicle). And all this by Eyvmd Skaldaspillir, and the heathen Norse in general, was ascribed to anger of the heathen gods. Discontent in Norway, and especially in Eyvind Skaldaspillir, seems to have been very great.

Whereupon exile Hakon, Jarl Sigurd's son, bestirs himself in Denmark, backed by old King Blue-tooth, and begins invading and encroaching in a miscellaneous way ; especially intriguing and contriving plots all round him. An unfathomably cunning kind of fellow, as well as an audacious and strong-handed ! Intriguing in Trondhjem, where he gets the under-king, Greyfell's brother, fallen upon and murdered ; intriguing with Gold Harald, a distinguished cousin or nephew of King Blue-tooth's, who had done fine viking work, and gained such wealth that he got the epithet of ' Gold,' and who now was infinitely desirous of a share in Blue-tooth's kingdom as the proper finish to these sea-rovings. He even ventured one day to make publicly a distinct proposal that way to King Harald Blue-tooth himself ; who flew into thunder and lightning at the mere mention of it ; so that none durst speak to him for several days afterwards. Of both these Haralds Hakon was confidential friend ; and needed all his skill to walk without immediate annihilation between such a pair of dragons, and work out Norway for himself withal. In the end he found he must take solidly to Blue-tooth's side of the question ; and that they two must provide a recipe for Gold Harald and Norway both at once.

" It is as much as your life is worth to speak again of sharing this Danish kingdom," said Hakon very privately to Gold Harald ; " but could not you, my golden friend, be content with Norway for a kingdom, if one helped you to it ?"

"That could I well," answered Harald.

"Then keep me those nine war-ships you have just been rigging for a new viking cruise; have these in readiness when I lift my finger!"

That was the recipe contrived for Gold Harald; recipe for King Greyfell goes into the same vial, and is also ready.

Hitherto the Hakon-Blue-tooth disturbances in Norway had amounted to but little. King Greyfell, a very active and valiant man, has constantly, without much difficulty, repelled these sporadic bits of troubles; but Greyfell, all the same, would willingly have peace with dangerous old Blue-tooth (ever anxious to get his clutches over Norway on any terms), if peace with him could be had. Blue-tooth, too, professes every willingness; inveigles Greyfell, he and Hakon do, to have a friendly meeting on the Danish borders, and not only settle all these quarrels, but generously settle Greyfell in certain fiefs which he claimed in Denmark itself; and so swear everlasting friendship. Greyfell joyfully complies, punctually appears at the appointed day in Lymfjord Sound, the appointed place. Whereupon Hakon gives signal to Gold Harald, "To Lymfjord with these nine ships of yours, swift!" Gold Harald flies to Lymfjord with his ships, challenges King Harald Greyfell to land and fight; which the undaunted Greyfell, though so far outnumbered, does; and, fighting his very best, perishes there, he and almost all his people. Which done, Jarl Hakon, who is in readiness, attacks Gold Harald, the victorious but the wearied; easily beats Gold Harald, takes him prisoner, and instantly hangs and ends him, to the huge joy of King Blue-tooth and Hakon; who now make instant voyage to Norway; drive all the brother under-kings into rapid flight to the Orkneys, to any readiest shelter; and so, under the patronage of Blue-tooth, Hakon, with the title of Jarl, becomes ruler of Norway. This foul treachery done on the brave and honest Harald Greyfell is by some dated about A.D. 969, by Munch, 965, by others, computing out of Snorro only, A.D. 975. For there is always an uncertainty in these Icelandic dates (say rather, rare and rude attempts at dating, without even an 'A.D.' or other fixed 'year one' to go upon in Iceland), though seldom, I think, so large a discrepancy as here.

CHAPTER V.

HAKON JARL.

HAKON JARL, such the style he took, had engaged to pay some kind of tribute to King Blue-tooth, 'if he could;' but he never did pay any, pleading always the necessity of his own affairs; with which excuse, joined to Hakon's readiness in things less important, King Blue-tooth managed to content himself, Hakon being always his good neighbour, at least, and the two mutually dependent. In Norway, Hakon, without the title of king, did in a strong-handed, steadfast, and at length successful way, the office of one; governed Norway (some count) for above twenty years; and, both at home and abroad, had much consideration through most of that time; specially amongst the heathen orthodox, for Hakon Jarl himself was a zealous heathen, fixed in his mind against these chimerical Christian innovations and unsanitary changes of creed, and would have gladly trampled out all traces of what the last two kings (for Greyfell, also, was an English Christian after his sort) had done in this respect. But he wisely discerned that it was not possible, and that, for peace's sake, he must not even attempt it, but must strike preferably into 'perfect toleration,' and that of 'every one getting to heaven' (or even to the other goal) 'in his own way.' He himself, it is well known, repaired many heathen temples (a great 'church builder' in his way!), manufactured many splendid idols, with much gilding and such artistic ornament as there was,—in particular, one huge image of Thor, not forgetting the hammer and appendages, and such a collar (supposed of solid gold, which it was not quite, as we shall hear in time) round the neck of him as was never seen in all the North. How he did his own Yule festivals, with what magnificent solemnity, the horse-eatings, blood-sprinklings, and other sacred rites, need not be told. Something of a 'Ritualist,' one may perceive; perhaps had Scandinavian Puseyisms in him, and other desperate heathen notions. He was universally believed to have gone into magic, for one thing, and to have dangerous potencies derived from the Devil himself. The dark heathen mind of him struggling vehemently in that strange element, not altogether so unlike our own in some points.

For the rest, he was evidently, in practical matters, a man of sharp, clear insight, of steadfast resolution, diligence, promptitude ; and managed his secular matters uncommonly well. Had sixteen Jarls under him, though himself only Hakon Jarl by title ; and got obedience from them stricter than any king since Haarfagr had done. Add to which that the country had years excellent for grass and crop, and that the herrings came in exuberance; tokens, *to* the thinking mind, that Hakon Jarl was a favourite of Heaven.

His fight with the far-famed Jomsvikings was his grandest exploit in public rumour. Jomsburg, a locality not now known, except that it was near the mouth of the River Oder, denoted in those ages the impregnable castle of a certain body corporate, or 'Sea Robbery Association (limited),' which, for some generations, held the Baltic in terror, and plundeied far beyond the Belt,—in the ocean itself, in Flanders and the opulent trading havens there,—above all, in opulent anarchic England, which, for forty years from about this time, was the pirates' Goshen ; and yielded, regularly every summer, slaves, Danegelt, and miscellaneous plunder, like no other country Jomsburg or the viking-world had ever known. *Palnatoke*, Bue, and the other quasi-heroic heads of this establishment are still remembered in the northern parts. *Palnatoke* is the title of a tragedy by Oehlenschlager, which had its run of immortality in Copenhagen some sixty or seventy years ago.

I judge the institution to have been in its floweriest state, probably now in Hakon Jarl's time. Hakon Jarl and these pirates, robbing Hakon's subjects and merchants that frequented him, were naturally in quarrel; and frequent fightings had fallen out, not generally to the profit of the Jomsburgers, who at last determined on revenge, and the rooting out of this obstructive Hakon Jarl. They assembled in force at the Cape of Stad,—in the Firda Fylke ; and the fight was dreadful in the extreme, noise of it filling all the north for long afterwards. Hakon, fighting like a lion, could scarcely hold his own,—Death or Victory, the word on both sides ; when suddenly, the heavens grew black, and there broke out a terrific storm of thunder and hail, appalling to the human mind,—universe swallowed wholly in black **night**; **only** the **momentary forked-**

blazes, the thunder-pealing as of Ragnarok, and the battering hail-torrents, hail-stones about the size of an egg. Thor with his hammer evidently acting ; but in behalf of whom ? The Jomsburgers in the hideous darkness, broken only by flashing thunderbolts, had a dismal apprehension that it was probably not on their behalf (Thor having a sense of justice in him); and before the storm ended, thirty-five of their seventy ships sheered away, leaving gallant Bue, with the other thirty-five, to follow as they liked, who reproachfully hailed these fugitives, and continued the now hopeless battle. Bue's nose and lips were smashed or cut away ; Bue managed, half-articulately, to exclaim, " Ha ! the maids ('mays') of Funen will never kiss me more. Overboard, all ye Bue's men !" And taking his two sea-chests, with all the gold he had gained in such life-struggle from of old, sprang overboard accordingly, and finished the affair. Hakon Jarl's renown rose naturally to the transcendent pitch after this exploit. His people, I suppose chiefly the Christian part of them, whispered one to another, with a shudder, " That in the blackest of the thunderstorm, he had taken his youngest little boy, and made away with him ; sacrificed him to Thor or some devil, and gained his victory by art-magic, or something worse." Jarl Eric, Hakon's eldest son, without suspicion of art-magic, but already a distinguished viking, became thrice distinguished by his style of sea-fighting in this battle; and awakened great expectations in the viking public ; of him we shall hear again.

The Jomsburgers, one might fancy, after this sad clap went visibly down in the world; but the fact is not altogether so. Old King Blue-tooth was now dead, died of a wound got in battle with his "'natural (so-called 'natural') son and successor, Otto Svein of the Forked Beard, afterwards king and conqueror of England for a little while ; and seldom, perhaps never, had vikingism been in such flower as now. This man's name is Sven in Swedish, Svend in German, and means *boy* or *lad*,—the English 'swain.' It was at old * Father Blue-tooth's funeral-ale' (drunken burial-feast), that Svein, carousing with his Jomsburg chiefs and other choice spirits, generally of the robber class, all risen into height of highest robber enthusiasm, pledged the vow to one another; Svein that he would

conquer England (which, in a sense, he, after long struggling, did) ; and the Jomsburgers that they would ruin and root out Hakon Jarl (which, as we have just seen, they could by no means do), and other guests other foolish things which proved equally unfeasible. Sea-robber volunteers so especially abounding in that time, one perceives how easily the Jomsburgers could recruit themselves, build or refit new robber fleets, man them with the pick of crews, and steer for opulent, fruitful England ; where, under Ethelred the Unready, was such a field for profitable enterprise as the viking public never had before or since.

An idle question sometimes rises on me,—idle enough, for it never can be answered in the affirmative or the negative, Whether it was not these same refitted Jomsburgers who appeared some while after this at Red Head Point, on the shore of Angus, and sustained a new severe beating, in what the Scotch still faintly remember as their ' Battle of Loncarty ' ? Beyond doubt a powerful Norse-pirate armament dropt anchor at the Red Head, to the alarm of peaceable mortals, about that time. It was thought and hoped to be on its way for England, but it visibly hung on for several days, deliberating (as was thought) whether they would do this poorer coast the honour to land on it before going farther. Did land, and vigorously plunder and burn south-westward as far as Perth ; laid siege to Perth ; but brought out King Kenneth on them, and produced that ' Battle of Loncarty ' which still dwells in vague memory among the Scots. Perhaps it might be the Jomsburgers ; perhaps also not ; for there were many pirate associations, lasting not from century to century like the Jomsburgers, but only for very limited periods, or from year to year ; indeed, it was mainly by such that the splendid thief-harvest of England was reaped in this disastrous time. No Scottish chronicler gives the least of exact date to their famed victory of Loncarty, only that it was achieved by Kenneth III., which will mean some time between A.D. 975 and 994 ; and, by the order they put it in, probably soon after A.D. 975, or the beginning of this Kenneth's reign. Buchanan's narrative, carefully distilled from all the ancient Scottish sources, is of admirable quality for style and otherwise ; quiet, brief, with

perfect clearness, perfect credibility even,—except that semi-miraculous appendage of the Ploughmen, Hay and Sons, always hanging to the tail of it; the grain of possible truth in which can now never be extracted by man's art !¹ In brief, what we know is, fragments of ancient human bones and armour have occasionally been ploughed up in this locality, proof-positive of ancient fighting here ; and the fight fell out not long after Hakon's beating of the Jomsburgers at the Cape of Stad. And in such dim glimmer of wavering twilight, the question whether these of Loncarty were refitted Jomsburgers or not, must be left hanging. Loncarty is now the biggest bleachfield in Queen Victoria's dominions ; no village or hamlet there, only the huge bleaching-house and a beautiful field, some six or seven miles north-west of Perth, bordered by the beautiful Tay river on the one side, and by its beautiful tributary Almond on the other; a Loncarty fitted either for bleaching linen, or for a bit of fair duel between nations, in those simple limes. Whether our refitted Jomsburgers had the least thing to do with it is only matter of fancy, but if it were they who here again got a good beating, fancy would be glad to find herself fact. The old piratical kings of Denmark had been at the founding of Jomsburg, and to Svein of the Forked Beard it was still vitally important, but not so to the great Knut, or any king that followed ; all of whom had better business than mere thieving ; and it was Magnus the Good, of Norway, a man of still higher anti-anarchic qualities, that annihilated it, about a century later.

Hakon Jarl, his chief labours in the world being over, is said to have become very dissolute in his elder days, especially in the matter of women ; the wretched old fool, led away by idleness and fulness of bread, which to all of us are well said to be the parents of mischief. Having absolute power, he got into the habit of openly plundering men's pretty daughters and wives from them, and, after a few weeks, sending them back; greatly to the rage of the fierce Norse heart, had there been any means of resisting or revenging. It did, after a little while, prove the ruin and destruction of Hakon the Rich, as

¹ G. Buchanani *Optra Omnia*, i. 103-4 (Curante Ruddimano, Edinburgi 715).

he was then called. It opened the door, namely, for entry of Olaf Tryggveson upon the scene,—a very much grander man ; in regard to whom the wiles and traps of Hakon proved to be a recipe, not on Tryggveson, but on the wily Hakon himself, as shall now be seen straightway.

CHAPTER VI.

OLAF TRYGGVESON.

HAKON, in late times, had heard of a famous stirring person, victonous in various lands and seas, latterly united in sea-robbery with Svein, Prince Royal of Denmark, afterwards King Svein of the Double-beard (' *Zvae Skiaeg,* ' *Twa Shag*) or fork-beard, both of whom had already done transcendent feats in the viking way during this copartnery. The fame of Svein, and this stirring personage, whose name was ' Ole,' and, recently, their stupendous feats in plunder of England, siege of London, and other wonders and splendours of viking glory and success, had gone over all the North, awakening the attention of Hakon and everybody there. The name of ' Ole' was enigmatic, mysterious, and even dangerous-looking to Hakon Jarl; who at length sent out a confidential spy to investigate this ' Ole;' a feat which the confidential spy did completely accomplish,—by no means to Hakon's profit! The mysterious ' Ole' proved to be no other than *Olaf*, son of Tryggve, destined to blow Hakon Jarl suddenly into destruction, and become famous among the heroes of the Norse world.

Of Olaf Tryggveson one always hopes there might, one day, some real outline of a biography be written ; fished from the abysses where (as usual) it welters deep in foul neighbourhood for the present. Farther on we intend a few words more upon the matter. But in this place all that concerns us in it limits itself to the two following facts : first, that Hakon's confidential spy ' found Ole in Dublin;' picked acquaintance with him, got him to confess that he was actually Olaf, son of Tryggve (the Tryggve, whom Blood-axe's fierce widow and her sons had murdered); got him gradually to own that perhaps an expedition into Norway might have its chances; and finally

that, under such a wise and loyal guidance as his (the confidential spy's, whose friendship for Tryggveson was so indubitable), he (Tryggveson) would actually try it upon Hakon Jarl, the dissolute old scoundrel. Fact second is, that about the time they two set sail from Dublin on their Norway expedition, Hakon Jarl removed to Trondhjem, then called Lade; intending to pass some months there.

Now just about the time when Tryggveson, spy, and party had landed in Norway, and were advancing upon Lade, with what support from the public could be got, dissolute old Hakon Jarl had heard of one Gudrun, a Bonder's wife, unparalleled in beauty, who was called in those parts, 'Sunbeam of the Grove' (so inexpressibly lovely); and sent off a couple of thralls to bring her to him. "Never," answered Gudrun; "never," her indignant husband; in a tone dangerous and displeasing to these Court thralls; who had to leave rapidly, but threatened to return in better strength before long. Whereupon, instantly, the indignant Bonder and his Sunbeam of the Grove sent out their war-arrow, rousing all the country into angry promptitude, and more than one perhaps into greedy hope of revenge for their own injuries. The rest of Hakon's history now rushes on with extreme rapidity.

Sunbeam of the Grove, when next demanded of her Bonder, has the whole neighbourhood assembled in arms round her; rumour of Tryggveson is fast making it the whole country. Hakon's insolent messengers are cut in pieces; Hakon finds he cannot fly under cover too soon. With a single slave he flies that same night;—but whitherward? Can think of no safe place, except to some old mistress of his, who lives retired in that neighbourhood, and has some pity or regard for the wicked old Hakon. Old mistress does receive him, pities him, will do all she can to protect and hide him. But how, by what uttermost stretch of female artifice hide him here; every one will search here first of all! Old mistress, by the slave's help, extemporises a cellar under the floor of her pig-house; sticks Hakon and slave into that, as the one safe seclusion she can contrive. Hakon and slave, begrunted by the pigs above **them**, **tortured** by the devils within and about them, passed two days in circumstances more and **more horrible** **For they heard,**

through their light-slit and breathing-slit, the triumph of Tryggveson proclaiming itself by Tryggveson's own lips, who had mounted a big boulder near by and was victoriously speaking to the people, winding up with a promise of honours and rewards to whoever should bring him wicked old Hakon's head. Wretched Hakon, justly suspecting his slave, tried to at least keep himself awake. Slave did keep himself awake till Hakon dozed or slept, then swiftly cut off Hakon's head, and plunged out with it to the presence of Tryggveson. Tryggveson, detesting the traitor, useful as the treachery was, cut off the slave's head too, had it hung up along with Hakon's on the pinnacle of the Lade Gallows, where the populace pelted both heads with stones and many curses, especially the more important of the two. 'Hakon the Bad' ever henceforth, instead of Hakon the Rich.

This was the end of Hakon Jarl, the last support of heathenry in Norway, among other characteristics he had: a strong-handed, hard-headed, very relentless, greedy and wicked being. He is reckoned to have ruled in Norway, or mainly ruled, either in the struggling or triumphant state, for about thirty years (965-95 ?). He and his seemed to have formed, by chance rather than design, the chief opposition which the Haarfagr posterity throughout its whole course experienced in Norway. Such the cost to them of killing good Jarl Sigurd, in Greyfell's time! For 'curses, like chickens,' do sometimes visibly 'come home to feed,' as they always, either visibly or else invisibly, are punctually sure to do.

Hakon Jarl is considerably connected with *the Faroer Saga*; often mentioned there, and comes out perfectly in character; an altogether worldly-wise man of the roughest type, not without a turn for practicality of kindness to those who would really be of use to him. His tendencies to magic also are not forgotten.

Hakon left two sons, Eric and Svein, often also mentioned in this Saga. On their father's death they fled to Sweden, to Denmark, and were busy stirring up troubles in those countries against Olaf Tryggveson; till at length, by a favourable combination, under their auspices chiefly, they got his brief and noble reign put an end to. Nay, furthermore, Jarl Eric left sons, especially an elder son, named also Eric, who proved a sore affliction, and a continual stone of stumbling to a new

generation of Haarfagns, and so continued the curse of Sigurd's murder upon them.

Towards the end of this Hakon's reign it was that the discovery of America took place (985). Actual discovery, it appears, by Eric the Red, an Icelander; concerning which there has been abundant investigation and discussion in our time. *Ginnungagap* (Roaring Abyss) is thought to be the mouth of Behring's Straits in Baffin's Bay; *Big Helloland*, the coast from Cape Walsingham to near Newfoundland; *Little Helloland*, Newfoundland itself. *Maryland* was Lower Canada, New Brunswick, and Novia Scotia. Southward thence to Chesapeak Bay was called *Wine Land* (wild grapes still grow in Rhode Island, and more luxuriantly further south). *White Man's Land*, called also *Great Ireland*, is supposed to mean the two Carolinas, down to the Southern Cape of Florida. In Dahlmann's opinion, the Irish themselves might even pretend to have probably been the first discoverers of America; they had evidently got to Iceland itself before the Norse exiles found it out. It appears to be certain that, from the end of the tenth century to the early part of the fourteenth, there was a dim knowledge of those distant shores extant in the Norse mind, and even some straggling series of visits thither by roving Norsemen; though, as only danger, difficulty, and no profit resulted, the visits ceased, and the whole matter sank into oblivion, and, but for the Icelandic talent of writing in the long winter nights, would never have been heard of by posterity at all.

CHAPTER VII.

REIGN OF OLAF TRYGGVESON.

OLAF TRYGGVESON (A.D. 995-1000) also makes a great figure in the *Faroer Saga*, and recounts there his early troubles, which were strange and many. He is still reckoned a grand hero of the North, though his *vates* now is only Snorro Sturleson of Iceland. Tryggveson had indeed many adventures in the world. His poor mother, Astrid, was obliged to fly, on murder of her husband by Gunhild,—to fly for life, three months before he, her little Olaf, was born. She lay concealed in

reedy islands, fled through trackless forests; reached her father's with the little baby in her arms, and lay deep-hidden there, tended only by her father himself; Gunhild's pursuit being so incessant, and keen as with sleuth-hounds. Poor Astrid had to fly again, deviously to Sweden, to Esthland (Esthonia), to Russia. In Esthland she was sold as a slave, quite parted from her boy,—who also was sold, and again sold; but did at last fall in with a kinsman high in the Russian service; did from him find redemption and help, and so rose, in a distinguished manner, to manhood, victorious self-help, and recovery of his kingdom at last. He even met his mother again, he as king of Norway, she as one wonderfully lifted out of darkness into new life and happiness still in store.

Grown to manhood, Tryggveson,—now become acquainted with his birth, and with his, alas, hopeless claims,—left Russia <br the one profession open to him, that of sea-robbery; and did feats without number in that questionable line in many seas and scenes,—in England latterly, and most conspicuously of all. In one of his courses thither, after long labours in the Hebrides, Man, Wales, and down the western shores to the very Land's End and farther, he paused at the Scilly Islands for a little while. He was told of a wonderful Christian hermit living strangely in these sea-solitudes; had the curiosity to seek him out, examine, question, and discourse with him; and, after some reflection, accepted Christian baptism from the venerable man. In *Snorro* the story is involved in miracle, rumour, and fable; but the fact itself seems certain, and is very interesting; the great, wild, noble soul of fierce Olaf opening to this wonderful gospel of tidings from beyond the world, tidings which infinitely transcended all else he had ever heard or dreamt of. It seems certain he was baptised here; date not fixable; shortly before poor heart-broken Dunstan's death, or shortly after; most English churches, monasteries especially, lying burnt, under continual visitation of the Danes. Olaf, such baptism notwithstanding, did not quit his viking profession; indeed, what other was there for him in the world as yet?

We mentioned his occasional copartneries with Svein of the Double-beard, now become King of Denmark, but the greatest of these, and the alone interesting at this time, is their

joint invasion of England, and Tryggveson's exploits and fortunes there some years after that adventure of baptism in the Scilly Isles. Svein and he 'were above a year in England together,' this time : they steered up the Thames with three hundred ships and many fighters ; siege, or at least furious assault, of London was their first or main enterprise, but it did not succeed. The Saxon Chronicle gives date to it, A.D. 994, and names expressly, as Svein's co-partner, 'Olaus, king of Norway,'—which he was as yet far from being ; but in regard to the Year of Grace the Saxon Chronicle is to be held indisputable, and, indeed, has the field to itself in this matter. Famed Olaf Tryggveson, seen visibly at the siege of London, year 994, it throws a kind of momentary light to us over that disastrous whirlpool of miseries and confusions, all dark and painful to the fancy otherwise ! This big voyage and furious siege of London is Svein Double-beard's first real attempt to fulfil that vow of his at Father Blue-tooth's 'funeral ale,' and conquer England,—which it is a pity he could not yet do. Had London now fallen to him, it is pretty evident all England must have followed, and poor England, with Svein as king over it, been delivered from immeasurable woes, which had to last some two-and-twenty years farther, before this result could be arrived at. But finding London impregnable for the moment (no ship able to get athwart the bridge, and many Danes perishing in the attempt to do it by swimming), Svein and Olaf turned to other enterprises ; all England in a manner lying open to them, turn which way they liked. They burnt and plundered over Kent, over Hampshire, Sussex; they stormed far and wide; world lying all before them where to choose. Wretched Ethelred, as the one invention he could fall upon, offered them Danegelt (16,000'. of silver this year, but it rose in other years as high as 48,000'.); the desperate Ethelred, a clear method of quenching fire by pouring *oil* on it ! Svein and Olaf accepted ; withdrew to Southampton,—Olaf at least did,—till the money was got ready. Strange to think of, fierce Svein of the Double-beard, and conquest of England by him ; this had at last become the one salutary result which remained for that distracted, down-trodden, now utterly chaotic and anarchic country. A conquering Svein, followed by an ably and earnestly admin-

istrative, as well as conquering, Knut (whom Dahlmann compares to Charlemagne), were thus by the mysterious destinies appointed the effective saviours of England.

Tryggveson, on this occasion, was a good while at Southampton ; and roamed extensively about, easily victorious over everything, if resistance were attempted, but finding little or none ; and acting now in a peaceable or even friendly capacity. In the Southampton country he came in contact with the then Bishop of Winchester, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, excellent Elphegus, still dimly decipherable to us as a man of great natural discernment, piety, and inborn veracity ; a hero-soul, probably of real brotherhood with Olafs own. He even made court visits to King Ethelred ; one visit to him at Andover of a very serious nature. By Elphegus, as we can discover, he was introduced into the real depths of the Christian faith. Elphegus, with due solemnity of apparatus, in presence of the king, at Andover, baptised Olaf anew, and to him Olaf engaged that he would never plunder in England any more, which promise, too, he kept. In fact, not long after, Svein's conquest of England being in an evidently forward state, Tryggveson (having made, withal, a great English or Irish marriage,—a dowager Princess, who had voluntarily fallen in love with him,—see *Snorro* for this fine romantic fact!) mainly resided in our island for two or three years, or else in Dublin, in the precincts of the Danish Court there in the Sister Isle. Accordingly it was in Dublin, as above noted, that Hakon's spy found him ; and from the Liffey that his squadron sailed, through the Hebrides, through the Orkneys, plundering and baptising in their strange way, towards such success as we have seen.

Tryggveson made a stout, and, in effect, victorious and glorious struggle for himself as king. Daily and hourly vigilant to do so, often enough by soft and even merry methods,—for he was a witty, jocund man, and had a fine ringing laugh in him, and clear pregnant words ever ready,—or if soft methods would not serve, then by hard and even hardest he put down a great deal of miscellaneous anarchy in Norway ; was especially busy against heathenism (devil-worship and its rites): this, indeed, may be called the focus and heart of all his royal

endeavour in Norway, and of all the troubles he now had with his people there. For this was a serious, vital, all-comprehending matter; devil-worship, a thing not to be tolerated one moment longer than you could by any method help ! Olaf's success was intermittent, of varying complexion ; but his effort, swift or slow, was strong and continual; and on the whole he did succeed. Take a sample or two of that wonderful conversion process:

At one of his first Things he found the Bonders all assembled in arms ; resolute to the death seemingly, against his proposal and him. Tryggveson said little ; waited impassive, " What your reasons are, good men ?" One zealous Bonder started up in passionate parliamentary eloquence ; but after a sentence or two, broke down ; one, and then another, and still another, and remained all three staring in open-mouthed silence there! The peasant-proprietors accepted the phenomenon as ludicrous, perhaps partly as miraculous withal, and consented to baptism this time.

On another occasion of a Thing, which had assembled near some heathen temple to meet him,—temple where Hakon Jarl had done much repairing, and set up many idol figures and sumptuous ornaments, regardless of expense, especially a very big and splendid Thor, with massive gold collar round the neck of him, not the like of it in Norway,—King Olaf Tryggveson was clamorously invited by the Bonders to step in there, enlighten his eyes, and partake of the sacred rites. Instead of which he rushed into the temple with his armed men; smashed down, with his own battle-axe, the god Thor, prostrate on the ground at one stroke, to set an example; and, in a few minutes, had the whole Hakon Pantheon wrecked ; packing up meanwhile all the gold and precious things accumulated there (not forgetting Thor's illustrious gold collar, of which we shall hear again), and victoriously took the plunder home with him **for** his own royal uses and behoof of the state.

In other cases, though a friend to strong measures, he had to hold in, and await the favourable moment. Thus once, in beginning a parliamentary address, so soon as he came to touch upon Christianity, the Bonders rose in murmurs, in vociferations and jingling of arms, which quite drowned the **royal voice**;

Chap. VII. REIGN OF OLAF TRYGGVESON.

declared, they had taken arms against king Hakon the Good to compel him to desist from his Christian proposals; and they did not think king Olaf a higher man than him (Hakon the Good). The king then said, 'He purposed coming to them 'next Yule to their great sacrificial feast, to see for himself 'what their customs were,' which pacified the Bonders for this time. The appointed place of meeting was again a Hakon-Jarl Temple, not yet done to ruin; chief shrine in those Trondhjem parts, I believe: there should Tryggveson appear at Yule. Well, but before Yule came, Tryggveson made a great banquet in his palace at Trondhjem, and invited far and wide, all manner of important persons out of the district as guests there. Banquet hardly done, Tryggveson gave some slight signal, upon which armed men strode in, seized eleven of these principal persons, and the king said: "Since he himself was to become a heathen again, and do sacrifice, it was his purpose to do it in the highest form, namely, that of Human Sacrifice; and this time not of slaves and malefactors, but of the best men in the country!" In which stringent circumstances the eleven seized persons, and company at large, gave unanimous consent to baptism; straightway received the same, and abjured their idols; but were not permitted to go home till they had left, in sons, brothers, and other precious relatives, sufficient hostages in the king's hands.

By unwearied industry of this and better kinds, Tryggveson had trampled down idolatry, so far as form went,—how far in substance may be greatly doubted. But it is to be remembered withal, that always on the back of these compulsory adventures there followed English bishops, priests and preachers; whereby to the open-minded, conviction, to all degrees of it, was attainable, while silence and passivity became the duty or necessity of the unconvinced party.

