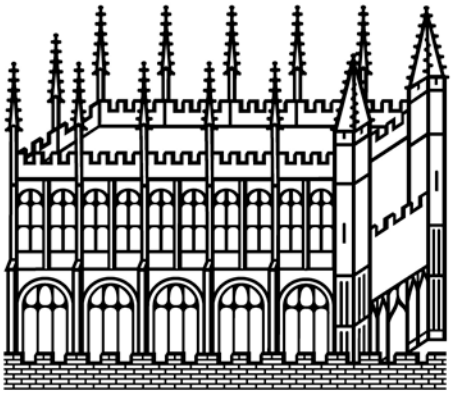

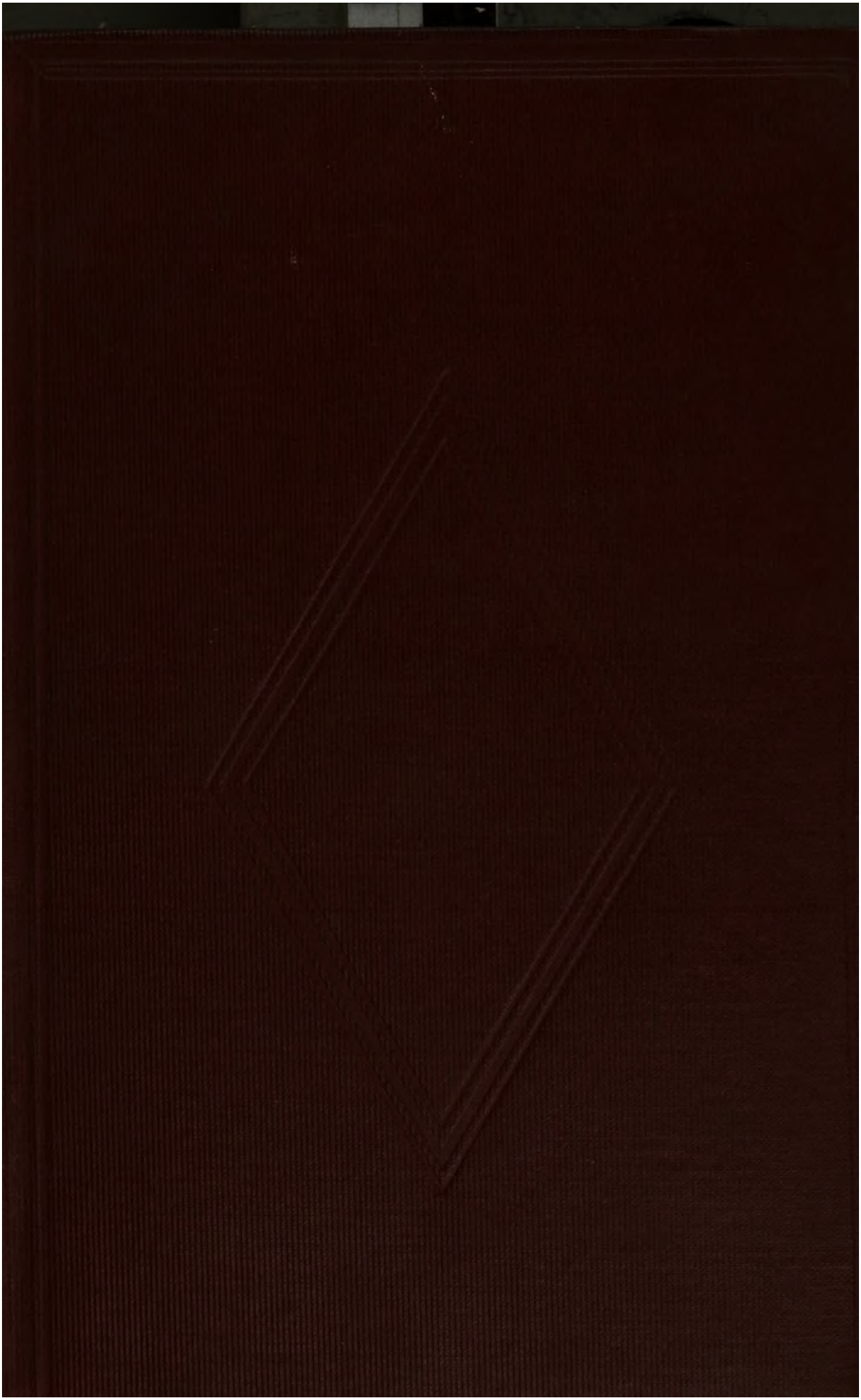

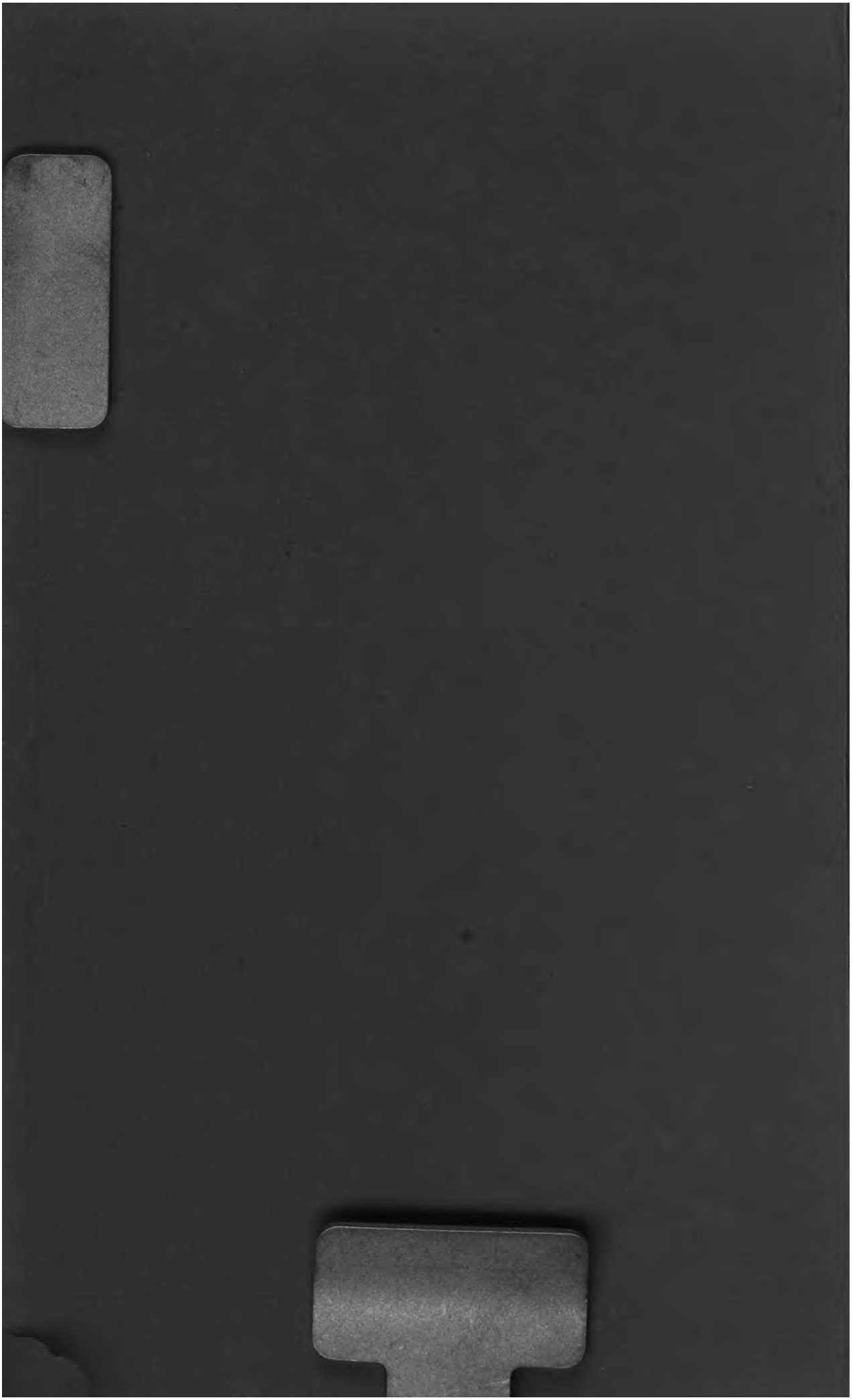

MEMORIES AND THOUGHTS.

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MEMORIES OF THE PAST, AND THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT, AGE.

BY JOSEPH BROWN, M.D.

'Mihi quidem ita jucunda hujus libri confectio fuit, ut non modò omnes absterserit senectutis molestias, sed effecerit mollem etiam et jucundam senectutem.'— CICERO *de Senectute.*

'On myself, indeed, the composing of this book has had so happy an effect, that not only has it reconciled me to all the inconveniences of old age, but has rendered it an agreeable condition to me.'—CICERO *on Old Age.*

LONDON:
LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, ROBERTS, & GREEN.
1863.


BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA·
DOMINUS ILLUMINATIO MEA

TO

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,

THE SCHOLAR, THE STATESMAN, AND THE PHILANTHROPIST,

THIS HUMBLE EFFORT TO BENEFIT MANKIND

IS DEDICATED

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED AND VERY OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

BISHOPWEARMOUTH:
February 5, 1863.

PREFACE.

THE motives prompting the writer to his present task are similar, if not identical, with those which twelve years ago roused him to the publication of a 'Defence of Revealed Religion.' At that time religion was assailed by a class more coarse and vulgar than the aggressors of the present day. Then men and (*proh pudor!*) women traversed the country, delivering lectures, in which it was boldly declared, that there was 'no God.' The assailants of Revealed Religion of the present day belong to a different class, but still to one which is to be reckoned among 'the dangerous classes,' and perhaps the more dangerous because less coarse and vulgar, and therefore less revolting than the former. In the preface to my former work (for brevity's sake I pass to the first person) I thus expressed myself: — 'England, it has long appeared to the reflecting, is prosperous and great because she is

Christian; should she cease to be Christian, she would be one of the meanest and least among nations.' This sentiment I still hold, the opinion remaining with me unchanged, and I should think now unchangeable, that England owes very much indeed of her high position, prosperity, and even security, among nations, to the fact that Christianity is not merely in a verbal way 'part and parcel of the law of the land,' but that the pure and lofty morality which Christianity inspires is infused into the acts of her legislature and the proceedings of her government. The body of men about whom a good deal will be found in the course of this book, who are now applying themselves to sap and mine, or in some other way, level that grand structure of Christianity, whence have issued, and will continue to issue for ages, vast benefits to mankind, may be described as the theologo-metaphysicians, or the metaphysico-theologians, according as the theological or the metaphysical element predominates in different sections of the same body. To deal properly with this class will require of me a little more of detail than may be considered permissible in a preface; but the matter being one of moment, I shall run the risk of having irregularity imputed to me, and proceed to this detail.

Man is a religious animal. Every man — excepting such moral monsters as are mentally no more fully developed men than are the '*lusûs naturæ*' which occasionally see the light, fully developed physical men — has within him certain thoughts and feelings which carry him beyond this world and its inhabitants, to seek repose in the guidance and superintendence of a Superior Being. The religious idea pervades all, from the

> 'Poor Indian, whose untutored mind
> Sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind,'

to the philosopher of the very highest European type. Among certain peoples and in certain ages, this religious idea has found its gods, as Milton describes them, in fanatic Egypt; disguised in brutish forms rather than human. Still these absurdities of the human mind are evidences of the universality of the sentiment. It is, in truth, as manifest a phenomenon of the human mind as any part of a man's bodily structure, his arm or his leg, is of his corporeal frame. But this universality of the mental phenomenon leads to the conclusion that it is a faculty divine, having for its source at once, and object, its Creator. The phrenologists point out to us the organ of veneration, and prove the object of this organ by abundant arguments.

Would there be such an organ if there were nothing in the universe to venerate? Now this religious idea of civilised nations has for ages felt its rest, its satisfaction, in Christianity. It seeks a personal God, and it finds him there. It finds in the Scriptures, and more especially in the latest Scripture of all, the New Testament, a God whom it can at once love and venerate, and in whose soul-purifying and redeeming power it can trust. But the theologo-metaphysicians step in, and declare that this is all wrong. Baron Bunsen, or some other German or Germans have pronounced the Scriptures, including the New Testament, in many respects very erroneous, and by no means reliable authorities. 'Listen to us,' they say, 'and we will expound to you the mighty mystery of the government of the universe.' And they pronounce the far-resounding words, 'the Infinite, the Absolute, and the Unconditioned.'

Now, what, in reality, are these words in the exposition of which so many goodly octavos, and even quartos, have been occupied? They are words, and words only, thrown into phrases of especially bad English, with which no clear mental conception appears to be connected in the minds of those who utter them, and by which certainly none is excited in the minds of those

who hear them. Let us examine them. 'Infinite' is an adjective; 'absolute' is an adjective; whilst 'unconditioned' has the form of a past participle, but since we have not, in our language, the verb 'to uncondition,' it is certainly not an English word, and we question — whether it be a word in any tongue but the *neo-metaphysical.* Now, the phrases 'the infinite,' 'the absolute,' &c. express nothing at all, but each suggests the question, 'what?' and we should like to hear the answer to this very reasonable question from some reasonable, if there be such an one, theologo-metaphysician. Do we improve matters at all by converting these adjectives into substantives? Let us try. From 'infinite,' the adjective, we have infinity, signifying 'immensity, boundlessness, unlimited qualities.' Absolute has no corresponding noun in the English language, for 'absolutism' is French; but from its synonym 'arbitrary,' we have arbitrariness, which the only dictionary (Webster's) containing the word, tells us is 'despoticalness.' For that most uncouth and senseless of all words 'unconditioned,' it is impossible to find a substantive. We have in our tongue the verb 'to condition,' signifying 'to contract, to stipulate, to agree.' But uncontraction, unagreement, or unstipulation, would not, any one of them, we suppose,

be considered a reasonable or justifiable interpretation of this extraordinary word 'unconditioned.'

This voyage of discovery through the rough sea of verbal criticism has landed us, then, in one unintelligibility and two abstractions. Discarding, as we may justly do, the unintelligible, let us fix our attention on the abstractions. The religious element in his constitution prompts man 'in this dark estate' to seek for light; and in his hours of sorrow and affliction, and such hours come to all the sons and daughters of men, his soul yearns for support from above. This light and this support he considers he derives from Christianity. But in step the metaphysicians, exclaiming, we have changed all that; certain abstractions occupy the place of that Deity which you fondly but foolishly worshipped. Fond man fancied he had got bread, and in lieu of it the philosophers present him with a stone. Can mere abstractions excite a man to good, restrain him from evil, enlighten him in darkness, comfort him in affliction? Translate that prayer which every Christian breathes forth with love and reverence, which seems to have been sent from Heaven to lead men to Heaven: 'Our *Father* which art in Heaven,' &c. into metaphysical language, and say, 'Infinity which art in Space,' &c. and the whole question is settled. Chris-

tianity soars triumphant over the heads of her inflated and pompous, but, in reality, feeble assailants, and Christ again reigns on earth.

J. B.

BISHOPWEARMOUTH:
February 9, 1863.

POSTSCRIPT.

One might really fancy, seeing the eagerness with which men, divines especially, rush to the assault, that, by the demolition of revealed religion, Christianity being necessarily included, some great benefit was to be bestowed on mankind. An importation on the destructive side, I learn, has taken place from South Africa. Occupations, a portion of which readers of this book will at once understand, have prevented me from reading Bishop Colenso's work on the Pentateuch. I am informed, however, by parties on whose judgement reliance may be placed, who have read it, that the work mentioned above, a 'Defence of Revealed Religion,' contains an anticipatory refutation of the Bishop's remarks on the Exodus. Should I find, on examination, my opinion coincide with that of my friends, I shall republish those portions of the 'Defence' (it is now out of print) which have the application they have discerned.

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MEMORIES AND THOUGHTS.

CHAPTER I.

Homo sum, et nihil humanum à me alienum puto.
TERENTII, *Heauton Timoroumenos.* — Act I. Sc. 1.
I am a man, and all human interests I consider my own.

My sojourn on this earth cannot be long, for I am approaching my eightieth year, and my physical infirmities warn me that the frail tenement of clay, in which I live and move and have my being, must ere long descend to that dust from which it sprang. Still do I feel alive and bright within this mouldering tabernacle —'that spark of immaterial fire which no violence can quench.' I can still observe, still reason on what I observe; and the faculty of memory (thanks to a merciful providence) being still left to me quite unimpaired,

can still compare the storms and tempests which rage throughout the world at this moment, with those on which my young eyes first opened. Born in September 1784, during that brief interval of peace for England which intervened between the struggle with our revolted colonies, called the American war, and the war of the French revolution, it follows that I was in my seventh year on June 20, 1791, when the flight of Louis XVI. took place. Now, of the sensation which this event and the capture on the following day, at Varennes, of the most liberal, the best intentioned, and the most unhappy monarch France ever had, produced in England, I have a perfect remembrance. From this time for a period of twenty-five years my eyes gazed on a series of national crimes and horrors. There was the Reign of Terror in France, with its countless murders, the whole direful scene unquestionably aggravated, if not caused, by the atrocious Brunswick manifesto. There were the French armies rushing across the Rhine with 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity,' on their lips—revenge of insults, lust of murder, rapine, and plunder in their hearts. But for ten years before the closing of the dread strife it was with no merely figurative or mental eye that I gazed: I saw war in its worst form with the outward eye of the flesh, and I was literally present at the fall of the mighty empire of Napoleon. I may say, that almost literally 'I saw the stone strike the image on its

feet and break them to pieces, whose head was of fine gold, but whose feet were of iron and clay mixed, and they became like the chaff of the summer threshing floor.' I saw the tie which bound together the elements forming the base on which rested that gigantic empire, the people and iron-army of France, rent asunder, when, in April 1814, the British army marched into Toulouse amid the acclamations of the populace of that beautiful city, and the peasantry of the surrounding district, who earnestly and truly hailed us as deliverers. It seemed to me that I was witnessing the fulfillment of Daniel's prophetic vision!

After this struggle, almost convulsive, of a quarter of a century, Europe sank down, drained and collapsed. In a few months, however, she was roused from her slumber of exhaustion. Napoleon Buonaparte was again in Paris, and enfeebled Europe must again assume her panoply of steel. A hundred days saw the close of this second strife, of which the main brunt was borne by great and glorious Old England. Again was there triumph over the world's tyrant and oppressor, and again were there feebleness and exhaustion, and, as must be supposed, this feebleness and exhaustion increased by the condensation into one quarter of a year of the work of years. Such was the final close of that French revolution, the dawn of which was hailed by

all the best and brightest spirits of the world with a feeling embodied in strains such as these:

> O'er the vine-covered hills and gay valleys of France,
> See the day-star of liberty rise!

But how soon was this brilliant dawn over-cast, and how soon were the feelings of the wisest and best men of all countries arrayed against France and her rulers, first by the domestic horrors of her revolution, and next by her violation of the rights, liberty, property, and even lives of the peoples around her!

What for years after was the condition of the nations which had been engaged in the long struggle? There was peace throughout the world for nearly forty years. Was this the peace of brotherhood among nations? A distinguished mathematician, statist, and actuary, Mr. Finlayson, answered this question years ago, when he expressed the opinion before a Committee of the House of Commons, that the duration of any given peace was always in proportion to the exhaustion consequent on the war which had preceded it, and that the peace which then existed was but the peace of unrecruited exhaustion. In answer to the question from that very distinguished senator and philanthropist, Lord Ashley (now Earl of Shaftesbury)—'Could no allowance be made for the growth and extension of Christian principles?'—the able witness replied, 'He could make no allowance on that

score.' A melancholy answer, but one which the state of the world for some years past, and especially that of America at this moment, proves to be too near the truth.

The exhaustion induced was certainly fearful. In our own 'inviolate island' it was not manifest to the eye, but it was felt in the amount of taxation demanded for the interest of an enormously increased national debt, from a commerce crippled by the transition from war to peace, of which there is no great difficulty in tracing the operation. The war, aided by the insane edicts of Napoleon, had thrown into our hands, as a consequence of our maritime superiority, a monopoly of the trade of the world; but when peace came we had in this career to encounter the competition of all the rest of mankind.

In other lands the nakedness and feebleness induced by the war were visible enough. The centre and north-east of Spain, which I passed through, were deserts. France, which I traversed from the Pyrenees to Calais, was little better. In the imperfectly cultivated fields the want of male agricultural labourers was manifest. In the magnificent port of Bordeaux, trade was extinct, and the ships were mouldering by the walls. In short, visible poverty and distress pervaded the land. In addition to the evils, the necessary result of protracted war, the unhappy people of France had to feed

and maintain on her north-eastern frontier, for three years, a force of 100,000 foreign troops as a security against a repetition of the insane explosion of 'the hundred days.' I was with this army. The people of the country among whom we were, tamed by years of distress, were kind and friendly. They did not ascribe to us the evil, and in some degree disgrace of our presence among them, justly considering that this evil and disgrace were owing to their late ruler and his army.

Let us look back and see how these forty years of peace, resulting, according to Mr. Finlayson's views, from the exhaustion of the war, were employed by the different nations of Europe. For the honour of our country it may be said with truth, that they were spent in endeavours to improve the political institutions and social condition of the country. The Reform Bill is evidence of the success of these efforts in a political direction; freedom of commerce and its consequent extension, the increased comfort of the homes of Englishmen, the great growth of our population, and the increase of the average duration of life throughout the island, show that in the social direction our endeavours have been the very reverse of a failure. The long duration of peace and consequent visible growth of prosperity among us, acted so strongly on the minds of some men of great respectability and worth, that they resolved to

endeavour to render these blessings permanent. A 'Peace Society' was formed, the great and good purpose of which was the substitution, in case of a dispute between nations, which diplomacy could not adjust, of arbitration for the old and orthodox remedy of international grievances—war.

A more commendable object could not be conceived than this proposed change of right for might, and of Christian reason for absurdity, for war never touches the real point in issue—war decides nothing but the relative strength of the mutually opposed battalions. Whilst paying this tribute, however, to the object which these worthy people are striving to attain, I cannot congratulate them on the judgement they displayed in the time they selected for the institution of their Society, the ground on which it was apparently established, or the spirit manifested on one occasion at least, in which they have urged a trial of the practical application of their principle. In what I am about to say, I beg to guard myself against the supposition that anything here written is intended to reflect on the Society of Friends. The Society of Friends was a peace society from its very first institution. It was a peace society two hundred years before the Society which now rejoices in this title saw the light. When members of the Society of Friends join this Society, they are acting in strict accordance with their own original principles. Lulled

into security by the long continuance of peace, ungifted with the calm philosophy of a Finlayson, which would have enlightened them as to the deplorable source whence that peace was derived, and flushed with the triumph which their great principle, Free Trade, had achieved, Mr. Cobden and others formed their Peace Society. According to this new dispensation, by the benefits which nation was to confer upon nation by the free interchange of their respective wealth, that which had now continued long was to endure for ever. The time had come when 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.' Arbitration would henceforward settle everything. By junction with certain parties in Parliament, the free-traders, who had fairly earned a high reputation for the energy and skill they had displayed in the successful advocacy of a great and good cause, obtained great influence there.