In about two years Norway was all gone over with a rough harrow of conversion. Heathenism at least constrained to be silent and outwardly conformable. Tryggveson next turned his attention to Iceland, sent one Thangbrand, priest from Saxony, of wonderful qualities, military as well as theological, to try and convert Iceland. Thangbrand made a few converts; for Olaf had already many estimable Iceland friends, whom he liked

much, and was much liked by; and conversion was the ready road to his favour. Thangbrand, I find, lodged with Hall of Sida (familiar acquaintance of 'Burnt Njal,' whose Saga has its admirers among us even now). Thangbrand converted Hall and one or two other leading men; but in general he was reckoned quarrelsome and blustering rather than eloquent and piously convincing. Two skalds of repute made biting lampoons upon Thangbrand, whom Thangbrand, by two opportunities that offered, cut down and did to death because of their skaldic quality. Another he killed with his own hand, I know not for what reason. In brief, after about a year, Thangbrand returned to Norway and king Olaf; declaring the Icelanders to be a perverse, satirical, and inconvertible people, having himself, the record says, 'been the death of three men there.' King Olaf was in high rage at this result; but was persuaded by the Icelanders about him to try farther, and by a milder instrument. He accordingly chose one Thormod, a pious, patient, and kindly man, who, within the next year or so, did actually accomplish the matter; namely, get Christianity, by open vote, declared at Thingvalla by the general Thing of Iceland there; the roar of a big thunder-clap at the right moment rather helping the conclusion, if I recollect. Whereupon Olaf's joy was no doubt great.

One general result of these successful operations was the discontent, to all manner of degrees, on the part of many Norse individuals, against this glorious and victorious, but peremptory and terrible king of theirs. Tryggveson, I fancy, did not much regard all that; a man of joyful, cheery temper, habitually contemptuous of danger. Another trivial misfortune that befell in these conversion operations, and became important to him, he did not even know of, and would have much despised if he had. It was this: Signd, queen dowager of Sweden, thought to be amongst the most shining women of the world, was also known for one of the most imperious, revengeful, and relentless, and had got for herself the name of Sigrid the Proud. In her high widowhood she had naturally many wooers; but treated them in a manner unexampled. Two of her suitors, a simultaneous Two, were, King Harald Graenske (a cousin of King Tryggveson's, and kind of king in some district, by sufferance of the

late Hakon's),—this luckless Grsenke and the then Russian Sovereign as well, name not worth mentioning, were zealous suitors of Queen Dowager Sigrid, and were perversely slow to accept the negative, which in her heart was inexorable for both, though the expression of it could not be quite so emphatic. By ill-luck for them they came once,—from the far West, Graenske; from the far East, the Russian;—and arrived both together at Sigrid's court, to prosecute their importunate, and to her odious and tiresome suit; much, how very much, to her impatience and disdain. She lodged them both in some old mansion, which she had contiguous, and got compendiously furnished for them; and there, I know not whether on the first or on the second, or on what following night, this unparalleled Queen Sigrid had the house surrounded, set on fire, and the two suitors and their people burnt to ashes! No more of bother from these two at least! This appears to be a fact; and it could not be unknown to Tryggveson.

In spite of which, however, there went from Tryggveson, who was now a widower, some incipient marriage proposals to this proud widow; by whom they were favourably received; as from the brightest man in all the world, they might seem worth being. Now, in one of these anti-heathen onslaughts of King Olaf's on the idol temples of Hakon—(I think it was that case where Olaf's own battle-axe struck down the monstrous refulgent Thor, and conquered an immense gold ring from the neck of him, or from the door of his temple),—a huge gold ring, at any rate, had come into Olaf's hands; and this he bethought him might be a pretty present to Queen Sigrid, the now favourable, though the proud. Sigrid received the ring with joy; fancied what a collar it would make for her own fair neck; but noticed that her two goldsmiths, weighing it on their fingers, exchanged a glance. "What is that?" exclaimed Queen Sigrid. "Nothing," answered they, or endeavoured to answer, dreading mischief. But Sigrid compelled them to break open the ring; and there was found, all along the inside of it, an occult ring of copper, not a heart of gold at all! "Ha," said the proud Queen, flinging it away, "he that could deceive in this matter can deceive in many others!" And was in hot wrath with Olaf; though, by degrees, again she took milder thoughts.

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Milder thoughts, we say ; and consented to a meeting next autumn, at some half-way station, where their great business might be brought to a happy settlement and betrothment. Both Olaf Tryggveson and the high dowager appear to have been tolerably of willing mind at this meeting ; but Olaf interposed, what was always one condition with him, "Thou must consent to baptism, and give up thy idol-gods." "They are the gods of all my forefathers," answered the lady; "choose thou what gods thou pleasest, but leave me mine." Whereupon an altercation ; and Tryggveson, as was his wont, towered up into shining wrath, and exclaimed at last, "Why should I care about thee then, old faded heathen creature ?" And impatiently wagging his glove, hit her, or slightly switched her, on the face with it, and contemptuously turning away, walked out of the adventure. "This is a feat that may cost thee dear one day," said Sigrid. And in the end it came to do so, little as the magnificent Olaf deigned to think of it at the moment.

One of the last scuffles I remember of Olaf's having with his refractory heathens, was at a Thing in Hordaland or Rogaland, far in the North, where the chief opposition hero was one Jaernskaegg ('ironbeard,' *Scottice* 'Aim-shag,' as it were!). Here again was a grand heathen temple, Hakon Jarl's building, with a splendid Thor in it and much idol furniture. The king stated what was his constant wish here as elsewhere, but had no sooner entered upon the subject of Christianity than universal murmur, rising into clangour and violent dissent, interrupted him, and Ironbeard took up the discourse in reply. Ironbeard did not break down ; on the contrary, he, with great brevity, emphasis, and clearness, signified "that the proposal to reject their old gods was in the highest degree unacceptable to this Thing ; that it was contrary to bargain, withal; so that if it were insisted on, they would have to fight with the king about it; and in fact were now ready to do so." In reply to this, Olaf, without word uttered, but merely with some signal to the trusty armed men he had with him, rushed off to the temple close at hand ; burst into it, shutting the door behind him ; smashed Thor and Co. to destruction ; then reappearing victorious, found much confusion outside, and, in particular, what was a most important item, the rugged Ironbeard done

to death by Olafs men in the interim. Which entirely disheartened the Thing from fighting at that moment; having now no leader who dared to head them in so dangerous an enterprise. So that every one departed to digest his rage in silence as he could.

Matters having cooled for a week or two, there was another Thing held ; in which King Olaf testified regret for the quarrel that had fallen out, readiness to pay what *mulct* was due by law for that unlucky homicide of Ironbeard by his people; and, withal, to take the fair daughter of Ironbeard to wife, if all would comply and be friends with him in other matters; which was the course resolved on as most convenient: accept baptism, we ; marry Jaernskaegg's daughter, you. This bargain held on both sides. The wedding, too, was celebrated, but that took rather a strange turn. On the morning of the bride-night, Olaf, who had not been sleeping, though his fair partner thought he had, opened his eyes, and saw, with astonishment, the fair partner aiming a long knife ready to strike home upon him ! Which at once ended their wedded life ; poor Demoiselle Ironbeard immediately bundling off with her attendants home again; King Olaf into the apartment of his servants, mentioning there what had happened, and forbidding any of them to follow her.

Olaf Tryggveson, though his kingdom was the smallest of the Norse Three, had risen to a renown over all the Norse world, which neither he of Denmark nor he of Sweden could pretend to rival. A magnificent, far-shining man ; more expert in all 'bodily exercises' as the Norse called them, than any man had ever been before him, or after was. Could keep five daggers in the air, always catching the proper fifth by its handle, and sending it aloft again ; could shoot supremely, throw a javelin with either hand; and, in fact, in battle usually threw two together. These, with swimming, climbing, leaping, were the then admirable Fine Arts of the North ; in all which Tryggveson appears to have been the Raphael and the Michael Angelo at once. Essentially definable, too, if we look well into him, as a wild bit of real heroism, in such rude guise and environment ; a high, true, and great human soul. A jovial burst of laughter in him, withal; a bright, airy, wise way of speech; dressed beautifully and with care; a man admired and loved

exceedingly by those he liked ; dreaded as death by those he did not like. ' Hardly any king ' says Snorro, ' was ever so well obeyed ; by one class out of zeal and love, by the rest out of dread.' His glorious course, however, was not to last long.

King Svein of the Double-Beard had not yet completed his conquest of England,—by no means yet, some thirteen horrid years of that still before him !—when, over in Denmark, he found that complaints against him and intricacies had arisen, on the part principally of one Burislav, King of the Wends (far up the Baltic), and in a less degree with the King of Sweden and other minor individuals. Svein earnestly applied himself to settle these, and have his hands free. Burislav, an aged heathen gentleman, proved reasonable and conciliatory ; so, too, the King of Sweden, and Dowager Queen Sigrid, his managing mother. Bargain in both these cases got sealed and crowned by marriage. Svein, who had become a widower lately, now wedded Sigrid ; and might think, possibly enough, he had got a proud bargain, though a heathen one. Burislav also insisted on marriage with Princess Thyn, the Double-Beard's sister. Thyn, inexpressibly disinclined to wed an aged heathen of that stamp, pleaded hard with her brother ; but the Double-Bearded was inexorable ; Thyn's wailings and entreaties went for nothing. With some guardian foster-brother, and a serving-maid or two, she had to go on this hated journey. Old Burislav, at sight of her, blazed out into marriage-feast of supreme magnificence, and was charmed to see her ; but Thyri would not join the marriage party ; refused to eat with it or sit with it at all. Day after day, for six days, flatly refused ; and after nightfall of the sixth, glided out with her foster-brother into the woods, into by-paths and inconceivable wanderings ; and, in effect, got home to Denmark. Brother Svein was not for the moment there ; probably enough gone to England again. But Thyri knew too well he would not allow her to stay here, or anywhere that he could help, except with the old heathen she had just fled from.

Thyri, looking round the world, saw no likely road for her, but to Olaf Tryggveson in Norway ; to beg protection from the most heroic man she knew of in the world. Olaf, except

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by renown, was not known to her ; but by renown he well was. Olaf, at sight of her, promised protection and asylum against all mortals. Nay, in discoursing with Thyri Olaf perceived more and more clearly what a fine handsome being, soul and body, Thyri was ; and in a short space of time winded up by proposing marriage to Thyri ; who, humbly, and we may fancy with what secret joy, consented to say yes, and become Queen of Norway. In the due months they had a little son, Harald ; who, it is credibly recorded, was the joy of both his parents ; but who, to their inexpressible sorrow, in about a year died, and vanished from them. This, and one other fact now to be mentioned, is all the wedded history we have of Thyri.

The other fact is, that Thyri had, by inheritance or covenant, not depending on her marriage with old Burislav, considerable properties in Wendland ; which, she often reflected, might be not a little behoveful to her here in Norway, where her civil-list was probably but straitened. She spoke of this to her husband ; but her husband would take no hold, merely made her gifts, and said, " Pooh, pooh, can't we live without old Burislav and his Wendland properties ?" So that the lady sank into ever deeper anxiety and eagerness about this Wendland object ; took to weeping ; sat weeping whole days ; and when Olaf asked, " What ails thee, then ?" would answer, or did answer once, " What a different man my father Harald Gormson was" (vulgarly called Blue-tooth), " compared with some that are now kings ! For no King Svein in the world would Harald Gormson have given up his own or his wife's just rights !" Whereupon Tryggveson started up, exclaiming in some heat, " Of thy brother Svein I never was afraid ; if Svein and I meet in contest, it will not be Svein, I believe, that conquers ;" and went off in a towering fume. Consented, however, at last, had to consent, to get his fine fleet equipped and armed, and decide to sail with it to Wendland to have speech and settlement with King Burislav.

Tryggveson had already ships and navies that were the wonder of the North. Especially in building war ships,—the Crane, the Serpent, last of all the Long Serpent,¹—he had,

¹ His Long Serpent, judged by some to be of the size of a frigate of forty-five guns (Laing).

for size, for outward beauty, and inward perfection of equipment, transcended all example.

This new sea expedition became an object of attention to all neighbours; especially Queen Signd the Proud and Svein Double-Beard, her now king, were attentive to it.

"This insolent Tryggveson," Queen Sigrid would often say, and had long been saying, to her Svein, "to marry thy sister without leave had or asked of thee ; and now flaunting forth his war navies, as if he, king only of paltry Norway, were the big hero of the North ! Why do you suffer it, you kings really great ?"

By such persuasions and reiterations, King Svein of Denmark, King Olaf of Sweden, and Jarl Eric, now a great man there, grown rich by prosperous sea robbery and other good management, were brought to take the matter up, and combine strenuously for destruction of King Olaf Tryggveson on this grand Wendland expedition of his. Fleets and forces were with best diligence got ready ; and, withal, a certain Jarl Sigwald, of Jomsburg, chieftain of the Jomsvikings, a powerful, plausible, and cunning man, was appointed to find means of joining himself to Tryggveson's grand voyage, of getting into Tryggveson's confidence, and keeping Svein Double-Beard, Eric, and the Swedish King aware of all his movements.

King Olaf Tryggveson, unacquainted with all this, sailed away in summer, with his splendid fleet; went through the Belts with prosperous winds, under bright skies, to the admiration of both shores. Such a fleet, with its shining Serpents, long and short, and perfection of equipment and appearance, the Baltic never saw before. Jarl Sigwald joined with new ships by the way : "Had," he too, "a visit to King Burislav to pay; how could he ever do it in better company?" and studiously and skilfully ingratiated himself with King Olaf. Old Burislav, when they arrived, proved altogether courteous, handsome, and amenable ; agreed at once to Olaf s claims for his now queen, did the rites of hospitality with a generous plenitude to Olaf; who cheerily renewed acquaintance with that country, known to him in early days (the cradle of his fortunes in the viking line), and found old friends there still surviving, joyful to meet him again. Jarl Sigwald encouraged

these delays, King Svein and Co. not being yet quite ready. "Get ready!" Sigwald directed them, and they diligently did. Olaf's men, their business now done, were impatient to be home; and grudged every day of loitering there; but, till Sigwald pleased, such his power of flattering and cajoling Tryggveson, they could not get away.

At length, Sigwald's secret messengers reporting all ready on the part of Svein and Co., Olaf took farewell of Burislav and Wendland, and all gladly sailed away. Svein, Eric, and the Swedish king, with their combined fleets, lay in wait behind some cape in a safe little bay of some island, then called Svolde, but not in our time to be found; the Baltic tumults in the fourteenth century having swallowed it, as some think, and leaving us uncertain whether it was in the neighbourhood of Rugen Island or in the Sound of Elsinore. There lay Svein, Eric, and Co. waiting till Tryggveson and his fleet came up, Sigwald's spy messengers daily reporting what progress he and it had made. At length, one bright summer morning, the fleet made appearance, sailing in loose order, Sigwald, as one acquainted with the shoal places, steering ahead, and showing them the way.

Snorro rises into one of his pictorial fits, seized with enthusiasm at the thought of such a fleet, and reports to us largely in what order Tryggveson's winged Coursers of the Deep, in long series, for perhaps an hour or more, came on, and what the three potentates, from their knoll of vantage, said of each as it hove in sight. Svein thrice over guessed this and the other noble vessel to be the Long Serpent; Eric always correcting him, "No, that is not the Long Serpent yet" (and *aside* always), "Nor shall you be lord of it, king, when it does come." The Long Serpent itself did make appearance. Eric, Svein, and the Swedish king hurried on board, and pushed out of their hiding-place into the open sea. Treacherous Sigwald, at the beginning of all this, had suddenly doubled that cape of theirs, and struck into the bay out of sight, leaving the foremost Tryggveson ships astonished, and uncertain what to do, if it were not simply to strike sail and wait till Olaf himself with the Long Serpent arrived.

Olaf's chief captains, seeing the enemy's huge fleet come

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out, and how the matter lay, strongly advised King Olaf to elude this stroke of treachery, and, with all sail, hold on his course, fight being now on so unequal terms. Snorro says, the king, high on the quarter-deck where he stood, replied, "Strike the sails ; never shall men of mine think of flight. I never fled from battle. Let God dispose of my life ; but flight I will never take." And so the battle arrangements immediately began, and the battle with all fury went loose ; and lasted hour after hour, till almost sunset, if I well recollect. "Olaf stood on the Serpent's quarter-deck," says Snorro, "high over the others. He had a gilt shield and a helmet inlaid with gold ; over his armour he had a short red coat, and was easily distinguished from other men." Snorro's account of the battle is altogether animated, graphic, and so minute that antiquaries gather from it, if so disposed (which we but little are), what the methods of Norse sea-fighting were ; their shooting of arrows, casting of javelins, pitching of big stones, ultimately boarding, and mutual clashing and smashing, which it would not avail us to speak of here. Olaf stood conspicuous all day, throwing javelins, of deadly aim, with both hands at once ; encouraging, fighting and commanding like a highest sea-king.

The Danish fleet, the Swedish fleet, were, both of them, quickly dealt with, and successively withdrew out of shot-range. And then Jarl Eric came up, and fiercely grappled with the Long Serpent, or, rather, with her surrounding comrades ; and gradually, as they were beaten empty of men, with the Long Serpent herself. The fight grew ever fiercer, more furious. Eric was supplied with new men from the Swedes and Danes ; Olaf had no such resource, except from the crews of his own beaten ships, and at length this also failed him ; all his ships, except the Long Serpent, being beaten and emptied. Olaf fought on unyielding. Eric twice boarded him, was twice repulsed. Olaf kept his quarter-deck ; unconquerable, though left now more and more hopeless, fatally short of help. A tall young man, called Einar Tamberskelver, very celebrated and important afterwards in Norway, and already the best archer known, kept busy with his bow. Twice he nearly shot Jarl Eficin his ship. "Shoot me that man," said Jarl Eric to a

bowman near him ; and, just as Tamberskelver was drawing his bow the third time, an arrow hit it in the middle and broke it in two. "What is this that has broken?" asked King Olaf. "Norway from thy hand, king," answered Tamberskelver. Tryggveson's men, he observed with surprise, were striking violently on Eric's ; but to no purpose ; nobody fell. "How is this ?" asked Tryggveson. "Our swords are notched and blunted, king ; they do not cut." Olaf stepped down to his arm-chest ; delivered out new swords ; and it was observed as he did it, blood ran trickling from his wrist ; but none knew where the wound was. Eric boarded a third time. Olaf, left with hardly more than one man, sprang overboard (one sees that red coat of his still glancing in the evening sun), and sank in the deep waters to his long rest.

Rumour ran among his people that he still was not dead ; grounding on some movement by the ships of that traitorous Sigwald, they fancied Olaf had dived beneath the keels of his enemies, and got away with Sigwald, as Sigwald himself evidently did. 'Much was hoped, supposed, spoken,' says one old mourning Skald ; 'but the truth was, Olaf Tryggveson was]' never seen in Norseland more.' Strangely he remains still a shining figure to us ; the wildly beautifullest man, in body and in soul, that one has ever heard of in the North.

CHAPTER VIII.

JARLS ERIC AND SVEIN.

JARL ERIC, splendent with this victory, not to speak of that over the Jomsburgers with his father long ago, was now made Governor of Norway: Governor or quasi-sovereign, with his brother, Jarl Svein, as partner, who, however, took but little hand in governing ;—and, under the patronage of Svein Double-Beard and the then Swedish king (Olaf his name, Sigrid the Proud, his mother's), administered it, they say, with skill and prudence for above fourteen years. Tryggveson's death is understood and laboriously computed to have happened in the year 1000; but there is no exact chronology in these things, but a continual uncertain guessing after such ; so that one eye

in History as regards them is as if put out;—neither indeed have I yet had the luck to find any decipherable and intelligible map of Norway : so that the other eye of History is much blinded withal, and her path through those wild regions and epochs is an extremely dim and chaotic one. An evil that much demands remedying, and especially wants some first attempt at remedying, by inquirers into English History ; the whole period from Egbert, the first Saxon King of England, on to Edward the Confessor, the last, being everywhere completely interwoven with that of their mysterious, continually-invasive • Danes,' as they call them, and inextricably unintelligible till these also get to be a little understood, and cease to be utterly dark, hideous, and mythical to us as they now are.

King Olaf Tryggveson is the first Norseman who is expressly mentioned to have been in England by our English History books, new or old ; and of him it is merely said that he had an interview with King Ethelred II. at Andover, of a pacific and friendly nature,—though it is absurdly added that the noble Olaf was converted to Christianity by that extremely stupid Royal Person. Greater contrast in an interview than in this at Andover, between heroic Olaf Tryggveson and Ethelred the forever Unready, was not perhaps seen in the terrestrial Planet that day. Olaf, or ' Olaus,' or ' Anlaf,' as they name him, did ' engage on oath to Ethelred not to invade England any more,' and kept his promise, they farther say. Essentially a truth, as we already know, though the circumstances were all different; and the promise was to a devout High Priest, not to a crowned Blockhead and cowardly Do-nothing. One other ' Olaus* I find mentioned in our Books, two or three centuries before, at a time when there existed no such individual ; not to speak of several Anlafs, who sometimes seem to mean Olaf, and still oftener to mean nobody possible. Which occasions not a little obscurity in our early History, says the learned Selden. A thing remediable, too, in which, if any Englishman of due genius (or even capacity for standing labour), who understood the Icelandic and Anglo-Saxon languages, would engage in it, he might do a great deal of good, and bring the matter into a comparatively lucid state. Vain aspirations,—or perhaps not altogether vain.

At the time of Olaf Tryggveson's death, and indeed long before, King Svein Double-Beard had always for chief enterprise the Conquest of England, and followed it by fits with extreme violence and impetus ; often advancing largely towards a successful conclusion ; but never, for thirteen years yet, getting it concluded. He possessed long since all England north of Watling Street. That is to say, Northumberland, East Anglia (naturally full of Danish settlers by this time), were fixedly his ; Mercia, his oftener than not ; Wessex itself, with all the coasts, he was free to visit, and to burn and rob in at discretion. There or elsewhere, Ethelred the Unready had no battle in him whatever ; and, for a forty years after the beginning of his reign, England excelled in anarchic stupidity, murderous devastation, utter misery, platitude, and sluggish contemptibility, all the countries one has read of. Apparently a very opulent country, too ; a ready skill in such arts and fine arts as there were ; Svein's very ships, they say, had their gold dragons, top-mast pennons, and other metallic splendours generally wrought for them in England. 'Unexampled prosperity' in the manufacture way not unknown there, it would seem ! But co-existing with such spiritual bankruptcy as was also unexampled, one would hope. Read *Lupus* (Wulfstan), Archbishop of York's amazing *Sermon* on the subject,¹ addressed to contemporary audiences ; setting forth such a state of things,—sons selling their fathers, mothers, and sisters as Slaves to the Danish robber ; themselves living in debauchery, blustering gluttony, and depravity ; the details of which are well-nigh incredible, though clearly stated as things generally known,—the humour of these poor wretches sunk to a state of what we may call greasy desperation, " Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die." The manner in which they treated their own English nuns, if young, good-looking, and captive to the Danes ; buying them on a kind of brutish or sub-brutish 'Greatest Happiness Principle' (for the moment), and by a Joint-Stock arrangement, far transcends all human speech or imagination, and awakens in one the momentary red-hot

¹ This sermon was printed by Hearne, and is given also by Langebek in his excellent Collection, *Rerum Danicarum Scriptoris Medii Ævi*. Hafniæ, 1772-1834.

thought, The Danes have served you right, ye accursed ! The so-called soldiers, one finds, made not the least fight anywhere ; could make none, led and guided as they were : and the 'Generals,' often enough traitors, always ignorant, and blockheads, were in the habit, when expressly commanded to fight, of taking physic, and declaring that nature was incapable of castor-oil and battle both at once. This ought to be explained a little to the modern English and their War-Secretaries, who undertake the conduct of armies. The undeniable fact is, defeat on defeat was the constant fate of the English ; during these forty years not one battle in which they were not beaten. No gleam of victory or real resistance till the noble Edmund Ironside (whom it is always strange to me how such an Ethelred could produce for son) made his appearance and ran his brief course, like a great and far-seen meteor, soon extinguished without result. No remedy for England in that base time, but yearly asking the victorious, plundering, burning and murdering Danes, ' How much money will you take to go away ? ' Thirty thousand pounds in silver, which the annual *Danegelt* soon rose to, continued to be about the average yearly sum, though generally on the increasing hand ; in the last year I think it had risen to seventy-two thousand pounds in silver, raised yearly by a tax (Income-Tax of its kind, rudely levied), the worst of all remedies, good for the day only. Nay, there was one remedy still worse, which the miserable Ethelred once tried: that of massacring ' all the Danes settled in England ' (practically, of a few thousands or hundreds of them), by treachery and a kind of Sicilian Vespers. Which issued, as such things usually do, in terrible monition to you not to try the like again ! Issued, namely, in redoubled fury on the Danish part ; new fiercer invasion by Svein's Jarl Thorkel ; then by Svein himself, which latter drove the miserable Ethelred, with wife and family, into Normandy, to wife's brother, the then Duke there ; and ended that miserable struggle by Svein's becoming King of England himself. Of this disgraceful massacre, which it would appear has been immensely exaggerated in the English books, we can happily give the exact date (A.D. 1002) ; and also of Svein's victorious acces-

sion (A.D. 1013),²—pretty much the only benefit one gets out of contemplating such a set of objects.

King Svein's first act was to levy a terribly increased Income-Tax for the payment of his army. Svein was levying it with a stronghanded diligence, but had not yet done levying it, when, at Gainsborough one night, he suddenly died; smitten dead, once used to be said, by St. Edmund, whilom murdered King of the East Angles; who could not bear to see his shrine and monastery of St. Edmundsbury plundered by the Tyi ant's tax-collectors, as they were on the point of being. In all ways impossible, however,—Edmund's own death did not occur till two years after Svein's. Svein's death, by whatever cause, befell 1014; his fleet, then lying in the Humber; and only Knut,³ his eldest son (hardly yet eighteen, count some), in charge of it; who, on short counsel, and arrangement about this questionable kingdom of his, lifted anchor; made for Sandwich, a safer station at the moment; 'cut off the feet and noses' (one shudders, and hopes Not, there being some discrepancy about it!) of his numerous hostages that had been delivered to King Svein; set them ashore;—and made for Denmark, his natural storehouse and stronghold, as the hopeful first-thing he could do.

Knut soon returned from Denmark, with increase of force sufficient for the English problem; which latter he now ended in a victorious, and essentially, for himself and chaotic England, beneficent manner. Became widely known by and by, there and elsewhere, as Knut the Great; and is thought by judges of our day to have really merited that title. A most nimble, sharp-striking, clear-thinking, prudent and effective man, who regulated this dismembered and distracted England in its Church matters, in its State matters, like a real King. Had a Standing Army (*House Carles*), who were well paid, well drilled and disciplined, capable of instantly quenching insurrection or breakage of the peace; and piously endeavoured (with a signal earnestness, and even devoutness, if we look well) to do justice to all men, and to make all men rest satisfied with justice. In a word, he successfully strapped-up, by

² Kennet, i. 67; Rapin, i. 119, 121 (from the *Saxon Chronicle* both).

³ Knut born A. D. 988 according to Munch's calculation (ii. 126).

every true method and regulation, this miserable, dislocated, and dissevered mass of bleeding Anarchy into something worthy to be called an England again;—only that he died too soon, and a second 'Conqueror' of us, still weightier of structure, and under improved auspices, became possible, and was needed here. To appearance, Knut himself was capable of being a Charlemagne of England and the North (as has been already said or quoted), had he only lived twice as long as he did. But his whole sum of years seems not to have exceeded forty. His father Svein of the Forkbeard is reckoned to have been fifty to sixty when St. Edmund finished him at Gainsborough. We now return to Norway, ashamed of this long circuit which has been a truancy more or less.

CHAPTER IX.

KING OLAF THE THICK-SET'S VIKING DAYS.

KING HARALD GRÆNSKE, who, with another from Russia accidentally lodging beside him, got burned to death in Sweden, courting that unspeakable Signd the Proud,—was third cousin or so to Tryggve, father of our heroic Olaf. Accurately counted, he is great-grandson of Bjorn the Chapman, first of Haarfagr's sons whom Eric Bloodaxe made away with. His little «kingdom,' as he called it, was a district named the Greenland (*Grœneland*); he himself was one of those little Haarfagr kinglets whom Hakon Jarl, much more Olaf Tryggveson, was content to leave reigning, since they would keep the peace with him. Harald had a loving wife of his own, Aasta the name of her, soon expecting the birth of her and his pretty babe, named Olaf,—at the time he went on that deplorable Swedish adventure, the foolish, fated creature, and ended self and kingdom altogether. Aasta was greatly shocked; composed herself however; married a new husband, Sigurd Syr, a kinglet, and a great-grandson of Harald Fairhair, a man of great wealth, prudence, and influence in those countries; in whose house, as favourite and well-beloved stepson, little Olat was wholesomely and skilfully brought up. In Sigurd's house he had, withal, a special tutor entertained for him, one Rane, known as Rane

the Far-travelled, by whom he could be trained, from the earliest basis, in Norse accomplishments and arts. New children came, one or two; but Olaf, from his mother, seems always to have known that he was the distinguished and royal article there. One day his Foster-father, hurrying to leave home on business, hastily bade Olaf, no other being by, saddle his horse for him. Olaf went out with the saddle, chose the biggest he-goat about, saddled that, and brought it to the door by way of horse. Old Sigurd, a most grave man, grinned sardonically at the sight. "Hah, I see thou hast no mind to take commands from me; thou art of too high a humour to take commands." To which, says Snorro, Boy Olaf answered little except by laughing, till Sigurd saddled for himself, and rode away. His mother Aasta appears to have been a thoughtful, prudent woman, though always with a fierce royahsm at the bottom of her memory, and a secret implacability on that head.

At the age of twelve Olaf went to sea; furnished with a little fleet, and skilful sea-counsellor, expert old Rane, by his Foster-father, and set out to push his fortune in the world. Rane was a steersman and counsellor in these incipient times; but the crew always called Olaf 'King,' though at first, as Snorro thinks, except it were in the hour of battle, he merely pulled an oar. He cruised and fought in this capacity on many seas and shores; passed several years, perhaps till the age of nineteen or twenty, in this wild element and way of life; fighting always in a glorious and distinguished manner. In the hour of battle, diligent enough 'to amass property,' as the Vikings termed it; and in the long days and nights of sailing, given over, it is likely, to his own thoughts and the unfathomable dialogue with the ever-moaning Sea; not the worst High School a man could have, and indeed infinitely preferable to the most that are going even now, for a high and deep young soul

His first distinguished expedition was to Sweden : natural to go thither first, to avenge his poor father's death, were it nothing more. Which he did, the Skalds say, in a distinguished manner; making victorious and handsome battle for himself, in entering Mælare Lake; and in getting out of it again, after being frozen there all winter, showing still more

surprising, almost miraculous contrivance and dexterity. This was the first of his glorious victories; of which the Skalds reckon up some fourteen or thirteen very glorious indeed, mostly in the Western and Southern countries, most of all in England; till the name of Olaf Haraldson became quite famous in the Viking and strategic world. He seems really to have learned the secrets of his trade, and to have been, then and afterwards, for vigilance, contrivance, valour, and promptitude of execution, a superior fighter. Several exploits recorded of him betoken, in simple forms, what may be called a military genius.

The principal, and to us the alone interesting, of his exploits seem to have lain in England, and, what is further notable, always on the anti-Svein side. English books do not mention him at all that I can find; but it is fairly credible that, as the Norse records report, in the end of Ethelred's reign, he was the ally or hired general of Ethelred, and did a great deal of sea-fighting, watching, sailing, and sieging for this miserable king and Edmund Ironside, his son. Snorro says expressly, London, the impregnable city, had to be besieged again for Ethelred's behoof (in the interval between Svein's death and young Knut's getting back from Denmark), and that our Olaf Haraldson was the great engineer and victorious captor of London on that singular occasion,—London captured for the first time. The Bridge, as usual, Snorro says, offered almost insuperable obstacles. But the engineering genius of Olaf contrived huge 'platforms of wainscoting' (old walls of wooden houses, in fact), 'bound together by withes;' these, carried steadily aloft above the ships, will (thinks Olaf) considerably secure them and us from the destructive missiles, big boulder stones, and other mischief profusely showered down on us, till we get under the Bridge with axes and cables, and do some good upon it. Olaf's plan was tried; most of the other ships, in spite of their wainscoting and withes, recoiled on reaching the Bridge, so destructive were the boulder and other missile showers. But Olaf's ships **and** self got actually under the Bridge; fixed all manner of cables there; and then, with the river current in their favour, and the frightened ships rallying to help in this safer part of

the enterprise, tore out the important piles and props, and fairly broke the poor Bridge, wholly or partly, down into the river, and its Danish defenders into immediate surrender. That is Snorro's account.

On a previous occasion, Olaf had been deep in a hopeful combination with Ethelred's two younger sons, Alfred and Edward, afterwards King Edward the Confessor: That they two should sally out from Normandy in strong force, unite with Olaf in ditto, and, landing on the Thames, do something effectual for themselves. But impediments, bad weather or the like, disheartened the poor Princes, and it came to nothing. Olaf was much in Normandy, what they then called Walland; a man held in honour by those Norman Dukes.

What amount of 'property' he had amassed I do not know, but could prove, were it necessary, that he had acquired some tactical or even strategic faculty and real talent for war. At Lymfjord, in Jutland, but some years after this (A.D. 1027), he had a sea-battle with the great Knut himself,—ships combined with flood-gates, with roaring, artificial deluges; right well managed by King Olaf; which were within a hair's-breadth of destroying Knut, now become a King and Great; and did in effect send him instantly running. But of this more particularly by and by.

What still more surprises me is the mystery, where Olaf, in this wandering, fighting, sea-roving life, acquired his deeply religious feeling, his intense adherence to the Christian Faith. I suppose it had been in England, where many pious persons, priestly and other, were still to be met with, that Olaf had gathered these doctrines; and that in those his unfathomable dialogues with the ever-moaning Ocean, they had struck root downwards in the soul of him, and borne fruit upwards to the degree so conspicuous afterwards. It is certain he became a deeply pious man during these long Viking cruises; and directed all his strength, when strength and authority were lent him, to establishing the Christian religion in his country, and suppressing and abolishing Vikingism there; both of which objects, and their respective worth and unworth, he must himself have long known so well.

It was well on in A.D. 1016 that Knut gained his last victory,

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at Ashdon, in Essex, where the earth pyramids and antique church near by still testify the thankful piety of Knut,—or, at lowest, his joy at having *won* instead of lost and perished, as he was near doing there. And it was still this same year when the noble Edmund Ironside, after forced partition-treaty ' in the Isle of Alney,' got scandalously murdered, and Knut became indisputable sole King of England, and decisively settled himself to his work of governing there. In the year before either of which events, while all still hung uncertain for Knut, and even Eric Jarl of Norway had to be summoned in aid of him,—in that year 1015, as one might naturally guess, and as all Icelandic hints and indications lead us to date the thing, Olaf had decided to give up Vikingism in all its forms ; to return to Norway, and try whether he could not assert the place and career that belonged to him there. Jarl Eric had vanished with all his war forces towards England, leaving only a boy, Hakon, as successor, and Svein, his own brother,—a quiet man, who had always avoided war. Olaf landed in Norway without obstacle ; but decided to be quiet till he had himself examined and consulted friends.

His reception by his mother Aasta was of the kindest and proudest, and is lovingly described by Snorro. A pretty idyllic or epic piece, of *Norse* Homeric type: How Aasta, hearing of her son's advent, set all her maids and menials to work at the top of their speed ; despatched a runner to the harvest-field, where her husband Sigurd was, to warn him to come home and dress. How Sigurd was standing among his harvest folk, reapers and binders; and what he had on,—broad slouch hat, with veil (against the midges), blue kirtle, hose of I forget what colour, with laced boots; and in his hand a stick with silver head and ditto ring upon it;—a personable old gentleman, of the eleventh century, in those parts. Sigurd was cautious, prudentially cunctatory, though heartily friendly in his counsel to Olaf, as to the King question. Aasta had a Spartan tone in her wild maternal heart; and assures Olaf that she, with a half-reproachful glance at Sigurd, will stand by him to the death in this his just and noble enterprise. Sigurd promises to consult farther in his neighbourhood, and to correspond by messages; the result is, Olaf, resolutely pushing forward himself, resolves

to call a Thing, and openly claim his kingship there. The Thing itself was willing enough: opposition parties do here and there bestir themselves; but Olaf is always swifter than they. Five kinglets somewhere in the Uplands,¹—all descendants of Haarfagr; but averse to break the peace, which Jarl Eric and Hakon Jarl both have always willingly allowed to peaceable people,—seem to be the main opposition party. These five take the field against Olaf with what force they have; Olaf, one night, by beautiful celerity and strategic practice which a Friednch or a Turenne might have approved, surrounds these Five; and when morning breaks, there is nothing for them but either death or else instant surrender, and swearing of fealty to King Olaf. Which latter branch of the alternative they gladly accept, the whole five of them, and go home again.

This was a beautiful bit of war-practice by King Olaf on land. By another stroke still more compendious at sea, he had already settled poor young Hakon, and made him peaceable for a long while. Olaf, by diligent quest and spy-messaging, had ascertained that Hakon, just returning from Denmark and farewell to Papa and Knut, both now under way for England, was coasting north towards Trondhjem; and intended on or about such a day to land in such and such a fjord towards the end of this Trondhjem voyage. Olaf at once mans two big ships, steers through the narrow mouth of the said fjord, moors one ship on the north shore, another on the south; fixes a strong cable, well sunk underwater, to the capstans of these two; and in all quietness waits for Hakon. Before many hours, Hakon's royal or quasi-royal barge steers gaily into this fjord; is a little surprised, perhaps, to see within the jaws of it two big ships at anchor; but steers gallantly along, nothing doubting. Olaf, with a signal of 'All hands,' works his two capstans; has the cable up high enough at the right moment, catches with it the keel of poor Hakon's barge, upsets it, empties it wholly into the sea. Wholly into the sea; saves Hakon, however, and his people from drowning, and brings them on board. His dialogue with poor young Hakon, especially poor young Hakon's responses, is very pretty. Shall I give it, out of Snorro, and let the reader take it for as authentic as he can? It is at least the

¹ Snorro. Laing's Translation, ii. p. 31 et seq., will minutely specify.

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true image of it in authentic Snorro's *head*, little more than two centuries later.

'Jarl Hakon was led up to the king's ship. He was the handsomest man that could be seen. He had long hair as fine as silk, bound about his head with a gold ornament. When he sat down in the forehold the king said to him :'

King. • It is not false, what is said of your family, that ye are handsome people to look at; but now your luck has deserted you."

Hakon, "It has always been the case that success is changeable ; and there is no luck in the matter. It has gone with your family as with mine to have by turns the better lot. I am little beyond childhood in years; and at any rate we could not have defended ourselves, as we did not expect any attack on the way. It may turn out better with us another time."

King, "Dost thou not apprehend that thou art in such a condition that, hereafter, there can be neither victory nor defeat for thee ?"

Hakon, "That is what only thou canst determine, King, according to thy pleasure."

King. "What wilt thou give me, Jarl, if, for this time, I let thee go, whole and unhurt ?"

Hakon. "What wilt thou take, King ?"

King. "Nothing, except that thou shalt leave the country; give up thy kingdom; and take an oath that thou wilt never go into battle against me."²

Jarl Hakon accepted the generous terms ; went to England and King Knut, and kept his bargain for a good few years; though he was at last driven, by pressure of King Knut, to violate it,—little to his profit, as we shall see. One victorious naval battle with Jarl Svein, Hakon's uncle, and his adherents, who fled to Sweden, after his beating,—battle not difficult to a skilful, hard-hitting king,—was pretty much all the actual fighting Olaf had to do in this enterprise. He various times met angry Bonders and refractory Things with arms in their hand; but by skilful, firm management,—perfectly patient, but also perfectly ready to be active,—he mostly managed without

² Snorro, it pp. 24-5.

coming to strokes ; and was universally recognised by Norway as its real king. A promising young man, and fit to be a king, thinks Snorro. Only of middle stature, almost rather shortish ; but firm-standing, and stout-built; so that they got to call him Olaf the Thick (meaning Olaf the Thick-set, or Stout-built), though his final epithet among them was infinitely higher. For the rest, 'a comely, earnest, prepossessing look; beautiful yellow hair in quantity; broad, honest face, of a complexion pure as snow and rose ;' and finally (or firstly) 'the brightest eyes in the world ; such that, in his anger, no man could stand them.' He had a heavy task ahead, and needed all his qualities and fine gifts to get it done.

CHAPTER X.

REIGN OF KING OLAF THE SAINT.

THE late two Jarls, now gone about their business, had both been baptised, and called themselves Christians. But during their government they did nothing in the conversion way; left every man to choose his own God or Gods ; so that some had actually two, the Christian God by land, and at sea Thor, whom they considered safer in that element. And in effect the mass of the people had fallen back into a sluggish heathenism or half-heathenism, the life-labour of Olaf Tryggveson lying ruinous or almost quite overset. The new Olaf, son of Harald, set himself with all his strength to mend such a state of matters; and stood by his enterprise to the end, as the one highest interest, including all others, for his People and him. His method was by no means soft; on the contrary, it was hard, rapid, severe,—somewhat on the model of Tryggveson's, though with more of *bishoping* and preaching super-added. Yet still there was a great deal of mauling, vigorous punishing, and an entire intolerance of these two things : Heathenism and Sea-robbery, at least of Sea-robbery in the old style; whether in the style we moderns still practise, and call privateering, I do not quite know. But Vikingism proper had to cease in Norway; still more, Heathenism, under penalties too severe to be borne; death, mutilation of limb, not to mention forfeiture and less rigorous coercion. Olaf was inexor-

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able against violation of the law. "Too severe," cried many; to whom one answers, "Perhaps in part *yes*, perhaps also in great part *no*; depends altogether on the previous question, How far the law was the eternal one of God Almighty in the universe, How far the law merely of Olaf (destitute of right inspiration) left to his own passions and whims?"

Many were the jangles Olaf had with the refractory Heathen Things and Ironbeards of a new generation: very curious to see. Scarcely ever did it come to fighting between King and Thing, though often enough near it; but the Thing discerning, as it usually did in time, that the King was stronger in men, seemed to say unanimously to itself, "We have lost, then; baptise us, we must burn our old gods and conform." One new feature we do slightly discern: here and there a touch of theological argument on the heathen side. At one wild Thing, far up in the Dovrefjeld, of a very heathen temper, there was much of that; not to be quenched by King Olaf at the moment; so that it had to be adjourned till the morrow, and again till the next day. Here are some traits of it, much abridged from Snorro (who gives a highly punctual account), which vividly represent Olaf's posture and manner of proceeding in such intricacies.

The chief Ironbeard on this occasion was one Gudbrand, a very rugged peasant; who, says Snorro, was like a king in that district. Some days before, King Olaf, intending a religious Thing in those deeply heathen parts, with alternative of Christianity or conflagration, is reported, on looking down into the valley and the beautiful village of Loar standing there, to have said wistfully, "What a pity it is that so beautiful a village should be burnt!" Olaf sent out his message-token all the same, however, and met Gudbrand and an immense assemblage, whose humour towards him was uncompliant to a high degree indeed. Judge by this preliminary speech of Gudbrand to his Thing-people, while Olaf was not yet arrived, but only advancing, hardly got to Breeden on the other side of the hill: "A man has come to Loar who is called Olaf," said Gudbrand, "and will force upon us another faith than we had before, and will break in pieces all our Gods. He says he has a much greater and more powerful God; and it is wonderful that the

earth does not burst asunder under him, or that our God lets him go about unpunished when he dares to talk such things. I know this for certain, that if we carry Thor, who has always stood by us, out of our Temple that is standing upon this farm, Olaf's God will melt away, and he and his men be made nothing as soon as Thor looks upon them." Whereupon the Bonders all shouted as one man, " Yea !"

Which tremendous message they even forwarded to Olaf, by Gudbrand's younger son at the head of 700 armed men ; but did not terrify Olaf with it, who, on the contrary, drew up his troops, rode himself at the head of them, and began a speech to the Bonders, in which he invited them to adopt Christianity, as the one true faith for mortals.

Far from consenting to this, the Bonders raised a general shout, smiting at the same time their shields with their weapons ; but Olaf's men advancing on them swiftly, and flinging spears, they turned and ran, leaving Gudbrand's son behind, a prisoner, to whom Olaf gave his life : " Go home now to thy father, and tell him I mean to be with him soon."

The son goes accordingly, and advises his father not to face Olaf; but Gudbrand angrily replies: "Ha, coward ! I see thou, too, art taken by the folly that man is going about with;" and is resolved to fight. That night, however, Gudbrand has a most remarkable Dream, or Vision: A Man surrounded by light, bringing great terror with him, who warns Gudbrand against doing battle with Olaf. " If thou dost, thou and all thy people will fall; wolves will drag away thee and thine, ravens will tear thee in stripes !" And lo, in telling this to Thord Potbelly, a sturdy neighbour of his and henchman in the Thing, it is found that to Thord also has come the self-same terrible Apparition ! Better propose truce to Olaf (who seems to have these dreadful Ghostly Powers on his side), and the holding of a Thing, to discuss matters between us. Thing assembles, on a day of heavy rain. Being all seated, uprises King Olaf, and informs them: " The people of Lesso, Loar, and Vaage, have accepted Christianity, and broken down their idol-houses : they believe now in the True God, who has made heaven and earth, and knows all things;" and sits down again without more words

' Gudbrand replies, "We know nothing about him of whom
'thou speakest. Dost thou call him God, whom neither thou
' nor anyone else can see? But we have a God who can be
' seen every day, although he is not out today because the
' weather is wet; and he will appear to thee terrible and very
' grand; and I expect that fear will mix with thy very blood
' when he comes into the Thing. But since thou sayest thy
' God is so great, let him make it so that tomorrow we have a
' cloudy day, but without rain, and then let us meet again."

' The king accordingly returned home to his lodging, taking
' Gudbrand's son as a hostage; but he gave them a man as a
' hostage in exchange. In the evening the king asked Gud-
' brand's son What their God was like? He replied that he
' bore the likeness of Thor; had a hammer in his hand; was
' of great size, but hollow within; and had a high stand, upon
' which he stood when he was out. "Neither gold nor silver
' are wanting about him, and every day he receives four cakes
' of bread, besides meat." They then went to bed; but the
' king watched all night in prayer. When day dawned the
' king went to mass; then to table, and from thence to the
' Thing. The weather was such as Gudbrand desired. Now
' the Bishop stood up in his choir-ropes, with bishop's coif on
' his head, and bishop's crosier in his hand. He spoke to the
' Bonders of the true faith, told the many wonderful acts of
' God, and concluded his speech well.

' Thord Potbelly replies, "Many things we are told of by
' this learned man with the staff in his hand, crooked at the
' top like a ram's horn. But since you say, comrades, that
' your God is so powerful, and can do so many wonders, tell
' him to make it clear sunshine tomorrow forenoon, and then
' we shall meet here again, and do one of two things,—either
' agree with you about this business, or fight you." And they
' separated for the day.'

Over night the king instructed Kolbein the Strong, an
immense fellow, the same who killed Gunhild's two brothers,
that he, Kolbein, must stand next him tomorrow; people
must go down to where the ships of the Bonders lay, and
punctually bore holes in every one of them; *item*, to the farms
where their horses were, and punctually unhalter the whole of

them, and let them loose: all which was done. Snorro continues :

' Now the king was in prayer all night, beseeching God of his goodness and mercy to release him from evil. When mass was ended, and morning was gray, the king went to the Thing. When he came thither, some Bonders had already arrived, and they saw a great crowd coming along, and bearing among them a huge man's image, glancing with gold and silver. When the Bonders who were at the Thing saw it, they started up, and bowed themselves down before the ugly idol. Thereupon it was set down upon the Thing field ; and on the one side of it sat the Bonders, and on the other the King and his people.

' Then Dale Gudbrand stood up and said, " Where now, king, is thy God ? I think he will now carry his head lower; and neither thou, nor the man with the horn, sitting beside thee there, whom thou callest Bishop, are so bold today as on the former days. For now our God, who rules over all, is come, and looks on you with an angry eye; and now I see well enough that you are terrified, and scarcely dare raise your eyes. Throw away now all your opposition, and believe in the God who has your fate wholly in his hands."

' The king now whispers to Kolbein the Strong, without the Bonders perceiving it, " If it come so in the course of my speech that the Bonders look another way than towards their idol, strike him as hard as thou canst with thy club."

' The king then stood up and spoke : " Much hast thou talked to us this morning, and greatly hast thou wondered that thou canst not see our God ; but we expect that he will soon come to us. Thou wouldst frighten us with thy God, who is both blind and deaf, and cannot even move about without being carried ; but now I expect it will be but a short time before he meets his fate: for turn your eyes towards the east,—behold our God advancing in great light."

' The sun was rising, and all turned to look. At that moment Kolbein gave their God a stroke, so that he quite burst asunder; and there ran out of him mice as big almost as cats, and reptiles and adders. The Bonders were so terrified that some fled to their ships ; but when they sprang out upon them

⁴ the ships filled with water, and could not get away. Others
' ran to their horses, but could not find them. The king then
' ordered the Bonders to be called together, saying he wanted
' to speak with them; on which the Bonders came back, and
' the Thing was again seated.

' The king rose up and said, "I do not understand what
' your noise and running mean. You yourselves see what your
' God can do,—the idol you adorned with gold and silver, and
' brought meat and provisions to. You see now that the pro-
' tecting powers, who used and got good of all that, were the
' mice and adders, the reptiles and lizards; and surely they do
' ill who trust to such, and will not abandon this folly. Take
' now your gold and ornaments that are lying strewed on the
' grass, and give them to your wives and daughters, but never
' hang them hereafter upon stocks and stones. Here are two
' conditions between us to choose upon: either accept Chris-
' tianity, or fight this very day, and the victory be to them to
' whom the God we worship gives it."

' Then Dale Gudbrand stood up and said, "We have
' sustained great damage upon our God; but since he will
' not help us, we will believe in the God whom thou believest
' in."

' Then all received Christianity. The Bishop baptised
' Gudbrand and his son. King Olaf and Bishop Sigurd left
' behind them teachers; and they who met as enemies parted
' as friends. And afterwards Gudbrand built a church in the
' valley.¹

Olaf was by no means an unmerciful man,—much the re-
verse where he saw good cause. There was a wicked old King
Rærik, for example, one of those five kinglets whom, with their
bits of armaments, Olaf by stratagem had surrounded one
night, and at once bagged and subjected when morning rose,
all of them consenting; all of them except this Rærik, whom
Olaf, as the readiest sure course, took home with him; blinded,
and kept in his own house; finding there was no alternative
but that or death to the obstinate old dog, who was a kind of
distant cousin withal, and could not conscientiously be killed.
Stone-blind old Rærik was not always in murderous humour.

¹ Snorro, ii. pp. 156-161.

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Indeed, for most part he wore a placid, conciliatory aspect, and said shrewd amusing things ; but had thrice over tried, with amazing cunning of contrivance, though stone-blind, to thrust a dagger into Olaf, and the last time had all but succeeded. So that, as Olaf still refused to have him killed, it had become a problem what was to be done with him. Olaf's good humour, as well as his quiet, ready sense and practicality, are manifested in his final settlement of this Raenk problem. Olaf's laugh, I can perceive, was not so loud as Tryggveson's, but equally hearty, coming from the bright mind of him !

Besides blind Rærik, Olaf had in his household one Thorann, an Icelander; a remarkably ugly man, says Snorro, but a far-travelled, shrewdly observant, loyal-minded, and good-humoured person, whom Olaf liked to talk with. ' Remarkably ' ugly,' says Snorro, ' especially in his hands and feet, which ' were large and ill-shaped to a degree.' One morning Thorarin, who, with other trusted ones, slept in Olaf's apartment, was lazily dozing and yawning, and had stretched one of his feet out of the bed before the king awoke. The foot was still there when Olaf did open his bright eyes, which instantly lighted on this foot.

" Well, here is a foot," says Olaf, gaily, " which one seldom sees the match of; I durst venture there is not another so ugly in this city of Nidaros."

"Hah, king I" said Thorarin, "there are few things one cannot match if one seek long and take pains. I would bet, with thy permission, King, to find an uglier."

" Done I" cried Olaf. Upon which Thorarin stretched out the other foot.

" A still uglier," cried he ; " for it has lost the little toe."

" Ho, ho I" said Olaf; " but it is I who have gained the bet. The less of an ugly thing the less ugly, not the more !"

Loyal Thorarin respectfully submitted.

"What is to be my penalty, then? The king it is that must decide."

" To take me that wicked old Rærik to Leif Eric son in Greenland."

Which the Icelander did ; leaving two vacant seats henceforth at Olaf's table. Leif Ericson, son of Eric discoverer of

America, quietly managed Rærik henceforth ; sent him to Iceland,—I think to father Eric himself; certainly to some safe hand there, in whose house, or in some still quieter neighbouring lodging, at his own choice, old Raerik spent the last three years of his life in a perfectly quiescent manner.

Olaf's struggles in the matter of religion had actually settled that question in Norway. By these rough methods of his, whatever we may think of them, Heathenism had got itself smashed dead ; and was no more heard of in that country. Olaf himself was evidently a highly devout and pious man ;—whosoever is born with Olaf's temper now will still find, as Olaf did, new and infinite field for it! Christianity in Norway had the like fertility as in other countries ; or even rose to a higher, and what Dahlmann thinks, exuberant pitch, in the course of the two centuries which followed that of Olaf. Him all testimony represents to us as a most righteous no less than most religious king. Continually vigilant, just, and rigorous was Olaf's administration of the laws ; repression of robbery, punishment of injustice, stern repayment of evil-doers, wherever he could lay hold of them.

Among the Bonder or opulent class, and indeed everywhere, for the poor too can be sinners and need punishment, Olaf had, by this course of conduct, naturally made enemies. His severity so visible to all, and the justice and infinite beneficence of it so invisible except to a very few. But, at any rate, his reign for the first ten years was victorious ; and might have been so to the end, had it not been intersected, and interfered with, by King Knut in *his* far bigger orbit and current of affairs and interests. Knut's English affairs and Danish being all settled to his mind, he seems, especially after that year of pilgrimage to Rome, and association with the Pontiffs and Kaisers of the world on that occasion, to have turned his more particular attention upon Norway, and the claims he himself had there. Jarl Hakon, too, sister's son of Knut, and always well seen by him, had long been busy in this direction, much forgetful **of that** oath to Olaf when his barge got canted over by the cable of two capstans, and his life was given him, not without conditions altogether!

About the year 1026 there arrived two splendid persons

out of England, bearing King Knut the Great's letter and seal, with a message, likely enough to be far from welcome to Olaf. For some days Olaf refused to see them or their letter, shrewdly guessing what the purport would be. Which indeed was couched in mild language, but of sharp meaning enough : a notice to King Olaf, namely, That Norway was properly, by just heritage, Knut the Great's ; and that Olaf must become the great Knut's liegeman, and pay tribute to him, or worse would follow. King Olaf, listening to these two splendid persons and their letter, in indignant silence till they quite ended, made answer: "I have heard say, by old accounts there are, that King Gorm of Denmark" (Blue-tooth's father, Knut's great-grandfather) " was considered but a small king; having Denmark only and few people to rule over. But the kings who succeeded him thought that insufficient for them ; and it has since come so far that King Knut rules over both Denmark and England, and has conquered for himself a part of Scotland. And now he claims also my paternal bit of heritage; cannot be contented without that too. Does he wish to rule over all the countries of the North ? Can he eat up all the kale in England itself, this Knut the Great ? He shall do that, and reduce his England to a desert, before I lay my head in his hands, or show him any other kind of vassalage. And so I bid you tell him these my words: I will defend Norway with battle-axe and sword as long as life is given me, and will pay tax to no man for my kingdom." Words which naturally irritated Knut to a high degree.

Next year accordingly (year 1027), tenth or eleventh year of Olaf's reign, there came bad rumours out of England: That Knut was equipping an immense army,—land-army, and such a fleet as had never sailed before; Knut's own ship in it,—a Gold Dragon with no fewer than sixty benches of oars. Olaf and Onund King of Sweden, whose sister he had married, well guessed whither this armament was bound. They were friends withal, they recognised their common peril in this imminence; and had, in repeated consultations, taken measures the best that their united skill (which I find was mainly Olaf's, but loyally accepted by the other) could suggest. It was in this year that Olaf (with his Swedish king assisting) did his grand

feat upon Knut in Lymfjord of Jutland, which was already spoken of. The special circumstances of which were these :

Knut's big armament arriving on the Jutish coasts too late in the season, and the coast country lying all plundered into temporary wreck by the two Norse kings, who shrank away on sight of Knut, there was nothing could be done upon them by Knut this year,—or, if anything, what ? Knut's ships ran into Lymfjord, the safe-sheltered frith, or intricate long straggle of friths and straits, which almost cuts Jutland in two in that region; and lay safe, idly rocking on the waters there, uncertain what to do farther. At last he steered in his big ship and some others, deeper into the interior of Lymfjord, deeper and deeper onwards to the mouth of a big river called the Helge (*Helge-aa*, the Holy River, not discoverable in my poor maps, but certainly enough still existing and still flowing somewhere among those intricate straits and friths), towards the bottom of which Helge river lay, in some safe nook, the small combined Swedish and Norse fleet, under the charge of Onund, the Swedish king, while at the top or source, which is a biggish mountain lake, King Olaf had been doing considerable engineering works, well suited to such an occasion, and was now ready at a moment's notice. Knut's fleet having idly taken station here, notice from the Swedish king was instantly sent; instantly Olaf's well-engineered flood-gates were thrown open ; from the swollen lake a huge deluge of water was let loose ; Olaf himself with all his people hastening down to join his Swedish friend, and get on board in time; Helge river all the while alongside of him, with ever-increasing roar, and wider-spreading deluge, hastening down the steep in the night-watches. So that, along with Olaf, or some way ahead of him, came immeasurable roaring waste of waters upon Knut's negligent fleet; shattered, broke, and stranded many of his ships, and was within a trifle of destroying the Golden Dragon herself, with Knut on board. Olaf and Onund, we need not say, were promptly there in person, doing their very best ; the railings of the Golden Dragon, however, were too high for their little ships ; and Jarl Ulf, husband of Knut's sister, at the top of his speed, courageously intervening, spoiled their stratagem, and saved Knut from this very dangerous pass.

Knut did nothing more this winter. The two Norse kings, quite unequal to attack such an armament, except by ambush and engineering, sailed away; again plundering at discretion on the Danish coast; carrying into Sweden great booties and many prisoners; but obliged to lie fixed all winter; and indeed to leave their fleets there for a series of winters,—Knut's fleet, posted at Elsinore on both sides of the Sound, rendering all egress from the Baltic impossible, except at his pleasure. Ulf's opportune deliverance of his royal brother-in-law did not much bestead poor Ulf himself. He had been in disfavour before, pardoned with difficulty, by Queen Emma's intercession; an ambitious, officious, pushing, stirring, and, both in England and Denmark, almost dangerous man; and this conspicuous accidental merit only awoke new jealousy in Knut. Knut, finding nothing pass the Sound worth much blockading, went ashore; 'and the day before Michaelmas,' says Snorro, 'rode with a great retinue to Roeskilde.' Snorro continues his tragic narrative of what befell there:

• There Knut's brother-in-law, Jarl Ulf, had prepared a great 'feast for him. The Jarl was the most agreeable of hosts; 'but the King was silent and sullen. The Jarl talked to him 'in every way to make him cheerful, and brought forward 'everything he could think of to amuse him; but the King 'remained stern, and speaking little. At last the Jarl proposed 'a game of chess, which he agreed to. A chess-board was 'produced, and they played together. Jarl Ulf was hasty in 'temper, stiff, and in nothing yielding; but everything he 'managed went on well in his hands: and he was a great 'warrior, about whom there are many stories. He was the 'most powerful man in Denmark next to the King. Jarl Ulf's 'sister, Gyda, was married to Jarl Gudin (Godwin) Ulfnadson; 'and their sons were, Harald King of England, and Jarl Tosti, 'Jarl Walthiof, Jarl Mauro-Kaare, and Jarl Svein. Gyda was 'the name of their daughter, who was married to the English 'King Edward, the Good (whom we call the Confessor).

'When they had played a while, the King made a false 'move; on which the Jarl took a knight from him; but the 'King set the piece on the board again, and told the Jarl to 'make another move. But the Jarl flew angry, tumbled the

' chess-board over, rose, and went away. The King said, ' " Run thy ways, Ulf the Fearful." The Jarl turned round at the door and said, " Thou wouldst have run farther at Helge river hadst thou been left to battle there. Thou didst not call me Ulf the Fearful when I hastened to thy help while the Swedes were beating thee like a dog." The Jarl then went out, and went to bed.

' The following morning, while the King was putting on his clothes, he said to his footboy, " Go thou to Jarl Ulf and kill him." The lad went, was away a while, and then came back. The King said, " Hast thou killed the Jarl ?" " I did not kill him, for he was gone to St. Lucius's church." There was a man called Ivar the White, a Norwegian by birth, who was the King's courtman and chamberlain. The King said to him, "Go thou and kill the Jarl." Ivar went to the church, and in at the choir, and thrust his sword through the Jarl, who died on the spot. Then Ivar went to the King, with the bloody sword in his hand.