This influence was successfully employed in the reduction of the public expenditure, and especially was it exerted in discouraging such expenditure on certain measures deemed by high authority to be demanded as a consequence of the rise and progress of steam-navigation, which were justly considered to have rendered our insular position a less perfect security against invasion than it had heretofore been. The Duke of Wellington wrote his letters to Sir John Burgoyne,

showing the exposed condition in which England stood under the altered circumstances of the world, and urging the necessity of increased force at home. But even the great name of the *Duke* could not dispel the *glamour* which fascinated the eyes of the visionaries of the day. The Russian war, however, made the truth but too manifest. This war revealed to us the great fact that the piping days of peace, which we had dedicated to cultivating, and with great success, the arts of peace, and to certain amiable illusions, had been spent by surrounding nations in the zealous culture of the art of war. It showed us, moreover, that what has been happily termed 'a developed Christianity,' had not so far pervaded the world that we could pile our arms in confidence—that, since we were infringing the territory, the immunities, and rights of no one, no one would encroach on ours. The Crimean war showed that England in warlike knowledge had not kept pace with the times. But the magnificent efforts which she put forth towards the close of the contest to repair the errors and deficiencies of its opening, must be regarded with admiration. They won from our exhausted ally the testimony that the English had proved themselves a great people.*

The Peace Society was in action on the occasion of

* See the report of the chief of the medical staff of the French army during the Crimean war, in the *Révue des Deux Mondes.*

the Russian war. A deputation of very well-intentioned, sincere, and earnest men, proceeded to St. Petersburg, with the view of dissuading the Czar Nicholas from inflicting on the world the evils with which he threatened it. These gentlemen were most courteously received by the Czar; but to the object of their mission this subtle Greek of the lower empire was as deaf as the rocks of his own Caucasus. What followed is now part of the world's history; and a mournful part it is, especially to Russia herself. I take leave to ask the question why, if that honour of a deputation to Nicholas Romanof, Autocrat of all the Russias, was paid purely in the interests of peace, the same honour, when the civil war in America was well known to be imminent, was not bestowed upon Abraham Lincoln, Autocrat of all the Americas? It is my earnest hope that the Peace Society were not seduced into this apparently discreditable discrepancy of proceeding in the respective cases by any consideration of the relative worldly position of the parties in question — the autocracy for life, with right of succession to the heirs natural of his body, in the one case—and the mere lease of Czarship for four years, without any reasonable probability of succession, in the other.

When, however, in the course of the civil war in America, the 'Trent' affair sprang up, then did the Peace Society display an activity which, employed in the commencement of the conflict, might have presented

a chance at least of averting unspeakable horrors. They sent a deputation to impress on our Government the expediency, in this case, of having recourse to arbitration. A more perfect work of supererogation than this is inconceivable. The matter had already been arbitrated —arbitrated by the Five Great Powers, who had declared the proceeding of Wilkes to be contrary to international law — arbitrated by the American Government itself, for Mr. Seward had sent Mr. Adams, their minister in this country, a communication to be imparted to our Government, to the same effect, of the illegality and wrongfulness of the proceeding of Wilkes. Yet did the American Government detain in close confinement for seven weeks two men, Slidell and Mason, whose seizure they themselves declared to be illegal, thus proclaiming to the entire world that this redoubted Government were in fact but the slaves of a mob.

The blundering of the Peace Society did not end with the attempt at the intrusion of their little bit of arbitration into a case already arbitrated. They must still go on blundering; and their third blunder was much worse than their first and second, for it was in gross violation of the great principle of Christian charity, so especially professed by themselves. The attitude of this country during the months that we were kept in suspense regarding the 'Trent' affair cannot soon be forgotten. It was one of calm resolution that the gross

injury and insult offered to England should be redressed even at the hazard of war, which everyone deprecated as the greatest evil which could accrue to her, except that the British flag should, when the country was at peace, cease to protect all whom it covered. Our Government rightly represented the feeling of the country, and perfectly understood, too, the character of the American Government and people, and they framed their measures according to the knowledge they possessed. They strengthened our squadron on the West Indian station, and they reinforced Canada, which had been constantly threatened; for even before the civil war of America broke out, and when the Northern Government contemplated allowing the Southern States to secede in peace (the only sensible thing they ever contemplated), Mr. Seward, with that sense of right and justice peculiar among nations professing to be civilised to the Northern States of America, proposed that they should indemnify themselves for the loss of territory from secession by seizing Canada. This was done by our Government, certainly not with the view of provoking to war a people of a vanity, a presumption, and an irritability almost maniacal, but from a knowledge that these qualities are generally associated in nations, as in individuals, with others to which a display of force would be much more conducive to peace than would a little whining proposal of arbitration from a powerless party. The result amply

justified the view taken by the Government and people of England; but during the many weeks of writing and discussion, the Peace Society, in their superabundant charity and good will to man, stigmatised this Government and all of England, except their own little clique, with the designation of the 'War Party.' A more calumnious libel than this indictment of a whole people was never uttered or printed. The termination without hard blows of this dastardly attack by the Americans on the honour and security of England was hailed with joy throughout the entire realm. Earl Russell and the mass of the people of England were the real Peace Society, not those who assume to themselves the title.

It is certainly surprising that the character of the conflict they were surveying across the Atlantic—a conflict unparalleled in history for at least two centuries for baseness, cruelty, and ferocity, did not reveal to the Peace Society the inutility of the course they were advising. But far more surprising is it that a body of educated, intelligent, and most worthy English gentlemen should be so blinded by a theory that the aggressive power in this disgraceful affair of the 'Trent' seemed in some way hallowed in their eyes, and all their vituperation was reserved for their native land, to which, steady to its principle of non-intervention, no stain of blood-guiltiness adhered. Alas! the best of human nature is queer inconsistent stuff!

Still is war a fearful evil; and the mere fact that it is for the correction of an evil so great that a body of gentlemen are employing their time and their energy, and braving the sneers of the selfish and unthinking, does much to atone for any errors they may commit in the execution of their work. The end, if it does not justify, certainly extenuates, any wrong in the means. Earnestness in a good cause, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins. Nor can we quit the subject without lingering to enquire how it comes to pass that now, the second moiety of the self-praised nineteenth century being far spent, we are still on this point where we were three thousand years ago, the precepts of Holy Writ, and the lessons of profane history notwithstanding? Why is our peace, when the world has one, still the peace of Mr. Finlayson, or the peace described by Galgacus, the Scottish patriot of Tacitus: 'Atque ubi solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant:' 'Where they (the Romans) make a desert, they call it peace.'* Poets see the truth more clearly, and describe it more forcibly than do we prosaic folks made of common clay; therefore a bard shall be summoned to answer the question proposed:—

A. You told me, I remember, glory built
On selfish principles is shame and guilt;

* Tacitus, *Agricola*, cap. xxx.

The deeds that men admire as half divine,
Stark naught because corrupt in their design.
Strange doctrine this! that without scruple tears
The laurel that the very lightning spares;
Brings down the warrior's trophy to the dust,
And eats into his bloody sword like rust.

B. I grant that men, *continuing what they are,*
Fierce, avaricious, proud, there must be war,
And never meant the rule to be applied
To him, *that fights with justice on his side.**

Our poet has stated the case in language as plain and, I firmly believe, as true as possible, and as true now as it was eighty years ago when those lines were penned. The civil war in America would seem even to show that the lapse of eighty years has augmented rather than abated the pride, avarice, ferocity, and other equally amiable qualities in which wars have their source. It is evident that the Peace Society have fallen into a chronological error. They have assumed that to be existing in the present which is promised—and I firmly believe the promise—to arise at some time, but which time will be in a future, and, I fear, a far distant future. Can human efforts at all avail to accelerate the advent of this blessed time—the era of real civilisation when war shall be no more? Let us turn to the pages of the historian of 'Civilisation in England,' with the view of discovering whether they help us to answer the question.

* Cowper, *Table Talk*, p. 1.

Mr. Buckle, who has passed from this world and his labours too soon for the desires of the friends of learning and research, after stating that mental progress is the great index of civilisation, proceeds to consider the method by which 'the laws of mental progress may be most easily discovered;' and after justly giving a preference to an ample survey of facts over the old *à priori* method, says —

'If, in the first place, we ask what this progress is, the answer seems very simple: that it is a twofold progress, moral and intellectual; the first having more immediate relation to our duties, the second to our knowledge. This is a classification which has been frequently laid down, and with which most persons are familiar. And so far as history is a narration of results, there can be no doubt that the division is perfectly accurate. There can be no doubt that a people are not really advancing, if, on the one hand, their increasing ability is accompanied by increasing vice, or if, on the other hand, while they are becoming more virtuous, they likewise become more ignorant. This double movement, moral and intellectual, is essential to the very idea of civilisation, and includes the entire theory of mental progress. To be willing to perform our duty is the moral part; to know how to perform it is the intellectual part; while the closer these two parts are knit together the greater the harmony with which they work;

and the more accurately the means are adapted to the end, the more completely will the scheme of our life be accomplished, and the more securely shall we lay a foundation for the further advancement of mankind.'*

Mr. Buckle then passes to the consideration of the question, which of these two parts or elements of mental progress is the more important, and with great promptitude comes to the following conclusion, given in his own words: —

'We know that the main cause of human actions is extremely variable. We have only therefore to apply this test to any set of circumstances which are supposed to be the cause, and if we find that such circumstances are not very variable, we must infer that they are not the cause we are attempting to discover.

'Applying this test to moral motives, or to the dictates of what is called moral instinct, we shall at once see how extremely small is the influence those motives have exercised over the progress of civilisation. For there is, unquestionably, nothing to be found in the world which has undergone so little change as those great dogmas of which moral systems are composed. To do good to others—to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes—to love your neighbour as yourself—to

* *History of Civilisation in England*, by Henry Thomas Buckle, vol. i. pp. 158, 159.

forgive your enemies—to restrain your passions—to honour your parents—to respect those who are set over you,—these and *a few others* are the sole essentials of morals; but they have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text-books which moralists and theologians have been able to produce.

'But if we contrast this stationary aspect of moral truth with the progressive aspect of intellectual truths, the difference is indeed startling. All the great moral truths which have exercised much influence, have been fundamentally the same; all the great intellectual systems have been fundamentally different. In reference to our moral conduct, there is not a single principle now known to the most cultivated Europeans which was not likewise known to the ancients. In reference to the conduct of our intellects, the moderns have not only made the most important additions to every department of knowledge that the ancients ever attempted to study, but, besides this, they have upset and revolutionised the old methods of enquiry.'*

The statement that it is because of their fixed and unchanging nature that the moral motives are so much less influential on the conduct of life than the intellectual, must not be allowed to pass unchallenged. At once to

* *History of Civilisation in England*, vol. i. pp. 163, 164, 165.

admit it would be, it seems to me, a surrendering of the whole question of the cause of virtue and advance of real civilisation; for 'morality admits,' as Sir James Mackintosh remarks, 'no discoveries;'* and consequently, according to the view of Mr. Buckle, ability must always grow at a more rapid rate than virtue, and all advancing nations must be ill-civilised, because their civilisation is more intellectual than moral.

But what necessary connection is there between the decay of the influence of the great fundamental truths of morals and their unchangeableness during thousands of years? The fact that they have passed thus unchanged—that, as Sir James Mackintosh expressed it, 'three thousand years have elapsed since the composition of the Pentateuch, and let any man, if he is able, tell me in what important respect the rules of life have varied since that distant period'—leads but to the conviction that these rules of life are from God. Not only are they commanded in the Old Testament, exemplified in the life, and enforced by the precepts of our Saviour when on earth; but there is every evidence that these rules extended far beyond the Hebraic pale, and far beyond the immediate teaching of Christ. 'Let the institutes of Menu be explored, let the books of false

* *Discourse on the Law of Nature and Nations*; and *Life of Sir James Mackintosh*, edited by his son. Second Edition, p. 119.

religion be opened,' says Mackintosh, 'it will be found that their moral system is in all its grand features the same.'

To what conclusion, then, does this identity of the moral laws throughout all ages and nations lead but to this—that they are a part of the human constitution; they are engraven on the heart of man by the finger of his Maker. St. Paul expresses very clearly this sentiment when he says: 'For when the Gentiles, which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these having not the law, are a law unto themselves: Which show the work of the law *written in their hearts*, their *conscience* also bearing witness.' *

What is this *conscience* of which Paul speaks, but the inward judge which decides for each man how far any given act of his is, or is not, in accordance with the moral law which he carries in his breast? How well is its office expressed by a heathen, Rome's greatest satirist, and one of her greatest moralists: 'Any crime committed is disgusting to its author. This is the chief punishment of crime, that, in his own court of conscience, no culprit is acquitted, even should a corrupt judge have obtained for him a favourable verdict.' †

* Romans ii. 14, 15.

† Exemplo quodcumque malo committitur, ipsi
Displicet auctori. Prima est hæc ultio, quod se
Judice, nemo nocens absolvitur, improba quamvis
Gratia fallaci Prætoris vicerit urnâ.

Juvenalis Satira, xiii. line 1—4.

The evidence, then, from all history, sacred and profane, and from the moral records of every age and nation, seems conclusive as to the substantial sameness of the moral law throughout the entire world, and equally conclusive as to the divine origin of this law, and that by it the Author of the universe has 'bound together in one eternal chain the happiness and duty of his creatures, and indissolubly fastened together their interests to each other.'

But, says Mr. Buckle, this unchanging and manifestly immutable law is not and cannot be the influencing rule of human conduct, inasmuch as 'The opinions which are popular in any nation vary in many respects almost from year to year; and what in one period is attacked as a paradox or a heresy, is in another period welcomed as a sober truth; which, however, in its turn is replaced by some subsequent novelty. This extreme mutability in the ordinary standard of human actions, shows that the conditions on which the standard depends must themselves be very mutable; and those conditions, whatever they may be, are evidently the originators of the moral and intellectual conduct of the great average of mankind.'

If this be so, all I can say is, that it is an evil deeply to be deplored, and the sooner it is corrected the better; for all my experience tells me, that the real value of any character, individual or national, depends mainly

on the proportion in which the unchanging, not the variable, element, enters into its composition, where that of the former is small, the result being a character but little estimable. My views in this respect concurring with those expressed by a recently departed friend:—

'Such a display of the workings of mere intellectual ambition may usefully show the utter worthlessness of mere intellectual endowments. There is a wisdom, we believe, as well as a happiness, which has its root in the affections and moral qualities; and where it flourishes, the mind expatiates freely and cheerfully beneath its modest shade. In our time this source of wisdom is too little sought.'*

A merely intellectual man is certainly little more of a man than Plato's cock without feathers. In the formation of a complete man, there must be the fixed and unchanging moral, as well as the variable and fluctuating intellectual element; and this is as true of nations as of individuals. Nations, and especially free nations, necessarily represent politically, through their governments, the collective feeling of the individuals composing them. If a man sin, punishment, although it may move slowly and with a limping foot, still at last overtakes him.

* *Memoir of Sir John Forbes, Kt. M.D. D.C.L.*, p. 51; and *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review* for January 1862.

The stings of a reproving conscience, which Juvenal regards as the chief chastisement of individual sins, cannot overtake nations, for these, like corporations, have no conscience. But severe physical chastisement, and even moral humiliation, as certainly follow on unjust war as does the hangman's cord or the knife of the guillotine on an individual crime.

This is the stern lesson of history, that mighty science which we are told is 'philosophy teaching by example;' and it might reasonably be expected that nations, in proportion as they are intellectually instructed, would most profit by the lesson. Let us look round the world to see how far this is the case, and begin by looking at home.

England, throughout the eighteenth century, showed that she had profited but little by historical tuition. But this must be said for her wars at the close of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth century — those of William III. and Marlborough — that she was arrayed on behalf of the civil and religious liberties of the world, which but for her would have been trodden down under the iron heel of that incarnation of bigotry and despotism, Louis XIV. These wars were regarded by every Englishman worthy of the name with an exultation which the lapse of a century and a half has not utterly extinguished. Those of Marlborough were glorious to the nation in a military point of view; whilst

the collective wars were sanctified by the cause for which they were undertaken. They were holy wars, if ever the world saw any. So much cannot be said for the miserable Continental wars of George II. in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was disgraceful to our Parliament and nation to allow this mindless pugnacious creature to lavish the blood and treasure of England for the sake of his petty principality in the north of Germany. He never was, in any proper sense, King of England; he was never any king, but Elector of Hanover. England was chastised for the support she gave him, and deserved to be so. The defeat of Fontenoy, and the revolt of the Highlanders in 1745, were her Nemesis.

The American war came next. Lord Chatham and Edmund Burke, the greatest statesmen of that, it may be of any, period, thought in this case the mother-country in the wrong; and hitherto, in part certainly by my own reflections, and perhaps in a degree under the influence of their mighty names, I have been disposed to concur with them. But since at this very time there is a commentary writing in letters of blood on this war, tending to show that England was in the right and the revolted colonies in the wrong, and since we shall have to comment, and at some length, on this commentary, I shall pass on to the next war in which England was engaged—that of the French revolution.

England was the last of the Great Powers to join the coalition against France. She did not cooperate with Prussia and Austria in those warlike movements which terminated in the crushing defeat of the former by Kellermann at Valmy, and in the brilliant victory of Dumouriez over the latter at Jémappes. Certainly in the early part of the war she was unwilling to be a party to it, and so, too, it is evident from the mere fact of our having abstained, was Mr. Pitt, whom, without formally declaring, England had chosen as her dictator. But the horrors of the Reign of Terror, and especially the execution of Louis XVI., roused the warlike feeling of the people of England; for they were forgetful of a little incident which had occurred in front of Whitehall about a hundred and fifty years before. The very eloquent but not very wise pamphlets of Mr. Burke—for that mighty mind was failing—helped to fan the flame. The decision of Mr. Pitt was founded on statesmanlike grounds. There can be no doubt that a mind like his must have revolted from the horrors of which France was the theatre, including the death on the scaffold of the best meaning monarch she ever had — a monarch whose only fault was, that he was too weak for the circumstances amid which he was placed, but which he had not in any degree contributed to create for himself. He was good, but not great. But the principle of propagandism adopted and declared by the French Govern-

ment, and the right in pursuance of this principle to invade any country they thought proper, and especially the plain fact that Dumouriez, having overrun Belgium, was preparing to invade Holland, were the circumstances which influenced Mr. Pitt in his declaration of war. Holland was a perfectly neutral power, and one which, she having been our firm ally for many years, we were bound in international honour to protect. A short time after the execution of Louis on January 21, 1793, the French minister, M. Chauvelin, was dismissed by our Government, and we were at war with France.

There is ample evidence, it is clear, both in her delay to join the coalition and the circumstances which led her to do so, that England, instead of being influenced by passion, or considerations of mere political expediency, had been governed by higher considerations — had asked herself the question, 'Is it right, or is it wrong?' before plunging into the war of the French revolution. She did not, like Austria, invade the territory of France on the first heaving up of her democracy against her monarchy and her aristocracy; nor did she, like Prussia, not only invade France, but launch forth against her a manifesto threatening, among other things equally humane, Paris with plunder and total destruction in case the palace were entered or *insulted*; which said manifesto, a French historian assures us, 'hastened

more than anything else the fall of the monarchy.'* England never moved until France had assumed to herself the right of violating the territory of any state whatsoever under the monstrous pretence of diffusing her political creed, 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity;' of the practical benefit of which said creed we give a description in the very words of a Frenchman of no royalist tendencies, and by no means disposed to speak depreciatingly of the virtues and heroism of his countrymen: 'The Jacobins sent on their part agents into Belgium, to propagate the revolution there, and to establish clubs in the country similar to those of the mother-society; and the Flemings, who had received us with enthusiasm, were cooled by the requisitions demanded of them, by the general pillage, and the intolerable anarchy which the Jacobins brought along with them. All that party which had opposed the Austrian dominion, and which hoped to be free under the protection of France, found our rule much severer, and regretted having called in or supported us.'†

The great motor influence on England, however, was certainly the danger with which Holland was openly menaced by France. If there is a duty especially imperative on a powerful state, it is that of throwing her

* Michelet, *Histoire de la Révolution Française*, t. i. p. 296.

† Michelet, t. i. p. 396.

shield over a faithful but feeble ally, unjustly menaced by a state stronger than herself. This duty England performed to Holland in 1793, and to her old ally, Turkey, in 1852. Let the debates in the Parliament of the period be examined, let the speeches on both sides, ministerial and opposition, be read, and on both sides you will observe a constant appeal to the great moral principles of right and justice. In the discussion on the American war this was conspicuous, on one side at least—that of the opposition; but in the war we are now considering, Pittite and Foxite alike professed to rest his case on great moral principles. There was a recognition both by the legislature and the executive of the truth, that observance of the fixed and immutable moral law is as essential to a nation, should she wish to be truly great, as to an individual, should he value the esteem of his fellow men. It is worthy of remark, too, as tending to confirm these views of the growth of morality in the minds of British statesmen, that the sole breach of continuity which occurred in this war, involving the whole world for a quarter of a century, was effected by Mr. Fox. It was a brief truce, miscalled the '*Peace* of Amiens.' When it came it was hailed with joy by the British nation, and the mere facts of its occurrence under the auspices of the English ministry, and being thus received by the people they represented,

bear witness to the growth of a sense of duty in the people and their Government.