' The King said, " Hast thou killed the Jarl ?" "I have killed him," said he. "Thou hast done well," answered the King.*

From a man who built so many churches (one on each battle-field where he had fought, to say nothing of the others), and who had in him such depths of real devotion and other fine cosmic quality, this does seem rather strong! But it is characteristic, withal,—of the man, and perhaps of the times still more. In any case, it is an event worth noting, the slain Jarl Ulf and his connections being of importance in the history of Denmark and of England also. Ulf's wife was Astrid, sister of Knut, and their only child was Svein, styled afterwards 'Svein Estrithson' ('*Astrid-son*') when he became noted in the world,—at this time a beardless youth, who, on the back of this tragedy, fled hastily to Sweden, where were friends of Ulf. After some ten years' eclipse there, Knut and both his sons being now dead, Svein reappeared in Denmark under a new and eminent figure, 'Jarl of Denmark,' highest Liegeman to the then sovereign there. Broke his oath to said sovereign declared himself, Svein Estrithson, to be real King

² Snorro, ii. pp. 252-3.

of Denmark; and, after much preliminary trouble, and many beatings and disastrous flights to and fro, became in effect such,—to the wonder of mankind; for he had not had one victory to cheer him on, or any good luck or merit that one sees, except that of surviving longer than some others. Nevertheless he came to be the Restorer, so-called, of Danish independence; sole remaining representative of Knut (or Knut's sister), of Fork-beard, Blue-tooth, and Old Gorm; and ancestor of all the subsequent kings of Denmark for some 400 years; himself coming, as we see, only by the Distaff side, all of the Sword or male side having died so soon. Early death, it has been observed, was the Great Knut's allotment, and all his posterity's as well;—fatal limit (had there been no others, which we see there were) to his becoming 'Charlemagne of the North' in any considerable degree! Jarl Ulf, as we have seen, had a sister, Gyda by name, wife to Earl Godwin (⁴ Gudin Ulfnadsson, as Snorro calls him), a very memorable Englishman, whose son and hers, King Harald, *Harold* in English books, is the memorablest of all. These things ought to be better known to English antiquaries, and will perhaps be alluded to again.

This pretty little victory or affront, gained over Knut in *Lymfjord*, was among the last successes of Olaf against that mighty man. Olaf, the skilful captain he was, need not have despaired to defend his Norway against Knut and all the world. But he learned henceforth, month by month ever more tragically, that his own people, seeing softer prospects under Knut, and in particular the chiefs of them, industriously bribed by Knut for years past, had fallen away from him; and that his means of defence were gone. Next summer, Knut's grand fleet sailed, unopposed, along the coast of Norway; Knut summoning a Thing every here and there, and in all of them meeting nothing but sky-high acclamation and acceptance. Olaf, with some twelve little ships, all he now had, lay quiet in some safe fjord, near Lindenass, what we now call the Naze, behind some little solitary isles on **the southeast** of Norway **there**; till triumphant Knut had streamed home again. **Home** to England again: 'Sovereign of Norway' now, with nephew Hakon appointed Jarl and Vice-regent under him! This was

the news Olaf met on venturing out; and that his worst anticipations were not beyond the sad truth. All, or almost all, the chief Bonders and men of weight in Norway had declared against him, and stood with triumphant Knut.

Olaf, with his twelve poor ships, steered vigorously along the coast to collect money and force,—if such could now anywhere be had. He himself was resolute to hold out, and try. 'Sailing swiftly with a fair wind, morning cloudy with some showers,' he passed the coast of Jedderen, which was Erling Skjalgson's country, when he got sure notice of an endless multitude of ships, war-ships, armed merchant ships, all kinds of shipping-craft, down to fishermen's boats, just getting under way against him, under the command of Erling Skjalgson,—the powerfulest of his subjects, once much a friend of Olaf's, but now gone against him to this length, thanks to Olaf's severity of justice, and Knut's abundance in gold and promises for years back. To that complexion had it come with Erling, sailing with this immense assemblage of the naval people and populace of Norway to seize King Olaf, and bring him to the great Knut dead or alive.

Erling had a grand new ship of his own, which far out-sailed the general miscellany of rebel ships, and was visibly fast gaining distance on Olaf himself,—who well understood what Erling's puzzle was, between the tail of his game (the miscellany of rebel ships, namely) that could not come up, and the head or general prize of the game which was crowding all sail to get away; and Olaf took advantage of the same. "Lower your sails!" said Olaf to his men (though we must go slower). "Ho you, we have lost sight of them!" said Erling to his, and put on all his speed; Olaf going, soon after this, altogether invisible,—behind a little island that he knew of, whence into a certain fiord or bay (Bay of Fungen on the maps), which he thought would suit him. "Halt here, and get out your arms," said Olaf, and had not to wait long till Erling came bounding in, past the rocky promontory, and with astonishment beheld Olaf's fleet of twelve with their battle-axes and their grappling-irons all in perfect readiness. These fell on him, the unready Erling, simultaneous, like a cluster of angry bees; and in a few minutes cleared his ship of men

altogether, except Erling himself. Nobody asked his life, nor probably would have got it if he had. Only Erling still stood erect on a high place on the poop, fiercely defensive, and very difficult to get at. 'Could not be reached at all,' says Snorro, 'except by spears or arrows, and these he warded off with untiring dexterity; no man in Norway, it was said, had ever defended himself so long alone against many,'—an almost invincible Erling, had his cause been good. Olaf himself noticed Erling's behaviour, and said to him, from the foredeck below, "Thou hast turned against me to-day, Erling." "The eagles fight breast to breast," answers he. This was a speech of the king's to Erling once long ago, while they stood fighting, not as now, but side by side. The king, with some transient thought of possibility going through his head, rejoins, "* Wilt thou surrender, Erling?" "That will I," answered he; took the helmet off his head; laid down sword and shield; and went forward to the fore-castle deck. The king pricked, I think not very harshly, into Erling's chin or beard with the point of his battle-axe, saying, 'I must mark thee as traitor to thy Sovereign, though.' Whereupon one of the bystanders, Aslak Fitiaskalle, stupidly and fiercely burst up; smote Erling on the head with his axe; so that it struck fast in his brain and was instantly the death of Erling. "Ill-luck attend thee for that stroke; thou hast struck Norway out of my hand by it!" cried the king to Aslak; but forgave the poor fellow, who had done it meaning well. The insurrectionary Bonder fleet arriving soon after, as if for certain victory, was struck with astonishment at this Erling catastrophe; and being now without any leader of authority, made not the least attempt at battle; but, full of discouragement and consternation, thankfully allowed Olaf to sail away on his northward voyage, at discretion; and themselves went off lamenting, with Erling's dead body.

This small victory was the last that Olaf had over his many enemies at present. He sailed along, still northward, day after day; several important people joined him; but the news from landward grew daily more ominous: Bonders busily arming to rear of him; and ahead, Hakon still more busily at Trondhjem, now near by, "—and he will end thy days, King, if he have strength enough!" Olaf paused; sent

scouts to a hill-top : " Hakon's armament visible enough, and under way hitherward, about the Isle of Bjarno, yonder 1" Soon after, Olaf himself saw the Bonder armament of twenty-five ships, from the southward, sail past in the distance to join that of Hakon; and, worse still, his own ships, one and another (seven in all), were slipping off on a like errand 1 He made for the Fiord of Fodrar, mouth of the rugged strath called Valdai,—which I think still knows Olaf, and has now an ⁴ Olaf s Highway,' where, nine centuries ago, it scarcely had a path. Olaf entered this fiord, had his land-tent set up, and a cross beside it, on the small level green behind the promontory there. Finding that his twelve poor ships were now reduced to five, against a world all risen upon him, he could not but see and admit to himself that there was no chance left; and that he must withdraw across the mountains and wait for a better time.

His journey through that wild country, in these forlorn and straitened circumstances, has a mournful dignity and homely pathos, as described by Snorro : how he drew up his five poor ships upon the beach, packed all their furniture away, and with his hundred or so of attendants and their journey-baggage, under guidance of some friendly Bonder, rode up into the desert and foot of the mountains; scaled, after three days' effort (as if by miracle, thought his attendants and thought Snorro), the well-nigh precipitous slope that led across,—never without miraculous aid from Heaven and Olaf, could baggage-wagons have ascended that path! In short, How he fared along, beset by difficulties and the mournfulest thoughts; but patiently persisted, steadfastly trusted in God ; and was fixed to return, and by God's help try again. An evidently very pious and devout man; a good man struggling with adversity, such as the gods, we may still imagine with the ancients, do look down upon as their noblest sight.

He got to Sweden, to the court of his brother-in-law ; kindly and nobly enough received there, though gradually, perhaps, ill-seen by the now authorities of Norway. So that, before long, he quitted Sweden; left his queen there with her only daughter, his and hers, the only child they had ; he himself had an only son, ' by a bondwoman,' Magnus by name,

who came to great things afterwards ; of whom, and of which, by and by. With this bright little boy, and a selected escort of attendants, he moved away to Russia, to King Jarroslav; where he might wait secure against all risk of hurting kind friends by his presence. He seems to have been an exile altogether some two years,—such is one's vague notion ; for there is no chronology in Snorro or his Sagas, and one is reduced to guessing and inferring. He had reigned over Norway, reckoning from the first days of his landing there to those last of his leaving it across the Dovrefjeld, about fifteen years, ten of them shiningly victorious.

The news from Norway were naturally agitating to King Olaf; and, in the fluctuation of events there, his purposes and prospects varied much. He sometimes thought of pilgriming to Jerusalem, and a henceforth exclusively religious life; but for most part his pious thoughts themselves gravitated towards Norway, and a stroke for his old place and task there, which he steadily considered to have been committed to him by God. Norway, by the rumours, was evidently not at rest. Jarl Hakon, under the high patronage of his uncle, had lasted there but a little while. I know not that his government was especially unpopular, nor whether he himself much remembered his broken oath. It appears, however, he had left in England a beautiful bride ; and considering farther that in England only could bridal ornaments and other wedding outfit of a sufficiently royal kind be found, he set sail thither, to fetch her and them himself. One evening of wildish-looking weather he was seen about the north-east corner of the Pentland Frith; the night rose to be tempestuous ; Hakon or any timber of his fleet was never seen more. Had all gone down,—broken oaths, bridal hopes, and all else ; mouse and man,—into the roaring waters. There was no farther Opposition-line; the like of which had lasted ever since old heathen Hakon Jarl, down to this his grandson Hakon's *finis* in the Pentland Frith. With this Hakon's disappearance it now disappeared.

Indeed Knut himself, though of an empire suddenly so great, was but a temporary phenomenon. Fate had decided that the grand and wise Knut was to be short-lived; and to leave nothing as successors but an ineffectual young Harald

EARLY KINGS OF NORWAY.

Harefoot, who soon perished, and a still stupider fiercely-drinking Harda-Knut, who rushed down of apoplexy (here in London City, as I guess), with the goblet at his mouth, drinking health and happiness at a wedding-feast, also before long.

Hakon having vanished in this dark way, there ensued a pause, both on Knut's part and on Norway's. Pause or interregnum of some months, till it became certain, first, whether Hakon were actually dead, secondly, till Norway, and especially till King Knut himself, could decide what to do. Knut, to the deep disappointment, which had to keep itself silent, of three or four chief Norway men, named none of these three or four Jarl of Norway ; but bethought him of a certain Svem, a bastard son of his own,—who, and almost still more his English mother, much desired a career in the world fitter for him, thought they indignantly, than that of captain over Jomsburg, where alone the father had been able to provide for him hitherto. Svein was sent to Norway as king or vice-king for Father Knut ; and along with him his fond and vehement mother. Neither of whom gained any favour from the Norse people by the kind of management they ultimately came to show.

Olaf on news of this change, and such uncertainty prevailing everywhere in Norway as to the future course of things,—whether Svein would come, as was rumoured of at last, and be able to maintain himself if he did,—thought there might be something in it of a chance for himself and his rights. And, after lengthened hesitation, much prayer, pious invocation, and consideration, decided to go and try it. The final grain that had turned the balance, it appears, was a half-waking morning dream, or almost ocular vision he had of his glorious cousin Olaf Tryggveson, who severely admonished, exhorted, and encouraged him ; and disappeared grandly, just in the instant of Olaf's awakening ; so that Olaf almost fancied he had seen the very figure of him, as it melted into air. " Let us on, let us on !" thought Olaf always after that. He left his son, not in Russia, but in Sweden with the Queen, who proved very good and carefully helpful in wise ways to him :—in Russia Olaf had now nothing more to do but give his grateful adieus, and get ready.

His march towards Sweden, and from that towards Norway

and the passes of the mountains, down Værdal, towards Sticklestad, and the crisis that awaited, is beautifully depicted by Snorro. It has, all of it, the description (and we see clearly, the fact itself had), a kind of pathetic grandeur, simplicity, and rude nobleness; something Epic or Homeric, without the metre or the singing of Homer, but with all the sincerity, rugged truth to nature, and much more of piety, devoutness, reverence for what is forever High in this Universe, than meets us in those old Greek Ballad-mongers. Singularly visual all of it, too, brought home in every particular to one's imagination, so that it stands out almost as a thing one actually saw.

Olaf had about three thousand men with him; gathered mostly as he fared along through Norway. Four hundred, raised by one Dag, a kinsman whom he had found in Sweden and persuaded to come with him, marched usually in a separate body; and were, or might have been, rather an important element. Learning that the Bonders were all arming, especially in Trondhjem country, Olaf streamed down towards them in the closest order he could. By no means very close, subsistence even for three thousand being difficult in such a country. His speech was almost always free and cheerful, though his thoughts always naturally were of a high and earnest, almost sacred tone; devout above all. Sticklestad, a small poor hamlet still standing where the valley ends, was seen by Olaf, and tacitly by the Bonders as well, to be the natural place for offering battle. There Olaf issued out from the hills one morning: drew himself up according to the best rules of Norse tactics,—rules of little complexity, but perspicuously true to the facts. **I think he had a clear open ground still rather raised above the plain in front;** he could see how the Bonder army had not yet quite **arrived**, but was pouring forward, in spontaneous rows or groups, copiously by every path. This was thought to be the biggest army **that ever met in Norway;** 'certainly **not much fewer than a hundred times a hundred men,**' according to Snorro; great **Bonders several of them, small Bonders very many,—all of willing mind, animated with a hot sense of intolerable injuries.** 'King Olaf had punished great and small with equal rigour,' says Snorro; 'which appeared to the chief people of the country too severe; and animosity rose to the highest when they

' lost relatives by the King's just sentence, although they were
' in reality guilty. He again would rather renounce his dignity
' than omit righteous judgment. The accusation against him,
' of being stingy with his money, was not just, for he was a
' most generous man towards his friends. But that alone was
' the cause of the discontent raised against him, that he ap-
' peared hard and severe in his retributions. Besides, King
' Knut offered large sums of money, and the great chiefs were
' corrupted by this, and by his offering them greater dignities
' than they had possessed before.' On these grounds, against
the intolerable man, great and small were now pouring along
by every path.

Olaf perceived it would still be some time before the Bonder
army was in rank. His own Dag of Sweden, too, was not yet
come up; he was to have the right banner; King Olaf's own
being the middle or grand one; some other person the third or
left banner. All which being perfectly ranked and settled, ac-
cording to the best rules, and waiting only the arrival of Dag,
Olaf bade his men sit down, and freshen themselves with a
little rest. There were religious services gone through: a
metins-worship such as there have been few; sternly earnest to
the heart of it, and deep as death and eternity, at least on
Olaf's own part. For the rest Thormod sang a stave of the
fiercest Skaldic poetry that was in him; all the army straight-
way sang it in chorus with fiery mind. The Bonder of the
nearest farm came up, to tell Olaf that he also wished to fight
for him. "Thanks to thee; but don't," said Olaf; "stay at
home rather, that the wounded may have some shelter." To
this Bonder, Olaf delivered all the money he had, with solemn
order to lay out the whole of it in masses and prayers for the
souls of such of his enemies as fell. "Such of thy enemies,
King?" "Yes, surely," said Olaf, "my friends will all either
conquer, or go whither I also am going."

At last the Bonder army too was got ranked; three com-
manders, one of them with a kind of loose chief command,
having settled to take charge of it; and began to shake itself
towards actual advance. Olaf, in the mean while, had laid his
head on the knees of Finn Arneson, his trustiest man, and
fallen fast asleep. Finn's brother, Kalf Arneson, once a warm

friend of Olaf, was chief of the three commanders on the opposite side. Finn and he addressed angry speech to one another from the opposite ranks, when they came near enough. Finn, seeing the enemy fairly approach, stirred Olaf from his sleep. "Oh, why hast thou wakened me from such a dream?" said Olaf, in a deeply solemn tone. "What dream was it, then?" asked Finn. "I dreamt that there rose a ladder here reaching up to very Heaven," said Olaf; "I had climbed and climbed, and got to the very last step, and should have entered there hadst thou given me another moment." "King, I doubt thou *art fey*; I do not quite like that dream."

The actual fight began about one of the dock in a most bright last day of July, and was very fierce and hot, especially on the part of Olaf's men, who shook the others back a little, though fierce enough they too; and had Dag been on the ground, which he wasn't yet, it was thought victory might have been won. Soon after battle joined, the sky grew of a ghastly brass or copper colour, darker and darker, till thick night involved all things; and did not clear away again till battle was near ending. Dag, with his four hundred, arrived in the darkness, and made a furious charge, what was afterwards, in the speech of the people, called 'Dag's storm.' Which had nearly prevailed, but could not quite; victory again inclining to the so vastly larger party. It is uncertain still how the matter would have gone; for Olaf himself was now fighting with his own hand, and doing deadly execution on his busiest enemies to right and to left. But one of these chief rebels, Thorer Hund (thought to have learnt magic from the Laplanders, whom he long traded with, and made money by), mysteriously would not fall for Olaf's best strokes. Best strokes brought only dust from the (enchanted) deer-skin coat of the fellow, to Olaf's surprise,—when another of the rebel chiefs rushed forward, struck Olaf with his battle-axe, a wild slashing wound, and miserably broke his thigh, so that he staggered or was supported back to the nearest stone; and there sat down, lamentably calling on God to help him in this bad hour. Another rebel of note (the name of him long memorable in Norway) slashed or stabbed Olaf a second time, as did then a third. Upon which the noble Olaf sank dead; and forever quilted this doghole of a world,—little

worthy of such men as Olaf, one sometimes thinks. But that too is a mistake, and even an important one, should we persist in it.

With Olaf's death the sky cleared again. Battle, now near done, ended with complete victory to the rebels, and next to no pursuit or result, except the death of Olaf; everybody hastening home, as soon as the big Duel had decided itself. Olaf's body was secretly carried, after dark, to some out-house on the farm near the spot; whither a poor blind beggar, creeping in for shelter that very evening, was miraculously restored to sight. And, truly with a notable, almost miraculous, speed, the feelings of all Norway for King Olaf changed themselves, and were turned upside down, 'within a year,' or almost within a day. Surperlative example of *Extinctus amabitur idem*. Not 'Olaf the Thick-set' any longer, but 'Olaf the Blessed' or Saint, now clearly in Heaven; such the name and character of him from that time to this. Two churches dedicated to him (out of four that once stood) stand in London at this moment. And the miracles that have been done there, not to speak of Norway and Christendom elsewhere, in his name, were numerous and great for long centuries afterwards. Visibly a Saint Olaf ever since; and, indeed, in *Bollandus* or elsewhere, I have seldom met with better stuff to make a Saint of, or a true World-Hero in all good senses.

Speaking of the London Olaf Churches, I should have added that from one of these the thrice-famous Tooley Street gets its name,—where those Three Tailors, addressing Parliament and the Universe, sublimely styled themselves, "We, the People of England." Saint Olave Street, Saint Oley Street, Stoolley Street, Tooley Street; such are the metamorphoses of human fame in the world 1

The battle-day of Stichelstad, King Olaf's death-day, is generally believed to have been Wednesday, July 31, 1033. But on investigation, it turns out that there was no total eclipse of the sun visible in Norway that year; though three years before, there was one; but on the 29th instead of the 31st. So that the exact date still remains uncertain; Dahlmann, the Latest critic, inclining for 1030, and its indisputable eclipse.'

'*Saxon Chronicle* says expressly, under A.D. 1030: 'In this year King Olaf was slain in Norway by his own people, and was afterwards sainted.'

CHAPTER XI.

MAGNUS THE GOOD AND OTHERS.

ST. OLAF is the highest of these Norway Kings, and is the last that much attracts us. For this reason, if a reason were not superfluous, we might here end our poor reminiscences of those dim Sovereigns. But we will, nevertheless, for the sake of their connection with bits of English History, still hastily mention the names of one or two who follow, and who throw a momentary gleam of life and illumination on events and epochs that have fallen so extinct among ourselves at present, though once they were so momentous and memorable.

The new King Svein from Jomsburg, Knut's natural son, had no success in Norway, nor seems to have deserved any. His English mother and he were found to be grasping, oppressive persons ; and awoke, almost from the instant that Olaf was suppressed and crushed away from Norway into Heaven, universal odium more and more in that country. Well-deservedly, as still appears ; for their taxings and extortions of malt, of herring, of meal, smithwork and every article taxable in Norway, were extreme ; and their service to the country otherwise nearly imperceptible. In brief their one basis there was the power of Knut the Great; and that, like all earthly things, was liable to sudden collapse,—and it suffered such in a notable degree. King Knut, hardly yet of middle age, and the greatest King in the then world, died at Shaftesbury, in 1035, as Dahlmann thinks,¹—leaving two legitimate sons and a busy, intriguing widow (Norman Emma, widow of Ethelred the Unready), mother of the younger of these two ; neither of whom proved to have any talent or any continuance. In spite of Emma's utmost efforts, Harald, the elder son of Knut, not hers, got England for his kingdom; Emma and her Harda-Knut had to be content with Denmark, and go thither, much against their will. Harald in England,—light-going little figure like his father before him,—got the name of Harefoot here ; and might have

¹ *Saxon Chronicle* says: '1035. In this year died King Knut. . . . He departed at Shaftesbury, November 12, and they conveyed him thence to Winchester, and there buried him.'

done good work among his now orderly and settled people; but he died almost within year and day ; and has left no trace among us, except that of 'Harefoot,' from his swift mode of walking. Emma and her Harda-Knut now returned joyful to England. But the violent, idle, and drunken Harda-Knut did no good there; and, happily for England and him, soon suddenly ended, by stroke of apoplexy at a marriage festival, as mentioned above. In Denmark he had done still less good. And indeed, under him, in a year or two, the grand imperial edifice, laboriously built by Knut's valour and wisdom, had already tumbled all to the ground, in a most unexpected and remarkable way. As we are now to indicate with all brevity.

Svein's tyrannies in Norway had wrought such fruit that, within the four years after Olaf's death, the chief men in Norway, the very slayers of King Olaf, Kalf Arneson at the head of them, met secretly once or twice ; and unanimously agreed that Kalf Arneson must go to Sweden, or to Russia itself; seek young Magnus, son of Olaf, home : excellent Magnus, to be king over all Norway and them, instead of this intolerable Svein. Which was at once done,—Magnus brought home in a kind of triumph, all Norway waiting for him. Intolerable Svein had already been rebelled against: some years before this, a certain young Tryggve out of Ireland, authentic son of Olaf Tryggveson and of that fine Irish Princess who chose him in his low habiliments and low estate, and took him over to her own Green Island,—this royal young Tryggve Olafson had invaded the usurper Svein, in a fierce, valiant, and determined manner; and though with too small a party, showed excellent fight for some time ; till Svein, zealously bestirring himself, managed to get him beaten and killed. But that was a couple of years ago ; the party still too small, not including one and all as now ! Svein, without stroke of sword this time, moved off towards Denmark; never showing face in Norway again. His drunken brother, Harda-Knut, received him brother-like; even gave him some territory to rule over and subsist upon. But he lived only a short while ; was gone before Harda-Knut himself; and we will mention him no more.

Magnus was a fine bright young fellow, and proved a valiant, wise, and successful King, known among his people as Magnus

the Good. He was only natural son of King Olaf; but that made little difference in those times and there. His strange-looking, unexpected Latin name he got in this way : Alf hild, his mother, a slave through ill-luck of war, though nobly born, was seen to be in a hopeful way; and it was known in the King's house how intimately Olaf was connected with that occurrence, and how much he loved this ' King's serving-maid,' as she was commonly designated. Alfild was brought to bed late at night; and all the world, especially King Olaf, was asleep ; Olaf's strict rule, then and always, being, Don't awaken me :—seemingly a man sensitive about his sleep. The child was a boy, of rather weakly aspect; no important person present, except Sigvat, the King's Icelandic Skald, who happened to be still awake ; and the Bishop of Norway, who, I suppose, had been sent for in hurry. " What is to be done ?" said the Bishop : •« here is an infant in pressing need of baptism ; and we know not what the name is : go, Sigvat, awaken the King, and ask." " I dare not for my life," answered Sigvat; " King's orders are rigorous on that point." " But if the child die unbaptised," said the Bishop, shuddering; too certain, he and everybody, where the child would go in that case ! " I will myself give him a name," said Sigvat, with a desperate concentration of all his faculties ; " he shall be namesake of the greatest of mankind,—imperial Carolus Magnus; let us call the infant Magnus !" King Olaf, on the morrow, asked rather sharply how Sigvat had dared take such a liberty ; but excused Sigvat, seeing what the perilous alternative was. And Magnus, by such accident, this boy was called ; and he, not another, is the prime origin and introducer of that name Magnus, which occurs rather frequently, not among the Norman Kings only, but by and by among the Danish and Swedish; and, among the Scandinavian populations, appears to be rather frequent to this day.

Magnus, a youth of great spirit, whose own, and standing at his beck, all Norway now was, immediately smote home on Denmark ; desirous naturally of vengeance for what it had done to Norway, and the sacred kindred of Magnus. Denmark, its great Knut gone, and nothing but a drunken Harda-Knut, fugitive Svein and Co., there in his stead, was become a weak

dislocated Country. And Magnus plundered in it, burnt it, beat it, as often as he pleased ; Harda-Knut struggling what he could to make resistance or reprisals, but never once getting any victory over Magnus. Magnus, I perceive, was, like his Father, a skilful as well as valiant fighter by sea and land ; Magnus, with good battalions, and probably backed by immediate alliance with Heaven and St. Olaf, as was then the general belief or surmise about him, could not easily be beaten. And the truth is, he never was, by Harda-Knut or any other. Harda-Knut's last transaction with him was, To make a firm Peace and even Family-treaty sanctioned by all the grandees of both countries, who did indeed mainly themselves make it; their two Kings assenting: That there should be perpetual Peace, and no thought of war more, between Denmark and Norway ; and that, if either of the Kings died childless while the other was reigning, the other should succeed him in both Kingdoms. A magnificent arrangement, such as has several times been made in the world's history ; but which in this instance, what is very singular, took actual effect; drunken Harda-Knut dying so speedily, and Magnus being the man he was. One would like to give the date of this remarkable Treaty; but cannot with precision. Guess somewhere about 1040 :² actual fruition of it came to Magnus, beyond question, in 1042, when Harda-Knut drank that wassail bowl at the wedding in Lambeth, and fell down dead ; which in the Saxon Chronicle is dated 3d June of that year. Magnus at once went to Denmark on hearing this event; was joyfully received by the head men there, who indeed, with their fellows in Norway, had been main contrivers of the Treaty ; both Countries longing for mutual peace, and the end of such incessant broils.

Magnus was triumphantly received as King in Denmark. The only unfortunate thing was, that Svem Estrithson, the exile son of Ulf, Knut's Brother-in-law, whom Knut, as we saw, had summarily killed twelve years before, emerged from his exile in Sweden in a flattering form ; and proposed that Magnus should make him Jarl of Denmark, and general administrator there, in his own stead. To which the sanguine Magnus, in spite of advice to the contrary, insisted on acceding. " Too

* Munch gives the date 1038 (li. 840), Adam of Bremen 1040.

powerful a Jarl," said Einar Tamberskelver—the same Einar whose bow was heard to break in Olaf Tryggveson's last battle ("Norway breaking from thy hand, King I"), who had now become Magnus's chief man, and had long been among the highest chiefs in Norway; "too powerful a Jarl," said Einar earnestly. But Magnus disregarded it; and a troublesome experience had to teach him that it was true. In about a year, crafty Svein, bringing ends to meet, got himself declared King of Denmark for his own behoof, instead of Jarl for another's, and had to be beaten and driven out by Magnus. Beaten every year; but almost always returned next year, for a new beating,—almost, though not altogether; having at length got one dreadful smashing-down and half-killing, which held him quiet for a while,—so long as Magnus lived. Nay in the end, he made good his point, as if by mere patience in being beaten; and did become King himself, and progenitor of all the Kings that followed. King Svem Estrithson; so called from Astrid or Estnth, his mother, the great Knut's sister, daughter of Svein Forkbeard by that amazing Signd the Proud, who *burnt* those two ineligible suitors of hers both at once, and got a switch on the face from Olaf Tryggveson, which proved the death of that high man.

But all this fine fortune of the often beaten Estrithson was posterior to Magnus's death; who never would have suffered it, had he been alive. Magnus was a mighty fighter; a fiery man; very proud and positive, among other qualities, and had such luck as was never seen before. Luck invariably good, said everybody; never once was beaten,—which proves, continued everybody, that his Father Olaf and the miraculous power of Heaven were with him always. Magnus, I believe, did put down a great deal of anarchy in those countries. One of his earliest enterprises was to abolish Jomsburg, and trample out that nest of pirates. Which he managed so completely that Jomsburg remained a mere reminiscence thenceforth; and its place is not now known to any mortal.

One perverse thing did at last turn up in the course of Magnus: a new Claimant for the Crown of Norway, and he a formidable person withal. This was Harald, half-brother of

the late Saint Olaf; uncle or half-uncle, therefore, of Magnus himself. Indisputable son of the Saint's mother by St. Olaf's stepfather, who was himself descended straight from Harald Haarfagr. This new Harald was already much heard of in the world. As an ardent Boy of fifteen he had fought at King Olaf's side at Stichelstad; would not be admonished by the Saint to go away. Got smitten down there, not killed; was smuggled away that night from the field by friendly help; got cured of his wounds, forwarded to Russia, where he grew to man's estate, under bright auspices and successes. Fell in love with the Russian Princess, but could not get her to wife; went off thereupon to Constantinople as *Væring* (Life-Guardsman of the Greek Kaiser); became Chief Captain of the *Væringers*, invincible champion of the poor Kaisers that then were, and filled all the East with the shine and noise of his exploits. An authentic *Waring* or *Baring*, such the surname we now have derived from these people; who were an important institution in those Greek countries for several ages: *Væringers* Life-Guard, consisting of Norsemen, with sometimes a few English among them. Harald had innumerable adventures, nearly always successful, sing the Skalds; gained a great deal of wealth, gold ornaments, and gold coin; had even Queen Zoe (so they sing, though falsely) enamoured of him at one time; and was himself a Skald of eminence; some of whose verses, by no means the worst of their kind, remain to this day.