After these remarks on England, we naturally carry our survey to her nearest and most distinguished neighbour. Could mere intellect, and an enlightenment purely intellectual, make a nation really great, that nation would be France. Not only are her great men eminent in science, literature, and art, but such is the liberality of her Government in the education of her singularly apt and clever people, that, with one exception, to be subsequently discussed, the French are probably the best-informed people in the world. But has this mere intellectual accomplishment rendered her more mindful of justice to her neighbours? Have her warlike proclivities been at all abated by the lessons taught by her distinguished historians, who have recorded the fearful evils which have befallen her from her perpetually recurring aggressive spirit? These historians must have told her that Louis XIV. became so much more papistical than the Pope, that the Holy Father himself joined the league of Europe against him, and that, professedly at least under the influence of this ultra-papistical zeal, he was incessantly striving to possess himself of his neighbour's territory for the good of the souls of the inhabitants thereof, and what he could not hold permanently he devastated and ravaged. He thus dealt with the Palatinate. 'His army, under

De Lorge, invested the city of Heidelberg, which they took, plundered, and reduced to ashes. This General committed numberless barbarities in the Palatinate, which he ravaged, without sparing the tombs of the dead. The French army butchered the inhabitants, plundered the houses, rifled the churches, and massacred the priests at the altar. They broke open the Electoral vault, and scattered the ashes of that illustrious family about the streets. They set fire to different quarters of the city. They stripped about fifteen thousand of the inhabitants, and drove them naked into the castle, that the garrison might be induced the sooner to surrender. When, in consequence of the surrender of the fort, these poor naked people were liberated, a great number of them perished along the banks of the Neckar of cold, hunger, anguish, and despair.' *

This fearful crime, and multitudinous other crimes like this, at length brought their chastisement on France. Marlborough, after his celebrated exploit of carrying M. Villars' formidable line of Bouchain, without the loss of a single man, was rapidly penetrating France from its north-eastern frontier, and the 'Grand Monarque' was forced to sue, his power of resistance being exhausted by his aggressions, for peace. His

* Hume and Smollett's *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 48.

paper—for of metallic currency he had none—was at a discount of 53 per cent.; the male population of the country had dwindled in number; the once fair fields of 'La Belle France' were waste and unproductive; and the people whom the war had spared were in a state of famine: for as a poet, by no means inexperienced in war and politics, wrote nearly two thousand years ago —

Whatever mad pranks kings play, their subjects pay for.

Here was a lesson addressed to a highly intellectual people, which lesson has been duly recorded in the pages of the historians of France, and commented on by her philosophers and economists. But did France profit by this powerful appeal to her intellect? The entire history of the eighteenth century, from the days of our Anne to those of the French Revolution, answers with an emphatic No! Had it any influence in the conduct of France in the early part of her revolution? In this war, it is but just to remember that France was not the aggressor; Austria and Prussia were the aggressors. But when she had thrown back the invading armies from her soil, she attacked perfectly peaceful and neutral states—Holland for example—with all the ferocity, but without the grace and dignity, of the 'Grand Monarque;'—this melancholy history, if it had any influence at all, apparently acting rather as an incentive than a warning.

What effect had the lesson furnished by the crimes and chastisement of Louis XIV. upon the intellect of Napoleon Buonaparte, when, in 1808, he seized on Spain, an allied and friendly power, and placed his own brother on her throne? He was simply reenacting on a grander scale the crimes of Louis, and to an experienced and reflective eye foreshadowing a fate more calamitous to himself and the people, who were base enough to aid and applaud his crimes, than that of this wretched monarch. Louis, so far from serving as a beacon to warn Napoleon what to shun, seems to have been to him an exemplar on which to model himself, and the political sins of the latter were a caricature of those of his prototype. All the world knows how they were chastised.

France has certainly been less of a common disturber since the great war than she had been prior to its close. This, during a considerable part of the period of peace, is to be explained on the principle of Mr. Finlayson—she was too much exhausted to go to war. We have shown that she spent her period of enforced tranquillity in preparation for warlike exertion when the opportunity should arise. It has been truly said that 'the evil men do lives after them;' and the moral taint imparted to the French character by the war of the revolution and the wars of Napoleon I. is not yet, there is reason to apprehend, entirely effaced. These wars,

however, we must bear in mind, were but the extreme developement of a national character naturally, like that of all Celts—very pugnacious, and too prone to seek its own aggrandisement by encroachments on the territory and independence of its neighbours. 'All that we get from others is a national gain,' seems to be their political creed. It is more frequently, however, a great national loss. As regards France, everything which withdraws the attention of her very clever people from the cultivation of the natural wealth of her own rich, fertile, and abundantly extensive territory, and directs it to amplifying, at the cost of her neighbours, a country already sufficiently ample, is to inflict upon her the most serious injury she can sustain. The government which France requires is one which shall restrain the acquisitive and aggressive, and foster the industrial qualities of her people.

Whether the government of Louis Napoleon is or is not such a government, is a question very difficult to decide. With a strong disposition to view favourably the political acts of our ally in the Crimea, in China, and in our controversy with the American Union on the 'Trent' affair, and who will, I am convinced, be the faithful ally of England so long as she is her own best ally—able and determined to defend herself—still do I feel a difficulty in reposing implicit confidence in Louis Napoleon. In the Crimean war, if he was wrong we

were wrong; and I cannot discover that either of us was wrong. In the Chinese war, at the point at which the French joined us, we could not have done otherwise than we did; and they were our true and faithful allies, and this country highly appreciated their motives and their conduct. But of the Italian war it is impossible to speak in terms of approbation. Louis Napoleon did not embark in that war from unmixed motives. There entered into them a large share of the old at once stealthily encroaching and domineering spirit, by means of which Napoleon I. surrounded his frontier with a tribe of vassal kings, 'who lived by his breath; he hissed them, and they died.'

But the condition of Italy under Napoleon I. was something below this — below even Bavaria or Wurtemberg. Every portion of it, excepting Sardinia, was ruled by a member of the Buonaparte family. It was, in short, a province of France. The treaty of Vienna of 1815 changed all this, and made Italy a province of Austria. Louis Napoleon crosses the Alps in 1859, with loud professions for the liberation of Italy, and with abundantly strong battalions to support those professions. He will clear Italy of the Austrians from sea to sea. Were these 'prave words' justified by the result? Alas, no! The Austrians still hold Venetia; a French garrison holds Rome; and, at the moment I am writing, Garibaldi and his volunteers are preparing to pass over

from Sicily with the presumed design of attacking them there. Savoy and Nice have been *seized* from Piedmont (the transaction deserves no better description); and France hangs over Italy with her legions ready to pour down over the devoted land, should her people prove refractory under their thralls. Such is the result of the cry uttered by millions, and echoed by Louis Napoleon — 'Italy for the Italians.' Assuredly 'Italia Bella,' hallowed by the mighty shadows of her past, the land of scholars and the nurse of arts through countless generations, and whose modern sons have conducted a revolution with more wisdom, patience, and magnanimity than was ever before displayed in a revolution, deserved a better fate.

This Italian war and its results present us with but a dark view of French civilisation. Still are the French a highly civilised people; and they have certain men among them who in intellectual attainments, talent, and *virtue*, have not their superiors in the world. But those great men do not govern the country, nor, as a general rule, are they connected with, nor do they influence, the government of the country: hence it is that the nation is so far in advance of its government. Give to France a real representation of the enlightened portion of her people and a really free press, and she will never again be engaged in wars of mere show and jugglery like the Italian war.

CHAPTER II.

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,
Laudo tamen vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis
Destinet.

JUVENAL, *Satira*, iii. l. 1–3.

Though grief and fondness in my breast rebel,
When *brave Secessia* bids the *North* farewell,
Still do my calmer thoughts her choice commend.

JOHNSON'S *London* (an imitation of Juvenal's Third Satire, slightly modified).

FROM this survey of Europe we pass to another hemisphere to view a people eminently distinguished by intellectual endowments, and to see what the perpetually progressing, unaided by the fixed and unchanging element, has there done for the real civilisation of a people. The Americans of the Union are exceedingly clever; to echo the expression of an eminent countryman of their own, Mr. Wendell Phillips, regarding them, 'they have brains in their fingers.' There is, we are given to understand on impartial and reliable authority, no country in the world where

information is so generally diffused throughout all classes; and this information no people in the world know better how to turn to profitable account than do the Americans; for, to use a phrase of their own, they are eminently 'smart.' We have, then, at this moment, a commentary writing in letters of blood on what mere intellectual excellence can do for the real civilisation of a people, when we see these very clever Americans engaged in a war so thoroughly uncivilised, although called civil, that European nations avert their eyes from it with loathing and abhorrence.

But it may be said, the aggressive power, the North, had perhaps right on its side in its attack on the South. The evidence we possess certainly tells a different tale. I quote this evidence from an authority well acquainted and having extensive commercial connections with America, and one whose individual interests, had he been influenced by them, would have led him to advocate the cause of the North rather than that of the South. 'For many years past,' says Mr. Lindsay, 'the tide of emigration had set to the Northern and Western States. Thus, in consequence of numbers being the measure of representation in the Lower House (of Congress), year by year the wealth, the intelligence, and the commerce of the Southern States had been slowly losing their influence in that assembly. Between 1800 and 1850 the North

had gained thirty-one representatives, and the South had lost four. The people of the South thus felt that they were saddled with taxation, in the levying of which practically they had no voice. The interests of the North and of the South were diametrically opposite. The South was purely an agricultural country, and its interest was perfect free trade. The supposed interests of the North were in the direction of protection. As the population of the North increased, those States began to obtain an ascendancy in Congress, and then for the first time in 1824 a protective tariff was introduced. In 1828 that tariff was rendered more stringent. As far back as 1833 South Carolina protested against the tariff, and gave notice of her intention to withdraw from the Union. She was induced to remain, upon a promise that the tariff should be relaxed; *but that promise was not kept, and in* 1846 *it was made still heavier. In addition to that, the Morill tariffs had since increased the duties on imports to an enormous extent.*' *

Mr. Lindsay does not limit himself to showing the dark clouds gathering in the South for thirty years, premonitory of the storm which was to break over the Union, but depicts to us those acts of mingled meanness, treachery, and insolence on the part of the

* Speech of W. S. Lindsay, Esq. M.P., in the House of Commons, on Friday, July 18, 1862. Reported in the *Times* of July 19.

Federal government, which were the immediate antecedents, and probably the causes, of the secession: —

'Many people were under the impression that disunion was the impulse of the moment. It was not so. It had been working for more than a quarter of a century. The Southern States were dissatisfied with the Union, and had been protesting against the oppressive taxation of the North. On December 20, (1860?) South Carolina gave notice that she intended to withdraw from the compact. He did not argue the question whether South Carolina, or any minority of the States, had a right to withdraw from the compact made for the convenience of all the States; but he could find no clause in the Constitution of the United States which prevented any State from withdrawing when she felt herself aggrieved, and certainly none which vested in the President of the Federal government a power to coerce those States that did secede. The resolution of South Carolina was formed by the unanimous vote of the Legislature, met especially to consider whether it was for the interest of that State to remain by the compact. It was resolved to be for their interest that they should remain by it no longer, and three of their most distinguished members were despatched to wait on President Buchanan and his government, and represent their grievances, state the reasons why they could no longer remain in the Union,

and arrange, if possible, the terms of separation. These gentlemen were not received by the Federal President. They drew up a memorial, representing their case in respectful but determined language, and sent it to the Secretary of State; but it was returned to them unanswered. They reported, as the only course left to them, that the government of Washington was unwilling even to hear their grievances. South Carolina, anxious to avoid bloodshed, in the following February sent the Attorney-General to Washington. He met similar usage; he was not received; his letter was returned. The States of Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Louisiana, and Texas withdrew (from the Union), and in March 1861 met in convention, formed a provisional government for one year, and elected Mr. Davis to be President. These seven Confederate States, anxious to avoid a rupture, and above all to avoid bloodshed, deputed three of their number to proceed to Washington and represent their grievances to the government, arrange terms, and settle all questions of disagreement upon *principles of right, equity, and good faith.* The Commissioners arrived immediately after President Lincoln had been inducted into office, and on March 12 they officially communicated their object to Mr. Seward. No reply was sent till the 8th of the following month, when they received a peremptory refusal. It was stated, that during the interview

(with Mr. Seward) the Commissioners were assured that Fort Sumter, commanding the entrance to the port of Charleston, would be evacuated; that no measure which could prejudice the Confederate States was contemplated; that a demand for an immediate answer would be productive of evil; and lastly, that while these promises were given in the most solemn manner by Mr. Secretary Seward, the government of the United States was secretly preparing a great naval and military expedition, which had for its object the reinforcement of Fort Sumter, and which expedition actually sailed whilst the Commissioners were kept at Washington waiting for a peaceful settlement. The knowledge of this expedition reached the Confederate States only two or three days before its actual arrival off Charleston. Then the people of that place rose to a man, and it was not surprising. They saw their appeals for justice, their remonstrances against oppressive taxation, — that, in fact, the prayer of 5,500,000 persons—for that was the population of the seven States which had then withdrawn — were to be answered only by the cannon's mouth. The people of Charleston were then obliged, in self-defence, to lay hold of Fort Sumter.'

In reading this bill of indictment against the Northern government, so ably drawn by our historical senator, a certain analogy at least, if not parallelism, occurs to

the mind. In the continually broken promises of the Northern government to South Carolina for a series of years — in the constant drain of wealth from the South to the North by unjust taxation — in the solemn assurance of Mr. Seward that Fort Sumter would be evacuated, when the deputation was detained in Washington for a month, whilst the expedition for its reinforcement was preparing — in the sailing of that expedition whilst the deputation was still in Washington — and in the civil war, — do we not see an analogy with the oft-repeated promises of Charles I. to his parliaments of the redress of grievances; the as oft-repeated breaches of these promises; his drawing of money illegally and unconstitutionally, for a series of years, from his subjects, without consent of Parliament; his invasion of the House with an armed force to seize the five members, and the great rebellion? In both cases we see grievances of which the redress is eluded for a series of years by perfidy and mendacity, and the fearful catastrophe finally brought about by rashness and folly. One conclusion may be fairly deduced from this survey — that elected quadrennial kings are not so much superior to kings 'Dei Gratiâ' and 'Jure Divino' as certain very silly people — there are such even in England — have hitherto supposed them to be.

The question now arises, on what principle, for what moral cause, is the North contending in its aggression

on the South, which says, 'you have misgoverned us, you have robbed us for a series of years, and all we ask is to have nothing more to do with you; we suffice for our own self-government, and pray let us alone?' More than one answer is given to this very reasonable question. It would be more satisfactory were there one only. Three answers are given:—1. The abolition of negro slavery. 2. The preservation of the Constitution of the United States. 3. The preservation of the Union. Now, numbers 1 and 2 abolish each other; for, since by the Constitution negro slavery is established throughout the entire extent of the Union south of 36° 30′, it follows that numbers 1 and 2 are incompatible. We shall subsequently revert to them. I proceed to consider the third answer — the only one uttered with truth by the people and government of America.

This third reason for the war we give in the very positive and almost dogmatic words of the American Secretary of State: 'This government at the beginning assumed, and it has constantly insisted, that the Union *would*, *must*, and *should be* preserved.'* Might not one suppose that these were the words of some Lord North, or Mr. Wedderburn of 1776 in Parliament, regarding the union between the mother-country and the colonies? But, alas! America has no Lord Chatham in her Senate to exclaim, The North cannot conquer the

* Letter of Mr. Seward to Mr. Adams of May 28, 1862.

South, 'Never! never! never!' The senators and statesmen of the North are smitten with judicial blindness — the Nemesis of the greed of territory and dominion which has impelled them to their unrighteous invasion of the South. More than a year ago, the writer of the present pages, in some remarks addressed to the editor of the 'Sunderland Times' newspaper on Mrs. Beecher Stowe's letter to the Earl of Shaftesbury, thus wrote: 'The insult (the taking of Fort Sumter) was to be avenged. In the next place, stood the lust of dominion. They could not bear that their power should be diminished by sundry States passing from their grasp. Had not their feeling for the blacks, if they have, as a people (I speak not of a few chosen individuals), any at all, been overcome by their lust of power, would they not have eagerly grasped at the Southern proposal for secession, and said "Go," and felt thankful for the riddance? Hear on this head Mr. Wendell Phillips, quoted by Mrs. Stowe: "I have advocated *disunion* for fifteen years, because I thought it a practical and peaceable method of freeing the North from the guilt of slavery, and of planting at the South the seeds of early and entire emancipation, wringing justice from a weak and bankrupt South." In what moment of infatuation did the North reject the Southern proposal for secession, and prefer, as Mr. Phillips figuratively expresses it, "to pass through the Red Sea,

Canaan lying beyond?" I am very sure that it is not in search of Canaan, if by Canaan Mr. Phillips means negro emancipation, the North is plunging into the Red Sea of war. But it matters little what her object may be, for it is impossible she should subdue the South; and certainly Bull's Run has not tended to bring the conquest within the scope of possibility.' *

Subsequently, in commenting on a very able article on American affairs, written by M. Forcade in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' when this excellent writer asks, 'How it comes to pass that the Northern States do not perceive that by the course they are pursuing they are rendering separation inevitable?' I took leave to reply: 'The reason they are thus purblind, and fail to see the precipice over which they are about to fall, is that to them history is an old almanack. Had they read Napier's "History of the Peninsular War" — but members of the Great Republic could not be expected to seek instruction from a work written under "the cold shade" of a monarchy, — had they read their own Motley's "History of the Dutch Republics," — or had they listened to the voice of one whom they profess to admire, — the most intellectual and the worst monarch France ever had — a man who spent his whole life in saying wise things and doing foolish and wicked things

* See Letter signed with the initials 'J. B.' in the *Sunderland Times* for September 14, 1861.

— Napoleon Buonaparte,—they would have learnt this great lesson, "A nation resolved to be free can never be subdued." '*

The probability is, that Napoleon's pithy saying uttered at St. Helena, and my own assertion of the failure of the North in their invasion, were derived from the same source. This assertion was not lightly or unadvisedly made, but was a sober deduction from facts observed by myself during a period of six years, when there raged a great national conflict, to which the American struggle bears a considerable resemblance. A conqueror, the most mighty that the modern world has seen, the absolute master of territories containing 80,000,000 of warlike inhabitants, resolved to possess himself of Spain — a country, the martial spirit of which, three centuries ago the terror of the world, had been quenched under the sway of a line of indolent and feeble monarchs, until it had become utterly extinct. Here was a conflict in which, when surveyed by the eye of a mere soldier, the odds were so enormously unequal, that, to use a sporting phrase, not a man would be found to back the Spaniards. The eye of a mere soldier could not, however, embrace, could not estimate, the moral forces which were really to decide the strife. The great conqueror crossed the Pyrenees with his highly disciplined and hitherto invincible hordes, and for six

* *Sunderland Times* newspaper for September 21, 1861.

years shed the blood of his soldiers — always successful against the Spaniards in the open field—in profusion for the subjugation of Spain and her people. But the proud and inflexibly patriotic Spaniards could not be subdued. Their resolution to bear no foreign yoke was invincible; and the war was closed by the mighty hosts of France recrossing the Pyrenees in ignominious flight. The conclusion I drew at the time from these striking facts was, that a nation considerable in numbers, spread over an extensive territory, was unconquerable; and the declaration that the North could not conquer the South was merely the application of a general principle to the individual case under discussion.

Let us now proceed to consider the other alleged motives for the war — the preservation of the Constitution and negro emancipation. But since slavery is part and parcel of the Constitution, and since, as Mrs. Beecher Stowe says, 'a pledge was given by the prospective administration (that of Lincoln) to respect all the Constitutional rights of the slave-owners,'* and since these Constitutional rights secured to them the privilege of holding 4,000,000 of their fellow-creatures in bondage, it seems manifest that these two alleged grounds of the invasion, like *plus* and *minus* quantities in algebra, abolish each other. But there has been practically a curious discrepancy observable

* See Mrs. Beecher Stowe's 'Letter to the Earl of Shaftesbury.'

throughout the history of the Union between their extreme tenacity of the observance of one portion of its fundamental laws, that of the right to hold slaves south of 36° 30′ N. L., and another, equally essential and fundamental, that of equality of taxation throughout all the States of the Union. Whilst the slaveholders' clause has been most scrupulously insisted on until the present moment, when the North with its war is 'at a pinch,' and calls for help, which it will never get from the quarter to which it appeals, the other, relative to taxation, has been so constantly and repeatedly violated, that it may be said to have now no existence. It is true that Mrs. Beecher Stowe puts in a plea in extenuation or justification of the North for its support of slavery, which I give in her own words: 'Though national existence and not negro emancipation was the announced battle-cry (in the beginning of the present war), yet existence was felt to mean the extinction of slavery!' What can one say of this extraordinary assertion of the very distinguished lady, but that women, however 'strong-minded,' when they write politics, are very absurd, and totally unintelligible?

The truth regarding the different fates of these respective clauses of the Constitution is, that throughout her entire history the North has been, respecting the negro race, as guilty as the South. It is true that

the North did not hold the blacks as slaves, simply because their climate and the nature of their industry did not require slave-labour, the most costly of all labour, and therefore they assumed to themselves the title of Free States. Precious Freedom, indeed! Hear, on this head, one of the most enlightened philanthropists and distinguished historians of whom Europe could ever boast, M. Sismondi. He addresses Dr. Channing, the celebrated American divine, who had written a book on the Abolition of Slavery. In 1833 M. Sismondi thus addresses his distinguished correspondent: 'I confess that my admiration for American liberty, for American intelligence, for American justice and religion, is completely effaced and overthrown by the horror I feel at the slavery of the South, and the decrees against the press, relative to the slaves. The crime of the proprietors of slaves in America as robbers of the labours of their slaves, as their murderers hastening their death by excessive labour, by the privation of nourishment and by chastisement, and as corruptors of their morals, appears to me more atrocious than in the islands, because it is less justified by the climate, and the nature of the industry. All over the world Governments are struggling to diminish the horrors of slavery; and it is the free provinces of the Union alone, who increase these horrors as much

by the number of victims, as by the atrocity of their legislation.'

According to Sismondi's view, not one of the States of the Union is acquitted of crime. 'What is the use,' he asks, 'of condemning slavery, if, in the habitual practice of your life, you maintain all the prejudices, all the exclusions, in short, all the odious theories, on which the enslaving of your brethren is founded? The States of the North, in which slavery is proscribed, are far from being blameless. In none of them is the man of colour treated as an equal by the whites; in none of them is the affront of exclusion spared him; he is repulsed from the friendship, from the saloons, from the table of his brethren. Nowhere has an attempt been made to raise him first by education, then by election to the superior ranks of the State, to the seat of the judge, to the bench of the Assembly, or to Congress; and, yet, to grant honours to individuals can alone elevate the race.' *

We are compelled to admit that the philanthropy of M. Sismondi is too fondling for our taste: it smacks too strongly of the meddling with a man's private affairs, so prevalent among Continental Governments, especially the Government of France. What is reasonably

* *Confidences d'une Âme Libérale*: Lettres inédites et journal intime de Sismondi, par M. Saint-René Taillandier.—*Revue des Deux-Mondes* du 1er janvier 1862.

asked is, that in the States which have assumed to themselves the, under actual circumstances, *pompous* epithet of 'Free,' the same freedom of self-expansion should be granted to the man of colour as to the white. The blacks should enjoy all the civil and political rights possessed by other citizens, and their offspring all the 'aids to developement' so liberally bestowed by the United States Government on the young. All this, however, is far from being the case. But much inflicted on the man of colour in the Free States does not proceed from the Government; a part, and that, perhaps, the larger part, is the result of social feeling. Did a man possess the power of writing poetry as good as Longfellow's, or histories equal to those of Lothrop Motley, or Prescott, all this would avail him nothing if a shade, however faint, of darkness sat on his cheek. All the circumstances around him would conspire for his depression. As to conversing on a footing of equality with a brother *littérateur*, that would be the romance of Freedom. He could not, even in the City of Brotherly Love, relieve his weary limbs by a ride in a public omnibus. 'Omnibus' there does not mean 'for all!' Even from the 'table d'hôte,' all the world over the most hospitable of human institutions, in America the man of colour is excluded. 'Sir,' said to me a poor fellow, a man of great intelligence, a perfectly white man, native of Phila-

delphia, who had fought in the ranks of the Northern army, been wounded at or near Fortress Monroe, and had become my patient in a fever-house — 'Sir, there is not a man in the Northern States, except a Pennsylvanian Quaker, who would give a crust of bread to a black, if he were starving!'