This character of *Waring* much distinguishes Harald to me; the only *Væring* of whom I could ever get the least biography, true or half-true. It seems the Greek History-books but indifferently correspond with these Saga records; and scholars say there could have been no considerable romance between Zoe and him, Zoe at that date being 60 years of age! Harald's own lays say nothing of any Zoe, but are still full of longing for his Russian Princess far away.

At last, what with Zoes, what with Greek perversities and perfidies, and troubles that could not fail, he determined on quitting Greece; packed up his immensities of wealth in succinct shape, and actually returned to Russia, where new honours and favours awaited him from old friends, and especially, if I mistake not, the hand of that adorable Princess, crown of all

his wishes for the time being. Before long, however, he decided farther to look after his Norway Royal heritages ; and, for that purpose, sailed in force to the Jarl or quasi-King of Denmark, the often-beaten Svein, who was now in Sweden on his usual winter exile after beating. Svein and he had evidently interests in common. Svein was charmed to see him,—so warlike, glorious and renowned a man, with masses of money about him, too. Svein did by and by become treacherous ; and even attempted, one night, to assassinate Harald in his bed on board ship : but Harald, vigilant of Svein, and a man of quick and sure insight, had providently gone to sleep elsewhere, leaving a log instead of himself among the blankets. In which log, next morning, treacherous Svein's battle-axe was found deeply sticking : and could not be removed without difficulty ! But this was after Harald and King Magnus himself had begun treating ; with the fairest prospects,—which this of the Svein battle-axe naturally tended to forward, as it altogether ended the other copartnery.

Magnus, on first hearing of Væringers Harald and his intentions, made instant equipment, and determination to fight his uttermost against the same. But wise persons of influence round him, as did the like sort round Væringers Harald, earnestly advised compromise and peaceable agreement. Which, soon after that of Svein's nocturnal battle-axe, was the course adopted ; and, to the joy of all parties, did prove a successful solution. Magnus agreed to part his kingdom with Uncle Harald ; uncle parting his treasures, or uniting them with Magnus's poverty. Each was to be an independent king, but they were to govern in common ; Magnus rather presiding. He, to sit, for example in the High Seat alone ; King Harald opposite him in a seat not quite so high, though if a stranger King came **on** a visit, both the Norse Kings were to sit in the High Seat. With various other punctilious regulations ; which the fiery Magnus was extremely strict **with** ; rendering the mutual relation a very dangerous one, **had** not both the Kings been honest men, and Harald a **much more prudent and tolerant one than** Magnus. **They, on the whole, never had any weighty quarrel, thanks now and then rather to Harald than to Magnus.** Magnus too was very noble ; and Harald,

with his wide experience and greater length of years, carefully held his heat of temper well covered in.

Prior to Uncle Harald's coming, Magnus had distinguished himself as a Lawgiver. His Code of Laws for the Trondhjem Province was considered a pretty piece of legislation ; and in subsequent times got the name of *Grey-goose* (Gragas); one of the wonderfulest names ever given to a wise Book. Some say it came from the grey colour of the parchment, some give other incredible origins ; the last guess I have heard is, that the name merely denotes antiquity; the witty name in Norway for a man growing old having been, in those times, that he was now ' becoming a grey-goose.' Very fantastic indeed ; certain, however, that Grey-goose is the name of that venerable Law Book; nay, there is another, still more famous, belonging to Iceland, and not far from a century younger, the Iceland *Grey-goose*. The Norway one is perhaps of date about 1037, the other of about 1118 ; peace be with them both ! Or, if anybody is inclined to such matters let him go to Dahlmann, for the amplest information and such minuteness of detail as might almost enable him to be an Advocate, with Silk Gown, in any Court depending on these Grey-geese.

Magnus did not live long. He had a dream one night of his Father Olaf's coming to him in shining presence, and announcing, That a magnificent fortune and world-great renown was now possible for him ; but that perhaps it was his duty to refuse it; in which case his earthly life would be short. " Which way wilt thou do, then ?" said the shining presence. " Thou shalt decide for me, Father, thou, not I!" and told his Uncle Harald on the morrow, adding that he thought he should now soon die ; which proved to be the fact. The magnificent fortune, so questionable otherwise, has reference, no doubt, to the Conquest of England ; to which country Magnus, as rightful and actual King of *Denmark*, as well as undisputed heir to drunken Harda-Knut, by treaty long ago, had now some evident claim. The enterprise itself was reserved to the patient, gay, and prudent Uncle Harald ; and to him it did prove fatal, —and merely paved the way for Another, luckier, not like-lier !

Svein Estnthon, always beaten during Magnus's life, by

and by got an agreement from the prudent Harald to *be* King of Denmark, then; and end these wearisome and ineffectual brabbles; Harald having other work to do. But in the autumn of 1066, Tosti, a younger son of our English Earl Godwin, came to Svein's court with a most important announcement; namely, that King Edward the Confessor, so called, was dead, and that Harold, as the English write it, his eldest brother would give him, Tosti, no sufficient share in the kingship. Which state of matters, if Svein would go ahead with him to rectify it, would be greatly to the advantage of Svein. Svein, taught by many beatings, was too wise for this proposal; refused Tosti, who indignantly stepped over into Norway, and proposed it to King Harald there. Svein really had acquired considerable teaching, I should guess, from his much beating and hard experience in the world; one finds him afterwards the esteemed friend of the famous Historian Adam of Bremen, who reports various wise humanities, and pleasant discoursings with Svein Estnthon.

As for Harald Hardrade, 'Harald the Hard or Severe,' as he was now called, Tosti's proposal awakened in him all his old Vasnnger ambitions and cupidities into blazing vehemence. He zealously consented; and at once, with his whole strength, embarked in the adventure. Fitted out two hundred ships, and the biggest army he could carry in them; and sailed with Tosti towards the dangerous Promised Land. Got into the Tyne, and took booty; got into the Humber, thence into the Ouse; easily subdued any opposition the official people or their populations could make; victoriously scattered these, victoriously took the City of York in a day; and even got himself homaged there, 'King of Northumberland,' as per covenant,—Tosti proving honourable,—Tosti and he going with faithful strict copartnery, and all things looking prosperous and glorious. Except only (an important exception!) that they learnt for certain, English Harold was advancing with all his strength; and, in a measurable space of hours, unless care were taken, would be in York himself. Harald and Tosti hastened off to seize the post of Stamford Bridge on Derwent River, six or seven miles east of York City, and there bar this dangerous advent. Their own ships lay not far off in Ouse River, in case of the

worst. The battle that ensued the next day, September 20, 1066, is forever memorable in English history.

Snorro gives vividly enough his view of it from the Icelandic side: A ring of stalwart Norsemen, close ranked, with their steel tools in hand ; English Harold's Army, mostly cavalry, prancing and pricking all around; trying to find or make some opening in that ring. For a long time trying in vain, till at length, getting them enticed to burst out somewhere in pursuit, they quickly turned round, and quickly made an end of that matter. Snorro represents English Harold, with a first party of these horse coming up, and, with preliminary salutations, asking if Tosti were there, and if Harald were; making generous proposals to Tosti; but, in regard to Harald and what share of England was to be his, answering Tosti with the words, " Seven feet of English earth, or more if he require it, for a grave." Upon which Tosti, like an honourable man and copartner, said, " No, never ; let us fight you rather till we all die." " Who is this that spoke to you ?" inquired Harald, when the cavaliers had withdrawn. " My brother Harold," answers Tosti; which looks rather like a Saga, but may be historical after all. Snorro's history of the battle is intelligible only after you have premised to it, what he never hints at, that the scene was on the east side of the bridge and of the Derwent; the great struggle for the bridge, one at last finds, was after the fall of Harald ; and to the English Chroniclers, said struggle, which was abundantly severe, is all they know of the battle.

Enraged at that breaking loose of his steel ring of infantry, Norse Harald blazed up into true Norse fury, all the old Vaeringer and Berserkir rage awakening in him; sprang forth into the front of the fight, and mauled and cut and smashed down, on both hands of him, everything he met, irresistible by any horse or man, till an arrow cut him through the windpipe, and laid him low forever. That was the end of King Harald and of his workings in this world. The circumstance that he was a Waring or Baring, and had smitten to pieces so many Oriental cohorts or crowds, and had made love-verses (kind of *iron* madrigals) to his Russian Princess, and caught the fancy of questionable Greek queens, and had amassed such heaps of

money, while poor nephew Magnus had only one gold ring (which had been his father's, and even his father's *mother's*, as Uncle Harald noticed), and nothing more whatever of that precious metal to combine with Harald's treasures :—all this is new to me, naturally no hint of it in any English book ; and lends some gleam of romantic splendour to that dim business of Stamford Bridge, now fallen so dull and torpid to most English minds, transcendently important as it once was to all Englishmen. Adam of Bremen says, the English got as much gold plunder from Harald's people as was a heavy burden for twelve men,³ a thing evidently impossible, which nobody need try to believe. Young Olaf, Harald's son, age about sixteen, steering down the Ouse at the top of his speed, escaped home to Norway with all his ships, and subsequently reigned there with Magnus, his brother. Harald's body did lie in English earth for about a year; but was then brought to Norway for burial. He needed more than seven feet of grave, say some ; Laing, interpreting Snorro's measurements, makes Harald eight feet in stature,—I do hope, with some error in excess!

CHAPTER XII.

OLAF THE TRANQUIL, MAGNUS BAREFOOT, AND SIGURD THE CRUSADER.

THE new King Olaf, his brother Magnus having soon died, bore rule in Norway for some five-and-twenty years. Rule soft and gentle, not like his father's, and inclining rather to improvement in the arts and elegancies than to anything severe or dangerously laborious. A slim-built, witty-talking, popular and pretty man, with uncommonly bright eyes, and hair like floss silk: they called him *Olaf Kyrre* (the Tranquil or Easy-going).

The ceremonials of the palace were much improved by him. Palace still continued to be built of huge logs pyramidally sloping upwards, with fireplace in the middle of the floor, and no egress for smoke or ingress for light except right overhead, which, in bad weather, you could shut, or all but

• Camden, Rapin, &c quote.

shut, with a lid. Lid originally made of mere opaque board, but changed latterly into a light frame, covered (*glazed*, so to speak) with entrails of animals, clarified into something of pelucidity. All this Olaf, I hope, further perfected, as he did the placing of the court ladies, court officials, and the like; but I doubt if the luxury of a glass window were ever known to him, or a cup to drink from that was not made of metal or horn. In fact it is chiefly for his son's sake I mention him here; and with the son, too, I have little real concern, but only a kind of fantastic.

This son bears the name of Magnus *Barfod* (Barefoot, or Bareleg); and if you ask why so, the answer is : He was used to appear in the streets of Nidaros (Trondhjem) now and then in complete Scotch Highland dress. Authentic tartan plaid and philibeg, at that epoch,—to the wonder of Trondhjem and us! The truth is, he had a mighty fancy for those Hebrides and other Scotch possessions of his ; and seeing England now quite impossible, eagerly speculated on some conquest in Ireland as next best. He did, in fact, go diligently voyaging and inspecting among those Orkney and Hebridian Isles, putting everything straight there, appointing stringent authorities, jarls,—nay, a king, ' Kingdom of the Suderoer' (Southern Isles, now called *Sodor*),—and, as first king, Sigurd, his pretty little boy of nine years. All which done, and some quarrel with Sweden fought out, he seriously applied himself to visiting in a still more emphatic manner; namely, to invading, with his best skill and strength, the considerable virtual or actual kingdom he had in Ireland, intending fully to enlarge it to the utmost limits of the Island if possible. He got prosperously into Dublin (guess A.D. 1102). Considerable authority he already had, even among those poor Irish Kings, or kinglets, in their glibs and yellow-saffron gowns ; still more, I suppose, among the numerous Norse Principalities there. ' King ' Murdog, King of Ireland,' says the Chronicle of Man, 'had obliged himself, every Yule-day, to take a pair of shoes, hang them over his shoulder, as your servant does on a journey, and walk across his court, at bidding and in presence of Magnus Barefoot's messenger, by way of homage to the said

' King ' Murdog on this greater occasion did whatever homage could be required of him ; but that, though comfortable, was far from satisfying the great King's ambitious mind. The great King left Murdog; left his own Dublin ; marched off westward on a general conquest of Ireland. Marched easily victorious for a time; and got, some say, into the wilds of Connaught, but there saw himself beset by ambuscades and wild Irish countenances intent on mischief; and had, on the sudden, to draw up for battle ;—place, I regret to say, altogether undiscoverable to me ; known only that it was boggy in the extreme. Certain enough, too certain and evident, Magnus Barefoot, searching eagerly, could find no firm footing there ; nor, fighting furiously up to the knees or deeper, any result but honourable death ! Date is confidently marked ' 24 August 1103,'—as if people knew the very day of the month. The natives did humanely give King Magnus Christian burial. The remnants of his force, without further molestation, found their ships on the Coast of Ulster; and sailed home,—without conquest of Ireland; nay perhaps, leaving royal Murdog disposed to be relieved of his procession with the pair of shoes.

Magnus Barefoot left three sons, all kings at once, reigning peaceably together. But to us, at present, the only noteworthy one of them was Sigurd; who, finding nothing special to do at home, left his brothers to manage for him, and went off on a far Voyage, which has rendered him distinguishable in the crowd. Voyage through the Straits of Gibraltar, on to Jerusalem, thence to Constantinople; and so home through Russia, shining with such renown as filled all Norway for the time being. A King called Sigurd Jorsalafarer (*Jerusalem*) or Sigurd the Crusader henceforth. His voyage had been only partially of the Viking type ; in general it was of the Royal-Progress kind rather; Vikmgism only intervening in cases of incivility or the like. His reception in the Courts of Portugal, Spain, Sicily, Italy, had been honourable and sumptuous. The King of Jerusalem broke out into utmost splendour and effusion at sight of such a pilgrim ; and Constantinople did its highest honours to such a Prince of Vaeringers. And the truth is, Sigurd intrinsically was a wise, able, and prudent man ; who, surviving both his brothers, reigned a good while alone

in a solid and successful way. He shows features of an original, independent-thinking man ; something of ruggedly strong, sincere, and honest, with peculiarities that are amiable and even pathetic in the character and temperament of him ; as certainly, the course of life he took was of his own choosing, and peculiar enough. He happens furthermore to be, what he least of all could have chosen or expected, the last of the Haarfagr Genealogy that had any success, or much deserved any, in this world. The last of the Haarfags, or as good as the last ! So that, singular to say, it is in reality, for one thing only that Sigurd, after all his crusadings and wonderful adventures, is memorable to us here : the advent of an Irish gentleman called ' Gylle Krist' (Gil-chnst, Servant of Christ), who,—not over welcome, I should think, but (unconsciously) big with the above result,—appeared in Norway, while King Sigurd was supreme. Let us explain a little.

This Gylle Krist, the unconsciously fatal individual, who ' spoke Norse imperfectly,' declared himself to be the natural son of whilom Magnus Barefoot; born to him there while engaged in that unfortunate ' Conquest of Ireland.' " Here is my mother come with me," said Gilchrist, " who declares my real baptismal name to have been Harald, given me by that great King ; and who will carry the red-hot ploughshares or do any reasonable ordeal in testimony of these facts. I am King Sigurd's veritable half-brother : what will King Sigurd think it fair to do with me ?" Sigurd clearly seems to have believed the man to be speaking truth ; and indeed nobody to have doubted but he was. Sigurd said, " Honourable sustenance shalt thou have from me here. But, under pain of extirpation, swear that, neither in my time, nor in that of my young son Magnus, wilt thou ever claim any share in this Government." Gylle swore; and punctually kept his promise during Sigurd's reign. But during Magnus's, he conspicuously broke it; and, in result, through many reigns, and during three or four generations afterwards, produced unspeakable contentions, massacrings, confusions in the country he had adopted. There are reckoned, from the time of Sigurd's death (A.D. 1130), about a hundred years of civil war: no king allowed to distinguish himself by a solid reign of well-

doing, or by any continuing reign at all,—sometimes as many as four kings simultaneously fighting ;—and in Norway, from sire to son, nothing but sanguinary anarchy, disaster and bewilderment ; a Country sinking steadily as if towards absolute ruin. Of all which frightful misery and discord Irish Gylle, styled afterwards King Harald Gylle, was, by ill destiny and otherwise, the visible origin : an illegitimate Irish Haarfagr who proved to be his own destruction, and that of the Haarfagr kindred altogether I

Sigurd himself seems always to have rather favoured Gylle, who was a cheerful, shrewd, patient, witty, and effective fellow ; and had at first much quizzing to endure, from the younger kind, on account of his Irish way of speaking Norse, and for other reasons. One evening, for example, while the drink was going round, Gylle mentioned that the Irish had a wonderful talent of swift running, and that there were among them people who could keep up with the swiftest horse. At which, especially from young Magnus, there were peals of laughter ; and a declaration from the latter that Gylle and he would have it tried tomorrow morning I Gylle in vain urged that he had not himself professed to be so swift a runner as to keep up with the Prince's horses ; but only that there were men in Ireland who could Magnus was positive ; and, early next morning, Gylle had to be on the ground ; and the race, naturally under heavy bet, actually went off. Gylle started parallel to Magnus's stirrup ; ran like a very roe, and was clearly ahead at the goal. " Unfair," said Magnus ; " thou must have had hold of my stirrup-leather, and helped thyself along ; we must try it again." Gylle ran behind the horse this second time ; then at the end, sprang forward ; and again was fairly in ahead. " Thou must have held by the tail," said Magnus ; " not by fair running was this possible ; we must try a third time I" Gylle started ahead of Magnus and his horse, this third time ; kept ahead with increasing distance, Magnus galloping his very best ; and reached the goal more palpably foremost than ever. So that Magnus had to pay his bet, and other damage and humiliation. And got from his father, who heard of it soon afterwards, scoffing rebuke as a silly fellow,

who did not know the worth of men, but only the clothes and rank of them, and well deserved what he had got from Gylle. All the time King Sigurd lived, Gylle seems to have had good recognition and protection from that famous man ; and, indeed, to have gained favour all round, by his quiet social demeanour and the qualities he showed.

CHAPTER XIII.

MAGNUS THE BLIND, HARALD GYLLE, AND MUTUAL EXTINCTION OF THE HAARFAGRS.

ON Sigurd the Crusader's death, Magnus naturally came to the throne; Gylle keeping silence and a cheerful face for the time. But it was not long till claim arose on Gylle's part, till war and fight arose between Magnus and him, till the skilful, popular, ever-active and shifty Gylle had entirely beaten Magnus ; put out his eyes ; mutilated the poor body of him in a horrid and unnameable manner, and shut him up in a convent as out of the game henceforth. There in his dark misery Magnus lived now as a monk; called ' Magnus the Blind' by those Norse populations; King Harald Gylle reigning victoriously in his stead. But this also was only for a time. There arose avenging kinsfolk of Magnus, who had no Irish accent in their Norse, and were themselves eager enough to bear rule in their native country. By one of these,—a terribly strong-handed, fighting, violent, and regardless fellow, who also was a Bastard of Magnus Barefoot's, and had been made a Priest, but liked it unbearably ill, and had broken loose from it into the wildest courses at home and abroad ; so that his current name got to be ' Slembi-diakn,' Slim or I II Deacon, under which he is much noised of in Snorro and the Sagas : by this Slim-Deacon, Gylle was put an end to (murdered by night, drunk in his sleep) ; and poor blind Magnus was brought out, and again set to act as King, or King's Cloak, in hopes Gylle's posterity would never rise to victory more. But Gylle's posterity did, to victory and also to defeat, and were the death of Magnus and of Slim-Deacon too, in a frightful way; and all got their own death by and by in a ditto. In brief, these two

Chap xiv SVERRIR AND DESCENDANTS.

kindreds (reckoned to be authentic enough Haarfagr people, both kinds of them) proved now to have become a veritable crop of dragon's teeth; who mutually fought, protted, struggled, as if it had been their life's business; never ended fighting, and seldom long intermitted it, till they had exterminated one another, and did at last all rest in death. One of these later Gylle temporary Kings I remember by the name of Harald Herdebred, Harald of the Broad Shoulders. The very last of them I think was Harald Mund (Harald of the *Wry-Mouth*), who gave rise to two Impostors, pretending to be Sons of his, a good while after the poor *Wry-Mouth* itself and all its troublesome belongings were quietly under ground. What Norway suffered during that sad century may be imagined.

CHAPTER XIV.

SVERRIR AND DESCENDANTS, TO HAKON THE OLD.

THE end of it was, or rather the first abatement, and *beginning* of the end, That, when all this had gone on ever worsening for some forty years or so, one Sverrir (A.D. 1177), at the head of an armed mob of poor people called *Birkebeins*, came upon the scene. A strange enough figure in History, this Sverrir and his *Birkebens*! At first a mere mockery and dismal laughing-stock to the enlightened Norway public. Nevertheless by unheard-of fighting, hungering, exertion, and endurance, Sverrir, after ten years of such a death-wrestle against men and things, got himself accepted as King; and by wonderful expenditure of ingenuity, common cunning, unctuous Parliamentary Eloquence or almost Popular Preaching, and (it must be owned) general human faculty and valour (or value) in the overclouded and distorted state, did victoriously continue such. And founded a new Dynasty in Norway, which ended only with Norway's separate existence, after near three hundred years.

This Sverrir called himself a Son of Harald *Wry-Mouth*; but was in reality the son of a poor Comb-maker in some little town of Norway; nothing heard of Sonship to *Wry-Mouth* till after good success otherwise. His *Birkebeins* (that is to say, *Birchlegs*; the poor rebellious wretches having

taken to the woods; and been obliged, besides their intolerable scarcity of food, to thatch their bodies from the cold with whatever covering could be got, and their legs especially with birch bark; sad species of fleecy hosiery; whence their nickname),—his Birkebeins I guess always to have been a kind of Norse *Jacquerie*: desperate rising of thralls and indigent people, driven mad by their unendurable sufferings and famishings,—theirs the *deepest* stratum of misery, and the densest and heaviest, in this the general misery of Norway, which had lasted towards the third generation and looked as if it would last forever:—whereupon they had risen proclaiming, in this furious dumb manner, 'unintelligible except to Heaven, that the same could not, nor would not, be endured any longer! And, by their Sverrir, strange to say, they did attain a kind of permanent success; and, from being a dismal laughing-stock in Norway, came to be important, and for a time all-important there. Their opposition nicknames, '*Bag-lers*' (from Bagall, *baculus*, bishop's staff; Bishop Nicholas 'being chief Leader),' '*Gold-legs*' and the like obscure terms (for there was still a considerable course of counter-fighting ahead, and especially of counter-nicknaming), I take to have meant in Norse prefigurement seven centuries ago, 'bloated Aristocracy,' 'tyrannous *Bourgeoisie*,'—till, in the next century, these rents were closed again!—

King Sverrir, not himself bred to comb-making, had, in his fifth year, gone to an uncle, Bishop in the Faroe Islands; and got some considerable education from him, with a view to Priesthood on the part of Sverrir. But, not liking that career, Sverrir had fled and smuggled himself over to the Birkebeins; who, noticing the learned tongue, and other miraculous qualities of the man, proposed to make him Captain of them; and even threatened to kill him if he would not accept,—which thus at the sword's point, as Sverrir says, he was obliged to do. It was after this that he thought of becoming son of Wry-Mouth and other higher things.

His Berkebeins and he had certainly a talent of campaigning which has hardly ever been equalled. They fought like devils against any odds of number; and before battle they have been known to march six days together without food, ex-

cept, perhaps, the inner barks of trees, and in such clothing and shoeing as mere birch bark :—at one time, somewhere in the Dovrefjeld, there was serious counsel held among them whether they should not all, as one man, leap down into the frozen gulfs and precipices, or at once massacre one another wholly, and so finish. Of their conduct in battle, fiercer than that of *Baresarks*, where was there ever seen the parallel? In truth they are a dim strange object to one, in that black time; wondrously bringing light into it withal; and proved to be, under such unexpected circumstances, the beginning of better days!

Of Sverrir's public speeches there still exist authentic specimens; wonderful indeed, and much characteristic of such a Sverrir. A comb-maker King, evidently meaning several good and solid things; and effecting them too, athwart such an element of Norwegian chaos-come-again. His descendants and successors were a comparatively respectable km. The last and greatest of them I shall mention is Hakon VII., or Hakon the Old; whose fame is still lively among us, from the Battle of Largs at least.

CHAPTER XV.

HAKON THE OLD AT LARGS.

IN the Norse annals our famous Battle of Largs makes small figure, or almost none at all among Hakon's battles and feats. They do say indeed, these Norse annalists, that the King of Scotland, Alexander III. (who had such a fate among the crags about Kinghorn in time coming), was very anxious to purchase from King Hakon his sovereignty of the Western Isles; but that Hakon pointedly refused; and at length, being again importuned and bothered on the business, decided on giving a refusal that could not be mistaken. Decided, namely, to go with a big expedition, and look thoroughly into that wing of his Dominions; where no doubt much has fallen awry since Magnus Barefoot's grand visit thither, and seems to be inviting the cupidity of bad neighbours! "All this we will put right again," thinks Hakon, "and gird it up into a safe and defensive posture." Hakon sailed accordingly, with a strong fleet;

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adjusting and rectifying among his Hebrides as he went long, and landing withal on the Scotch coast to plunder and punish as he thought fit. The Scots say he had claimed of them Arran, Bute, and the Two Cumbraes ("given my ancestors by Donald Bain," said Hakon, to the amazement of the Scots) "as part of the Sudoer" (Southern Isles):—so far from selling that fine kingdom '—and that it was after taking both Arran and Bute that he made his descent at Largs.

Of Largs there is no mention whatever in Norse books. But beyond any doubt, such is the other evidence, Hakon did land there; land and fight, not conquering, probably rather beaten; and very certainly 'retiring to his ships,' as in either case he behoved to do! It is further certain he was dreadfully maltreated by the weather on those wild coasts; and altogether credible, as the Scotch records bear, that he was so at Largs very specially. The Norse Records or Sagas say merely, he lost many of his ships by the tempests, and many of his men by land fighting in various parts,—tacitly including Largs, no doubt, which was the last of these mistortunes to him. 'In the battle here he lost 15,000 men, say the Scots, we 5,000' I Divide these numbers by ten, and the excellently brief and lucid Scottish summary by Buchanan may be taken as the approximately true and exact.¹ Date of the battle is A.D. 1263.

To this day, on a little plain to the south of the village, now town, of Largs, in Ayrshire, there are seen stone cairns and monumental heaps, and, until within a century ago, one huge, solitary, upright stone; still mutely testifying to a battle there,—altogether clearly, to this battle of King Hakon's; who by the Norse records, too, was in these neighbourhoods at that same date, and evidently in an aggressive, high kind of humour. For 'while his ships and army were doubling the Mull of Cantire, he had his own boat set on wheels, and therein, splendidly enough, had himself drawn across the Promontory at a flatter part,' no doubt with horns sounding, banners waving. "All to the left of me is mine and Norway's," exclaimed Hakon in his triumphant boat progress, which such disasters soon followed.

¹ *Buchanani Hist.* i. 130.

Hakon gathered his wrecks together, and sorrowfully made for Orkney. It is possible enough, as our Guide Books now say, he may have gone by Iona, Mull, and the narrow seas inside of Skye ; and that the *Kyle-Akin*, favourably known to sea-bathers in that region, may actually mean the *Kyle* (narrow strait) of Hakon, where Hakon may have dropped anchor, and rested for a little while in smooth water and beautiful environment, safe from equinoctial storms. But poor Hakon's heart was now broken. He went to Orkney; died there in the winter ; never beholding Norway more

He it was who got Iceland, which had been a Republic for four centuries, united to his kingdom of Norway : a long and intricate operation,—much presided over by our Snorro Sturleson, so often quoted here, who indeed lost his life (by assassination from his sons-in-law) and out of great wealth sank at once into poverty of zero,—one midnight in his own cellar, in the course of that bad business. Hakon was a great Politician in his time; and succeeded in many things before he lost Largs. Snorro's death by murder had happened about twenty years before Hakon's by broken heart. He is called Hakon the Old, though one finds his age was but fifty-nine, probably a longish life for a Norway King. Snorro's narrative ceases when Snorro himself was born ; that is to say, at the threshold of King Sverrir; of whose exploits and doubtful birth it is guessed by some that Snorro willingly forbore to speak in the hearing of such a Hakon.

CHAPTER XVI.

EPILOGUE.

HAARFAGR'S kindred lasted some three centuries in Norway ; Sverrir's lasted into its third century there; how long after this, among the neighbouring kinships, I did not inquire. For, by regal affinities, consanguinities, and unexpected chances and changes, the three Scandinavian kingdoms fell all peaceably together under Queen Margaret, of the Calmar Union (A.D. 1397); and Norway, incorporated now with Denmark, needed no more kings.

The History of these Haarfags has awakened in me many thoughts : Of Despotism and Democracy, arbitrary government by one and self-government (which means no government, or anarchy) by all; of Dictatorship with many faults, and Universal Suffrage with little possibility of any virtue. For the contrast between Olaf Tryggveson and a Universal-Suffrage Parliament or an ' Imperial' Copper Captain has, in these nine centuries, grown to be very great. And the eternal Providence that guides all this, and produces alike these entities with their epochs, is not *its* course still through the great deep ? Does not it still speak to us, if we have ears ? Here, clothed in stormy enough passions and instincts, unconscious of any aim but their own satisfaction, is the blessed beginning of Human Order, Regulation, and real Government; there, clothed in a highly different, but again suitable garniture of passions, instincts, and equally unconscious as to real aim, is the accursed-looking ending (temporary ending) of Order, Regulation, and Government;—very dismal to the sane onlooker for the time being ; not dismal to him otherwise, his hope, too, being steadfast ! But here, at any rate, in this poor Norse theatre, one looks with interest on the first transformation, so mysterious and abstruse, of human Chaos into something of articulate Cosmos ; witnesses the wild and strange birth-pangs of Human Society, and reflects that without something similar (little as men expect such now), no Cosmos of human society ever was got into existence, nor can ever again be.

The violences, fightings, crimes—ah yes, these seldom fail, and they are very lamentable. But always, too, among those old populations, there was one saving element; the now want of which, especially the unlamented want, transcends all lamentation. Here is one of those strange, piercing, winged-words of Ruskin, which has in it a terrible truth for us in these epochs now come:

' My friends, the follies of modern Liberalism, many and
' great though they be, are practically summed in this denial
' or neglect of the quality and intrinsic value of things. Its
' rectangular beatitudes, and spherical benevolences,—theology
' of universal indulgence, and jurisprudence which will hang
' no rogues, mean, one and all of them, in the root, incapacity

' of discerning, or refusal to discern, worth and unworth in any-
 ' thing, and least of all in man ; whereas Nature and Heaven
 ' command you, at your peril, to discern worth from unworth
 ' in everything, and most of all in man. Your main problem
 ' is that ancient and trite one, " Who is best man ?" and the
 ' Fates forgive much, — forgive the wildest, fiercest, cruelest
 ' experiments,—if fairly made for the determination of that.
 ' Theft and bloodguiltiness are not pleasing in their sight; yet
 ' the favouring powers of the spiritual and material world will
 ' confirm to you your stolen goods, and their noblest voices
 ' applaud the lifting of your spear, and rehearse the sculpture
 ' of your shield, if only your robbing and slaying have been in
 ' fair arbitrament of that question, " Who is best man ?" But
 ' if you refuse such inquiry, and maintain every man for his
 ' neighbour's match,—if you give vote to the simple and liberty
 ' to the vile, the powers of those spiritual and material worlds
 ' in due time present you inevitably with the same problem,
 ' soluble now only wrong side upwards ; and your robbing and
 ' slaying must be done then to find out, ' Who is *worst*
 ' man ?" Which, in so wide an order of merit, is, indeed,
 ' not easy; but a complete Tammany Ring, and lowest circle
 ' in the Inferno of Worst, you are sure to find, and to be go-
 ' verned by.'¹

All readers will admit that there was something naturally royal in these Haarfagr Kings. A wildly great kind of kindred ; counts in it two Heroes of a high, or almost highest, type : the first two Olafs, Tryggveson and the Saint. And the view of them, withal, as we chance to have it, I have often thought, how essentially Homeric it was :—indeed what is ' Homer' himself but the *Rhapsody* of five centuries of Greek Skalds and wandering Ballad-singers, done *fi.e.* 'stitched together') by somebody more musical than Snorro was ? Olaf Tryggveson and Olaf Saint please me quite as well in their prosaic form ; offering me the truth of them as if seen in their real lineaments by some marvellous opening (through the art of Snorro) across the black strata of the ages. Two high, almost among the highest sons of Nature, seen as they veri-

¹ *Fors Clavigera*, Letter XIV. pp. 8-10.

tably were ; fairly comparable or superior to god-like Achilles, goddess-wounding Diomedes, much more to the two Atreidai, Regulators of the Peoples.

I have also thought often what a Book might be made of Snorro, did there but arise a man furnished with due literary insight, and indefatigable diligence; who, faithfully acquainting himself with the topography, the monumental relics and illustrative actualities of Norway, carefully scanning the best testimonies as to place and time which that country can still give him, carefully the best collateral records and chronologies of other countries, and who, himself possessing the highest faculty of a Poet, could, abridging, arranging, elucidating, reduce Snorro to a polished Cosmic state, unweariedly purging away his much chaotic matter ! A modern 'highest kind of Poet,' capable of unlimited slavish labour withal;—who, I fear, is not soon to be expected in this world, or likely to find his task in the *Heimski ingla* if he did appear here.

THE PORTRAITS OF JOHN KNOX.

THE
PORTRAITS OF JOHN KNOX.

I.

THEODORE BEZA, in the beginning of the year 1580, published at Geneva a well-printed, clearly expressed, and on the whole considerate and honest little volume, in the Latin tongue, purporting to be '*Icones*, that is to say, true Portraits, of men illustrious in the Reformation of Religion and Restoration of Learning:¹ Volume of perhaps 250 pages, but in fact not numerically paged at all, which is sometimes described as 4to, but is in reality 8vo rather, though expanded by the ample margin into something of a square form. It is dedicated to King James VI. of Scotland; then a small rather watery boy hardly yet fourteen, but the chief Protestant King then extant; the first Icon of all being that of James himself. The Dedication has nothing the least *of* fulsome or even panegyric; and is in fact not so much a Dedication as a longish preface, explanatory of Beza's impulse towards publishing such a book, namely, the delight he himself has in contemplating the face of any heroic friend of Letters and of true Religion; and defending himself withal, *to* us superfluously enough, against any imputation of idolatry or image-worship, which scrupulous

¹ '*cones, id est Vera Imagines, Virorum doctrina simul et pietate illustrum, quorum præcipue ministerio partim bonarum Literarum studia sunt restituta, partim verâ Religio in variis Orbis Christiani regionibus, nostra patrumque memoria fuit instaurata; additis corundem vitæ & operæ descriptionibus, quibus adiectæ sunt nonnullæ picturæ quas Emblemata vocant* Theodoro Besa Auctore.—Genevæ. Apud joannem Laonium. M.D.LXXX.

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critics might cast upon him, since surely painting and engraving are permissible to mankind ; and that, for the rest, these Icons are by no means to be introduced into God's House, but kept as private furniture in your own. The only praise he bestows on James is the indisputable one that he is head of a most Protestant nation ; that he is known to have fine and most promising faculties; which may God bring to perfection, to the benefit of his own and many nations ; of which there is the better hope, as he is in the mean while under the tuition of two superlative men, Dominus Georgius Buchananus, the *facile princeps* in various literary respects, and Dominus Petrus Junius (or Jonck, as it is elsewhere called, meaning 'Young'), also a man of distinguished merit.

The Royal Icon, which stands on the outside, and precedes the Dedication, *is* naturally the first of all: fit ornament to the vestibule of the whole work — a half-ridiculous half-pathetic protecting genius, of whom this (opposite) is the exact figure.

Some Four Score other personages follow, of personages four score, but of Icons only Thirty-eight; Beza, who clearly had a proper wish to secure true portraits, not having at his command any further supply ; so that in forty-three cases there is a mere frame of a woodcut, with nothing but the name of the individual who should have filled it, given.

A certain French translator of the Book, who made his appearance next year, Simon Goulart, a French friend, fellow preacher, and distinguished co-presbyter of Beza's, of whom there will be much farther mention soon, seems to have been better supplied than Beza with engravings. He has added from his own resources Eleven new Icons ; many of them better than the average of Beza's, and of special importance some of them ; for example that of Wickliffe, the deep-lying tap-root of the whole tree; to want whose portrait and have nothing but a name to offer was surely a want indeed. Goulart's Wickliffe gratifies one not a little ; and to the open-minded reader who has any turn for physiognomic inquiries is very interesting ; a most substantial and effective looking man; easily conceivable as Wickliffe, though, as in my own case, one never saw a portrait of him before; a solid, broad-browed, massive-headed man; strong nose, slightly aquiline, beard of

practical length and opulent growth ; evidently a thoughtful, cheerful, faithful and resolute man , to whom indeed a very great work was appointed in this world , that of inaugurating the new Reformation and new epoch in Europe, with results



that have been immense, not yet completed but expanding in our own day with an astonishing, almost alarming swiftness of development. This is among the shortest of all the Icon articles or written commentaries in Beza's Work. We trans-

late it entire, as a specimen of Beza's well-meant, but too often vague, and mostly inane performance in these enterprises; which to the most zealous reader of his own time could leave so little of distinct information, and to most readers of our own, none at all; the result little more than interjectional, a pious emotion towards Heaven and the individual mentioned; result very vague indeed.

Wickliffe.—' Let this, England, be thy greatest honour forever that thou didst produce John Wickliffe (albeit thou hast since somewhat stained that honour) ; the first after so many years that dared to declare war against the Roman Harlot, who audaciously mocked the Kings of Europe, intoxicated with her strong drink. This effort was so successful that ever since that Wicked One has been mortally wounded by the blow which Wickliffe by the sword of the Word of God dealt to her. And although for a time the wound appeared to be closed, since then it has always burst open again ; and finally, by the grace of God, remains incurable. Nothing was wanting to thee, excellent champion, except the martyr's crown ; which not being able to obtain in thy life, thou didst receive forty years after thy death, when thy bones were burnt to powder by Antichrist; who by that single act of wickedness has forever branded himself with the stamp of cruelty, and has acquired for thee a glory so much the more splendid.

' John Wickliffe flourished in the year 1372. He died after diverse combats, in the year 1387. His bones were burnt at Oxford in the year 1410.'

No, not at Oxford, but at Lutterworth in Leicestershire, as old Fuller memorably tells us : ' Such the spleen of the Council of Constance,' says he, * they not only cursed his memory, as dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered that his bones (with this charitable caution, "if it," the body, "may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people,") be taken out of the ground and thrown far off from any Christian burial. In obedience hereunto, Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick-sight scent at a dead carcass) to ungrave him accordingly. To Lutterworth they come, Sumner Commissary Offi

the Laws are, will strike into another course, I apprehend ! I apprehend they will, as a preliminary, resolutely *refuse* to permit the Black man any privilege whatever of pumpkins till he agree for work in return. Not a square inch of soil in those fruitful Isles, purchased by British blood, shall any Black man hold to grow pumpkins for him, except on terms that are fair towards Britain. Fair ; see that they be not unfair, not towards ourselves, and still more, not towards him. For injustice *is forever* accursed: and precisely our unfairness towards the enslaved Black man has,—by inevitable revulsion and fated turn of the wheel,—brought about these present confusions.

Fair towards Britain it will be, that Quashee give work for privilege to grow pumpkins. Not a pumpkin, Quashee, not a square yard of soil, till you agree to do the State so many days of service. Annually that soil will grow you pumpkins ; but annually also, without fail, shall you, for the owner thereof, do your appointed days of labour. The State has plenty of waste soil; but the State will religiously give you none of it on other terms. The State wants sugar from these Islands, and means to have it; wants virtuous industry in these Islands, and must have it. The State demands of you such service as will bring these results, this latter result which includes all. Not a Black Ireland, by immigration, and boundless black supply for the demand ; not that,—may the gods forbid !—but a regulated West Indies, with black working population in adequate numbers ; all "happy," if they find it possible; and *not* entirely unbeautiful to gods and men, which latter result they *must* find possible! All "happy" enough; that is to say, all working according to the faculty they have got, making a little more divine this Earth which the gods have given them. Is there any other "happiness,"—if it be not that of pigs fattening daily to the slaughter ? So will the State speak by and by.

Any poor idle Black man, any idle White man, rich or poor, is a mere eye-sorrow to the State; a perpetual blister on the skin of the State. The State is taking measures, some of them rather extensive, in Europe at this very time, and already, as in Pans, Berlin and elsewhere, rather tremendous measures, to *get* its rich white men set to work ; for alas, they also have long sat Negro-like up to the ears in pumpkin, regardless of 'work,' and of a world all going to waste for their idleness !

with the character of Knox, as written indelibly, and in detail, in his words and actions legible to this day, the following strange Icon, very difficult indeed to accept as a bodily phy-

IQANNES CNOXVS.



stognomy of the man you nave elsewhere got an image of **for**
yourself, by industrious study of these same

Surely quite a surprising individual to have kindled **all**

Scotland, within few years, almost within few months, into perhaps the noblest flame of sacred human zeal, and brave determination to believe only what it found completely believable, and to defy the whole world and the devil at its back, in unsubduable defence of the same. Here is a gentleman seemingly of a quite eupeptic, not to say stolid and thoughtless frame of mind, much at his ease in Zion, and content to take things as they come, if only they will let him digest his victuals, and bleep in a whole skin. Knox, you can well perceive, in all his writings and in all his way of life, was emphatically of Scottish build; eminently a national specimen; in fact what we might denominate the most Scottish of Scots, and to this day typical of all the qualities which belong nationally to the very choicest Scotsmen we have known, or had clear record of utmost sharpness of discernment and discrimination, courage enough, and, what is still better, no particular consciousness of courage, but a readiness in all simplicity to do and dare whatsoever is commanded by the inward voice of native manhood; on the whole a beautiful and simple but complete incompatibility with whatever is false in word or conduct, inexorable contempt and detestation of what in modern speech is called *humbug*. Nothing hypocritical, foolish, or untrue can find harbour in this man; a pure, and mainly silent, tenderness of affection is in him, touches of genial humour are not wanting under his severe austerity; an occasional growl of sarcastic indignation against malfeasance, falsity, and stupidity; indeed secretly an extensive fund of that disposition, kept mainly silent, though inwardly in daily exercise; a most clear-cut, hardy, distinct, and effective man; fearing God and without any other fear. Of all this you in vain search for the smallest trace in this poor Icon of Beza's. No feature of a Scottish man traceable there, nor indeed, you would say, of any man at all; an entirely insipid, expressionless individuality, more like the wooden Figure-head of a ship than a living and working man; highly unacceptable to every physiognomic reader and knower of *Johannes Cnoxus Giffordiensis Scotus*.

Under these circumstances it is not a surprise, and is almost a consolation, to find that Beza has as little knowledge of Knox's biography as of his natural face. Nothing here, or

hardly anything but a blotch of ignorant confusion. The year of Knox's birth is unknown to Beza, the place very indistinctly known. Beza reports him to have studied with great distinction under John Major at St. Andrews ; the fact being that he was one winter under Major at Glasgow, but never under Major at St. Andrews, nor ever a university student elsewhere at all; that his admired neological prelections at St. Andrews are a creature of the fancy; and in short that Beza's account of that early period is mere haze and ignorant hallucination. Having received the order of priesthood, thinks Beza, he set to lecturing in a so valiantly neological tone in Edinburgh and elsewhere that Cardinal Beaton could no longer stand it; but truculently summoned him to appear in Edinburgh on a given day, and give account of himself; whereupon Knox, evading the claws of this man-eater, secretly took himself away 'to *Hamestonum*'—a town or city unknown to geographers, ancient or modern, but which, according to Beza, was then and there the one refuge of the pious, *unicum tunc piorum asyllum*. Towards this refuge Cardinal Beaton thereupon sent assassins (entirely imaginary), who would for certain have cut off Knox in his early spring, had not God's providence commended him to the care of 'Langudrius, a principal nobleman in Scotland,' by whom his precious life was preserved. This town of - 'Hamestonum, sole refuge of the pious,' and this protective 'Langudrius, a principal nobleman,' are extremely wonderful to the reader; and only after a little study do you discover that 'Langudrius, a principal nobleman,' is simply the Laird of *Langniddry*, and that 'Hamestonum' the city of refuge is Cockburn the Laird of *Ormistons*; both of whom had Sons in want of education ; three in all, two of Langniddry's and one of Ormiston's, who, especially the first, had been lucky enough to secure John Knox's services as tutor ! The rest of the narrative is almost equally absurd, or only saved from being so by its emptiness and vagueness; and the one certain fact we come upon is that of Knox's taking leave of his congregation, and shortly afterwards ordaining in their presence his successor, chosen by them and him, followed by his death in fifteen days, dates all accurately given ; on which latter point,

what is curious to consider, Beza must have had exact information, not mere rumour.

From all this we might infer that Beza had never personally had the least acquaintance with Knox, never in all likelihood seen him with eyes ; which latter on strict examination of the many accurate particulars to be found in the Lives of Beza, and especially in Bayle's multifarious details about him, comes to seem your legitimate conclusion. Knox's journeys to Geneva, and his two several residences, as preacher to the Church of the English Exiles there, do not coincide with Beza's contemporary likelihoods ; nor does Beza seem to have been a person whom Knox would have cared to seek out. Beza was at Lausanne, teaching Greek, and not known otherwise than as a much-censured, fashionable young Frenchman and too erotic poet; nothing of theological had yet come from him,—except, while Knox was far off, the questionable Apology for Calvin's burning of Servetus, which cannot have had much charm for Knox, a man by no means fond of public burning as an argument in matters of human belief, rather the reverse by all symptoms we can trace in him. During Knox's last and most important ministration in Geneva, Beza, still officially Professor of Greek at Lausanne, was on an intricate mission from the French Huguenots to the Protestant Princes of Germany, and did not come to settle in Geneva till Spring 1559, several months after Knox had permanently left it.

Directly after finishing his Book, Beza naturally forwarded a copy to Edinburgh, to the little patron Sovereign there; probably with no writing in it; there being such a comfortable Dedication and Frontispiece to the Book, but along with it a short letter to Buchanan, the little King's Head-Tutor, of which happily there is a copy still preserved to us, and ready translated, as follows:

' Behold, my dear Buchanan, a notable instance of double
' extravagance in a single act; affording an illustration of the
' characteristic phrenzy of poets,—provided you admit me to a
' participation of that title. I have been guilty of trifling with
' a serious subject, and have dedicated my trifles to a king.
' If with your usual politeness, and in consideration of our
' ancient friendship, you should undertake to excuse both these

' circumstances to the King, I trust the matter will have a fortunate issue: but if you refuse, I shall be disappointed in my expectations. The scope of this little Work, such as it is, you will learn from the preface ; namely that the King, when he shall be aware of the high expectations which he has excited in all the Churches, may at the same time, delighted with those various and excellent examples, become more and more familiar with his duty. Of this Work I likewise send a copy to you, that is, owls to Athens ; and request you to accept it as a token of my regard. My late Paraphrase of the Psalms, if it has reached your country, will I hope inspire you with the design of reprinting your own, to the great advantage of the Church : and, believe me, it is not so much myself as the whole Church that entreats you to accelerate this scheme. Farewell, excellent man. May the Lord Jesus bless your hoary hairs more and more, and long preserve you for our sake.—Geneva, March the sixteenth, 1580 ¹³

What Buchanan or the King thought of this Book, especially of the two Icons, Johannes Cnoxus and the little silver Pepper-box of a King, we have not anywhere the slightest intimation. But one little fact, due to the indefatigable scrutiny and great knowledge of Mr. David Laing, seems worthy of notice. This is an excerpt from the Scottish Royal Treasurer's accounts, of date, Junij 1581 (one of the volumes not yet printed) :

' *Itim*, To Adrianc Vaensoun, Fleming painter, for twa picturis painted be him, and send' (*sent*) ' to Theodorus Besa, conforme to ane precept as the samin productit upon compt beris 8' IOS' (14s. 2d. sterling).

The *Itim* and *Adrians* indicate a clerk of great ignorance. In Painters' Dictionaries there is no such name as Vaensoun ; but there is a famous enough Vansomer, or even family or clan of Vansomers, natives of Antwerp ; one of whom, Paulus Vansomer, is well known to have painted with great acceptance at King James's Court in England (from 1606 to 1620). He died here in 1621 ; and is buried in St.-Martin's-in-the-Fields : *Eximius pictor*. It is barely possible this ' Fleming painter' may have been some individual of these Vansomers ; but of

³ *Buchanan* Epistolæ*, p. 28. Translated by Dr. Irving, *Life and Writings of George Buchanan* (Edinburgh, 1807), p. 184.

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course the fact can never be ascertained. Much more interesting would it be to know what Theodorus Beza made of the 'twa pictuns' when they reached him at Geneva ; and where, if at all in *rerum naturd*, they now are ! All we can guess, || there be any possibility of conjecturing so much in the vague is, That these *twa picturis* might be portraits of His Majesty and Johannes Cnoxus by an artist of some real ability, intended as a silent protest against the Beza Pepper-box and Figure-head, in case the '*cones*' ever came to a second edition ; which it never did.

Unknown to his Scottish Majesty, and before the 'Adrian Vaensoun' pictures got under way, or at least before they were paid for, Monsieur Simon Goulart had got out his French translation of Beza's Book; and with sufficient emphasis contradicted one of the above two Icons, that of 'Jean Cnoxe de Gifford en Ecosse,' the alone important of the two. Goulart had come to Geneva some eight or nine years before ; was at this time Beza's esteemed colleague and co-presbyter, ultimately Beza's successor in the chief clerical position at Geneva ; a man already distinguished in the world ; 'wrote twenty-one books,' then of lively acceptance in the theological or literary world, though now fallen dim enough to mankind. Goulart's Book had the same publisher as Beza's last year,—*Apud joannem Laonium*; and contains a kind of preface or rather *postscript*, for it is introduced at the end of the Icons, and before his translation of the Emblems, which latter, as will be seen, he takes no notice of; nor in regard to the Icons is there a word said of the eleven new woodcuts, for most part of superior quality, which Goulart had furnished to his illustrious friend ; but only some apology for the straggle of French verses, which he has been at the pains to introduce in his own zealous person at the end of many of the Icons. As the piece is short, and may slightly illustrate the relations of Author and Translator, we give it here entire :

' *An Lacteur,*

' *Du consentement de M. Theodore de Besze, fay traduite
' livre, le plus fidelement qu'il m'a este possible. Au reste, apres
' la description des personnes illustres j'ai adjouste quelques vers*

*'français à chacun, exprimant comme j'ai peu les épigrammes
 * Latins de l'auteur la où ils se sont rencontrés, et fournissant les
 ' autres vers de ma rude invention : ce que j'ai voulu vous faire
 ' entendre, afin qu'on n'imputast à l'auteur choses qu'il eust peu
 ' agencer trop mieux sans comparaison, si le temps lui eust permis
 ' ce faire, et si son esprit eust encliné à y mettre la main'*

Goulart's treatment of his, Beza's, original is of the most conscientious exactitude ; the translation everywhere correct to a comma; true everywhere to Beza's meaning, and wherever possible, giving a touch of new lucidity; he uses the same woodcuts that Beza did, *plus* only his own eleven, of which, as already said, there is no mention or hint. In one instance, and not in any other, has an evident misfortune befallen him, in the person of his printer ; the printer had two woodcuts to introduce; one of Jean Diaze,—a tragic Spanish Protestant, fratricidally murdered at Neuburg in the Oberpfalz, 1546,—the other of Melchior Wolmar, an early German friend and loved intimate of Beza's, from whom Beza, at Orleans, had learned Greek : the two Icons in outline have a certain vague similarity, which had deceived the too hasty printer of Goulart, who, after inserting Beza's Icon of Diaze, again inserts *it*, instead of -Wolmar. This is the one mistake or palpable oversight discoverable in Goulart's accurately conscientious labour, which everywhere else reproduces Beza as in a clear mirror. But there is one other variation, not, as it seems to us, by mere oversight of printer or pressman, but by clear intention on the part of Goulart, which is of the highest interest to our readers : the notable fact, namely, that Goulart has, of his own head, silently altogether withdrawn the Johannes Knox of Beza, and substituted for it this now adjoined Icon, one of his own eleven, which has no relation or resemblance whatever to the Beza likeness, or to any other ever known of Knox. A portrait recognisably not of Knox at all; but of William Tyndale translator of the Bible, a fellow exile of Knox's at Geneva; which is found repeated in all manner of collections, and is now everywhere accepted as Tyndale's likeness!

This surely is a wonderful transaction on the part of conscientious, hero-worshipping Goulart towards his hero Beza;

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and indeed will seem to most persons to be explicable only on the vague hypothesis that some old or middle-aged inhabitant of Geneva, who had there sometimes transiently seen Knox, twenty-one years ago (Knox had left Geneva in January 1559,

JEAN CN OX DE GIFFORD EN ESCOSSE



and, preaching to a group of poor English exiles, probably was never very conspicuous there), had testified to Beza or to Goulart that the Beza Figure-head was by no means a likeness of Knox, which fatal information, on inquiry, had been confirmed

like a dutiful son-in-law, escorted her homewards through the Forest again. Forest of merry Sherwood, where Robin Hood and others used to inhabit; that way lies their road. And now, riding so toward Shelton House, through the glades of Sherwood, whom should they chance to meet but Gervase Markham also ambling along, with some few in his company ! Here, then, had the hour arrived

With slight salutation and time of day, the two parties passed on: but Holies, with convenient celerity, took leave of his mother-in-law: "Adieu, noble Madam, it is all straight road now!" Waving a fond adieu, Holies gallops back through Sherwood glades; overtakes Markham; with brief emphasis, bids him dismount, and stand upon his guard. And so the rapiers are flashing and jingling in the Forest of Sherwood; and two men are flourishing and fencing, their intents deadly and not charitable. "Markham," cried Holies, "guard yourself better, or I shall spoil you presently;" for Markham, thrown into a flurry, fences ill; in fact, rather capers and flourishes than fences; his antagonist standing steady in his place the while, supple as an eel, alert as a serpent, and with a sting in him too. See, in few passes, our alert Holies has ended the capering of Markham, has pierced and spitted him through the lower abdominal regions, in very important quarters of the body, « coming out at the small of the back' ! That, apparently, will do for Markham; loose-tongued, loose-living Gervase Markham lies low, having got enough. Visible to us there, in the glades of ancient Sherwood, in the depths of long-vanished years ! O Dryasdust, was there not a Human Existence going-on there too; of hues other than the leaden-hazy ? The fruit-trees looked all leafy, blossomy, my erudite friend, and the Life-tree Igdrasil which fills this Universe; and they had not yet rotted to brown peat! Torpid events shall be simply damnable, and continually claim oblivion from all souls, but the smallest fractions of events not torpid shall be welcome John Holies, 'with his man Acton,' leaving Markham in this sated condition, ride home to Haughton with questionable thoughts.

Nevertheless Markham did not die. He was carried home to Worksop, pale, hopeless; pierced in important quarters of the body: and the Earl of Shrewsbury * gathered a hundred

tated by him in that notable Picture of his, • Knox preaching before Queen Mary,'—one of the most impossible pictures



ever painted by a man of such indubitable genius, including therein piety, enthusiasm, and veracity,—in brief the probably

the ear ; and so, by the ribbon, *lead* him out from the Royal Presence,—as if he had been a nondescript in Natural History ; some tame rabbit, of unusual size and aspect, with ribbon in its ear ! Such touches of sardonic humour please me little. The Four Inns of Court were in deadly emotion ; and fashionable Young England in general demanded satisfaction, with a growl that was tremendous enough. Sardonic Maxwell had to apologise in the completest manner,—and be more wary in future how he led-out fashionable young gentlemen.

" *Beati pacifici*, Happy are the peacemakers," said his Majesty always. Good Majesty; shining examples of justice too he is prepared to afford ; and has a snarl in him which can occasionally bite. Of Crichton Lord Sanquhar, from the pleasant valley of Nith,—how the Fencing-master accidentally pricked an eye out of him, and he forgave it ; how, much wrought-upon afterwards, he was at last induced to have the Fencing-master assassinated,—and to have himself executed in Palace Yard in consequence, and his two assassin servants hanged in Fleet Street, rough Border serving-men of all work, too unregardful of the gallows : of this unadmirable Crichton the whole world heard, not without pity, and can still hear.³

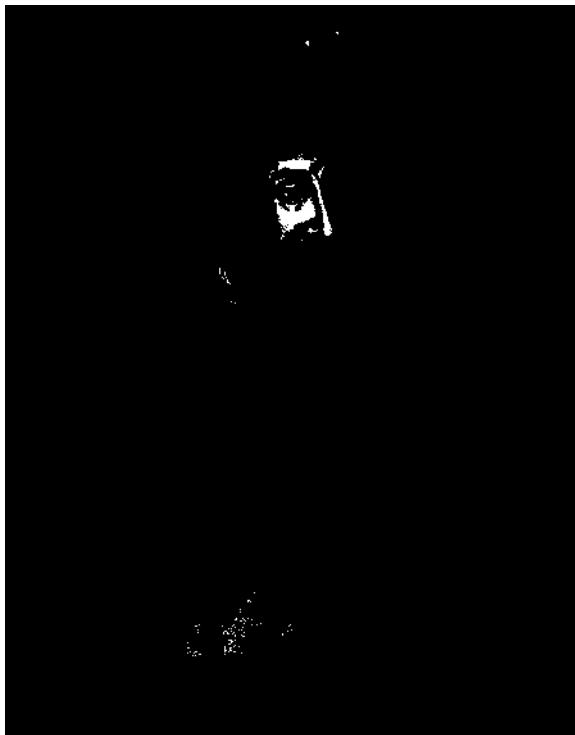
This of Croydon Races, too, if we read old *Osborne* with reflection, will become significant of many things. How the races were going on, a new delightful invention of that age ; and Croydon Heath was populous with multitudes come to see ; and between James Ramsay of the Dalhousie Ramsays, and Philip Herbert of the Montgomery Herberts, there rose sudden strife; sharp passages of wit,—ending in a sharp stroke of Ramsay's switch over the crown and face of my Lord Montgomery, the great Earl of Pembroke's brother, and himself capable to be Earl Pembroke ! It is a fact of the most astonishing description : undeniable,—though the exact date and circumstances will now never be discovered in this world. It is all vague as cloud, in old *Osborne*; lies off or on, within sight of Prince Henry's Pageant ; exact date of it never to be known. Yet is it well recognisable as distant ill-defined *land*, and no cloud ; not dream but astonishing fact. Can the reader sufficiently admire at it ? The honourable Philip Herbert, of

* *Staff Trials.*

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of Knox is contentedly given, as Goulart gave it in his French Translation ; and for that of Beza himself the boiled Figure-head, which Beza denominated Knox! The little silver Pepper-box is likewise given again there as portrait of Jacobus VI.,—Jacobus who had, in the mean time, grown to full stature, and died some fifty years ago. For not in Nature, but only in some chaos thrice confounded, with Egyptian darkness superadded, is there to be found any history comparable to that of old bad prints. For example, of that disastrous old Figure-head, produced to view by Beza, who or what did draw it, when or from what authority, if any, except that evidently some human being did, and presumably from some original or other, must remain for ever a mystery. In a large *Granger*, fifty or sixty big folios, and their thousands of prints, I have seen a summary collection, of the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, of some fourteen or fifteen Heroes of the Reformation, Knox among them ; all flung down in the form of big circular blotch, like the opened eggs for an omelet, and among these fourteen or fifteen egg-yolks, hardly two of which you could determine even what they wished to resemble.