That this insolent, domineering, and unhallowed feeling towards their coloured brethren exists to such an extent throughout the Union as to constitute a national sin, we learn on no less authority than that of President Lincoln. He thus addresses a deputation of men of colour who come to him with a prayer that they should not be expelled from their homes in the Free States: —

'You and we are a different race. We have between us a broader difference than exists between any other two races. Whether it is right or wrong I need not discuss; but this physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think your race suffer greatly, many of them, by living with us, while ours suffer from your presence. In a word, we suffer on each side. If this is admitted, it affords a reason why we should be separated. You here are free men, I suppose (A Voice: "Yes, Sir")? Perhaps you have long been free, or all your lives. Your race are suffering, in my opinion, the greatest wrong inflicted on any people. But even when you cease to be slaves, you are yet far removed from

being on an equality with the white race. You are cut off from many of the advantages which the other race enjoy. The aspiration of men is to enjoy equality with the rest when free, but on this broad continent not a man of your race is made the equal of ours. Go where you are treated the best, the ban is still upon you. I do not propose to discuss this, but to present it as the fact with which we have to deal. I cannot alter it, if I would. There is an unwillingness on the part of our people, harsh as it may be, for you free coloured people to remain with us.'

In this frightful view, drawn by their own President, of the character of the Northern Americans, and in this only, is to be read the explanation of their invasion of the South. The spirit of domination the most cruel is discernible enough in their treatment of the men of colour, whom, with bitter irony, they call *free*. The heathen Romans were abundantly domineering and insolent; but still, 'to spare those whom they had subdued' (*parcere subjectis*), was part, at once, of their moral and political code. The free blacks are, Heaven knows, subdued enough. But do the Christian Northern Americans spare them a single insult, a single pang they can inflict upon them? This is the demon within their breasts driving them to the invasion of the South. But, say the Northern States, the Southern States are ours as a portion of the Union, which is indissoluble,

and we are only taking our own. Let us examine this plea, and apply to its validity the test of the doctrines on which was founded the separation of the colonies from the mother country in 1776.

Both the theory and the practice of the Separatists was, that a people sufficiently numerous to form a nation have the right of independence and self-government, and this, even if they had previously formed a portion of another community. They proved that they were sufficiently numerous to form a self-governing nation, for they fought for their independence and won it. They pleaded, and with some justice, wrongs on the part of the mother country, in justification of their *secession*. But what were the Stamp Act and the Tea Duty in comparison with the deliberate robbery perpetrated, in direct violation of the primary Constitution of the Union, during a period exceeding a quarter of a century, on the South? The Southern States 'have their quarrel just;' they are now fighting for *their* independence; and, it requires no prophetic vision to foresee, they will win it. On this question of the right of secession I have pleasure in quoting some excellent remarks in a letter published in the newspaper which above all has given the British public the most ample information regarding this civil war, and has reasoned most soundly on its causes and probable result:—

'The colonists (in 1776) inhabited one continuous

tract of country by themselves, and so do the people of the South. In the monarchies of Europe, the people are under the Government; in America, it is the Government that is under the people. The Government is sovereign in a monarchy; in a republic, the Government is servant, and the people master. The whole of a monarchical country, such as the British Empire (including the colonies of 1776), is subject to the sovereign power of the State, namely, the Government; and, therefore, if one-half, or any other part, sought to secede and establish an independent nation, its legal crime would consist not in rebellion against the other half, or part from which it seceded, and which was its mere equal, but in rebellion against the Government. But one-half or part of a republic can as little rebel against its mere equal, the other half or part, as the half or part of a monarchy; and as in a republic sovereignty is in the people, the Government being their mere servant and agent, appointed and created by them to transact their public business, it follows, that to talk about rebellion against it is, as we say, mere folly in the abstract.'*

We have now well nigh brought to a conclusion what we had to say regarding this wretched war. Whether we regard the false pretences which inaugurated it; the

* See a letter, headed '1776 and 1862,' and signed 'A Man of Peace,' in the *Times* for Monday, July 21, 1862.

vulgar boasting which has marked it from its first commencement, until it is now probably approaching its humiliating close; the grossness of the mismanagement, which has so lavishly squandered, not employed, the vast resources of a mighty continent; or the brutal and sanguinary proclamations of the Government and their agents, so disgraceful a spectacle, either in a political or moral point of view, has not been presented to the gaze of the world for a period of time so long that we have not the power to calculate it. A parallel to it may, perhaps, be found in the wars of Louis XIV.; but to a certainty, there only in times at all modern.

Before, however, finally closing our remarks on this war, its antecedents, its conduct and probable or rather inevitable results, we must make some comments on the demeanour, during it, of Northern America towards European Powers in general, and England in particular. When the Southern States first declared their secession from the Union, the first thought, and a wise thought it was, of the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, was to let them go; but then, with the modesty and honesty which characterise him, he added, 'and, by way of indemnifying the North for the loss of territory, we can seize Canada.' Second thoughts, however, but by no means better thoughts, arose in the minds of the worthies at the head of Northern affairs. The Southerners were declared to be what they

could not by possibility be, rebels, and Mr. Lincoln called for 75,000 soldiers to do what tenfold that number have failed to do, subdue them. This mild intention was accompanied with an announcement to England in particular and European Powers in general, that the Great Republic would declare war against any Power which should intervene in this 'very pretty quarrel.' Non-intervention in the affairs of foreign States being England's own principle, she, this very gentle and very gentlemanly admonition notwithstanding, observed the most strict neutrality. Nay, more than this, all this insolence and ill manners did not change the current of English sympathies, which had flowed strongly on the side of the North, for the good-natured people of these islands really believed the Government of the Union to be earnest slavery abolitionists. This good opinion of the Northern Government, and consequent good feeling towards them, was destined, however, to receive a sudden shock. A Mr. Cassius Clay (some persons were irreverent enough to think that the words 'Brutus Mud' would have better described the individual), an envoy of the Northern Government, accredited to Russia, arrived in London on his way to St. Petersburg. With that peculiar good sense and good taste which have all along distinguished the Northern Government and their agents, the said Cassius thought he would do a little

mischief *in transitu*, and addressed a letter to the 'Times,' in which he railed at England and the English 'in set terms.' He imputed to us that we had failed to observe neutrality; but it was manifest from his entire argument, that, in the language of the Northern Americans, 'neutrality' and 'partiality to their side' were convertible terms; that a sort of Hegelianism pervaded the American dialect, by which 'contradictories' became identical. And for their ignorance of Americanese, he gave notice to the English that, when they, the Americans, should have arranged the *bagatelle* with which they were just then engaged at home, England should receive condign punishment. We can at once see how a small creature like this would fare in the talons of the 'Times.' Discomfited in London, he gathered together a mob of Americans in Paris, and thundered in their ravished ears the same unjust and untrue vituperation of England with which his pen had graced the columns of the 'Times.' From this time date the alienation of England from the North and her sympathies with the South, these feelings having been cherished by the 'Trent' affair and various other pleasing incidents which have occurred since the advent to our shores of Mr. Cassius Clay. The good folks of England regarded the envoy whom, with such excellent taste, the Northern States had selected for a mission to Europe, as really representing

the character of those who sent him, and felt no disposition to cultivate their further acquaintance.

Our survey of America is now finished. We ask whether it does not show what a people must be of which the progressive qualities are exclusively cultivated, and the fixed and unchanging left to waste and decay? It shows, in conspicuous characters, the fate which awaits a nation of which the civilisation, however widely diffused, and however high, is intellectual only, to the utter exclusion of the moral. That this is the condition of civilisation in the Northern States is not the opinion of the writer only, or of the English only, but is thus expressed in the words of an intelligent Frenchman, who tells us that he had been stationed during the war for three months at New York: —

'The picture which I have just sketched would be imperfectly appreciated did we confine ourselves to looking at it in a mass. You must traverse the roads in these ferries, you must sail up the Hudson in these *arks*, unknown in Europe, to understand to what an extent can be carried certain details of *material* civilisation, *the sole civilisation that is in honour in the United States, for the American has no scruple about worshipping at once God and Mammon.*' * This

* *Une Station sur les Côtes d'Amérique.*—1. *New-York pendant la Guerre.* Par M. E. Du Hailly.—*Revue des Deux-Mondes* du 1er octobre 1862.

is material enough in all conscience. It is simply the worship of the Almighty dollar.'

This is a lamentable condition of the mind of a mighty people. Can we go beyond this fact, confirmed by the testimony of all observers of all countries; can we trace it to any source? Let us try. In the first place, the Americans were possessed of a continent, vast in extent and abounding in every sort of wealth, which could be digged from a mine, or reared on its surface by human power exercised on those natural gifts, bestowed by the Great Creator of all things, at once to call forth the faculties of man, and to enrich and bless him. This rich territory, in extent far exceeding the wants of the population occupying it, the American regarded as his own inheritance, of which he was to be the sole possessor for ever. Like Jeshurun, 'He waxed fat, and forsook God *which* made him.' In this abundant material prosperity is probably to be found the primary source of the utter want of the feeling of reverence which so painfully characterises the Americans. It was said of one of our monarchs, William Rufus, that 'he feared God but little; man not at all.' This is certainly true in its fullest extent of the modern Americans, the word 'fear' being understood in its scriptural sense, that of 'reverence,' or 'respect.' But this defect in the American character, however it may have originated, has cer-

tainly been aggravated by their political institutions, or, at least, the practical working of these institutions.

To the eyes or understanding of the modern American of the Union, nothing earthly has ever been presented which he could respect. In the days of Washington the Americans could look upon a head of the Government whom they could respect, nay, even more than respect — they could reverence. But eighty years have passed since. Washington never had a successor worthy of the place *he* occupied; and America has, since his day, glided down a steadily descending scale of presidents, till she has at last reached Abraham Lincoln. Washington was not without his forebodings of the fate which might befall (now has befallen) his great political structure. Passages like the following abound throughout his voluminous writings and correspondence:—'It is indispensable to the happiness of the individual States that there should be lodged, somewhere, a *supreme power*, to regulate and govern the general concerns of the Confederated Republic, without which their union cannot be of long duration.' *

It is well known that the supreme power which Washington considered essential to the duration of the

* 'Letter of Washington to the Governors of the several States from Head Quarters, Newburgh, June 18, 1783,' in *Washingtoniana*, Appendix, p. 5.

Union, and which might have inspired the people with some respect, if not reverence, for something, has not been 'lodged' in *White House*, but has been diffused throughout the hands of, at one time, a democratic, at another, a republican majority. Matters are certainly changed just now. There has been a servile war in the Northern Union. The Executive *Government*, as it was in bitter mockery termed, have risen against their masters, the majority, and from being the cruelly oppressed have become the equally cruel oppressors. This is an old page from the history of revolutions. From a democracy to a despotism there is only a step.

Let us endeavour to discern what this great Republic has really been during the eighty years it has existed. The outcry of a party now is, that by its constitution, its very nature, the Union is indissoluble. According to this doctrine, the United States must have constituted, to use the favourite words of the French Revolution, a 'republic, one and indivisible.' But the United States are certainly not now this, nor have they ever been this. They have simply been a congregation of States, each State sovereign at home; and the slender bond among them, besides their individual interests, being the Government at Washington. But this Government changeable, and in substance and practically being changed every four years, no one of the rapidly flitting Governments has time to obtain the respect of the people, even if it

were worthy of respect, which, alas! — but we need say no more on this head. An old monarchy has a halo diffused around it from the memories of the past, which is a great security for the loyalty of the people. The king may be a bad man, but in a well-organised representative Government, the personal character of the monarch has influence for social evil only, and this over but a limited circle; for political evil it has none. The people may have no respect for the monarch, but they are loyal to the monarchy, and reverence is the principal ingredient of loyalty. But the feeling of loyalty to the central Government never has existed in America since the days of Washington; and the personal character of those who have followed him in the presidency, and of the parties successively associated with them in the Government, has not been such as to inspire it. The only tie left was mutual interest. The Northern States found that this bond still connected them with the central Government, and they adhered to it. The Southern States considered their interests to be secession, and they seceded.

The only thing bearing a resemblance to loyalty discernible in the States generally is the attachment of the individual to that one in which he was born. The Virginian is proud of 'Ould Virginny;' the Marylander still sings 'My Maryland.' His duty and allegiance to the State of which he is a member, are the first duty

and allegiance of every American. The principle of State rights and independence — which is, in fact, the principle of separation — is deep in their hearts. It is mentioned in a letter from M'Clellan's camp, that 'very often, when prisoners come in, a crowd will get about them, and the first question asked will be, "What are you fighting against us for?" — "State rights," is invariably the answer.' *

* *New York Express.*

CHAPTER III.

Paulo majora canamus.

VIRGIL, *Eclog.* iv.

Let us soar to themes higher and holier than Yankee wars.

Free translation of the above.

WE have travelled over a considerable extent of Europe, and a very large portion indeed of the North American continent, to discover what mere intellectual progress can effect for *real* civilisation. We have endeavoured to reach its influence through the public acts of the governments of nations — the only book open to us; and we do not hesitate to say, that where intellectual culture is admitted to be most generally diffused, there do we find real civilisation at the lowest depth. To find a parallel to the sense of right and justice displayed in President Lincoln's address, delivered on August 14, 1862, to the deputation of men of colour, we must go back three centuries in time and to the most false and cruel despotism even then existing in Europe — we

must retrace our steps to the days of Philip II. of Spain, and to the expulsion of the Moors from his kingdom.

Only in our own country, we take leave to say, can we discern any traces of the operation of that principle, so much holier and higher than *mere* intellect, on the conduct of the government, and the general attitude of the country in a season of trial and distress. It is discernible in the unflinching adherence of our government, notwithstanding the strongest possible temptation to violate it, to their just rule of non-intervention in the internal affairs of other countries. What a commentary is being written at this moment in Italy in favour of this rule, and how much occasion have both France and Piedmont to deplore its violation three years ago! How nobly did our government manifest an influence higher than the merely intellectual, in the magnanimous patience they displayed during the 'Trent difficulty!' Whilst the perpetrator of a deed which the commissioned officer of a civilised state would have blushed at, and would have shrunk from, was glorying in his shame, and his self-glorification was confirmed by the thanks of the head of the naval department, by public dinners, and by votes in Congress, and all this laudation was carefully transmitted to the country which he had injured and insulted, the government of that country were calmly investigating at home and abroad the international law bearing on the case. This being decided by all the

great powers in favour of England, the decision was transmitted to America; and, backed certainly with a portion of the *Lex Ultima* which governments in the present state of the world cannot entirely dispense with, surmounted the difficulty.

When we extend our view from the able and distinguished persons who are at the helm of the multitudinous and intricate affairs of our mighty realm to the abodes of suffering and distress in Lancashire, still do we see the 'march of morality.' Distress infinitely inferior to that which we now see sustained with order, patience, and magnanimity, calling forth the admiration of all, would, little more than a quarter of a century ago, have been aggravated by waste, riot, and incendiarism. All honour to Old England for the aspect she presents to the world at the present crisis!

The public-morals' report, formed from our survey of the world, we must admit to be abundantly scanty, the return from most countries being *nil*, and in that from our own, although very gratifying, reflection suggesting a most serious drawback. In surveying our eminent senators and statesmen, in seeing what they do and hearing what they say, we must be gratified by discerning that talent and virtue have an influence in the conduct of our public affairs far surpassing that evinced in other countries. Other countries possess their able and good men — France abounds with them; but

nowhere do we discern, to the same extent as in England, the influence of these conjoint qualities in the government of the state. The expression 'conjoint' is used advisedly, for nowhere is mere cleverness so devoid of influence as in Parliament. The mere well-intentioned man of mediocrity is more esteemed there than the brilliant man, whom that tact which in some unaccountable way belongs to public bodies leads the House to consider unprincipled.

When from these 'representative men' we carry our survey to the general mass of the community—to the active, intelligent, and enterprising middle class, and to the hard-handed, strong-headed, and energetic labourer — the whole moving in perfect order amid perfect freedom — we look on the scene with extreme satisfaction. This satisfaction is seriously alloyed by the reflection that, amid this orderly moving mass, there are villains capable of crimes of the deepest dye; that with the apparent growth of civilisation, there is an undergrowth—and this, there is reason to fear, still further spreading yearly—of ruffianism and murder. To this melancholy matter we shall probably subsequently revert.

We must now return to the point whence we started on our survey of society, and which, indeed, suggested the survey. Mr. Buckle, in his 'History of Civilisation,'

asserted that, since the sole essentials of morals 'being known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle having been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text-books which moralists and theologians have been able to produce,' and this, the moral, being the stationary agent, and the other, the intellectual, being the active one, it follows that the latter is 'quite sufficient to account for the extraordinary progress that during several centuries Europe has continued to make.'*

But much more follows, if we admit the correctness of the view taken by Mr. Buckle, than that the existing advances of European civilisation are due exclusively to the intellectual element of that civilisation. It follows from the two propositions — the one asserted by Mr. Buckle, that the unchanging cannot produce a change; or, to use his own words, 'Since civilisation is the product of moral and intellectual agencies, and since that product is constantly changing, it evidently cannot be regulated by the stationary agent, because, when surrounding circumstances are unchanged, a stationary agent can only produce a stationary effect;'† — the other, assented to by all moralists and divines—nay, I think it may be said universally — 'The principles of

* See *Hist. of Civilisation*, t. i. pp. 163–165; and present book, ante, p. 18.

† Buckle, t. i. p. 165.

morals are unchanging and unchangeable.' Now, the inevitable conclusion from these conjoint dogmas certainly is, that the civilisation of the world, till intellectual progress comes to a standstill, must be dependent solely upon intellect. What a prospect for man! We have, however, a much loftier hope for his destinies; but before proceeding fully to controvert Mr. Buckle's arguments, we will glance aside, and endeavour to show his disciples that their apostle was not quite correct when he stated that 'not one jot or tittle had been added to the essentials of morals for thousands of years;' for some few years ago an addition was made to an essential of morals — truth. How far this addition was of a nature to create a desire for more of the same sort, we shall enable them to determine for themselves by describing it.

During the latter half of last century Germany was described by a writer, almost contemporary, to be 'a vast tract of country overrun with hussars and classical editors.' In more recent times it has been transmuted into a vast tract of country overrun with dreamy metaphysicians and Biblical critics. One of the former class—Hegel—invented or dreamed a system of philosophy, which he himself defined to be 'the Identity of Identity and Non-identity.'* To this definition,

* Sir W. Hamilton's *Lectures*, t. i. p. 50.

so very intelligible by a plain understanding, we beg to append an expanded commentary by one well versed in the system, equally intelligible: —

'There is another principle which has taken forcible possession of the modern mind, and which can be traced back to Hegel. I would speak of the principle in virtue of which an assertion is not more true than the opposite assertion, and tends always to a contradiction to be subsequently elevated to a perfect reconciliation. Benjamin Constant expressed this law in his own manner, by saying that a truth is not complete unless we have made its contrary enter into it. The law of contradiction is, in the system which we have studied, the foundation of its logic, which is itself the essence of things. The meaning of which is, that a fact is not isolated and limited, but indefinite; that a thing is not bounded within itself, but belongs to an assemblage; that all things in the universe mutually touch, and are linked together, bound each other and prolong each other; that everything is relative, having its beginning and its end, its meaning and its object, elsewhere than in itself; that absolute judgments are false, because they isolate what is not isolated, because they fix what is movable, because they abstract time, place, object, general relation, and universal order.

'Let us make no mistake. This discovery of the relative character of truths is the grand fact of the history of contemporary thought. There is no idea of which the bearing is more extended, the action more irresistible, the consequences more radical. Would we wish to know wherein society at present especially differs from the times which have preceded it, and what has digged between the Middle Ages and us that abyss into which so many ruins daily fall? Ask of this new conception which acknowledges only differences where our ancestors saw contradictions. The edifice of the ancient world rested on faith in the *absolute.* Religion, politics, morals, literature, everything bore the impress of this notion. There was then neither doubt in the souls of men, nor hesitation in their acts—every-one knew to what he trusted. There were but two causes in the world—that of God and that of the devil; two camps for men — the good and the wicked; two places in eternity—the right and the left of the Judge. The error was all here, the truth was all there. For us of the present day there is neither *truth* nor *error,* we must invent other words. We see everywhere only degrees and shades. We admit even the identity of opposites. We no longer know *religion,* but certain *religions; morality,* but certain *manners; principles,* but *facts.* We explain everything, and, as has been

said, the mind finishes by approving all which it explains.' *

From this it would appear that the opinion held by all reasoners to the days of Hegel—that of two directly opposite propositions, the one being true, the other must necessarily be false—is altogether erroneous. Not only does Hegel hold that truth and falsehood are identical, but he banished from the world all general truths, all principles. According to him —

Naught is everything, and everything is Naught.

It were vain to attempt cultivating what may be called the moral branch of civilisation, for there is no morality. We have nothing around us but facts. In what a godless wilderness is unhappy man doomed to dwell! for a materialism which would have satiated even an Epicurus or a Lucretius is all that this philosophy (!) leaves him. Can we wonder that Strauss, the too-celebrated author of 'Das Leben Jesu,' sat as a disciple at the feet of Hegel? †

We should not have dwelt so long on Hegel and his Lectures had we not been aware of their great influence on the continent, and had we not discerned indications that they are not without power even in England.

* *Hegel and Hegelianismæ*, by Edmond Scherer, in *Revue des Deux Mondes*, xxxi. Année, Seconde Période, 15 fevrier 1861.

† Fact. See *Revue des Deux Mondes* for Sept. 1, 1862, p. 23.

'In this university of Naples,' says M. Maxime Du Camp, 'which was formerly governed despotically by priests, at the present moment the Hegelian philosophy is professed.'* Whence did a sect in our Church, which some quarter of a century ago made a noise in the world, and which, although now extinct as a body, has left a flavour behind it, derive a doctrine especially abhorrent to British feelings, that a given matter, although quite false in a natural, might be quite true in a non-natural, sense? The 'paltering in a double sense' betrays the paternity of this precious doctrine. It was certainly one of the Hegel family.