For the last century or so, by far the most famed and trusted of Scottish Knox Portraits has been that in the possession of the Torphichen family, at Calder House, some twelve or more miles from Edinburgh. This Picture was public here in the Portrait Exhibition in 1869, and a photograph or attempt at photograph was taken of it, but with little success, the colours having mostly grown so black. By the great kindness of the now Lord Torphichen, the Picture was, with prompt and conspicuous courtesy, which I shall not soon forget, sent up again for inspection here, and examination by artistic judges; and was accordingly so examined and inspected by several persons of eminence in that department; all of whom were, almost at first sight, unanimous in pronouncing it to be a picture of no artistic merit;—impossible to ascribe it to any namable painter, having no style or worth in it, as a painting ; guessable to be perhaps under a century old, and very clearly an improved copy from the Beza Figure-head. Of course no photographing was attempted on our part; but along with it



THE TORPHICHEN PORTRAIT

The so-called original Knox, still in Glasgow University, is thus described to me by a friendly Scottish artist, Mr. Robert Tait, Queen Anne Street, of good faculties and opportunities in such things, as of doubtful derivation from the Beza Icon, though engraved and recommended as such by Pinkerton, and as being an 'altogether weak and foolish head.' From the same artist I also learn that the bronze figure in the monument at Glasgow is a visible derivative from Beza, through Torphichen. And in brief this poor Figure-head has produced, and is still producing, through various venters, a quite Protean *pecus* of incredible portraits of Knox;—the latest of note, generally known, is M'Crie's frontispiece to the *Life of Knox*, and probably the most widely spread in our generation that given in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*. A current portrait, I suppose, of the last century, although there is no date on it, * in the possession of Miss Knox of Edinburgh, painted by 'De Vos,' has some air of generic difference, but is evidently of filiality to Hondius or Torphichen withal; and as to its being painted by De Vos, there is no trace of that left visible, nor of Miss Knox, the once proprietress; not to add, that there is a whole clan of Dutch De Voses, and no Christian name for the Miss Knox one. Another picture not without impressiveness has still its original in Holyrood House; and is thought to be of some merit and of a different clan from the Torphichen; but with a pair of compasses in the hand of it, instead of a Bible; and indeed has been discovered by Mr. Laing to be the portrait of an architect or master-builder, and to be connected merely with the ædilities, not with the theologies, of Holyrood House. A much stranger 'original Picture of Knox' is still to be found in Hamilton Palace, but it represents unfortunately, not the Prophet of the Reformation, but to all appearance the professional Merry Andrew of that family.—Another artist friend of great distinction, Mr. J. E. Boehm, sculptor, sums up his first set of experiences, which have since been carried to such lengths and depths, in these words, dated January 28, 1874:

'I called to thank you for the loan of John Knox's portrait' (Engraving of the *Somerville*, of which there will be speech enough by and by), 'and to beg you to do me the favour of

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• looking at the sketches which I have modelled, and to give
• me your valuable opinion about them.— I have just been
' to the British Museum, and have seen engravings after four
' pictures of John Knox. The only one which looks done
' from Nature, and a really characteristic portrait, is that of
' which you have a print. It is I find from a picture "in the
' possession of Lord Somerville." Two more, which are very
' like each other in quality, and in quantity of beard and gar-
' ments, are, one in the possession of a Miss Knox of Edinburgh
' (painted by De Vos), the other at Calder House (Lord Tor-
' phichen's). The fourth, which is very bad, wherein he is
' represented laughing like a "*Hofnarr*" is from a painting
' in Hamilton Palace ; but cannot possibly have been *the* John
' Knox, as he has a turned-up nose and looks funny.'

But enough now, and more than enough, of the soul-con-
fusing spectacle of Proteus driving all his monstrous flock, pro-
duct of chaos, to view the lofty mountains and the sane minds
of men.

II.

Will the reader consent, at this stage of our little enter-
prise, to a few notices or excerpts direct from Knox himself;
from his own writings and actions? perhaps it may be possible
from these, even on the part of outsiders and strangers to Knox,
to catch some glimpses of his inward physiognomy, though
all credible traces of his outward or bodily lineaments appear
hitherto to have fallen impossible. Here is a small touch of
mirth on the part of Knox, from whom we are accustomed to
expect very opposite things. It is the report of a Sermon by
one Arth, a Black or Gray Friar of the St. Andrews neighbour-
hood, seemingly a jocular person, though not without serious
ideas: Sermon, which was a discourse on 'Cursing' (Clerical
Excommunication), a thing the priests were wonderfully given
to at that time, had been preached first in Dundee, and had
got for poor Arth from certain jackmen of the Bishop of Bre-
chin, instead of applause, some hustling and even cuffing, fol-
lowed by menaces and threatened tribulation from the Bishop
himself; till Arth got permission to deliver his sermon again in

the Kirk of St. Andrews to a distinguished audience ; who voted the purport and substance of it to be essentially true and justifiable. Here, at second hand, is Knox's summary of the discourse, written many years after :

• The theme' (*text*) ' of his sermon was " Veritie is the strongest of all things." His discourse of Cursing was, That if it were rightly used, it was the most fearful thing upon the face of the earth ; for it was the very separation of man from God ; but that it should not be used rashly and for every light cause, but only against open and incorrigible sinners. But now (said he) the avarice of priests and the ignorance of their office, has caused it altogether to be vilipended ; for the priest (said he) whose duty and office is to pray for the people, stands up on Sunday and cries, " Ane has tynt a spurtill" (*lost a porridge stick*). " There is ane flail stolen from them beyond the burn." " The good-wife of the other side of the gate has tynt a horn spune" (*lost a horn'spoon*). " God's maleson and knows of this gear and restores it not." How the people mocked their cursing, he farther told a merry tale ; how, after

' a sermon he had made at Dumfermling, he came to a house' « where gossips v
 ' being dry, asked drink. " Yes, Father (said one of the gossips), ye shall have drink ; but ye maun first resolve ane doubt which is risen among us, to wit, what servant will serve a man best on least expenses." " The good Angel (said I), who is man's keeper, who makes greatest service without expenses." " Tush (said the gossip), we mean no so high matters: we mean, what honest man will do greatest service for least expenses ?" And while I was musing (said the Friar) what that should mean, he said, " I see, Father, that the greatest clerks are not the wisest men. Know ye not how the Bishops and their officials serve us husbandmen ? Will they not give to us a letter of Cursing for a plack" (*say, farthing English*), " to last for a year, to curse all that look ower our dyke ? and that keeps our corn better nor the sleeping boy that will have three shillings of fee, a sark, and a pair of shoon" (*shirt and pair of shoes*) " in the year. And therefore if their cursing dow" (*avail*) " anything, we hold the

Bishops best-cheap servants in that respect that are within the realm." ⁴

Knox never heard this discourse himself; far away, he, from Arth and St. Andrews at that time. But he has contrived to make out of it and the circumstances surrounding, a little picture of old Scotch life, bright and real looking, as if by Teniers or Ostade.

Knox's first concern with anything of Public History in Scotland or elsewhere, and this as yet quite private and noted only by himself, is his faithful companionship of the noble martyr Wishart, in the final days of his sore pilgrimage and battle in this world. Wishart had been driven out of Scotland, while still quite young, for his heretical proceedings; and had sought refuge in England; had gained great love for his fine character and qualities, especially during his stay, of a year or more, in Cambridge University, as one of his most ardent friends and disciples there, Emery Tylney, copiously testifies, in what is now the principal record and extant biography of Wishart,—still preserved in *Foxe's Martyrology*.

In consequence of the encouraging prospects that had risen in Scotland, Wishart returned thither in 1546, and began preaching, at last publicly, in the streets of Dundee, with great acceptance from the better part of the population there. Perils and loud menacings from official quarters were not wanting; finally Wishart had moved to other safer places of opportunity; thence back to Dundee, where pestilence was raging; and there, on impulse of his own conscience only, had 'planted himself between the living and the dead,' and been to many a terrestrial help and comfort,—not to speak of a celestial. The pest abating at Dundee, he went to East Lothian; and there, with Haddington for head-quarters, and some principal gentry, especially the Lairds of Langniddry and Ormiston, protecting and encouraging, and beyond all others with John Knox, tutor to these gentlemen's sons, attending him, with the liveliest ap-

⁴ *The Works of John Knox*, collected and edited by David Laing (the first complete, and perfectly annotated Edition ever given: a highly meritorious, and, considering all the difficulties, intrinsic and accidental, even a heroic Performance; for which all Scotland, and in a sense all the world, is debtor to Mr. Laing); 6 vols. Edinburgh, 1846-64, i. p. 37 et seq.

preciation and most admiring sympathy,—indeed acting, it would seem, as Captain of his Body-guard. For it is marked as a fact that the monstrous Cardinal Beaton had in this case appointed a specific assassin, a devil-serving Priest, to track Wishart diligently in these journeyings about of his, which were often nocturnal and opportune for such a thing, and, the sooner the better, do him to death ; and on the one clear glimpse allowed us of Knox, it was he that carried the 'two-handed sword' provided for Wishart's safety against such chances. This assassin project against Wishart is probably the origin of Beza's notion about Beaton's intention to assassinate Knox ; who was at this time far below the notice of such a high mightiness, and in all probability had never been heard of by him. Knox had been privately a most studious, thoughtful, and intelligent man for long years, but was hitherto, though now in his forty-first year, known only as tutor to the three sons of Langniddry and Ormiston ('*Langudrius* and *Hamestonutri*'); and did evidently carry the two-handed sword, on the last occasion on which it could have availed in poor Wishart's case.

Knox's account of Wishart, written down hastily twenty years after, in his *History of the Reformation*, is full of a noble, heartfelt, we might call it holy sympathy,—pious and pure in a high degree. The noble and zealous Wishart, 'at the end of the Holy days of Yule,' 1546, came to Haddington, full of hope that the great tidings he was preaching would find a fervour of acceptance from the people there; but Wishart's disappointment, during the three days and nights that this visit lasted, was mournfully great. The first day the audience was considerable (what Knox calls 'reasonable'), but nothing like what had been expected, and formerly usual to Wishart in that kirk on such occasions. The second day it was worse, and the third 'so sclander, that many wondered.' The fact was that the Earl of Bothwell, the afterwards so famous and infamous, at this time High Sheriff of the County of Haddington, and already a stirring questionable gentleman of ambidexterous ways, had been busy, privately intimating from his great Cardinal, that it might be dangerous to hear Wishart and his preachings; and that prudent people would do well to stay away. The second night Wishart had lodged at Lethington,

with Maitland, father of the afterwards notable Secretary Lethington (a pleasant little twinkle of interest to secular readers); and the elder Lethington, though not himself a declared Protestant, had been hospitably good and gracious to Wishart.

The third day he was again appointed to preach; but, says Knox, 'before his passing to the sermon there came to him a boy with a letter from the West land,—Ayr and the other zealous shires in that quarter, in which he had already been preaching,—saying that the gentlemen there could not keep diet with him at Edinburgh, as they had formerly agreed' (Hope that there might have been some Bond or engagement for mutual protection on the part of these Western Gentlemen suddenly falling vain for poor Wishart). Wishart's spirits were naturally in deep depression at this news, and at such a silence of the old zeal all round him;—all the world seeming to forsake him, and only the Cardinal's assassin tracking him with continual menace of death. He called for Knox, * who had awaited upon him carefully from the time he came to Lothian; with whom he began to enter in purpose' (*to enter on discourse*), 'that he wearied of the world; for he perceived that men began to weary of God.' Knox, 'wondering that he desired to keep any purpose before Sermon (for that was never his accustomed use before), said, "Sir, the time of Sermon approaches: I will leave you for the present to your meditation;" and so took the letter foresaid, and left him. The said Maister George spaced up and down behind the high altar more than half an hour: his very countenance and visage declared the grief and alteration of his mind. At last he passed to the pulpit, but the auditure was small. He should have begun to have entreated the Second Table of the Law; but thereof in that sermon, he spake very little, but began on this manner: "O Lord how long shall it be, that thy holy word shall be despised, and men shall not regard their own salvation. I have heard of thee, Haddington, that in thee would have been at a vain Clerk Play" (*Mystery Play*) "two or three thousand people; and now to hear the messenger of the Eternal God, of all thy town or parish, can not be numbered a hundred persons. Sore and fearful shall the plagues be that shall ensue this thy contempt: with

' fire and sword thou shalt be plagued ; yea, thou Haddington, ' in special, strangers shall possess thee, and you the present ' inhabitants shall either in bondage serve your enemies or ' else ye shall be chased from your own habitation, and that ' because ye have not known, nor will not know, the time of ' God's merciful visitation." In such vehemency, and threat- ' enings continued that servant of God near an hour and a ' half, in the which he declared all the plagues that ensued, as ' plainly as after' (*after wards*) ' our eyes saw them performed. ' In the end he said, " I have forgotten myself and the matter ' that I should have entreated; but let these my last words as ' concerning public preaching, remain in your minds, till that ' God send you new comfort." Thereafter he made a short ' paraphrase upon the Second Table of the Law, with an ex- ' hortation to patience, to the fear of God, and unto the works ' of mercy; and so put end, as it were, making his last testa- ' ment.¹⁵

The same night on Wishart's departing from Haddington, ' he took his good-night, as it were forever of all his acquaint- ' ance,' says Knox, ' especially from Hew Douglas of Lang- ' niddry. John Knox pressing to have gone with him, he said, ' " Nay, return to your bairnes" (*pupils*) ; " and God bless ' you. One is sufficient for one sacrifice." And so he caused ' a twa-handed sword (which commonly was carried with the ' said Maister George) be taken from the said John Knox, ' who, albeit unwillingly, obeyed, and returned with Hew Dou- ' glas to Langniddry,'—never to see his face more. ' Maister ' George, having to accompany him, the Laird of Ormeston, ' John Sandilands of Caldar younger' (*Ancestor of the now ' Lords Torphichen*) ' the Laird of Brounstoun and others, with ' their servants, passed upon foot (for it was a vehement frost) ' to Ormeston.'

In a couple of hours after, Both well, with an armed party, surrounded Ormiston; got Wishart delivered to him, upon solemn pledge of his oath and of his honour that no harm should be done him ; and that if the Cardinal should threaten **any** harm against Wishart, he, Bothwell, would with his whole strength, and of his own power, redeliver him safe in this place.

¹ *Works o' Knox*, i, pp. 137-8.

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Whereupon, without battle or struggle, he was permitted to depart with Wishart; delivered him straightway to the Cardinal,—who was expressly waiting in the neighbourhood, and at once rolled off with him to Edinburgh Castle, soon after to the Castle of St. Andrews (to the grim old *oubliette ci la Louis XI.*, still visible there); and, in a month more to death by the gallows and by fire. This was one of the first still conspicuous foul deeds of Patrick Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, in this world, who in his time did so many. The memory of all this had naturally in Knox's mind a high and mournful beauty, all the rest of his life. Wishart came to St. Andrews in the end of January 1546, and was mercilessly put to death there on the first of March following.

Connected unexpectedly with the tragic end of Wishart, and in singular contrast to it, here is another excerpt, illustrating another side of Knox's mind. It describes a fight between the Crozier-bearers of Dunbar Archbishop of Glasgow and of Cardinal Beaton.

' The Cardinal was known proud; and Dumbar, Arch-
' bishop of Glasgow, was known a glorious fool; and yet be-
' cause sometimes he was called the King's Maister' (*had been
tutor to Ja?nes V.*). 'he was chancellor of Scotland. The
' Cardinal comes even this same year, in the end of harvest,
' to Glasgow; upon what purpose we omit. But while they
' remain together, the one in the town, and the other in
' the Castle, question rises for bearing of their croces' (*cro-
wiers*). 'The Cardinal alledged, by reason of his Cardinal-
' ship, and that he was *Legatus Natus* and Primate within
' Scotland in the Kingdom of Antichrist, that he should have
' the pre-eminence, and that his croce should not only go be-
' fore, but that also, it should only be borne wheresoever he
' was. Good Gukstoun Glaikstour' (*Gowkston Madster*) ' the
' foresaid Archbishop, lacked no reasons, as he thought, for
' maintenance of his glorie: He was ane Archbishop in his
' own diocese, and in his awn Cathedral seat and Church,
' and therefore aught to give place to no man: the power of
' the Cardinal was but begged from Rome, and appertained
' but to his own person, and not to his bishoprick; for it might
' be that his successor should not be Cardinal. But *his dig-*

' nity was annexed with his office, and did appertain to all that
 ' ever should be Bishops of Glasgow. Howsoever these doubts
 ' were resolved by the doctors of divinity of both the Prelates,
 ' yet the decision was as ye shall hear. Coming forth (or go-
 ' ing in, all is one), at the queir-door' (*choir-door*) ' of Glasgow
 ' Kirk begins a striving for state betwixt the two croce-bearers,
 ' so that from glooming they come to shouldering; from shoul-
 ' dering they go to buffets, and from dry blaws by neffis and
 ' neffelling' (*fists and fisticuffing*); ' and then for charity's sake,
 ' they cry *Dispersit dedit pauperibus*; and assay which of the
 ' croces was finest metal, which staff was strongest, and which
 ' bearer could best defend hismaister's pre-eminence, and that
 ' there should be no superiority in that behalf, to the ground
 ' goes both the croces. And then began no little fray, but yet
 ' a merry game; for rockets' (*rochets*) ' were rent, tippets were
 ' torn, crowns were knapped' (*cracked*), and side' (*long*) 'gowns
 ' micht have been seen wantonly wag from the one wall to
 ' the other.—Many of them lacked beards and that was the
 ' more pity; and therefore could not buckle other' (*each other*)
 ' by the byrse' (*bristles,—hair or beard*), 'as bold men would
 ' have done. But fy on the jackmen that did not their duty ;
 ' for had the one part of them rencountered the other, then
 ' had all gone richt. But the sanctuary, we suppose, saved
 ' the lives of many. How merilie soever this be written, it
 ' was bitter bourding' (*mirth*) ' to the Cardinal and his court
 ' It was more than irregularity; yea it micht weel have been
 ' judged lease-majesty to the son of perdition, the Pape's awn
 ' person ; and yet the other in his folly, as proud as a pacock,
 ' would let the Cardinal know that he was Bishop when the
 ' other was but Beaton before he gat Abirbrothok' (*Abbacy of
 Arbroath in 1523, twenty-two years ago, from his uncle,—
 uncle retaining half of the revenues*) .⁶

This happened on the 4th June 1545 ; and seemed to have
 planted perpetual enmity between these two Church dignitaries;
 and yet, before the end of February following,—Pope's Legate
 Beaton being in immediate need of Right Revd. Gowkston's
 signature for the burning of martyr Wishart at St. Andrews,—
 these two servants of His Infernal Majesty were brought to a

⁶ *Works of Knox*, i. pp. 145-7.

cordial reconciliation, and brotherhood in doing their father's will; no less a miracle, says Knox, than ' took place at the accusation and death of Jesus Christ, when Pilate and Herod, who ' before were enemies, were made friends by consenting of them ' Doth to Christ's condemnation ; sole distinction being that ' Pilate and Herod were brethren in the estate called Temporal, ' and these two, of whom we now speak, were brethren (sons of ' the same father, the Devil) in the Estate Ecclesiastical.'

It was on the 1st March 1546 that the noble and gentle Wishart met his death ; in the last days of February that Archbishop Gowkston reconciled himself to co-operate with Pilate Beaton *Legatus Natus*:—three months hence that the said Pilate Beaton, amazing Hinge of the Church, was stolen in upon in his now well-nigh impregnable castle of St. Andrews, and met his stern *quietus*. " I am a priest, I am a priest: fy, fy : all is gone !" were the last words he spoke. Knox's narrative of all this is of a most perfect historical perspicuity and business-like brevity ; and omitting no particular, neither that of buxom ' Marion Ogilvy' and *her* peculiar services, nor that of Melvin, the final swordsman, who * stroke him twyse or thrise through with a stog-sward,' after his notable rebuke to Lesley and him for their unseemly choler.⁷ He carefully abstains from any hint of criticism pro or contra on the grim transaction ; though one sees evidently that the inward feeling was that of deliverance from a hideous nightmare, pressing on the soul of Knox and the eternal interests of Scotland.

Knox individually had not the least concern with this affair of Beaton, nor for eight or ten months more did he personally come in contact with it at all. But ever since the capture of Wishart, the position of Knox at Langniddry had become insecure ; and on rumour after rumour of peril approaching, he had been forced to wander about from one covert to another, with his three pupils ; till at length their two fathers had agreed that he should go with them to the castle of St. Andrews, literally at that time the one sure refuge ; siege of it by poor Arran, or the Duke of Chatelherault as he afterwards became, evidently languishing away into utter futility ; and the place itself being, what the late Cardinal fancied he had made it, impregnable to

⁷ *Works of Knox*, i. pp. 174-7.

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any Scottish force. He arrived there with his pupils 1c April 1547; and was before long, against his will or expectation, drawn into a height of notability in public affairs, from which he never rested more while his life lasted,—two-and-twenty years of such labours and perils as no other Scottish man went through in that epoch, till death set him free.

Beaton's body was already for the last nine or ten months lying salted in the sea-tower *oubliette*, waiting some kind of Christian burial. The 'Siege' had dwindled into plain impotency of loose blockade, and even to pretence of treaty on the Regent's part. Knox and his pupils were in safety in castle and town; and Knox tells us that 'he began to exercise them' (his pupils) 'after his accustomed manner. Besides grammar, 'and other humane authors, he read unto them a catechism, 'account whereof he caused them give publicly in the parish 'Kirk of St. Andrews. He read moreover unto them the 'Evangel of John, proceeding where he left at his departing 'from Langniddry, where before his residence was; and that 'Lecture he read in the chapel, within the castle at a certain 'hour. They of the place, but especially Maister Henry Balnaves and John Rough, preacher, perceiving the manner of 'his doctrine, began earnestly to travail with him, that he would 'take the preaching place upon him. But he utterly refused, 'alleging "That he would not ryne where God had not called 'him;" meaning that he would do nothing without a lawful 'vocation.

'Whereupon they privily among themselves advising, having 'with them in council Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, they 'concluded that they would give a charge to the said John, and 'that publicly by the mouth of their preacher.' Which accordingly with all solemnity was done by the said Rough, after an express sermon on the Election of Ministers, and what power lay in the call of the congregation, how small soever, upon any man discerned by them to have in him the gifts of God. John Rough 'directed his words to the said John, charging him to 'refuse not the holy vocation of preaching, even as he hoped to 'avoid God's heavy displeasure; and turning to the congregation, asked them "Was not this your charge to me? and do 'ye not approve this vocation?" They answered "It was;

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' and we approve it." Whereat the said John, abashed, burst forth in most abundant tears, and withdrew himself to his chamber. His countenance and behaviour, from that day till the day that he was compelled to present himself to the public place of preaching, did sufficiently declare the grief and trouble of his heart; for no man saw any sign of mirth in him, neither yet had he pleasure to accompany any man, many days together.'

In its rude simplicity this surely is a notable passage in the history of such a man, and has a high and noble meaning in it.

About two months after Knox's being called to the ministry in this manner, a French fleet ' with an army the like whereof ' was never seen in that firth before, came within sight of St. Andrews,'—likely to make short work of the Castle there! To the, no doubt, great relief of Arran and the Queen Dowager, who all this while had been much troubled by cries and complaints from the Priests and Bishops. After some days of siege,—' the pest within the castle,' says Knox, ' alarming some more than the French force without,' and none of the expected help from England arriving, the besieged, on the 31st July 1547, surrendered St. Andrews Castle: prisoners to France, high and low, but with shining promises of freedom and good treatment there, which promises, however, were not kept by the French; for on reaching Rouen, ' the principal gentlemen, who looked for freedom, were dispersed and put ' in sundry prisons. The rest' (Knox among them) 'were left ' in the gallies, and there miserable entreated.'

There are two luminous little incidents connected with this grim time, memorable to all. Knox describes, and, also, it is not doubted, is the hero of the scene which follows :

' These that were in the gallies were threatened with torments, if they would not give reverence to the Mass, for ' at certain times the Mass was said in the galley, or else ' heard upon the shore, in presence of the forsaris' (*forcats*); ' but they could never make the poorest of that company to ' give reverence to that idol. Yea, when upon the Saturday at ' night, they sang their *Salve Regina*, the whole Scottishmen

' put on their caps, their hoods or such thing as they had to cover their heads ; and when, that others were compelled to kiss a paynted brod' (*board, bit of wood*) ' which they call Nostre Dame they were not pressed after once; for this was the chance. Soon after the arrival at Nances' (*Nantes*) ' their great *Salve* was sung, and a glorious painted Lady was brought in to be kissed, and among others, was presented to one of the Scottishmen then chained. He gently said, " Trouble me not, such ane idole is accursed ; and therefore I will not touch it." The Patron and the Arguesyn' (*Argousin, Serjeant who commands the forcats*) 'with two officers, having the chief charge of all such matters, said, "Thou shalt handle it;" and so they violently thrust it to his face, and put it betwixt his hands ; who seeing the extremity, took the idol and advisedly looking about, cast it in the river, and said, " Let our Lady now saif herself; she is licht aneuch ; let her learn to swim." After that was no Scottish man urged with that idolatry.'⁸

Within year and day the French galleys,—Knox still chained in them,—reappeared in St. Andrews Bay, part of a mighty French fleet with 6000 hardy, experienced French soldiers, and their necessary stores and furnitures,—come with full purpose to repair the damages Protector Somerset had done by Pinkie Battle, and to pack the English well home ; and, indeed, privately, to secure Scotland for themselves and their Guises, and keep it as an open French road into England thenceforth. They first tried Broughty Castle with a few shots, where the English had left a garrison, which gave them due return ; but without farther result there. Knox's galley seems to have been lying not far from Broughty; Knox himself, with a notable 'Maister James Balfour' close by him; utterly foredone in body, and thought by his comrades to be dying, when the following small, but noteworthy passage occurred.

' The said Maister James and John Knox being intil one galley and being wondrous familiar with him' (*Knox*) ' would often times ask his judgment, " If he thought that ever they should be delivered ?" Whose answer was ever, fra the day that they entered in the gallayis, "That God wald deliver

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' them from that bondage, to his glorie, even in this lyef.'
' And lying betwixt Dundee and St. Andrews, the second time
' that the gallais returned to Scotland, the said John being so
' extremely seak' (*sick*) ' that few hoped his life, the said Maister
' James willed him to look to the land, and asked if he knew
' it? Who answered, " Yes : I knaw it weel; for I see the
' stepill" (*steeple*) " of that place, where God first in public
' opened my mouth to his glorie, and I am fully persuaded,
' how weak that ever I now appear, that I shall not depart this
' lyeff, till that my tongue shall glorifie his godlie name in
' the same place." This reported the said Maister James, in
' presence of many famous witness, many years before that
' ever the said John set futt in Scotland, this last time to
' preache.'

Knox sat nineteen months, chained, as a galley slave in this manner; or else, as at last for some months, locked up in the prison of Rouen ; and of all his woes, dispiritments, and intolerabihties, says no word except the above ' miserable entreated.' But it seems hope shone in him in the thickest darkness, refusing to go out at all. The remembrance of which private fact was naturally precious and priceless all the rest of his life.

The actual successes of these 6000 veteran French were small compared with their expectations; the weary siege of Haddington, where Somerset had left a garrison, not very wisely thought military critics, they had endless difficulties with, and, but for the pest among the townfolk and garrison, were never like to have succeeded in. The fleet, however, stood gloriously out to sea; and carried home a prize, they themselves might reckon next to inestimable,—the royal little Mary, age six, crowned five years ago Queen of Scots, and now covenanted to wed the Dauphin of France, and be brought up in that country, with immense advantage to the same. They steered northward by the Pentland Firth, then round by the Hebrides and West coast of Ireland, prosperously through the summer seas; and by about the end of July 1548, their jewel of a child was safe in St. Germain-en-Laye : the brightest and bonniest little Maid in all the world,—setting out, alas, towards the blackest destiny !—

Most of this winter Knox sat in the prison of Rouen, busy commentating, prefacing, and trimming out a Book on Protestant Theology, by his friend Balnaves; and anxiously expecting his release from this French slavery, which hope, by help of English Ambassadors, and otherwise, did at length, after manifold difficulties, find fulfilment.

In the spring of the next year, Knox, Balnaves of Hallhill, Kirkcaldy of Grange, and the other exiles of St. Andrews, found themselves safe in England, under the gracious protection of King Edward VI. ; Knox especially under that of Archbishop Cranmer, who naturally at once discerned in him a valuable missionary of the new Evangelical Doctrine ; and immediately employed him to that end.

Knox remained in England some five years ; he was first appointed, doubtless at Cranmer's instigation, by the English Council, Preacher in Berwick and neighbourhood ; thence, about a year after, in Newcastle. In 1551 he was made one of the Six Chaplains to Edward, who were appointed to go about all over England spreading abroad the reformed faith, which the people were then so eager to hear news of. His preaching was, by the serious part of the community, received with thankful approbation ; and he had made warm friends among that class ; and naturally, also, given offence to the * lukewarm or half-and-half Protestants ; especially to Tonstall, Bishop of Durham, for his too great detestation of the Mass. To the Council, on the other hand, it is clear that he rose in value ; giving always to them, when summoned on such complaints, so clear and candid an account of himself. In the third year of his abode in England, 1552, he was offered by them the Bishopric of Rochester ; but declined it, and, soon after, the living of Allhallows, Bread Street, London, which also he declined. On each of these occasions he was again summoned by the King's Council to give his reasons; and again gave them,—Church in England not yet sufficiently reformed ; too much of *vestments* and of other Popish fooleries remaining; bishops or pastors without the due power to correct their flock which every pastor ought to have;—was again dismissed by the Council, without censure, to continue in his former employment, where, he said, his persuasion was that

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he could be more useful than preaching in London or presiding at Rochester.

Knox many times lovingly celebrates the young Protestant King, and almost venerates him, as one clearly sent of God for the benefit of these realms, and of all good men there ; regarding his early death as a heavy punishment for the sins of the people. It was on the 6th July 1553 that Edward died ; and in the course of that same year Knox with many other Protestants, clergy and laity, had to leave England, to avoid the too evident intentions of Bloody Mary, so soon culminating in her fires of Smithfield and marriage with Philip II. Knox seems to have lingered to the very last; his friends, he says, had to beseech him with tears, almost to force him away. He was leaving many that were dear to him, and to whom he was dear; amongst others Marjory Bowes, who (by the earnest resolution of her mother) was now betrothed to him; and his ulterior course was as dark and desolate as it could well be. From Dieppe, where he first landed on crossing the Channel, he writes much of his heartfelt grief at the dismal condition of affairs in England, truly more afflicting than that of native Scotland itself; and adds on one occasion, with a kind of sparkle of disdain, in reference to his own poor wants and troubles :

' I will not mak you privy how rich I am, but off' *{from}*
' London I departit with less money than ten groats ; but God
' has since provided, and will provide, I doubt not, hereafter
' abundantly for this life. Either the Queen's Majesty' (*of Eng-*
land) ' or some Treasurer will be XL pounds richer by me, for
' so meikle lack I of duty of my patents' (*year's salary as Royal*
Chaplain). ' But that little troubles me.'

From Dieppe, in about a month, poor Knox wandered forth, to look into the churches of Switzerland,—French Huguenots, Good Samaritans, it is like, lodging and furthering him through France. He was, for about five months, Preacher at Frankfurt-on-Mayn, to a Church of English exiles there; from which, by the violence of certain intrusive High-Church parties, as we may style them, met by a great and unexpected patience on the part of Knox, he felt constrained to depart,—followed by the less ritual portion of his auditory. He reached Geneva

(April 1555): and, by aid of Calvin and the general willing mind of the city magistrates, there was a spacious (quondam Papist) Church conceded him ; where for about three years, not continuous, but twice or oftener interrupted by journeys to Dieppe, and, almost one whole year, by a visit to Scotland, he, loyally aided by one Goodman, an English colleague or assistant, preached and administered to his pious and otherwise forlorn Exiles, greatly to their comfort, as is still evident. In Scotland (November 1555—July 1556) he laboured incessantly, kindling the general Protestant mind into new zeal and new clearness of resolve for action, when the time should come. He had many private conferences in Edinburgh; much preaching, publicly in various towns, oftener privately, in well-affected mansions of the aristocracy; and saw plainly the incipient filaments of what by and by became so famous and so all-important, as the National 'Covenant' and its 'Lords of the Congregation.' His Marjory Bowes, in the meanwhile, he had wedded. Marjory's pious mother and self were to be with him henceforth,—over seas at Geneva, first of all. For summons, in an earnest and even solemn tone, coming to him from his congregation there, he at once prepared to return; quitted Scotland, he and his ; leaving promise with his future Lords of the Congregation, that on the instant of signal from them he would reappear there.

In 1557, the Scotch Protestant Lords did give sign ; upon which Knox, with sorrowing but hopeful heart, took leave of his congregation at Geneva; but was met, at Dieppe, by contrary message from Scotland, to his sore grief and disappointment. As Mr. Laing calculates, he occupied his forced leisure there by writing his widely offensive *First Blast against the monstrous Regiment of Women*,—of which strange book a word farther presently. Having blown this wild First Blast, and still getting negatory answers out of Scotland, he returned to Geneva and his own poor church there ; and did not till January 1559, on brighter Scotch tidings coming, quit that city,—straight for Scotland this time, the tug of war now actually come. For the quarrel only a few days after Knox's arrival blazed out into **open** conflagration, at St. Johnston's(*hodie* Perth), with the open fall of Dagon and his temples there; and no peace was

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possible henceforth till either Mary of Guise and her Papist soldieries left Scotland or Christ's Congregation and their cause did. In about two years or less, after manifold vicissitudes, it turned out that it was not Knox and his cause, but Queen Regent Mary and hers that had to go. After this Knox had at least no more wanderings and journeyings abroad 'in sore trouble of heart, whither God knoweth;' though for the twelve years that remained there was at home abundant labour and trouble, till death in 1572 delivered him.

With regard to his *First Blast against the monstrous Regiment of Women* (to which there never was any Second, though that and even a Third were confidently purposed by its author), it may certainly be called the least 'successful' of all Knox's writings. Offence, and that only, was what it gave to his silent friends, much more to his loudly condemnatory enemies, on its first appearance; and often enough afterwards it re-emerged upon him as a serious obstacle in his affairs,—witness Queen Elizabeth, mainstay of the Scottish Reformation itself, who never could forgive him for that *Blast*. And now, beyond all other writings of Knox, it is fallen obsolete both in manner and in purport, to every modern mind. Unfortunately, too, for any literary reputation Knox may have in this end of the Island, it is written not in the Scottish, but in the common English dialect; completely intelligible therefore to everybody: read by many in that time; and still likeliest to be the book any English critic of Knox will have looked into, as his chief original document about the man. It is written with very great vehemency; the excuse for which, so far as it may really need excuse, is to be found in the fact that it was written while the fires of Smithfield were still blazing, on hest of Bloody Mary, and not long after Mary of Guise had been raised to the Regency of Scotland: maleficent Crowned Women these two, covering poor England and poor Scotland with mere ruin and horror, in Knox's judgment,—and may we not still say to a considerable extent in that of all candid persons since? The Book is by no means without merit; has in it various little traits, unconsciously autobiographic and other, which are illuminative and interesting. One ought to add withal that Knox was no despiser of women; far the reverse in fact; his behaviour to

good and pious women is full of respect, and his tenderness, his patient helpfulness in their sufferings and infirmities (see the Letters to his mother-in-law and others) are beautifully conspicuous. For the rest, his poor Book testifies to many high intellectual qualities in Knox, and especially to far more of learning than has ever been ascribed to him, or is anywhere traceable in his other writings. He proves his doctrine by extensive and various reference,—to Aristotle, Justin, the Pandects, the Digest, Tertullian, Ambrose, Augustin, Chrysostom, Basil: there, and nowhere else in his books, have we direct proof how studiously and profitably his early years, up to the age of forty, must have been spent. A man of much varied, diligent, and solid reading and inquiry, as we find him here; a man of serious and continual meditation we might already have known him to be. By his sterling veracity, not of word only, but of mind and of character, by his sharpness of intellectual discernment, his power of expression, and above all by his depth of conviction and honest burning zeal, one first clearly judges what a preacher to the then earnest populations in Scotland and England, thirsting for right knowledge, this Knox must have been.

It may surprise many a reader, if we designate John Knox as a 'Man of Genius:' and truly it was not with what we call 'Literature' and its harmonies and symmetries, addressed to man's Imagination, that Knox was ever for an hour concerned; but with practical truths alone, addressed to man's inmost Belief, with immutable Facts, accepted by him, if he is of loyal heart, as the daily voices of the Eternal,—even such in all degrees of them. It is, therefore, a still higher title than 'Man of Genius' that will belong to Knox; that of a heaven-inspired seer and heroic leader of men. But by whatever name we call it, Knox's spiritual endowment is of the most distinguished class; intrinsically capable of whatever is noblest in literature and in far higher things. His Books, especially his *History of the Reformation*, if well read, which unfortunately is not possible for every one, and has grave preliminary difficulties for even a Scottish reader, still more for an English one, testify in parts of them to the finest qualities that belong to a human intellect; still more evidently to those of the

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moral, emotional, or sympathetic sort, or that concern the religious side of man's soul. It is really a loss to English and even to universal literature that Knox's hasty and strangely interesting, impressive, and peculiar Book, called the *History of the Reformation in Scotland*, has not been rendered far more extensively legible to serious mankind at large than is hitherto the case.

There is in it, when you do get mastery of the chaotic details and adherences, perpetually distracting your attention from the main current of the Work, and are able to read that, and leave the mountains of annotation victoriously cut off, a really singular degree of clearness, sharp just insight and perspicacity, now and then of picturesqueness and visuality, as if the thing were set before your eyes; and everywhere a feeling of the most perfect credibility and veracity : that is to say altogether, of Knox's high qualities as an observer and narrator. His account of every event he was present in is that of a well-discerning eye-witness. Things he did not himself see, but had reasonable cause and abundant means to inquire into,—battles even and sieges are described with something of a Homeric vigour and simplicity. This man, you can discern, has seized the essential elements of the phenomenon, and done a right portrait of it; a man with an actually seeing eye. The battle of Pinkie, for instance, nowhere do you gain, in few words or in many, a clearer view of it: the battle of Carberry Hill, not properly a fight, but a whole day's waiting under mutual menace to fight, which winds up the controversy of poor Mary with her Scottish subjects, and cuts off her ruffian monster of a Bothwell, and all the monstrosities cleaving to him, forever from her eyes, is given with a like impressive perspicuity.

The affair of Cupar Muir, which also is not a battle, but a more or less unexpected meeting on the ground for mortal duel,—especially unexpected on the Queen Regent and her Frenchmen's part,—remains memorable, as a thing one had seen, to every reader of Knox. Not itself a fight, but the prologue or foreshadow of all the fighting that followed. The Queen Regent and her Frenchmen had marched in triumphant humour out of Falkland, with their artillery ahead, soon after

midnight, trusting to find at St. Andrews the two chief Lords of the Congregation, the Earl of Argyle and Lord James (afterwards Regent Murray), with scarcely a hundred men about them,—found suddenly that the hundred men, by good industry over-night, had risen to an army ; and that the Congregation itself, under these two Lords, was here, as if by *tryst*, at mid-distance; skilfully posted, and ready for battle either in the way of cannon or of spear. Sudden halt of the triumphant Falkland's in consequence; and after that, a multifarious manoeuvring, circling, and wheeling, now in clear light, now hidden in clouds of mist; Scots standing steadfast on their ground, and answering message-trumpets in an inflexible manner, till, after many hours, the thing had to end in an 'appointment,' truce, or offer of peace, and a retreat to Falkland of the Queen Regent and her Frenchmen, as from an enterprise unexpectedly impossible. All this is, with luminous distinctness and business like simplicity and brevity, set forth by Knox; who hardly names himself at all; and whose personal conduct in the affair far excels in merit all possible merit of description of it; this being probably to Knox the most agitating and perilous of all the days of his life. The day was Monday, II June 1559; yesterday, Sunday 10th, at St. Andrews, whither Knox had hastened on summons, he preached publicly in the Kirk there, mindful of his prophecy from the French galleys, fifteen years ago, and regardless of the truculent Hamilton, Archbishop and still official ruler of the place; who had informed him the night before that if he should presume to try such a thing, he (the truculent Archbishop) would have him saluted with twelve culverings, the most part of which would land upon his nose.' The fruit of which sermon had been the sudden flight to Falkland over-night of Right Reverend Hamilton (who is here again, much astonished, on Cupar Muir this day), and the open declaration and arming of St. Andrews town in favour of Knox and his cause.

The Queen Regent, as was her wont, only half kept her pacific treaty. Herself and her Frenchmen did, indeed, retire wholly to the south side of the Forth ; quitting Fife altogether; but of all other points there was a perfect neglect. Her garrison refused to quit Perth, as per bargain, and needed a blast

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or two of siege-artillery, and danger of speedy death, before they would withdraw ; and a shrewd suspicion had risen that she would seize Stirling again, and keep the way open to return. This last concern was of prime importance ; and all the more pressing as the forces of the Congregation had nearly all returned home. On this Stirling affair there is a small anecdote, not yet entirely forgotten ; which rudely symbolises the spirit of the population at that epoch, and is worth giving. *The Ribbands of St Johnston* is or was its popular title. Knox makes no mention of it ; but we quote from *The Muse's Threnodie*, or rather from the Annotations to that poor dog-grel ; which are by James Cant, and of known authenticity.

The Earl of Argyle and the Lord James, who had private intelligence on this matter, and were deeply interested in it, but without force of their own, contrived to engage three hundred staunch townsmen of Perth to march with them to Stirling on a given night, and do the affair by stroke of hand. The three hundred ranked themselves accordingly on the appointed night (one of the last of June 1559) ; and so fierce was their humour, they had each, instead of the scarf or ribband which soldiers then wore round their neck, tied an effective measure of rope, mutely intimating, " If I flinch or falter, let me straightway die the death of a dog." They were three hundred these staunch Townsmen when they marched out of Perth ; but the country gathered to them from right and from left, all through the meek twilight of the summer night ; and on reaching Stirling they were five thousand strong. The gates of Stirling were flung wide open, then strictly barricaded ; and the French marching thitherward out of Edinburgh, had to wheel right about, faster than they came ; and in fact retreat swiftly to Dunbar ; and there wait reinforcement from beyond seas. This of the three hundred Perth townsmen and their ropes was noised of with due plaudits and, in calmer times, a rather heavy-footed joke arose upon it, and became current ; and men would say of such and such a scoundrel worthy of the gallows, that he deserved a St. Johnston's ribband. About a hundred years ago, James Cant used to see, in the Town-clerk's office at Perth, an old Picture of the March of these three hundred with the ropes about their

necks; whether there still I have no account; but rather guess the negative.⁹

The siege of Leith, which followed hereupon, in all its details,—especially the preface to it, that sudden invasion of the Queen Regent and her Frenchmen from Dunbar, forcing Knox and his Covenanted Lords to take refuge in the 'Quarrel Holes' (*quarry holes*), on the Eastern flank of the Calton Hill, with Salisbury Crags overhanging it, what he elsewhere calls 'the Craigs of Edinburgh,' as their one defensible post against their French enemies: this scene, which lasted two nights and two days, till once the French struck into Leith, and began fortifying, dwells deeply impressed on Knox's memory and feelings.

Besides this perfect clearness, naivete', and almost unintentional picturesqueness, there are to be found in Knox's swift-flowing History many other kinds of 'geniality,' and indeed of far higher excellences than are wont to be included under that designation. The grand Italian Dante is not more in earnest about this inscrutable Immensity than Knox is. There is in Knox throughout the spirit of an old Hebrew Prophet, such as may have been in Moses in the Desert at sight of the Burning Bush; spirit almost altogether unique among modern men, and along with all this, in singular neighbourhood to it, a sympathy, a veiled tenderness of heart, veiled, but deep and of piercing vehemence, and withal even an inward gaiety of soul, alive to the ridicule that dwells in whatever is ridiculous, in fact a fine vein of humour, which is wanting in Dante.

The interviews of Knox with the Queen are what one would most like to produce to readers; but unfortunately they are of a tone which, explain as we might, not one reader in a thousand could be made to sympathise with or do justice to in behalf of Knox. The treatment which that young, beautiful, and high Chief Personage in Scotland receives from the rigorous Knox would, to most modern men, seem irreverent, cruel, almost barbarous. Here more than elsewhere Knox proves himself,—here more than anywhere bound to do it,—the Hebrew Prophet in complete perfection; refuses to soften any expression or to

⁹ *The Muse's Threnodie*, by Mr. H. Adamson (first printed in 1638), edited, with annotations, by James Cant (Perth, 1774), pp. 126-7.

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call anything by its milder name, or in short for one moment to forget that the Eternal God and His Word are great, and that all else is little, or is nothing; nay if it set itself against the Most High and His Word, is the one frightful thing that this world exhibits.

He is never in the least ill-tempered with Her Majesty; but she cannot move him from that fixed centre of all his thoughts and actions: Do the will of God, and tremble at nothing; do against the will of God, and know that, in the Immensity and the Eternity around you, there is nothing but matter of terror. Nothing can move Knox here or elsewhere from that standing-ground; no consideration of Queen's sceptres and armies and authorities of men is of any efficacy or dignity whatever in comparison; and becomes not beautiful but horrible, when it sets itself against the Most High.

One Mass in Scotland, he more than once intimates, is more terrible to him than all the military power of France, or, as he expresses it, the landing of ten thousand armed men in any part of this realm, would be. The Mass is a daring and unspeakably frightful pretence to worship God by methods not of God's appointing; open idolatry it is, in Knox's judgment; a mere invitation and invocation to the wrath of God to fall upon and crush you. To a common, or even to the most gifted and tolerant reader, in these modern careless days, it is almost altogether impossible to sympathise with Knox's horror, terror, and detestation of the poor old Hocuspocus (*Hoc est Corpus*) of a Mass; but to every candid reader it is evident that Knox was under no mistake about it, on his own ground, and that this is verily his authentic and continual feeling on the matter.

There are four or five dialogues of Knox with the Queen,—sometimes in her own Palace at her own request; sometimes by summons of her Council; but in all these she is sure to come off not with victory, but the reverse: and Knox to retire unmoved from any point of interest to him. She will not come to public sermon, under any Protestant (that is, for her, Heretical) Preacher. Knox, whom she invites once or oftener to come privately to where she is, and remonstrate with her, if he find her offend in anything, cannot consent to run into back-stairs of Courts, cannot find that he is at liberty to pay visits

in that direction, or to consort with Princes at all. Mary often enough bursts into tears, oftener than once into passionate long-continued fits of weeping,—Knox standing with mild and pitying visage, but without the least hairsbreadth of recanting or recoiling; waiting till the fit pass, and then with all softness, but with all inexorability, taking up his theme again. The high and graceful young Queen, we can well see, had not met, nor did meet, in this world with such a man.

The hardest-hearted reader cannot but be affected with some pity, or think with other than softened feelings of this ill-starred, young, beautiful, graceful, and highly gifted human creature, planted down into so unmanageable an environment. So beautiful a being, so full of youth, of native grace and gift; meaning of herself no harm to Scotland or to anybody; joyfully going her Progresses through her dominions; fond of hawking, hunting, music, literary study;¹⁰ cheerfully accepting every gift that out-door life, even in Scotland, can offer to its right joyous-minded and ethereal young Queen. With irresistible sympathy one is tempted to pity this poor Sister-soul, involved in such a chaos of contradictions; and hurried down to tragical destruction by them. No Clytemnestra or Medea, when one thinks of that last scene in Fotheringhay, is more essentially a theme of tragedy. The tendency of all is to ask, "What peculiar harm did she ever mean to Scotland, or to any Scottish man not already her enemy?" The answer to which is, "Alas, she meant no harm to Scotland; was perhaps loyally wishing the reverse; but was she not with her whole industry doing, or endeavouring to do, the sum-total of all harm whatsoever that was possible for Scotland, namely the covering it up in Papist darkness, as in an accursed winding-sheet of spiritual death eternal?"—That, alas, is the dismally true account of what she tended to, during her whole life in Scotland or in England; and there, with as deep a tragic feeling as belongs to Clytemnestra, Medea, or any other, we must leave her condemned.

The story of this great epoch is nowhere to be found so

¹⁰ 'The Queen readeth daily after her dinner, instructed by a learned man, Mr. George Bowhanan, somewhat of Livy.'—Randolph to Cecil, April 7, 1562 (cited in living's *Life O'Buchanan*, p. 114).

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impressively narrated as in this Book of Knox's ; a hasty loose production, but grounded on the completest knowledge, and with visible intention of setting down faithfully both the imperfections of poor fallible men, and the unspeakable mercies of God to this poor realm of Scotland. And truly the struggle in itself was great, nearly unique in that section of European History ; and at this day stands much in need of being far better known than it has much chance of being to the present generation. I suppose there is not now in the whole world a nobility and population that would rise, for any imaginable reason, into such a simple nobleness of resolution to do battle for the highest cause against the powers that be, as those Scottish nobles and their followers at that time did. Robertson's account, in spite of its clearness, smooth regularity, and complete intelligibility down to the bottom of its own shallow depths, is totally dark as to the deeper and interior meaning of this great movement; cold as ice to all that is highest in the meaning of this phenomenon ; which has proved the parent of endless blessing to Scotland and to all Scotsmen. Robertson's fine gifts have proved of no avail; his sympathy with his subject being almost *null*, and his aim mainly to be what is called impartial, that is, to give no pain to any prejudice, and to be intelligible on a first perusal.

Scottish Puritanism, well considered, seems to me distinctly the noblest and completest form that the grand Sixteenth Century Reformation anywhere assumed. We may say also that it has been by far the most widely fruitful form ; for in the next century it had produced English Cromwellian Puritanism, with open Bible in one hand, drawn Sword in the other, and victorious foot trampling on Romish Babylon, that is to say irrevocably refusing to believe what is not a Fact in God's Universe, but a mingled mass of self-delusions and mendacities in the region of Chimera. So that now we look for the effects of it not in Scotland only, or in our small British Islands only, but over wide seas, huge American continents and growing British Nations in every zone of the earth. And, in brief, shall have to admit that John Knox, the authentic Prometheus of all that, has been a most distinguished Son of Adam, and had probably a physiognomy worth looking at.

We have still one Portrait of him to produce, the *Somervillt Portrait* so-named, widely different from the Beza Icon and its progeny ; and will therewith close.

III.

In 1836 the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, or the late Charles Knight in the name of that, published an engraving of a Portrait which had not before been heard of among the readers of Knox, and which gave a new and greatly more credible account of Knox's face and outward appearance. This is what has since been called the Somerville Portrait of Knox ; of which Engraving a fac-simile is here laid before the reader. In 1849 the same Engraving was a second time published, in Knight's Pictorial History of England. It was out of this latter that I first obtained sight of it ; and as soon as possible, had another copy of the Engraving framed and hung up beside me ; believing that Mr. Knight, or the Society he published for, had made the due inquiries from the Somerville family, and found the answers satisfactory ; I myself nothing doubting to accept it as the veritable Portrait of Knox. Copies of this Engraving are often found in portfolios, but seldom hung upon the walls of a study ; and I doubt if it has ever had much circulation, especially among the more serious readers of Knox. For my own share, I had unhesitatingly believed in it ; and knew not that anybody called it in question, till two or three years ago, in the immense uproar which arose in Scotland on the subject of a monument to Knox, and the utter collapse it ended in,—evidently enough not for want of money, to the unlimited amount of millions, but of any plan that could be agreed on with the slightest chance of feasibility. This raised an inquiry as to the outward appearance of Knox, and especially as to this Somerville Likeness, which I believed, and cannot but still believe, to be the only probable likeness of him, anywhere known to exist. Its history, what can be recovered of it, is as follows.

On the death of the last Baron Somerville, some three or four years ago, the Somerville Peerage, after four centuries of

duration, became extinct; and this Picture then passed into the possession of one of the representatives of the family, the Hon. Mrs. Ralph Smyth of Gaybrook, near Mullingar, Ireland. This lady was a stranger to me ; but on being applied to, kindly had a list of questions with reference to the Knox Portrait, which were drawn up by an artist friend, and sent to her, minutely answered ; and afterwards, with a courtesy and graceful kindness, ever since pleasant to think of, offered on her coming to London to bring the Picture itself hither. All which accordingly took effect; and in sum, the Picture was intrusted altogether to the keeping of these inquirers, and stood for above three months patent to every kind of examination,—until it was, by direction of its lady owner, removed to the Loan Gallery of the South Kensington Museum, where it remained for above a year. And in effect it was inspected, in some cases with the greatest minuteness, by the most distinguished Artists and judges of art that could be found in London. On certain points they were all agreed; as, for instance, that it was a portrait in all probability like the man intended to be represented ; that it was a roughly executed work ; probably a copy; certainly not of earlier, most likely of later date, than Godfrey Kneller's time; that the head represented must have belonged to a person of distinguished talent, character, and qualities. For the rest, several of these gentlemen objected to the costume as belonging to the Puritan rather than to Knox's time ; concerning which preliminary objection more anon, and again more.

Mr. Robert Tait, a well-known Artist, of whom we have already spoken, and who has taken great pains in this matter, says:

' The Engraving from the Somerville Portrait is an unusually correct and successful representation of it, yet it conveys a higher impression than the picture itself does ; the features, especially the eyes and nose, are finer in form, and more firmly defined in the engraving than in the picture, while the bricky colour in the face of the latter and a somewhat glistening appearance in the skin give rather a sensual character to the head. These defects or peculiarities in the colour and surface are, however, probably due to repainting; the Picture

' must have been a good deal retouched, when it was lined, ' some thirty or forty years ago; and signs are not wanting of ' even earlier manipulation . . . Some persons have said ' that the dress, especially the falling band, belongs to a later ' age than that of Knox, and is sufficient to invalidate the ' Portrait; but such is not the case, for white collars or bands, ' of various shapes and sizes, were in use in Knox's time, and ' are found in the portraits, and frequently referred to, in the ' literature of Elizabeth's reign.'

The remark of Mr. Tait in reference to the somewhat unpleasant ' surface' of the Somerville Picture is clearly illustrated by looking at an excellent copy of it, painted a few months ago by Mr. Samuel Laurence, in which, although the likeness is accurately preserved, the head has on account of the less oily ' surface' of the picture a much more refined appearance.¹¹

At the top of the folio Book, which Knox holds with his right-hand fingers, there are in the Picture, though omitted in the Engraving, certain letters, two or three of them distinct the others broken, scratchy, and altogether illegible. Out of these, various attempts were made by several of us to decipher some precise inscription; but in all the languages we had, nothing could be done in that way, till at length, what might have happened earlier, the natural idea suggested itself that in all likelihood the folio volume was the Geneva Bible; and that the half-obliterated letters were probably the heading of the page. Examination at the British Museum was at once made; of which, from a faithful inspector, this is the report: ' There are three folio editions, printed in Roman type, of the

¹¹ Since this was first printed, Mr. Laurence himself favours me with the following remarks, which seem too good to be lost . . . * I wish the ' reason for my copying the Somerville Picture had been given, viz. its ' being in a state of dilapidation and probable decay. Entirely agreeing ' with your own impressions as to its representing the individuality and ' character of the man, I undertook to make a copy that should, beside keep- ' ing the character, represent the condition of this Picture in its undamaged ' state. It is now not only "much cracked," but the *half-tints* are taken ' off, by some bad cleaner; the gradations between the highest lights ' and the deepest shades wanting: hence the unpleasant look. I think ' more than a matter of "surface." The very ground, a "bricky" red one, ' exposed, here and there; the effect of which upon the colours may be ' likened to a tune played upon a pianoforte that has missing keys . . . — ' SAMUEL LAURENCE (6 Wells Street, Oxford Street, March 30, 1875).'

'Geneva Bible, 1560, '62, '70. The volume represented in the Picture, which also is in Roman, not in Black Letter, fairly resembles in a rough way the folio of 1562. Each page has two columns for the text, and a narrow stripe of commentary, or what is now called margin, in very small type along the edges, which is more copious and continuous than in the original, but otherwise sufficiently indicates itself. Headings at the top of the pages in larger type than that of the text. Each verse is separate, and the gaps at the ends of many of them are very like those seen in the Picture.'

I was informed by Mrs. Ralph Smyth that she knew nothing more of the Picture than that it had, as long as she could remember, always hung on the walls of the Somerville town-house in Hill Street, Mayfair,—but this Lady being still young in years, her recollection does not carry us far back. One other light point in her memory was, a tradition in the family that it was brought into their possession by James, the thirteenth Baron Somerville; but all the Papers connected with the family having been destroyed some years ago by fire, in a solicitor's office in London, there was no means either of verifying or contradicting that tradition.

Of this James, thirteenth Lord Somerville, there is the following pleasant and suggestive notice by Boswell, in his *Life of Johnson*:

'The late Lord Somerville, who saw much both of great and brilliant life, told me, that he had dined in company with Pope, and that after dinner the "little man," as he called him, drank his bottle of Burgundy, and was exceedingly gay and entertaining.'

And as a footnote Boswell adds :

'Let me here express my grateful remembrance of Lord Somerville's kindness to me, at a very early period. He was the first person of high rank that took particular notice of me in the way most flattering to a young man, fondly ambitious of being distinguished for his literary talents; and by the honour of his encouragement made me think well of myself, and aspire to deserve it better. He had a happy art of communicating his varied knowledge of the world, in short remarks and anecdotes, with a quiet pleasant gravity, that was

' exceedingly engaging. Never shall I forget the hours which I enjoyed with him at his apartments in the Royal Palace of Holyrood House, and at his seat near Edinburgh, which he himself had formed with an elegant taste.'¹²

The vague guess is that this James, thirteenth Baron Somerville, had somewhere fallen in with an excellent Portrait of Knox, seemingly by some distinguished Artist of Knox's time ; and had had a copy of it painted,—presumably for his mansion of Drum, near Edinburgh, long years perhaps before it came to Mayfair.

Among scrutinisers here, it was early recollected that there hung in the Royal Society's rooms an excellent Portrait of Buchanan, undisputedly painted by Francis Porbus ; that Knox and Buchanan were children of the same year (1505), and that both the Portrait of Buchanan and that of Knox indicated for the sitter an age of about sixty or more. So that one preliminary doubt, Was there in Scotland, about 1565, an artist capable of such a Portrait as this of Knox ? was completely abolished; and the natural inquiry arose, Can any traces of affinity between these two be discovered ?

The eminent Sculptor, Mr. J. E. Boehm, whose judgment of painting and knowledge of the history, styles and epochs of it, seemed to my poor laic mind far beyond that of any other I had communed with, directly visited, along with me, the Royal Society's collection ; found in this Buchanan perceptible traces of kinship with the Knox Portrait; and visited thereupon, and examined, with great minuteness, whatever Porbuses we could hear of in London, or neighbourhood. And always, as was evident to me, with growing clearness of conviction that this Portrait of Knox was a coarse and rapid, but effective, probably somewhat enlarged, copy after Porbus, done to all appearance in the above-named Baron Somerville's time ; that is, before 1766. Mr. Boehm, with every new Porbus, became more interested in this research ; and regretted with me that so few Porbuses were attainable here, and of these, several not by our Buchanan Porbus, Francois Porbus, or Pourbus, called in our dictionaries, *le vieux*, but by his son and by his father. Last Autumn Mr. Boehm was rustivating in the Netherlands. There

" Boswell's *Lift O'Johnson*, Fitzgerald's edit. (Lond. 1874), ii. p. 434.

he saw and examined many Porbuses, and the following is the account which he gives of his researches there :

' I will try, as best I can, to enumerate the reasons why I think that the Somerville Picture is a copy, and why a copy after Francis Porbus.

' That it is a copy done in the latter half of the last century can be easily seen by the manner of painting, and by the mediums used, which produced a certain circular cracking throughout the picture, peculiar only to the paintings of that period. Its being a *little* over the size of nature suggests that it was done after a smaller picture, as it is not probable that, had it been done from life, or from a life-sized head, the artist would have got into those proportions ; and most of the portraits by Porbus (as also by Holbein, Albrecht Durer, the contemporary and previous masters) are a little under life-size, as the sitter would appear to the painter at a certain distance.

' The Somerville Picture at first reminded me more of Porbus than of any other painter of that time, although I did not then know whether Porbus had ever been in England, as, judging by the fact that he painted Knox's contemporary George Buchanan, we may now fairly suppose was the case. Last Autumn at Bruges, Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp, I carefully examined no less than forty portraits by Francis Porbus, *le vieux*. There are two pictures at Bruges in each of which are sixteen portrait heads, carefully painted and well preserved, somewhat smaller than that of Buchanan ; and I can most vividly figure to myself that the original after which the said copy was painted must have been like that and not otherwise; indeed if I had found the original in a corner of one of the galleries, my astonishment would have been as small as my pleasure in apprising you of the find would have been great. In some of these forty portraits the costumes, including the large white collar, which has been objected to, are very similar to John Knox's; and in the whole of them there are traces in drawing, arrangement of light and shadow, conception of character, and all those qualities which can never quite be drowned in a reproduction, and which are, it seems to me, clearly discerned in this copy, done by a free and swift hand, careful only to reproduce

' the likeness and general effect, and heedless of the delicate and refined touch of the great master.—J. E. BOEHM.'

From the well-known and highly estimated Mr. Merritt of the National Gallery,—who had not heard of the Picture at all, nor of these multifarious researches, but who on being applied to by a common friend (for I have never had the pleasure of personally knowing Mr. Merritt) kindly consented to go to the South Kensington Museum, and examine the Picture,—I receive, naturally with pleasure and surprise, the following report:

'54 DEVONSHIRE STREET, PORTLAND PLACE, W.

' 9 January 1875,

' After a careful inspection of the Portrait, I am bound to say that the signs of age are absent from the surface, and I should therefore conjecture that it is a copy of a portrait of the time of Francis Pourbus, to whom we are indebted for the portrait of George Buchanan, which I believe is in the possession of the Royal Society.

' My opinion is in favour of the Somerville Portrait being of Knox. Strongly marked features like those were not likely to be confounded with any other man's. The world has a way of handing down the lineaments of great men. Records and tradition, as experience has shown me, do their work in this respect very effectively.—HENRY MERRITT.'

This is all the evidence we have to offer on the Somerville Portrait. The preliminary objection in respect to costume, as we have seen, is without validity, and may be classed, in House-of-Commons language, as 'frivolous and vexatious.' The Picture is not an ideal, but that of an actual man, or still more precisely, an actual Scottish ecclesiastical man. In point of external evidence, unless the original turn up, which is not impossible, though much improbable, there can be none complete or final in regard to such a matter; but with internal evidence to some of us it is replete, and beams brightly with it through every pore. For my own share if it is not John Knox the Scottish hero and evangelist of the sixteenth century, I cannot conjecture who or what it is.

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