Assuming that additions to our moral code like that propounded by Hegel would not be considered an acquisition, we resume our discussion with Mr. Buckle. We consider that this very learned writer has, to a certain extent, proved his case. Our survey has certainly shown that the intellectual has been far more influential than the moral power in producing the civilisation which we see around us in this country and elsewhere. So far, then, its results coincide with the opinion of Mr. Buckle. But it does not show, nor could it by possibility show, that this comparative inefficiency of the moral force arises from the unchanging nature of that force — its deficiency in novel discoveries. Indeed, it is impossible to read without

* *Naples sous le Roi Victor Emmanuel, et Revue des Deux Mondes.*

a smile, by no means of approbation, the sentence in which he still further epitomises that magnificent epitome of morals — the Sermon on the Mount — and then exclaims: 'but they (the sole essentials of morals) have been known for thousands of years, and not one jot or tittle has been added to them by all the sermons, homilies, and text-books which moralists and theologians have been able to produce.'

The legitimate inference from all this argument of Mr. Buckle's — that sermons, homilies, &c., are and can be of no use — is one rejected by the common sense and common feeling of mankind. How many people have quitted a church or chapel better men than when they entered it? The novelty to be sought in morals is in the extent of the diffusion of Christian principles, and especially in the degree of influence exerted by these principles on the habitual conduct of life. The condition desirable to be attained is well described in a lawyer's account of the distribution of his daily time. He gives of his hours, as stated in his own language,

> Seven to the law; to soothing slumber seven;
> Ten to my friends I give: and all to heaven —

meaning by these last words, that a sense of responsibility, of the duty of conforming all that he said and did to the rule of right, was the governing principle of his conduct.

It should be remarked, however, that these two influences of civilisation, the moral and intellectual, although mighty in their conjunction, are powerless for good in their isolation. They should be employed as allied, and certainly not as antagonistic, or even as separate and independent powers. The narration of an incident illustrative of this truth will perhaps be allowed here. It chanced that, nearly thirty years ago, the writer of these pages was present in the House of Commons when a motion in favour of the admissibility of Nonconformists to all the rights, privileges, and honours of the University of Cambridge was under discussion. The debate was of the highest character. *The* Sir Robert Peel, Lord Palmerston, and various other distinguished men spoke, and of course with great power. But the attention of the writer was especially riveted to two of the speakers, the one the high Tory, Sir Robert Inglis, Member for the University of Oxford; the other, that 'brawny Cleon of the State,' the ultra-Democratic Member for Clare, Daniel O'Connell. The high-Church and high-Tory Baronet's argument was directed to show that the greatest evil of the time was 'knowledge without principle,' the word 'knowledge' being evidently used in the general sense of intellectual power and attainments; and he supported this position with much calm, dignified, and impressive illustration. O'Connell in reply advocated the very

reverse position — that the greatest evil of all times was 'principle without knowledge;' and this he illustrated and enforced in a rich Irish brogue, and with great dialectic skill, from the history of his own Church. Torquemada, the Inquisition, the War of the Cevennes, &c., were all pressed into the general service of his argument. Each party proved his case thus far — that a man *merely* intellectually endowed is far more likely to do evil than good in the world; and, on the other hand, that mere good intentions, without intellectual cultivation or power, produce a man who at the best must be nearly useless, and in certain positions highly mischievous. The one produces 'a Borgia or a Catiline,' the other produced a Henry VI. and a Louis XVI. But to Henry, England owed her Wars of the Roses; to Louis was France indebted for the worst horrors of her Revolution.

The co-operation, then, of these powers is what is required for the real advancement of mankind; or, as Mr. Buckle happily expresses it, 'this double movement, moral and intellectual, is essential to the very idea of civilisation, and includes the entire theory of mental progress.'* Judging from the public acts of our government — the best exponents of the character of the people of England — it may, we consider, be pronounced that this co-operation exists to a greater

* *History of Civilisation*, t. i. p. 159.

extent, and is more effectual here than elsewhere. Still do we require the moral side of our nature further exalted to raise it to the full height, at least, of the intellectual, especially if we are to occupy the position towards which we seem to be advancing — that of the Exemplar of Nations. At the present moment, certainly, whilst our Transatlantic cousins (I for one do not feel very proud of the relationship, and think, if it exists at all, we must be cousins much further than once removed) are presenting to the world a warning of what to avoid, England is displaying to it, with regard to America, an example which is good to follow, and which Europe is following.

The momentous question now arises: What is required for the accomplishment of this moral advancement? Our answer is decisive. Found your morality on religion, or at least weld them so closely together that the two may be considered as one. Hear on this head a man whose memory has always been more honoured, and whose precept has been more influential among a people whom he rejected and repudiated, than among those of his own kindred and his own house.

'Of all the dispositions and habits,' says George Washington, 'which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labour to subvert these great pillars of

human happiness — these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity.

'Let it simply be asked, Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths, which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? And let us with caution indulge the supposition, that morality can be maintained without religion. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education on minds of peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in the exclusion of religious principles.' *

Now, with respect to this association of the moral and religious principles so that they may form but one principle and be efficient with united strength, I feel something closely approaching to a conviction, that the minds of the most thoughtful and enquiring portion of 'Young England' have been considerably unsettled with regard to one of these principles — the religious. It is not meant that they are thrown into a condition of fixed Atheism or even of Deism; but that their thoughts are floating and unsettled. They regard

* Washington to the People of the United States on his retiring from Public Life. *Washingtoniana*, Appendix.

Christianity as on her trial, the question before the world's jury being, 'Are you the angel of light we have from our infancy considered you to be, or are you but an unreal shadow, a mockery, a delusion?' And Young England is waiting for the verdict. The question, 'Whence has sprung this condition of a portion of the English mind?' is a reasonable one, and is sure to be asked. Our answer is, from the German fountain, its water being filtered, but not purified, through such channels as Essays and Reviews, and other equally commendable publications. The meanness of mind thus displayed by certain Englishmen, and of these the majority English divines, in the readiness with which they fall down and worship the countless tribe of sooterkins and moon-calves which Germany engenders, under the names of philosophy and criticism, is the most painful phenomenon presented by the condition of England at this moment. Hear on this head a writer who is deeply read in German theological criticism, and who evidently participates in the feelings we have ventured to express: —

'One of the vital questions now brought before the English mind is, whether we are to follow the New Testament or the new German critics. The innovators in England do not pretend to offer anything original of their own. They repeat in English what they have derived from one class of German writers.

And, as German learning stands deservedly in high repute, there is a danger of the unwary receiving without question what appears to come on authority so respectable. Hence the present necessity of such frequent references to the sources from which they draw, and also of recalling attention to the real question at issue, namely, whether the New Testament or German critics are to be our guides in interpreting prophecy.' *

It was not always thus. When the new German school first began to send forth its erudite nonsense under the titles, for it rejoiced in both, of Rationalism and Neologism, there was by no means this prostration of the English before the German mind which has been observed since. Archbishop Whately then wrote his admirable parody of German historical criticism sacred and profane, 'Historic doubts regarding Napoleon Buonaparte.' † Then, too, did Mr. Rose wield his vigorous pen in defence of the truth against its new assailant, in various publications. And now we see in the able writers of 'Aids to Faith,' and others, that the English mind is recovering its manly tone. May it fully attain it, and long hold it!

* Dr. M'Caul on Prophecy, in *Aids to Faith*, pp. 110—111.

† This certainly was the sense which we discerned in this very clever production, so sportively written yet suggesting so serious an application. The able author, we consider, must have designed this application. If he did not, it is the most happy accident on record. This charming little book is out of print; a new edition is a want of the day.

We hail this rallying of the mental forces of England to meet the alien assailant thus treacherously landed on our shores. But on what amount of force can England rely to carry on this war to a successful issue? The war in which the Church militant is now engaged is one in which iron-plated frigates will be more required than wooden vessels. Mr. Cook has shown, and most ably shown, the extent and kind of attainment required in a combatant in the present strife.* He displays an acquaintance with modern tongues very rarely indeed found in a clergyman. He is well read in all that is good and all that is worthless in that series of dissolving views called the theological philosophy of Germany; and possesses in abundance the power of discriminating between what is in it worthy of record and comment, and what may be left to the oblivion which shortly awaits it. He will not worship great names. He will fearlessly combat the opinions of a Strauss, and question the right and justice of a critical decision, even should that decision proceed from the pen of Baron Bunsen.†

* See, in *Aids to Faith*, the paper, 'Ideology and Subscription,' by F. C. Cook, M.A., Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Prebendary of St. Paul's, &c.

† It is difficult to avoid a feeling by no means of respect when one observes the humility with which British writers bow unquestioning to the decisions of the Baron, as if from his court there could be no appeal.

It cannot be expected that any considerable number of clergymen could attain the profound knowledge of German criticism and philosophy possessed by a Mansel, a M'Caul, or a Cook; but I take the liberty of asking, how far it might not be expedient that modern languages should, as well as the classics, be among the subjects comprehended in the course of instruction of students of divinity? For although the entire body might not be competent, at the close of their studies, to fill the places now occupied by the worthies we have named, still a proportion may be fitted to wield the arms of those who, having well done their duty as soldiers of Christ, have fallen in the belligerent ranks. And, at all events, they would be men well informed in modern literature and science, or, at least, furnished with means which would materially facilitate their being so, were they acquainted with the French and German languages. This knowledge of modern tongues, and this acquaintance with general science, are everywhere important to a clergyman or any minister of religion; but especially so should his lot be cast amid an urban and commercial population; for there the knowledge of these tongues he will find very generally diffused among his younger parishioners, or members of his congregation, as the case may be. But, it may be urged, you are leading him up to the very source

whence, according to your view, the evil flows which is endangering the Christianity of England. My reply to this would be: Better that the student should watch that changing 'Cynthia of the minute' German Ideology, as it is poured forth from the teeming press of that Dream-land, and should directly survey the 'Positivism' of Comte, than that he should have them conveyed to him through British channels so foul that they rather augment than diminish the primary pollution. By rendering these languages part of primary instruction, and showing wherefore they are thus embraced in the academical course, students are led to discover how mutually destructive are the countless philosophical systems of Germany, of which each has its brief day, and each fades before the sudden popularity of some younger absurdity, which itself speedily sinks into the gulf of oblivion, and so on in endless series. Taught to consider moral truth as something enduring and permanent, he sees from its rapid evanescence that this German bubble is not truth.

Driven by its manifest falsehood from a religion of rationalism and ideology, will he therefore rush into that basest form of Atheism, the Positivism of Comte, which, banishing from the world all that is invisible, makes man the sole object of man's worship? We consider it impossible that any educated Englishman should do so. Self-esteem, not always resting on a

very solid foundation, is a quality somewhat abundantly diffused through the world; but any view of himself short of insanity must convince a man that he is not a fit object of the worship even of himself, still less of that of others. Surveying his neighbours, he is not very likely to discover any one whom man-worship — anthropolatry — would select as the object of devotion. Is not every man conscious of thoughts and feelings occasionally rising within him, which he is convinced are derived from a source higher and holier than man? Surveying his own mind, comprising probably much that is great, much that is good, much that is beautiful, but all this mingled with much that is little, much that is worthless, much that is deformed, with what feeling must he contemplate himself as the greatest — we cannot say creature, for since *ex hypothesi* there is no creation, and no creator, there can be no creature — being in the universe? With one certainly of horror and dismay; and the greater and worthier himself, the greater that horror and dismay. It would seem to him that all moral beauty was swept from the world.

Considering it impossible that this coarsest and vilest form of materialism, this 'religion of the flesh,' as Mr. Cook calls it, can find access to the English mind, it cannot be supposed that a knowledge of the French language is recommended to clergymen that they may be enabled to see the doctrine in its native

abominableness, and guard their flocks against it. The knowledge of the French tongue is recommended on the broader principle that the influence of a clergyman among his flock will be much augmented by his being a man generally well informed. Great moral worth in a clergyman goes a long way, we are happy to say, in giving him influence; and nowhere are mere talents and attainments without moral worth so powerless as in England. But the united force of the moral and intellectual in a clergyman is magical; and an eclectic acquaintance with that great repository of literature and science, excellent and worthless, the French language, may add much to the good influence with his flock which any minister of religion may employ in social intercourse additional to that exerted during the solemn hours of divine worship.

Still must we take one more step upon ground on which it is difficult, if not impossible, for a layman to tread without rendering himself liable to the charge of presumption. It is certainly in no presumptuous spirit that these suggestions on clerical tuition are hazarded, but with a very humble hope on the part of him who makes them, that he may still do some good in his generation. The statement of Mr. Buckle, it will be remembered, 'that not one jot or tittle had been added to the essentials of morals by all the sermons, homilies, &c., which moralists and theologians have been able to

produce,' and his inference from this statement, that it was because of this want of addition, of novelty, that these sermons, homilies, &c., were so powerless in carrying mankind forward on the road of moral civilisation, called forth from us a good deal of comment. But if eternal moral truths admit no variation or change, very different indeed is the case with those illustrations of their truth derivable from the chastisement following their violation by individuals and by nations. Here the variety is endless, but with a sameness in variety. In the conduct of individuals, and of nations as recorded in history, there is endless variety in the external circumstances; but the great moral lesson always 'crops out' through the surface. Chastisement follows sin, be the sin that of nations or of individuals. Were we to select the branch of general knowledge with which it is especially incumbent on a divine to be acquainted, it is history, profane as well as sacred. From her mighty volume, which unfolds on the largest scale 'the ways of God to man,' may be drawn illustrations of eternal truth, not only of endless variety, but to the mass of mankind of endless novelty; and Mr. Buckle is right in supposing that poor human nature requires novelty. Some few years ago, a very good book was written, called the 'Hand of God in History,'* —a very good title,

* In 1849, by Wallis Read, A.M., of Hartford, (we believe) in Connecticut, U.S.

for the hand of God is in all history. History rightly written is a record of God's dealings with nations; rightly read, a mighty source of example and instruction to man. But its fate in the hands of man resembles too much that of another volume, 'profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.' It is too often either not read at all, read to be forgotten, or, worst of all, read to be cavilled at or perverted.

A fearful example of the evil consequences resulting from failing to read correctly, or failing to remember the lesson of history — in this case, of sacred history — is now passing before the eyes of the entire world. The story of Pharaoh and the children of Israel is so familiar to us all, that to mention it in a modern book may induce a sense of weariness, if of nothing worse, over the reader. Still, familiar as the lesson is, we must take leave to show that the Northern Americans have failed to draw from it the moral which it was especially calculated to inculcate. The edict went forth from Pharaoh, 'Ye shall no more give the people straw to make bricks as heretofore; let them go and gather straw for themselves; and the tale of bricks which they did make heretofore ye shall lay upon them. Ye shall not diminish ought thereof.' This insisting on the oppressive tale of bricks from the Israelites has its counterpart three thousand years later in the oppressive tariff of the

United States in 1843, which nearly drove South Carolina into a secession, averted only by a solemn promise on the part of the Government of the day that the obnoxious tariff should be abated. The failure of the fulfilment of this promise resembles, in all but its flagrant falsehood, Pharaoh's emphatic enforcement of his edict, 'Ye shall not diminish ought thereof.' The Israelites, time after time, through their representative men, Moses and Aaron, begged that the King would let them go. But God had hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he would not let them go. This language has been objected to. It is figurative, certainly; and the figure is a strong one. But it by no means ill represents the condition of a man who, having long nourished evil passions in his breast, at last, all moral sense, all conscience being extinguished within him, is given over to the evil of his own heart, and may be regarded as God-deserted.

Plague after plague is inflicted on the Egyptians, but still is Pharaoh's heart hardened, and 'he will not let the people go.' Finally comes the catastrophe when the waters of the Red Sea close over Pharaoh and his host, and the *secession* of the Israelites from Egypt is completed. The similarity of the present to the long past is still very manifest, but with a difference serving to augment rather than diminish the force of the lesson. The Americans of the Union are their own masters;

and the hearts which are hardened so that they will not let the people go are not Pharaoh's nor Lincoln's, but their own. On themselves has fallen chastisement after chastisement, but in vain. Bull's Run after Bull's Run has scattered their hosts; the sickness on the James River has been an evil to their army more fearful than was the plague of boils and blains to the Egyptians; of their first-born there has fallen an abundance dreadful to contemplate: still they will not let the people go. And now we seem to be beholding the waves of the Red Sea of war, into which Mr. Wendell Philips was, eighteen months ago, so desirous of plunging, closing over their oft discomfited host.

History abounds with facts calculated, as is the civil war of America, 'to point the great moral,' 'Do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God,' by showing the fearful chastisements which follow on the neglect of the lesson. This last addition to the long catalogue is the most fearful of all. May its warning be enduring in proportion to its horrors! We would remark here that the lessons derivable from political, have a more direct bearing on Christianity than had the reasonings from natural, history, which occupied so many able pens at the close of the last, and the early part of the present, century. Paley's 'Natural Theology' and 'The Bridgewater Treatises' abound with arguments derived from the evidences of design manifest

throughout all the kingdoms of nature against Atheism, and, of course, in favour of an almighty and all-wise Creator. Good so far; but these arguments, powerful as they were in favour of Theism, lent no direct support to Christianity. But Christianity deals with man alone; it comes home to his business and bosom; it is that by which, if amended at all, he is to be amended; whilst political history is the history of man, and of God's dealings with man. The Creed and the History are correlatives. What illustrations of Gospel truths can equal the vast record of History?

CHAPTER IV.

Judex damnatur, cum nocens absolvitur.

PUBLIUS SYRUS, *and the motto of the 'Edinburgh Review.'*

The judge is condemned, when the culprit is acquitted.

THE survey of men and nations which we have presumed to take, has hitherto had relation rather to their political than their social position. We have regarded more the conduct of nations to each other, than that of the individuals composing any given state towards the fellow-occupants of the same soil. This may be considered to be assuming too positively the doctrine that the representative men of a country, its government, do really represent the mind and will of that country; and that the sins of a government are the sins of a people, and, conversely, their virtues the people's virtues.

We do not think, however, that 'we consider too curiously,' when we would read the character of a people through the conduct of its government. It appears to us that in the case either of a despotic or

a representative government which grossly sins — so sins as to inflict great injury on the world at large, and on the people it governs — the sin is equally that of the governed as of the government. The injuries inflicted on the world by France under Louis XIV. and Napoleon Buonaparte were certainly the sins of the French people of the respective times. But for the sloth and cowardice of France, her States-General would not have been superseded by 'l'État c'est moi,' '*I* am the State!' of Louis XIV. Without the atrocious crimes of the French Revolution, that great country would not have been subjected to the ruthless hand of the ruffianly Napoleon I. To take the case of a representative government, no one can hesitate to consider the crimes of which Abraham Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and the other worthies associated with them, are the instruments, the direct result of the pride, rapacity, and lust of dominion of the people of the United States.

It must, however, be admitted that the task which we have undertaken would be incomplete did we omit all mention of those interior forces which seriously disturb the smoothness of our social current. It may be truly said that every civilised nation has within it, and spreading its tribes throughout it, a barbarous nation; and England not only does not form any exception to this rule, but perhaps presents the most striking existing example of it. We do not know

that these Ishmaels of our streets, who 'dwell in our presence, *their* hand against every man, and every man's hand against *them*,' are increasing in number. But the statistics of our criminal courts, and of our prisons, and the columns of our newspapers, prove abundantly that the crimes which they commit are of a more ferocious character. There is one universal testimony to the fact that 'deaths by criminal violence have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished.'

What explanation can be offered of this change for the worse in the character of crime and of course of criminals? This is a most important question, inasmuch as facts recognised in all ages and nations seem to prove, that the criminal class, like the poor, 'shall never cease out of the land.' This universality of diffusion the two classes have in common, a portion of them too have poverty in common; but these are mere material coincidences. In moral attributes the two are the antipodes of each other; and, whilst all good men admire the British labourer at once for the virtue of industry, and the fortitude with which he resists that temptation to crime which is the inevitable accompaniment of poverty, these same men, although as Christians compassionating the criminal when under suffering, look on his crime with abhorrence.

The answer to the question regarding the causes of

the aggravation manifest in the prevalent character of crime, requires a reference to the criminal legislation of a bygone age. England was during the last century — a severe and cruel time all the world over — a bye-word among nations for the cruelty of her criminal code. The gallows was relied on as the grand remedy of all social ills. Those were the days when, besides murderers, thieves of various classes and forgers — among these last a very popular and eloquent metropolitan divine — ascended the gallows; when John Wilkes, albeit unused to the melting mood, deemed it necessary to advise the people of England, that 'the worst use they could possibly make of a man was to hang him;' and when an attempt was even made, but failed, to carry through Parliament a Bill declaring the taking of a turnip from a field a capital felony. It was impossible that this gross violation of one of the first principles of criminal jurisprudence, namely, that a proportion should be observed between crimes and punishments, could continue in a country in which real civilisation was advancing. Nor did it. A reaction took place. It remains to be examined whether England in her reaction has not fallen over on the other side; and is not now equally violating the first principles of criminal justice, but in a direction opposite to the foregoing, and with an effect at least equally pernicious to the community.

Before proceeding, however, to the examination of this question, it will be necessary to resort to—what I admit the English people have very little taste for—the announcement of first principles. If a thing be practically right, if it does what is expected, an Englishman has no taste for that analysis which, going back to first principles, labours to show why it is right. The fact that an Englishman is so generally right in what he does politically, appears to us to be evidence that he really sees the principle, but considers the formal announcement a mere work of supererogation. As Sir James Mackintosh expressed it to a learned Frenchman who was complaining to him of the want of first principles in English works, and contrasting it with their solemn announcement in a book which he showed him, Sir James quietly replied, pointing to the long record of principles: 'In England we take all this for granted.' In her social reforms, however, England appears to us to have taken too much for granted. She appears to have assumed that mere good feeling sufficed for the correction of the cruelty of her penal code, the condition of her prisons, and the evils of her convict system. The plan of our neighbours, laying down first principles distinctly, and reasoning logically from them to the end to be attained, would certainly have led to a better issue than that which we now behold.

At the risk, then, of being thought dry and tedious

by no inconsiderable proportion of our readers, we proceed to state those general principles which have been regarded, by all eminent writers on the subject, as those which are to guide our legislators and judges across the perilous ocean of penal legislation and practice. The writers whom we have consulted have been Montesquieu,* Beccaria, † and the works of our own Jeremy Bentham.‡

1. *The end or object of punishment is the prevention of offences.*

This prevention, the real object of all punishment, divides itself into two branches: particular prevention, which applies to the culprit himself; and general prevention, which is applicable to all the members of the community. With respect to an individual culprit, the recurrence of an offence may be prevented in three ways:

1. By taking from him the physical power of offending.

2. *By taking away the desire of offending.*

3. By making him afraid of offending.

But this preventive effect of punishment can be obtained only by laws framed on principles calculated to promote its attainment.

* *Esprit des Lois.*

† *Crimes and Punishments*, English translation.

‡ *Rationale of Punishment*, &c.

2. *The second principle is that a proportion must be established between crimes and the punishments awarded to them.*

Bentham endeavours to give precision to this rule by stating that the value of the punishment must not be less in any case than is required 'to outweigh that of the profit of the offence' in case it had been undetected. We need not follow Bentham in his minute estimate of the comparative values of things generally so essentially different as crimes and punishments. But one of his 'rules' (the third) is of so much moment, that we transcribe what he says on the subject.

'Rule III. *Where two offences come in competition, the punishment for the greater offence must be sufficient to induce a man to prefer the less.*

'Two offences may be said to be in competition when it is in the power of an individual to commit both. When thieves break into a house, they may execute their purpose in different manners: by simply stealing, by theft accompanied by bodily injury, or murder, or incendiarism. If the punishment is the same for simple theft as for theft and murder, you give the thieves a motive for committing murder, because this crime adds to the facility of committing the former, and the chance of impunity when it is committed.

'The great inconvenience resulting from the infliction of great punishments for small offences is, that the

power of increasing them in proportion to the offence is thereby lost.' *

3rd Principle. Not only, however, should punishment be proportioned to the offence, but there ought to be in the public mind a feeling of the closeness of the connection between crime and punishment. The laws should be so framed and administered that with no limping and uncertain foot shall punishment overtake the criminal; for, as Beccaria happily expresses it, there is no doubt that the eloquence of the passions is greatly assisted by the uncertainty of punishment.

Such are the few simple principles, the deductions of common sense from a skillful observation of that portion of mankind which human law alone restrains from crime; and on these, it is considered by the highest authorities, any system of criminal reform should be founded. Let us now proceed on such a survey of our criminal code, of the practice in our courts, and the usages in our prisons, as may show us how far these are, or are not, in accordance with these principles of common sense. And let the first object of our survey be the

License or Ticket-of-Leave System.

The system thus designated arose out of the fact that certain of our colonies, so many indeed as to

* Bentham, *Rationale*, &c., pp. 35, 36.

convert transportation into a mere 'show to tantalise English officials,' objected to receive the amiable individuals whom under the name of convicts we sent across the Atlantic or Pacific to reside among them. This is the way with colonies. In their infancy they are too glad to get any one to help them in their work to be nice about the antecedents of those who visit them. But when they grow strong and wealthy, they become squeamish as to the character of those whom they admit as their associates; and, perhaps, having paid some attention to political economy, they discover that an immigration of convicts causes a serious disturbance of their home labour market. In short, they probably feel towards convicts from the mother country the same amiable sentiments which white labourers in the Northern Union of America entertain towards the men of colour, on whom their Government, from motives so *pure* and *philanthropic*, are at this moment lavishing so much kindness. Whatever their reason may have been, it is the fact that our convicts were excluded from the Cape of Good Hope, and other of our colonies, and our Government deemed it consequently advisable to make some material modification of our penal statutes. And certain very important modifications were enacted in 1853.

The primary object of the Act 16 & 17 Vict. c. 99, was the substitution, in certain cases, of other punish-

ment in lieu of transportation. The punishment substituted was penal servitude with hard labour in any such prison or place of confinement, &c., within the United Kingdom, in which persons under sentence, or order of transportation, may now by law be confined, or in any other prison of the United Kingdom, or in any part of our dominions beyond seas, as one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State may from time to time direct.

A most important point in this Act is to be found in its ninth section, which we transcribe in full: —

'It shall be lawful for Her Majesty, by an order in writing under the hand and seal of one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, to grant to any convict now under sentence of transportation, or who may hereafter be sentenced to transportation, or to any punishment substituted for transportation by this Act; a License (Ticket-of-Leave) to be at large in the United Kingdom, and the Channel Islands, or such part thereof respectively as in such license shall be expressed, during such portion of his or her term of transportation or imprisonment, and upon such conditions in all respects *as to Her Majesty shall seem fit*; and it shall be lawful for her to revoke or alter such license by a like order at Her Majesty's pleasure.'

It will of course be understood that by the words 'Her Majesty' is meant Her Majesty's Secretary of

State for the Home Department; and it being certain that, in England in this age of the world, the party filling this office will be of the highest character and ability, it follows that, *if such a power exist at all*, it could not be in better hands than in those in which it is placed. A question certainly arises as to the propriety of the existence of such a power. This question has no connection, it should be remarked, with the prerogative of mercy, a gem attached throughout long ages to the Crown of England. This is a modern statute with which the Queen is connected only in her legislative, not her Sovereign capacity. This remark is made in order to obviate all possibility of confusion. The statute may be discussed with the same freedom as any other law of the realm. Now looking at that portion of the law by which such unlimited power is devolved on the Crown, and which power, as is well known, the Crown does not fail to exercise, it is obvious that it abolishes altogether that *certainty*, or great probability, of an *adequate* punishment following crime, the deterrent effect of which is so much relied on by all writers on the principles of criminal law. A man commits a crime in England with the knowledge, for he has been instructed by his predecessors in villany, that the chances of his escaping conviction are considerable, and that even should conviction occur, he has the amount of chastisement actually inflicted very

much in his own hands. It is the fact, that by a little trick and grimace he can materially abridge the period of his confinement.

It should be remarked, that the powers vested, under the Act of 16 & 17 Vict., in one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, are exercised, in Ireland, by the Lord-Lieutenant or other chief governor or governors of Ireland; and hence has arisen a difference in the practical working of the same law in the two countries. We proceed to give an account of its working

In England.

This we shall do with all the brevity consistent with perfect clearness; for it is impossible, by any trick of style, so to enliven the interior of a prison as to make it for long an agreeable abode even to the most patient of readers. A prison of separate confinement first receives the convict condemned to penal servitude. Of such prisons there are four in England: Millbank, Pentonville, Wakefield, and Leicester.* In one of these he is to abide for nine months. How are these nine months to be spent? In the first place the convict is fairly fed, his diet being, as the writer just referred to expresses it, 'simple but sufficient.' It

* For these details and much general information the writer begs to express his obligation to the author of an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. iii. p. 708.

appears to me to be superior to that of agricultural labourers, and fully equal to the average fare of mechanics in towns, the accuracy of the comparison being not at all impaired by the absence from the prisoners' diet-roll of everything spirituous or fermented. How is each of the 270 days or thereabout which the convict has to spend in a separate cell occupied? On week days he works in his cell eight hours; for meals — breakfast, dinner, and supper, — he is allowed two hours; during one and a half hours he receives school instruction, or for an equal period takes exercise, the school instruction, or the exercise, being allotted to a moiety of the convicts on alternate days; two hours are occupied in religious instruction, and nine hours, if nature so wills it, he dedicates to sleep.

The religious instruction is conducted thus: — The convicts attend chapel at a quarter past eight, and again at four o'clock, a portion of Scripture being read, and clearly expounded, and enforced by exhortation. On Wednesdays and Fridays the Litany is employed as a form of prayer, and instructions are given in psalmody by the organist. On Sunday there are full morning and evening services and a sermon, attended by the great body of the prisoners, very few claiming exemption on the ground of belonging to other than the Established faith. The chaplain daily visits the cells,

and he is assisted in the work of religious instruction by two Scripture-readers. The religious instruction is evidently as ample in supply as it is excellent in intention. It comes as a welcome break on the hard monotony of criminal life. Let us hope that in many cases it has an influence far beyond this. But we are admonished, in these quiet words of an oft-quoted writer, not to entertain hopes too highly sanguine on this score:—'From all the reports made to me in all the prisons, I am inclined to think that this sort of conformity as a test of real reformation is not estimated so highly as it used to be.' It is found that a very simple sort of cunning unquestionably teaches some prisoners that conformity is an easy and a useful mode of obtaining a prison character.

This good prison character is, under the circumstances in which the prisoner is placed, a matter worth working for, and, in his esteem, probably worth scheming for. It gives him at the end of six months a badge, which, besides conferring on him a *gratuity* of 4*d.*, 6*d.*, or 8*d.* a week according to the work he performs, to be accumulated and given to him at the time of his final departure, entitles him to receive a visit from his friends; whilst a second badge, earned by good conduct for three months more, bestows on him the boon of a second visit. It may seem extraordinary to the reader that visits should be esteemed boons of such

value; but let the position of the prisoner be regarded and the astonishment will cease.

'In the central lodge is placed a warder, who paces round and round, eyeing the prisoners through a round hole; and in each yard paces a prisoner who, if he stand still, is warned in a solemn tone to "walk about." The prisoners are "taking exercise." In front of the two foremost wings is a pair of larger yards, perfectly open, without divisions, having concentric elliptical lines of pavement, on which are prisoners moving round and round, at eight paces apart, with a warder watching to see that they do not loiter or hurry on, to snatch a moment's conversation. The enclosed yards are used for refractory, unsound, or crotchety prisoners, the open yards for the remainder; but it is also very much a question of room. Nothing can be imagined more monotonous than this endless march, except, perhaps, the penal servitude of the unfortunate warders.'

This is in fact solitude amid society the pleasures of which no prisoner can partake. The delightful Cowper makes Alexander Selkirk, in the island of Juan Fernandez, exclaim: —

> O Solitude! where are the charms
> Which sages have seen in thy face?
> Better *dwell* in the midst of alarms,
> Than *reign* in this horrible place.

The picture of the gloom of unmixed solitude pre-

sented to the mind by the poet is bad enough. But what must a separate prison be where the torture of Tantalus is added to the horrors of a dungeon? But let us not forget, that the party subjected to this very severe infliction is a criminal, and that the chastisement by no means outweighs his offences; and that practically it often fails, severe although it appears, to reach the object,—the reform of the criminal,—which it is intended and calculated to attain. In the language of the schoolmen, the *attrition* does not produce the *contrition* which is its purpose.

We must now carry our convict further in his journey to weal or woe in the outer world. From Pentonville, at the expiration of his nine months, the prisoner is carried to one of the public works' prisons, at Chatham, Portland, or Portsmouth. Here he has a diet ample in amount and excellent in quality; for, as it is stated in the oft-quoted 'Cornhill Magazine,' 'there are few families in London, which consume better materials.' 'The tea is genuine and of excellent quality,' and, 'strange to say, the cocoa is genuine.' With a diet of which even the cocoa is genuine, with labour which is energetic but not excessive, and in the open air, with intercourse with their fellow captives, and with only the supervision requisite to secure cleanliness and order and to prevent escape, the men are remarkably healthy, as proved by the statistics of the infirmary.

'Nothing struck me more,' says an observer, 'than the bright and healthy look of the prisoners' eyes throughout the whole body. It is far above the average in the population out of doors, and is ascribable, unquestionably, to abundance of outdoor exercise, regular habits, sufficient feeding, and enforced temperance. Though the separate confinement at Pentonville is somewhat depressing, they improve even there; but at Portland they rapidly become vigorous.' The report of the Clerk of the Works to an enquiring party showed that this high health has its influence on the moral tone and demeanour of the convicts. The men generally are civil in their manner, particularly to those officers who encourage them by a demeanour friendly and sympathetic; and whatever exertions might be called for, the convicts never showed the slightest impatience or reluctance in making them.

It will be understood that the prisoner, if well conducted, is in continual progress towards that goal, the ticket-of-leave, to which reformation, real or feigned, is to lead him. The rate of this progress is diligently marked in each case by the authorities of the prisons. Arrangements are made—a sort of moral mile-stones are placed—by which the rate at which he travels in the right direction is accurately marked, whilst it records with equal correctness his shortcomings and relapses. According to his conduct the prisoner is placed in the

first, second, or third class, and the classes themselves are subdivided into 'stages.' He is also allowed a gratuity, calculated under three heads — class, stage, and industry, the two first having reference to prison discipline generally, the 'industry' relating to work only. 'Besides the specific punishment, every prison offence involves the liability to some forfeiture of the remission of the period for confinement allowed by the Act of 1857, and at the same time involves a retardation of the advanced stages. The maximum amount which a convict may earn towards his gratuity in one week is 1*s.* and 11*d.*'

It may be supposed that the convict is approaching the *terminus* of the criminal railway, when the question so humorously described by the able writer in the 'Cornhill Magazine,' 'May I grow?' is answered in the affirmative; and he may be said to have reached it when his hair, from the Round-head crop so fashionable in prison, is approximating to the more flowing Cavalier-locks, which are in greater esteem among 'the outside barbarians.' He has now given to him a fresh ticket — his 'Ticket-of-Leave.' This very well intended document bears inscribed on the back the announcement that —

'1. The power of revoking or altering the license of a convict will most certainly be exercised in case of his misconduct.

'2. If, therefore, he wishes to retain the privilege which, by his good behaviour under penal discipline, he has obtained, he must prove, by his subsequent conduct, that he is really worthy of Her Majesty's clemency.

'3. To produce a forfeiture of the license, it is by no means necessary that the holder should be convicted of any new offence. If he associate with notoriously bad characters, leads an idle and dissolute life, or has no visible means of obtaining an honest livelihood, &c., it will be assumed that he is about to relapse into crime, and he will be at once apprehended, and recommitted to prison under his original sentence.'

These are 'prave words,' and good and right words. But other parties besides Fluellen have lived to learn that words are not always deeds, and we desire to learn on what public body or bodies is devolved the duty of so watching the subsequent conduct of the *quondam* prisoner as to secure the enforcement of the penalty of forfeiture in the case of delinquency 'not proven' by conviction for a new offence!

The parties released from Portland, Chatham, or any other given prison, may be divided, we are informed, into three classes: those who return to their friends; those who proceed at once to some familiar place of resort; and those who seek the 'Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society.' Their friends, certainly, are not likely to

be critical in noting the first indications of relapse, or to be hasty in revealing them to those on whom the Secretary of State (for to this high official they will not care to apply directly) devolves the duty of withdrawing his license from the backsliding Ticket-of-Leave Man. Neither do we think the denizens of what is called 'a familiar place of resort,' — probably some thieves' den in Holywell Street, or Rosemary Lane, — parties likely to keep him in the right path, or to betray his aberrations should he wander from it. There remains then only the Prisoners' Aid Society. Let us look at it, then, and endeavour to discover how far it is more suited to the office of overseer of sundry weak brethren, than the other institutions which have been weighed in the balance and found so lamentably wanting.

'The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society,' having its offices at 39 Charing Cross, is an independent charitable body, composed of highly enlightened and benevolent individuals, which has gradually become 'a sort of voluntary auxiliary to the convict department.' But the only discernible controlling power which this Society possesses over the discharged prisoners consists in the fact that they hold in their hands the gratuities accumulated by these men during their sojourn in the prison. These gratuities are paid to them by instalments issued at such a rate that the whole sum will be paid,

on an average, in five months and a half. The parties discharged cannot draw any of the instalments without obtaining the endorsement of a clergyman, magistrate, or some other known persons to a form which shows that he is living respectably and supporting himself by honest work. We are informed that 'the discharged prisoners were often unable to obtain any of their gratuity, and, in most instances, could not arrive at the closing balance. It too frequently happened that the man would return to his friends, recover his original character—that is, become a vagabond and a thief—and so lose the power to procure the valuable endorsement of a magistrate or clergyman.' Worse even than this may befall him. He may fall into the hands of some Fagin, or Fagin's man, the caterer for criminal customers. As it is spiritedly expressed in the book now lying before me, 'The gentleman sallying forth from one of Her Majesty's mansions, found himself suddenly courted as a welcome customer, a "distinguished person," with every convenience offered to him for spending the money in his pocket as fast as possible, and perhaps for discounting the great expectations of the next few months.' When we add to this, that the nature of the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Association is explained to each prisoner before his discharge, and he accepts the help or not, entirely according to his own free choice, is it not clear that a discharged convict is

a gentleman at large, that 'the world is wide before him where to choose;'—we wish that we could add, but we cannot—'and Providence his guide.'

That this well-intended scheme of criminal reform should fail to attain its object might be demonstrated, so far as analogy can demonstrate anything, by what is required for the complete cure of a physical, not a moral malady. A party is sent, suffering from acute disease—it may be fever, it may be inflammation of the lungs. The well-skilled physician under whose care he falls reads, through those outward and visible signs, called symptoms, the interior condition of the sufferer. He applies the means, medicinal, regimenal, and dietetic, suited to the condition; and the state of the patient, as to outward symptoms at least, rapidly improves. But the physician can discern that the internal lesion, although steadily diminishing, is not yet entirely corrected, that 'the snake is scotched but not killed;' and he discerns moreover, that without the continuance of means now mainly those of regimen and diet, relapse will ensue, and the second plight of the patient be worse than the first. The man, however, takes a different view, and resolves to assert his liberty as an Englishman, which too often means the liberty of doing everything that is foolish and wrong, and going, one dares not say whither, his own way. He quits the hospital, and *goes home to his friends;* every caution of diet and regimen

which his condition required is neglected; and the clearly foreseen result occurs, he relapses and dies.

Let us now take a view of the management of the morally sick man. He is sent to the moral hospital, the convict prison. There he is placed under the care of the physician of *his* disease, the prison chaplain. This worthy official has no difficulty with the *diagnosis* of the malady, for twelve good men and true have sat in consultation over it, and pronounced it to be a depraved disposition to do what he likes with the property of others. The remedies, exhortatory, regimenal, and dietetic, considered appropriate to the case, are applied; and ere long there is probably an improvement in the manifest and visible aspect of the patient. He gives no trouble, does his work well, listens with apparent earnestness to exhortation, is zealous in prayer. But is there a real inward improvement corresponding with these outward indications of change for the better? In answering this question lies the great difficulty of the prison chaplain. He is armed with no moral stethoscope wherewith to explore the recesses of that spiritual heart the condition of which it is so desirable that he should accurately know. We would say moreover—and we say it without any disrespect to the estimable class of which he is a member—that he proceeds in his work of exploration with a certain bias, a degree of obscurity of mental vision, the result of feeling which he must almost

necessarily possess, and which is the very reverse of discreditable to him; but which necessarily impairs his efficiency as a reader of human character. A minister of the religion of love and charity, accustomed to visit sick beds, and, it may be, death beds; seeing human nature in its best and holiest aspects, when the mind is softened by suffering and distress—it almost inevitably follows that, if his natural tendency even be not, his acquired tendency certainly is to exclude the darker, and to look solely at the brightest and best sides of man's nature.

With a clerical judge thus lenient, and with lay authorities who are probably not *Rhadamanthi*, a complete cure, it is inferred from that very fallacious sign exterior demeanour, has been effected of the patient's moral disease, and he receives a formal discharge from his prison in the shape of a ticket-of-leave. Can we wonder that, returned to that world in which he had been nurtured in vice and crime, and from which he had been for a time withdrawn, the beneficial impressions, if any, made in prison are speedily effaced; and that, his appetite for crime being whetted by his temporary restraint from it, he is a more dangerous member of the dangerous class than he formerly was? In fact, to return to the parallel with which we started, his relapse is a more fatal malady than his primary attack. What other result could be expected from such

a system of treatment as is adopted towards convicts in England? The radical cure of the moral disease of these men is attained when, to use the words of Bentham, you have 'taken away the desire of offending,' but not 'till then.' If you break off the treatment before you reach this goal, you aggravate every evil which it was your object to correct. The released convict becomes the devotee of crime, and ascends in the scale of guilt until he reaches its *maximum*—murder. From this feeble and vacillating treatment—intended for mercy to the guilty, but in fact the greatest cruelty to them, whilst it is bitter persecution of the innocent—spring the multitudinous burglaries, garrotte robberies, and murders which do not adorn the columns of our daily prints, but which are very properly recorded there. And from the same source it arises that, in some respects, the second city of the empire, Manchester, was kept for some time in a state of siege by three hundred ticket-of-leave men.*

It being clear that the English system, whether regarded as furnishing a warning to those beset with the tendency to crime, or as reformatory of the party in whom this tendency has ripened into open and manifest crime, is more than a failure — is a pernicious blunder, let us see how far these things are managed, as they are said confidently to be, better in Ireland.

* Sir Walter Crofton's speech at Birmingham, in the *Times*, October 14, 1862.

THE IRISH CONVICT SYSTEM.

This system, although founded on the same Act as that of England—the Act of 1855, which we have already quoted—is practically very different from ours, and is said to issue in results not only not pernicious, but positively beneficial. Let us endeavour to discover wherein the difference lies.

It begins at the beginning. We have described the dietetic comfort which greets the English convict on his first arrival at Pentonville, or other abodes which may be selected for him. Very different fare welcomes Paddy when he enters Mountjoy prison, always the first stage of his penal journey. His diet is low and rude, whilst the occupation of the totally solitary man corresponds with his soul-subduing fare. It is picking oakum, one which, imparting no excitement to the intellect, leaves the mind to wander undisturbed over the no very pleasing retrospect of its past course. This state of thorough attrition, of gloomy penance, endures just three months. Then, to use the words of the very intelligent writer from whom we have derived much valuable information on this subject, 'the system comes into play.'* The initiatory step of the system which now comes into play consists in an explanation to the

* See the article 'The Irish Convict's Progress,' in Mr. Dickens's *All the Year Round*, No. 178, Saturday, Sept. 20, 1862.

convict of the system itself. This is not done in a dry, formal, and official manner, but with a freedom approaching to the friendliness of personal intercourse. The convict is made to understand that his fate is in his own hands, and that those who are addressing him are his friends, desirous to aid him in the work of self-reformation, which is *the one thing needful.* He finds himself treated as 'a living man, with a soul, and with reason;' not 'a number, or a name, or an abstraction in pen and ink on the books of the establishment.' Hope is held out to him that by good conduct on his part his period of solitude may be abridged from nine months to eight —one month being the extreme amount of reduction of this term which the Irish prison rules allow. This proximate hope is of value in his eyes, and an immediate incitement to good conduct. His diet is improved; and his labour is changed to something, such as boot-closing, in which the mind can find some variety and a little interest.

Nine months, or, in the majority of cases, eight months, the period of severe probation, having expired, the convict, if originally a field-labourer, is removed to Spike Island; if an artisan bred in a town, to Philip's Town, the tradesman's prison. We need not trace the convict's course through these, the places of abode of the respective classes. We need not dwell on the mark-system which is employed here as in the English

reformatory prisons, nor on the various trades which they are either taught, or in which they are much improved. All that we can gather regarding an Irish convict prison convinces us that it is an excellent school—a severe one we admit, especially on first entrance; but the class of pupils the masters have to deal with will certainly learn in no other. We hasten to the period when the great characteristic of the Irish system, that which invests it with its marked superiority to the English—the 'intermediate' stage—comes into operation. At the time when the English convict is sent forth into the world, armed with that licence to commit all sorts of follies and enormities called a ticket-of-leave, the Irishman—still, like the Englishman, but imperfectly cured of his moral malady—is more prudently transferred to a convalescent hospital. This we proceed to describe as it has been described to us.

'On the wild common of Lusk, some twenty or thirty miles from Dublin, in view of a boisterous sea, are the prisoners doing battle, and severe battle it is, with a stubborn soil. This *labor improbus* is all the better, for, as was before remarked, it has a sweetening, wholesome influence, and makes the heart honest. Very different, too, is this open air industry from that prison work within the walls of a jail, for here there is no jail in sight, neither are there jailers. There is, indeed, an iron sleeping room not far away, which may be moved

about, and the workmen are watched over by one or two officers. Above all, they feel that they are earning their bread as day-labourers, for they are *paid* (not a gratuity) by the week the sum of two shillings and sixpence. In the evenings, after the hard day's toil, some strange spectacles are witnessed on that wild, bleak common. The men are seen gathered, in one of the large huts, round an intelligent lecturer who, twice a week, gives them entertaining lectures on useful topics. To reading, which has been previously learnt, writing and arithmetic are now added; prizes are given; and such is the taste acquired, that the sixpence per week he is allowed out of his earnings, often goes in a book.' *

At length arrives, the *intermediate* stage being traversed, what might be considered the *final* period, but which does not, in fact, quite *end* the eventful history—that of the convict's discharge from prison. To make this quite intelligible, let us put down the *items* of the treatment of an individual case. A man is sentenced, in Ireland, to fifteen years of penal servitude. Of this long space of life, eight months are consumed in the severest form of imprisonment, separate confinement; seven years and four months in Spike Island; and five years at large, under the *surveillance* of the excellent Irish police. This *surveillance,* we are assured, is carefully,

* Dickens's *All the Year Round,* loc. cit.

even anxiously exercised; yet, we are assured, never so as to harass its object.

A tree must be judged by its fruits. To pursue the figure: What are the fruits of the tree planted by Captain Machonochie, and so skilfully reared by Sir Walter Crofton? In the first place, the relapses into crime — which in England amount, according to the statement of the visiting justices of the West Riding prison at Wakefield, to 81 per cent—are in Ireland only 10 per 100; virtuous England transcending her vicious sister eight-fold in the scale of crime. In the parties discharged from the Irish model infirmary there would seem, too, to be a perfection of cure attained, of which no portion of the English reputed recoveries can boast. In England the common plea for convicts relapsing is, that none will employ them. But, in Ireland, the directors have so fairly earned the public faith, and have won such implicit credit in their system, that convict labour is in eager request, and the supply does not equal the demand. They make the best of trained servants and labourers. 'Only a short time since a lady writes from the country to a friend in town for a nursery governess, and after diligent enquiry it is discovered that not only a good nursery governess, but far away the best that could be found, is to be selected from among the female convicts. The lady accepted the choice made for her.'

What has been so justly regarded by the highest authorities as the perfection of criminal correction—the taking away of the desire to offend—our Irish friends have manifestly reached. How far we have fallen short of it, every newspaper tells us. I take up the *Times* of Monday, November 24, and my eye rests on these words: 'Mansion House.—Joseph Hall and Robert Leet, said to be ticket-of-leave men, were placed at the bar before Alderman Hale, who sat for the Lord Mayor, accused of being concerned, with a man and woman not in custody, in a highway robbery with violence. Partridge, the jailer of the court, said that he had reason to believe that both prisoners were ticket-of-leave men. Leet denied that, as far as he was concerned. Hall made no reply.'

Whence arises the mighty difference shown by this picture, and by that? How happens it, that whilst the one system seems to replace a depraved and brutalised mind by a soul of reason and humanity, the other aggravates the evil which it was intended to redress? The answer is, that whilst the English system is founded on an impulsive and mistaken humanity, the other rests on a careful and well-reasoned study of human nature, and especially of depraved human nature. To be a little more specific, the Irish system is physically more severe than the English, especially in its initiatory stage. But the great difference, and that which particularly

characterises the different systems is this, that whilst the English plan plunges the unhappy wretch — or at least leaves him to plunge, still a feeble convalescent from his moral malady—into the foul and pestilential atmosphere which engendered it, in Ireland the imperfectly cured convict is transferred to the wild common of Lusk, there to have his bodily frame strengthened by out-door toil, and his mind fortified against the temptations of the world ere he again plunges into it, by the intellectual instruction and the pleasingly-conveyed precepts of the wise and good men who are interested in his welfare.

The Legislature will to a certainty before long, it may be before these papers see the light, be employed on this question. Should it take the form of the alternative, 'Shall we in England continue in our present course, or shall we apply to England the system which has worked, and is still working, such marvels in Ireland?'—no doubt can exist as to what the decision must be. At this moment it is impossible to foresee the line which the action of the Government, the Legislature, or of both these great powers, may conjointly take. But of one thing we feel convinced, that this scandal on a country proclaimed, and justly proclaimed, to be at the head of the civilisation of the world, will no longer be endured.

We now take leave of this branch of English practice

in criminal cases, but by no means of the entire subject. That crimes accompanied with violence have increased, is admitted on the testimony of the entire country; and by the same testimony it is declared, that there is pre-eminently an increase in the crime involving the greatest possible violence of the person, that of *killing*. This broadest possible term is here employed for the obvious reason that, when a man kills another, and is arraigned for the offence, the question submitted to the jury is, in a great proportion of the cases, 'Is this case of killing, murder, or is it not?' and to employ a technical term would be a begging of the question. Now, were we asked how it comes to pass that this crime of killing has so much increased, we should answer at once, the cause of this increase is to be found in the extreme uncertainty, in England, of an adequate punishment following on the commission of any crime. Killing falls, in a preeminent degree, within the general category, for in no offence are the chances of escape from its proportionate and merited chastisement so great. Besides the strong shield of the great and proper principle of English criminal law, that a man must be deemed innocent till he is proved guilty; that no part of this proof can be obtained by interrogation of himself, and that, in case of any doubt, the accused must have the benefit of it; we have so great an aversion on the part of juries to pronounce a verdict of guilty, when the charge is one of murder, that they are too apt

to avail themselves of some loop-hole of escape from it. Again, behind this, we have the constantly recurring, and often successful plea of insanity, supported by medical evidence. And finally, we have witnessed the disgusting spectacle of wrong-headedness, passion, and infatuation finding a mouth-piece in public meetings and platform-harangues, and for a time overriding the well-considered decision of a Court of Justice.

On one of these multitudinous safety-valves for the accused, the oft-successfully urged plea of insanity, a medical man cannot be considered guilty of intrusion when he makes a few remarks. The subject strictly belongs to him. We have observed for years the tendency of the *medical* mind on this subject, and it has certainly appeared to us to be towards the effacing of that narrow and faint line, but yet a really existing line, which separates the extreme of depravity from insanity. Phrenological speculations may have suggested to medical men this unhappy state of opinion; but, however it may have arisen, the results are the same. A blow is struck at the very foundation of morality, for crime comes to be considered as a necessity of the individual, for which he is in no way responsible. Again, one great object of criminal justice, perhaps the greatest of all—the warning to others presented by the certainty of an *adequate* punishment overtaking crime—is most seriously impaired by the facile admission of the plea of insanity,

and the comparative impunity of the convicted. Let us admit the insanity of the accused at the time he committed the act of '*killing*;' still would we say, there follows on the affirmative answer to the question, Is this man insane? another question, How has this insanity originated? Is it a disease which may be termed 'a visitation of Providence,' or has the accused, by hugging evil passions to his breast, or by a long course of sensual indulgence, or by both conjointly, produced his own malady? Has he by his own misdeeds passed the narrow line which separates the extreme of depravity from insanity? Has he been, in fact, the author of his own insanity?

Very much ought to hinge on the answer which can, in any case, be given to this question. Confinement during Her Majesty's pleasure may be in a very agreeable place of residence, with a good dietary indulged in amid lawns and pleasure grounds. This is not the sort of confinement to which what may be called a culpable lunatic should be confined. But our views on the whole of this question will be best conveyed in the form of comments on an individual case.

'On the 27th of February last, George Clark, a cabinet-maker, forty-five years of age, was tried at Newcastle, before Mr. Justice Willes, for the wilful murder of Mark Frater, a tax-gatherer, on the 1st of October 1861. The prisoner pleaded "Not Guilty," and he re-

fused to be aided by counsel, stating that he would defend himself. Upon this the judge interposed, and said, "Have you any counsel?" *Prisoner.* "I will address the judge; I will address the power." *Judge.* "Don't you think you had better let the court assign you counsel?" *Prisoner.* "No, none." The Clerk of Arraigns was proceeding with his duty, when the prisoner interrupted him with the remark, "It is my duty for to address the court first." *Judge.* "The jury will be in the box, and if you wish to object to any one of them, you may do so." *Prisoner.* "I have something relating to the high honour in this town, and not only in this town, but in England. I may have to address the power." The jury was then sworn, and the trial proceeded.'

The prisoner is described as presenting 'but little appreciable difference in appearance' from that which he presented at the coroner's inquest, and when examined by the magistrates shortly after perpetrating the murder. 'His face was rather pale, haggard, and sallow, as it was on the occasions referred to; and although that hasty irritability so conspicuously displayed at the inquest and at the magisterial investigation was evidently somewhat allayed, there was still an air of wildness in his aspect.'* He frequently in-

* We make use in this article of the graphic report of the trial published in *The Newcastle Chronicle and Northern Counties Advertiser*, March 1, 1862.

terrupted the counsel for the prosecution, while stating his case, with such remarks as 'Hear, hear!' 'Hold your tongue!' 'It won't do that.' 'Complete lies. Sit down, my good lad;' and he occasionally made use of still more offensive observations. At one time, indeed, it was necessary for the judge to interfere, and caution the prisoner that he should be compelled to have him removed from the court unless he remained quiet.

From the evidence it appeared that, about half-past nine o'clock on October 1, 1861, while Mr. Frater was conversing with a friend on the pavement in front of his office door in Blackett Street, Clark came up to him from behind, and stabbed him in the neck with a sharp-pointed knife, inflicting a wound, from the effects of which Mr. Frater died in about ten minutes. The motive for the crime seemed to have arisen from Mr. Frater having distrained Clark's tools for unpaid dog-tax, in the month of May preceding. It was suggested, in the case for the prosecution, that Clark would probably seek exemption from the consequences of his act on the ground of insanity; but so far as the prisoner's observations in the course of the trial assumed any consistency (for in the main they were irrelevant, inconsequent, and often incoherent), they were intended to convey the impression that Mr. Frater had killed himself voluntarily. This, indeed, was the defence (if defence it could be called) set up by the prisoner.

It is important to note, in the further consideration of the case, that the question of the insanity of the prisoner, that question upon which the subsequent great interest of the trial entirely depends, was brought prominently before both the judge and the jury at the very commencement of the case. 'It was an unpleasant duty,' the counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Davison, said, in addressing the jury, 'to prosecute a man undefended by counsel; but he trusted he had not gone beyond what he ought to have done. It was, however, his bounden duty to call attention to what might appear to them a defence, and what might possibly be set up by the prisoner — a defence on the ground of insanity.' Mr. Davison then briefly dwelt upon the law of the subject, and terminated his address by saying that, 'It might possibly be that the prisoner had some monomania on this subject, and he only asked them, on reasonable and satisfactory evidence, to come to a conclusion.' Thus the attention of both the court and the jury was fully directed, at the very outset of the case, to the probable significance of the prisoner's own actions and language while before them, as well as to those portions of the evidence to be submitted to them, which might throw light upon his mental condition.*

The scene of the trial was extraordinary. The pri-

* *The Psychological Journal*, edited by Forbes Winslow, M.D., &c. No. VI., April, 1862.

soner was his own counsel. His language and manner were violent and excited, and, instead of addressing the judge in language at all customary in courts of justice, this dignitary was always styled 'my noble Power.' This, to a party merely reading it, certainly admits the interpretation of being the mere simulation or grimace of insanity, and in this light the jury, who heard it, would appear, by their verdict of 'guilty,' to have viewed it. There is one thing well worthy of remark in this extraordinary self-defence of the accused, that one leading principle pervades it all. He labours, without once swerving, to show that Mark Frater, the murdered man, was in the act of committing suicide when he, the prisoner, joined him, and completed the act with his (Mark Frater's) own knife. This was shown, on the first witness called, Mr. T. S. Horn, testifying to the fact of the murder, while he was conversing with Mr. Frater. The judge, after Mr. Horn had completed his evidence, asked the prisoner whether he had any questions to put to the witness? A long rambling story followed, which we need not notice; but at last came the prisoner's version of the transaction: 'I say that Mark Frater had the knife in his possession when I was standing at the opposite side of Blackett Street, and that I went forth, and took the knife from him, and whipped it down his back.' The Judge: 'Had he any knife?' Witness: 'None,

my lord.' Prisoner: 'I say the witness is wrong in his explanations before the Bar.'

In the same tone he deals with the evidence of all the direct witnesses of the murder. After the second witness, Mr. J. Dalrymple, had given his evidence, the prisoner said: 'This witness took the knife from my hand, as I took it from Mark Frater's. When Mark Frater took the knife from his sleeve and put it in his neck, I went and put it down his throat.'

By far the most important testimony, however, is that of Mr. Rayne, the intelligent and able surgeon of the Newcastle police force. In answer to a question from Mr. Davison, the counsel, Mr. Rayne says: 'I think he (the prisoner) was a man of strong passion; he was an eccentric man. These opinions are formed from conversations I had with him immediately after he was with Mr. Frater. I am of opinion he was *not* acting under delusion at the time he killed Mr. Frater.' Mr. Davison: 'Is that your opinion *now* as to his state of mind *then*?'—'I have not altered my opinion with regard to his state of mind at the time.' Again this well-skilled witness repeats the same sentiment in language more full and explicit: 'I am of opinion that he went to murder Mr. Frater; that he had preconceived it, and that he knew what he was going to do.'

The opinion of Mr. Rayne of the *sanity* of the prisoner at the time of the committal of the murder was

not more clear than was the decision with regard to his *insanity* at the time of the trial. The Judge (to Mr. Rayne): 'Do I understand you to say that, from recent conversations you have had with him, you are of opinion that his mind is now in a diseased state?' 'Yes, my lord.' Judge: 'You attribute the wanderings and strange statements to which you refer to disease of the mind?' 'I do.'

The subsequent history of this extraordinary case is quickly told, and is not less extraordinary than the case itself. The good people of Newcastle—shocked with a sentence which would consign a man to the gallows whose eccentricity, if he were merely eccentric, as the learned judge held, had, at least at the time of his trial and since the murder, differed so little from lunacy in appearance, that the difference could not be detected by ordinary understandings—took vigorous steps to obtain a respite of the sentence. Moreover, in the House of Commons, on the evening of the 17th ult., the Home Secretary, in answer to a question from Sir H. Willoughby, whether Clark had been respited, and whether there was any reason for supposing that the unfortunate man was insane, stated that the sentence had not been wholly commuted, but that the execution of it had been respited wholly on the grounds of the alleged insanity of the prisoner. '*Immediately after the trial*,' he said, '*the judge wrote to me to say, that*

he felt it his duty to take the first opportunity of bringing under my attention the peculiar circumstances of the case. He agreed with the verdict of the jury, because there was no evidence that, at the time of the commission of the crime, the prisoner was insane; but his conduct at the trial was of the most eccentric and extraordinary character; and it was the opinion of the medical officer of the prison, who was stated to be a man of great experience, that the prisoner was insane.' Upon the receipt of this information, the Home Secretary directed the Medical Inspector of Prisons to visit Clark and report upon his mental condition. This gentleman certified, in the most decided terms, to the insanity of the prisoner, and the Home Secretary respited the execution of the sentence, and wrote to the visiting justices to request that they would take the necessary steps for having the prisoner committed to an asylum. The requisite medical certificate for this purpose, signed by two physicians, who stated their opinion of the insanity of the prisoner in explicit terms, was transmitted to the Home Secretary; but the *visiting justices declined to concur in the opinion*; consequently, the requirements of the law were not satisfied which would authorise the Secretary of State to direct the removal of the prisoner to an asylum. Hence, it had become necessary for the Home Secretary to direct the attention of the visiting justices to the

duty which has devolved upon them, of taking care that the prisoner is placed in such a position that he can do no injury to himself or others. Here, for the present, the question rests.

It only remains as to facts, that we should add to the ample statements of the 'Psychological Journal,' that Clark is now in an asylum, where he is confined during Her Majesty's pleasure. Let us proceed to reason as we best can, and certainly with a strong disposition to reason rightly, on the extraordinary mind presented to us for analysis in the person of Clark. As the basis of our reasoning we must take the clear and distinct and, we are firmly convinced, perfectly correct statement of Mr. Rayne, that, up to the time of his committing the murder, and when he committed it, Clark was a *sane* man. That he was an eccentric man, strong in passion and weak in judgement, seems unquestionable. But positive evidence of insanity, prior to the time of the perpetration of the crime, we have none; for we cannot consider the following testimony of Rev. Robert Spence, chaplain of the gaol, in which, during the interval of six months between the commission of the murder and the trial, he was confined, as at all conclusive on this head:—

Mr. Davison: 'Well, Mr. Gibson told you something, in consequence of that?'

Witness: 'He told me Clark had been in the habit of

taking a pint of olive-oil every week. Soon after that, I saw Clark, and asked him the reason why he took this pint of olive-oil every week? He said he did it according to a verse he found in the Bible, that a man must keep his lamp well trimmed and burning bright, to show him to another world.'

On this piece of evidence we would remark, in the first place, that the taking of the oil was no proof of insanity at all. This queer, random-headed man had, in some way, one knows not in what way, stumbled on the very addition to his diet, above all others, best adapted in winter to the climate in which he was living. It would obviate the destruction of tissue consequent on the great demand of the respiratory function for carbon and hydrogen, and this it would effect as well as ardent spirits, without the pernicious influence of these on the brain and nervous system. He took daily, according to the statement of Mr. Gibson, two ounces and a quarter. How many people are swallowing daily as much cod-liver oil, with benefit; a great part of which benefit is derived from the cod-liver oil on the principle common to all oils, the whale's blubber of the Esquimaux included—that of saving tissue by the abundant material supplied to that lamp within us all, the human lungs! The absurd reason assigned by Clark to the chaplain of the gaol for the practice, shows insanity, certainly; but this reply was given during the period—at what point of the

period is not stated—when it seems generally admitted he was insane, and therefore has no bearing on the question really in issue—What was Clark's state of mind when he stabbed Frater?

Let us endeavour to solve this problem, and, so far as we can, read the complex operations of the erratic mind of Clark through his overt acts. His was a character, we should say, in which the malignant predominated over the benevolent feelings of *man's* nature. Frater had surcharged him for dog-tax, and on his refusing to pay, what he certainly could have paid, this dog-tax, had his tools seized for the amount. There was nothing in Frater's proceedings beyond those required in a member of that not very popular society, the fraternity of tax-gatherers. From this time all his thoughts, all his feelings seem to have been absorbed in the one engrossing passion of revenge. This most fiend-like of passions he seems to have hugged to his breast with the fiercest love, until it brought him to the foul crime of murder. Immediately after the perpetration of the crime, he seems to have gloried in the feat he had accomplished. The police-officer in charge of the Prudhoe Street police-station, on the morning of the murder, deposed, that when the prisoner was brought to the station, and charged by him with the murder, he remarked, 'Oh! decidedly; oh! decidedly, he robbed me, and I have robbed him.' And further, that while he was being

searched the prisoner said, 'You may charge me with wilful murder.'

This triumphant and braggadocio tone, so manifest on the first completion of his act of vengeance, may have been displayed at intervals during the period of his confinement in gaol; but the line he took in his self-defence evidently shows, that during the six months of his incarceration, the current of his thoughts and feelings had taken a turn. It had run from its primary course, which was towards the destruction of another, and set towards the means to be employed for his own escape from the full payment of the penalty of the crime which he had committed. His mind, broken down and shattered, had engendered the preposterous fiction of Mark Frater's suicide, and that his share in the transaction had been that of a casual passer-by, who had kindly aided Frater in the completion of the act, which he himself had initiated. In his flighty and feeble way, he evidently had considered, that his own assertion of this absurdity sufficed, if not to prove its truth, at least to throw so much doubt on the correctness of the opposing testimony, as to render the reduction of his crime from the category of wilful and premeditated murder to that of manslaughter, or of accessory after the fact, the probable result of the trial.

Now comes the practical question, How should you deal with such a criminal? Here is a man guilty of a

wilful and premeditated murder, perpetrated at a time when he could will and premeditate; yet, when brought up for trial, he is unquestionably a lunatic. A public execution, and its deterrent effect on crime, are, we admit, not to be thought of. This is a conclusion which every man's feeling reaches. You cannot send a maniac to the gallows. Still, the effect of the virtual impunity of murder, furnished by a successful plea of insanity, is so pernicious and so widespreading, extending far beyond the person killed and his family, that it merits the most serious attention from the Government and the Legislature. As has been recently said, 'Society's first duty is to itself. Government's first duty is to those who obey, and *who pay taxes*.'* It cannot be considered that duty is done to the well-regulated portion of society, those 'who obey the laws and pay taxes,' when a man, who has nourished evil passions in his breast until they have led or driven him to the commission of the foulest of crimes, is not considered as at all criminal, but is confined during Her Majesty's pleasure, lest he should do harm to others. No deterrent influence is left behind by this, as it were, 'hushing up.' But were the party consigned to penal servitude for life, a punishment by no means exceeding the offence, the result might be very different; for there is no proof that the evil-dis-

* *Times* of Wednesday, December 24, 1862.

posed, should their evil disposition even have transcended the bounds of strict sanity, will be uninfluenced by the knowledge that, should they commit foul wrong, bitter chastisement will to a certainty overtake the offence. To those minds which human law alone deters from crime, human law must be presented as something inexorably stern, and especially *certain*.

We beg, in closing this chapter, to express the gratification we have experienced from observing that a Commission, comprising men of the highest name from both Houses of Parliament, has been appointed to consider the operation of our *present* penal laws. It does not appear that the plea of lunacy in cases of murder will properly find place among the matters this Commission has to consider. We should have been well pleased had it done so; but, seeing that the tendency of the public mind is now towards what may be called legal-practice reform, we are firmly convinced that its movement will not cease till it have reached an evil, requiring for its correction sound reasoning, legal, medical, and psychological; and, above all, strong moral courage. An effort must be made to teach even weak men to restrain their evil passions, instead of pampering them, and that, should they gloat over some scheme of revenge till reason is totally subverted, and great evil is inflicted on society, severe chastisement will certainly overtake them.

CHAPTER V.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.

CAMPBELL, *Lochiel's Warning.*

EVERY era of our history has its marked, its prominent characteristic. From the commencement of the reign of Charles I. to the restoration of the Stuarts in 1660, the current of the general mind set strongly in the direction of reform — reform religious and political. The literature of the period, or which certainly resulted from the mind of the period (for the greatest issue of this wonderful age, 'Paradise Lost,' did not see the light till the seventh year of the reign of Charles II.), was, in its poetical part, learned, lofty, earnest, and especially holy. In its prose, and in that sort of writing which may be said to dwell midway between the two positions, political squibs and epigrams, there was the same earnest love of truth displayed, with strong reasoning, great force of expression, and, especially in the writings of Andrew Marvell, a

vein of keen wit and sarcasm which has never been surpassed.

The spirit of the age which succeeded to this, that of Charles II., strove, with all its might, to be everything which the age of the Puritans was not, and was eminently successful in its effort. Especially was it successful in the careful exclusion from it of all the best points of the Puritan character. All earnestness, all truth, were utterly abolished. Corruption in the Court, corruption in the Senate, corruption in the Admiralty and every branch of public service, and most thorough corruption of the morals of the people: this was, for England, preeminently the age of corruption. From the crown to the sole, the body of the nation was corrupt, for the King was a pensioner of France, and, professing Protestantism in religion, closed his life with Romish rites. A sportive, good-humoured sensualist, believing in nothing earnestly, but in the amount of money he received from Barillon, the French ambassador, he was popular with his people, because he would sometimes chat with a group of workmen, and fed the ducks every morning in the canal in St. James's Park. The English people of Charles's day (how unlike their sires!) could not see through these mere externals the unkingly rottenness which reigned within.

The literature of the day faithfully pictured the

national mind. It was low, ribald, and profane, yet with admirable traits of wit and humour, launched, especially in 'Hudibras,' at the ridiculous side — and we must admit they had their ridiculous side — of the Puritans. Nay, more than this, we must admit that they had their superstitious, persecuting, and vicious side. Of this fearful alloy in their character, that at once crime and blunder, the execution of Charles I., was an example, and the cruel persecution of the Quakers in New England was another. Such is the case with political parties: looked at on one side, all is purity and brightness; surveyed from another point of view, dark spots, rendered indelible by time and history, are manifest. All we can do is to weigh the respective merits and demerits of the opposing parties, for the existence of a party necessarily involves that of its opposite. Tried by this test, we must pronounce, that all the errors and even sins of the Whigs from the first days of the resistance of Parliament to the encroachments on the Constitution by Charles I. throughout the Great Rebellion, and the Protectorate of Cromwell, were far outweighed by the foul moral corruption, the thorough gangrene of the heart of England effected by Charles II. and the Tories.

But we must return to the subject whence we digressed — the literature of the period of Charles II. This literature, in every way low and debased as it was,

yet comprehended one mighty name, that of Dryden — since the heroic ages of our literature, the Elizabethan, or Shakesperian, and the Miltonian, the greatest of our bards, the one who, above all others, with the exceptions mentioned, clothed the productions of his mighty genius in the richest garb of mellow English ever framed by man. Let us hope that he escaped the general pollution. Alas! he did not. His greatest successor — and one who, although not a little given to detraction, would certainly never detract from Dryden — Pope, thus sings of him: —

> Unhappy Dryden! In all Charles's days,
> Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays.*

Could a worse monarch than Charles be found? How inexhaustible and various is the vast store-house of Nature! A bad king dies, and a worse instantly presents himself in the person of James II. 'Our mutton-eating king' was a lazy profligate and voluptuary. Still he was not a fool, and, so far from being cruel, he was good-natured. His wit and raillery atoned in the eyes of his subjects, in the state of public feeling then existing in England, for much of the evil that he did, and much of the good that he failed to do. His indolence and extravagance prevented him from doing benevolent acts, but this same indolence, and the

* *Imitations of Horace.*

good nature which certainly belonged to him, secured him from the commission of acts of cruelty. James, on the other hand, was imbecile in intellect, and in disposition sordid, base, false, and unrelentingly cruel. His cold obdurate cruelty might be easily demonstrated from his conduct to the unhappy Monmouth. But since this sad tale everybody has read in the glowing pages of Macaulay, it would be worse than superfluous, it would be presumptuous here. The spirit of the age was a mixed spirit of contempt and hatred, the only feelings which this wretched bigot and despot could possibly elicit from Englishmen. During the period of about three years intervening between the death of Charles and his own expulsion from the throne and country which he disgraced, this spirit found utterance in political squibs and broadsides, whilst its poetry at once and music breathed through the not very melodious but wonderfully popular song of Lillibullero. What strange mutations things undergo! The Englishman of the present day, when he sings after dinner, 'Jolly companions every one,' little dreams that his ancestors, a hundred and eighty years ago, were singing to the same air a monarch out of three kingdoms.

Before passing to the consideration of what has been called the Augustan age of England, the reign of Anne, we would remark that a powerful stimulus was required to rouse our country from the state of sensual

torpor into which the example and influence of Charles II. and his courtiers had thrown her. This stimulus was supplied by the advent of James to the throne. In his person vice was decorated with no garlands. He stood in outward demeanour as repulsive as in interior feeling. He was a Tory, a Papist, and a despot, in the garb of a Puritan. Now, in the English character there is a strong vein of joviality and love of fun, and the ridiculous side of objects is seized on with wonderful avidity. The sudden collapse of Puritanism in 1660 was certainly owing in a great degree to the dry absurdity of an outward demeanour, which people had ceased to rely on as indicative of piety and purity within, and which Butler, in 'Hudibras,' turned to such excellent account for his purpose. In the person of James was presented to the eyes of the English people the same austere demeanour, with the open avowal and manifestation of sentiments, on religion and government, which they loathed and detested. The accession of such a man as James to the throne was just the thing required to rouse the English people from the slough of sensuality into which they had sunk. It showed them that there were things in this world higher and greater than mere pleasures of sense; that they had a country, and that this country had a religion — and institutions, social and political — for which their ancestors, even their proximate

ancestors, had fought and bled, and England became again a nation of men.

The nation thus disenthralled and William of Holland mutually swung round towards each other, for each required the other. England required a man, and a man, the greatest of his day, was at hand. That this man was at once the nephew and son-in-law of the king, whose expulsion from her shores was a necessity for England, were most important incidents in the change which then took place in the government of our country, is unquestionable. Without Mary as his wife, the English would never have tolerated William as their king; and, as it was, he possessed — nominally, at least — but half the throne. Yet was there much in these close family ties to shock that domestic feeling which is so strong in England, and still more to give point and keenness to the sarcasms which the partisans of James would certainly launch at what they would as certainly call 'the usurping government.' The tone these sarcasms would assume is embodied in very flowing verse by an eminent writer of the present day:—

> Here, through the dusk-red towers — amidst his ring
> Of Vans and Mynheers — rode the Dutchman king;
> And there — *did England's Goneril thrill to hear*
> *The shouts that triumphed o'er her crownless Lear.**

But considerations greater and even holier than family

* *New Timon*, p. 5.

ties were now at stake. The civil and religious liberties of England were in extreme peril, and she required the aid of William to save them. On the other hand, the civil and religious liberties of continental Europe were in great danger; and William, their champion, at once hereditary and chosen, required the aid of England to save *them*. The mutual wants of the respective parties brought them together. The fight was fought. The advent of William enabled England to win her battle with little bloodshed. The aid of England contributed, and most materially contributed, to the ultimate triumph, through seas of blood, in which that of Englishmen was freely mingled, of the continental strife. This William did not live to witness, although his mental vision, before being closed in death, had doubtless revealed to him its certainty. His was one of those minds perceptive of the great truth that political questions once fairly submitted to the judgement of the world are, in one way or another, certain of an ultimate solution on the side of humanity, civilisation, and justice, however pertinacious and fierce may be the resistance of the policy of pride, ambition, and self-interest.

Of the literature of the days of William and Mary we need say, as of that of James, but little. England was too busy to write anything but political pasquinades and broadsides, or, it may be, Jesuits' alarming and incendiary letters, stealthily slipped under front-door

mats. The party of despotism and superstition was doomed to fall, but was sure to die hard. The strife lasted throughout the days of Anne, to which we now pass, with some diminution of its virulence, although certainly with far too little of its baseness and treachery. The condition of the English mind of the period must have been fearful, did we consider it as faithfully pictured in the facility with which men high in rank, social position, and talent, swore fealty to both parties. Let us hope that the foul delinquents in high places represented themselves only, not the mass of the community.

The reign of Anne has been called—and by no means unsuitably — the Augustan age of England. There is much, indeed, in the days of Anne to recall the days of Augustus. Each reign closed for the respective countries, Rome and England, a long period of civil strife. In each country there was a disposition in a certain class to sit down and enjoy themselves after the storms and tempests they had passed through. The greatest enjoyment for minds thus disposed was to be found in cities and courts; and the literature popular with the class described had consequently a high town-bred tone about it. Horace and Pope — the one in Rome, the other in London — were the favourites in their respective circles in the two cities. Each was certainly delightful, but delightful only to those in a considerable degree edu-

cated, refined, and town-bred. Neither of them was the poet of the country or of the people. Horace might sometimes 'babble of green fields,' and exclaim, 'O, the country! when shall I behold thee, and when will it be permitted me, sometimes among old authors, sometimes in sleep and idle hours, sweetly to forget all the cares of life?' This sounds very pretty on the part of the charming little man; but when we look at the mocking tone in which he puts, in another part of his writings, the most delightful description that is anywhere to be found of the country-life of classical Italy, into the mouth of a usurer resolved to turn 'squire, and this worthy is anxious again to lay out at usury in the Calends the money which he had gathered together for his farm-purchases in the Ides, we have as little confidence in the poet's real love of the country as in the bill-broker's.* The country of Horace was certainly some suburban villa, where a Macænas, a Tyndaris, or a Cocceius could visit him, and repay, with admiration of

* O rus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ?

Satir. Lib. ii. 6.

Hæc ubi locutus fœnerator Alphius,
Jamjam futurus rusticus,
Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam:—
Quærit Calendis ponere.

Epodon Liber, Ode II.

his exquisite verses, the praise which he had bestowed on them.

Pope, like Horace, was decidedly the poet of 'Town.' It is true that he sang of one forest, but it was a forest near London, whose 'green retreats' were 'at once the monarch's and the muses' seats.' His idea of country was his snug box at Twickenham, where 'chiefs unemployed and statesmen out of place,' the Peterboroughs, the Bolingbrokes, and Harleys of the day, would gather round him, and utter thoughts which, whatever might be their value, Pope, if he employed them, was sure to clothe in very exquisite verse. One such thought, emanating, we believe, from Bolingbroke, is stated in a line of Pope's plain enough. For the attainment of happiness, says Pope, in his 'Essay on Man,'

> There needs but thinking right, and meaning well.

This is a truth, or rather truism, which no one will dispute. Is it not, then, the duty of every teacher — especially of the highest of teachers next to the divine, the moral essayist — to do what in him lies to augment among mankind that right thinking and well-meaning on which so much depends? And have not certain portions of your own poetry, Mr. Pope, a tendency to lower and debase that public mind on which *all* depends? To this charge Pope, or we for him, must plead guilty. In a very profligate and debased age,

there were passages in his writings calculated to increase that profligacy and baseness. Yet was the age we have thus described the age of Somers, of Locke, and of Newton, as bright examples of virtue as of genius; men who would have been shining lights in any age, but who certainly shone the brighter in their age, because of the surrounding gloom.

It is no extenuation of the fault of Pope that others of his contemporaries and literary friends were much worse than he. Swift was so in a pre-eminent degree. This last wonderful genius, and, we fear we must add, very bad man, is so little to our taste, that we pass him with this brief notice, to dwell on one who, perhaps his inferior in genius, was infinitely his superior in character — Addison. This excellent writer and good man appears to us to have been one of those persons not seldom found in the world, who, endowed with high imagination and genius, yet labour under a certain inaptitude at clothing the creations of this genius in pleasing verse. Of such persons the prose is often exquisite; the poet breathes in every line. Southey belonged to this class;* how exquisite is his prose! Who reads a line of his poetry? Would we see what Addison was, we must not go to his 'Campaign,' which was in his own day called 'a gazette in rhyme,' nor even to his 'Cato,' but to his papers in the 'Spectator.' There will we see the creations of real genius, and the tone of

the whole breathing that spirit of pure morality, which justifies the beautiful character of his writings drawn by Pope:

> And in our own (excuse some courtly stains)
> No whiter page than Addison remains;
> He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
> And sets the passions on the side of truth,
> Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
> And pours each human virtue in the heart.

The '*courtly* stains' which are to be excused are of course a little hit at the Whiggism and Protestantism of Addison from the Tory and Catholic, and, it may be, somewhat of the Jacobite, Pope. But, at all events, he does justice to Addison's efforts to reform an age which stood much in need of reformation.

Among the characters portrayed in the 'Spectator'—and there are many — Sir Roger de Coverly has alone obtained immortality. Sir Roger, that paragon of a first-class 'squire, well deserves it; but Sir Andrew *Freeport*, the 'Spectator's' first-class merchant, in an equal degree, we consider, deserves it. Through the lips of this imaginary character, for which some living type in all probability existed, Addison poured forth on the public ear good free-trade doctrine, above half a century before Adam Smith wrote his admirable 'Wealth of Nations' in the 'lang town of Kirkaldy,' and a century and a half before our excellent Cobden

(long may he live!) effected the commercial treaty with France. Yet the names Andrew *Freeport* — the very name is redolent of political economy — and his father, Joseph Addison, have never once been mentioned throughout the long discussion, in and out of Parliament, of the corn-law—itself but a part of the general question of free-trade. This 'sic vos non vobis,' this labouring without knowing who shall gather the fruits, is part of the lot of man. The 'genus man' and his benefit are regarded in the moral government of the universe, but not the special interests of the individual. For him it must suffice that he is a contributor to the great result, that all questions involving the happiness of the human race receive their ultimate solution on the side of humanity and justice.

The reign of Anne, torn by the strife of fiercely contending factions, with its leading, its representative men, however able and intellectual — and many of them were highly so — low and debased in moral character, and its middle and humbler classes extremely coarse and vulgar, presents little on which the eye can dwell with complacency. The character of Anne herself was not such as to excite much feeling one way or another. It is universally agreed that she was a very common-place person. One atoning feature is discernible in the general foulness and deformity of the age. Respect for virtue was not extinct. The virtuous

Addison was loved and respected in life, and mourned in death. A decided politician, even his political opponents were ever ready to bestow upon him, as we have seen in the lines of Pope, a testimony to the exalted purity of his genius, and the moral worth of his private character.

To pass at once from the times in which Anne held the sceptre to those in which Victoria the well-beloved reigns in the hearts of her subjects, is a huge stride; but it is one which Mr. Thackeray has compelled me to make. He has made the Georges all his own; and to repeat after him, and in far lower tones, what is already in full possession of the public ear, were a task so futile, that I cannot consent to undertake it. No; you and I, gentle reader, must be placed on an eminence whence our eye can embrace both ends of a broken arch of the bridge which spans the huge gulf of eternity. What a difference, when we look at the two extremities, do we not behold! On the one hand we see plains, compared with those on the other, thinly peopled; and we see on each a town; that on the right hand infinitely surpassing in size that on the left; and we look into the narrow streets of the left-hand city. We there see a struggling crowd of coarse-looking, ill-dressed people, plunging through the mud, with here and there a gentleman in a laced coat, and with a sword by his side, striving to pick somewhat nicely his way, but in mani-

fest dread of the contamination of his splendid garb from his filthy environings. We learn that from this city there was sent forth throughout the country once a week a news-letter; and we know that it took fully a week for each of these news-letters to reach the country-seat to which it was directed, should it be two hundred miles distant. Yet was the arrival of this news—very tardy, and very scant in amount indeed—a most momentous event, impressing strongly the minds of those who received it. 'You will remember, my dear,' said a good lady of the period to her husband, 'the stormy Thursday when the pigeon-house fell, and that the very next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.' We learn, moreover, that did a person living about three hundred miles from this city — in Durham or Northumberland, for instance — wish to visit it, a journey of fully a fortnight was required for the purpose. Let us now carry our eye to the other extremity. But this were superfluous labour. We know the immense advantages over our forefathers which the progress of science has given us. We know that we live longer than did our ancestors; that we can reach London from the most distant part of the island in a few hours; that we get our 'Times' every day, and that, even before it reaches us, the most important part of its contents have been conveyed to us by telegraph. The population of the land is more than quadrupled; and of this fourfold

population each individual is living in greater comfort than did his much scantier predecessors.

These are material advantages unspeakably great. There is progress in one direction unsurpassed by that of any people in the world, excepting those transatlantic relations of ours, to whom we have had such frequent and painful occasion to advert. Let us not, however, return thanks that we are not as other men are, till we are certain of the fact. That, since the days of Anne, there have been moral proportionate to our immense physical advances, it would certainly be difficult to show; but not very difficult, we consider, to prove that the moral advances have been great. Let us then look round us and see what England at this moment is in her moral aspects. The cry of poignant distress is heard from one portion, and that a very important portion of our wondrous microcosm. All the rest of England at once rushes to the rescue. From the throne, from ministers of state, from the loftiest peers of the realm, from merchants, from tradesmen, from the humblest mechanic, not raised in social position above the sufferers, contributions flow forth, till above half a million is supplied from private sources, exclusive of the sums derived from *extra* parochial rates. Not only is money, but time, bestowed by multitudes, likewise of all classes, in the methodical distribution of these funds. Half a century ago a gifted

lady, Madame de Staël, looking with admiration at the efforts made by England for the liberation of Europe from the thraldom of Napoleon, exclaimed: 'In England it is not this or that man, it is the nation which is great.'* What would this brilliant writer say were she living now? Would she not bestow some prouder encomium when she beheld the efforts England at this moment makes — from a feeling, in which no hostility, no spirit of rivalry mingles, of pure charity and benevolence — to succour suffering and distress?

Were we to express an opinion as to the effect of what is called 'the cotton crisis,' we would say, that the trial, bitter although it be, will be ultimately beneficial to England. Her energies will be called forth; and from the multitudinous climates under her sceptre, a supply of the raw material of one of her great industrial branches will be secured to her from her own vast empire. Every newspaper tells us of arrivals from various quarters. My eye, at this moment, turns to a paragraph announcing that 17,000 bales are on their way from the Cape of Good Hope. Our dependence on America must cease and for ever. That vast continent is doomed for long years to be the abode of anarchy, and confusion. For a period, the duration of which it is impossible that men can foretell, that

* En Angleterre ce n'est pas tel ou tel homme, c'est la nation qui es grande.—M^me^ de Staël, *Allemagne.*

giving additional energy to that inventive genius which belongs to her, Europe and ourselves owe to Prince Albert. In the Exhibition of 1862, how severely was the want of the master's hand felt! The benefit of all classes of Englishmen was an object of solicitude to that master-mind. For the upper and middle class we beheld university reform; for the labouring class we had improvement of the dwellings of the poor. There was an active influence for good, more felt than seen in the country, and the source of this was the Prince Consort.

The self-negation of this great Prince was complete. From that lowest and smallest form of selfishness, vanity, he was entirely exempt. No office would he bear for show; duty must be associated with all he held. He would weigh the relative force of conflicting appeals to his attention and powers; and his decision was ever in favour of the duty which to him appeared superior, without any reference to the comparative splendour and importance of the respective offices in the eyes of the multitude. Even the great Duke could not lead him to swerve from his purpose. He had been for years the most intimate counsellor of the Queen. The conduct, social and political, of our country during the period, is a sufficient commentary on the value of the thoughts interchanged. This great —this paramount duty could not be exercised in its

completeness, were he, at the same time, commander-in-chief of the army; and the lure of the power and the honour, which, to an ordinary mind, would have been irresistible, failed to shake the pure and powerful mind to which it was presented. Yet the suggestion came from a great and good man, matchless in war, wise in council, who loved his country, and was conspicuous for the sway he exercised over the minds of others. Yet all this availed not. The younger mind on this occasion proved itself the stronger and loftier.

Above twenty years ago I had the honour, in my capacity of Mayor of the town, to present an address to the Prince Consort, then Prince Albert. It was just four months after his union with her whom every Englishman worthy of the name loves and venerates. Looking up at the tall handsome young man before me, the beautiful words, applied by the greatest historian of all antiquity to his favourite hero Agricola, flashed across my mind. 'You would readily believe him to be a good man; you would wish to believe him a great one.'* I saw at once that I had a good man before me, and I wished he might prove a great one. My wish was completely fulfilled. He has passed from among us too soon for the wishes and prayers of millions. But he is not all lost to us. What he said and

* Bonum virum facilé crederes, magnum libenter.
Tacitus, *Agricola*, cap. xliv.

magnificent region will be a worse Mexico. The crushing defeat of Burnside on the Potomac seems to have brought no remedy to the evil, and Banks's proclamation from New Orleans declares the Union, *by the decree of Providence*, to be indissoluble. It takes a long life to learn how far human folly and presumption can go! The Northern states, it is evident, are resolved to persevere in their insane purpose, the achievement of the impossible—the subjugation of the South.

To return from the very important subject, the cotton crisis, to our main object, the depicting of the mind of England at the present moment, we think we are right in considering loyalty and patriotism to be its great, its prominent characteristics. Every Englishman loves his Queen; every Englishman loves his country; and in each case the ground of the feeling is the same, for both are worthy of his love. How changed in the sentiment of patriotism, and especially of loyalty, is England within the last forty odd years. Let any of the seniors of our present community call up before his mental eye the condition of England at the time of Queen Caroline's trial, and compare what he then beheld with what he sees now. Then all was frank, avowed disloyalty. It was a melancholy spectacle to behold a people almost naturally, certainly by education and training, so eminently loyal, thus utterly alienated from the throne. Now, let there be pain and grief in the palace, millions

of chords wide-spread through British hearts vibrate in unison with the chord which jars there. How was this manifested when Prince Albert, the great, the good, passed from among us to brighter realms. Then was there throughout the land that genuine mourning of the heart which so far transcends the outward trappings of woe. The Queen, the bereaved family—all were the objects of a nation's sympathy; and, moreover, the nation mourned for the loss which it had itself sustained, for it was conscious that one of the brightest and greatest of its minds had departed. The character of this Prince was one especially calculated to attract the English people. They saw in him a mind of great power, of attainments at once profound and extensive, and of energy to bring into action this power, and these attainments, for the benefit of the country, and of that family with the character of which the good of the country is so closely connected; and, above all, they discerned that lofty sense of duty, which subordinates all its thoughts and all its acts to the guidance of a superior power. In all social improvements was his hand discernible. The International Exhibitions, so well calculated in every respect to advance the civilisation of England by refining her taste, elevating the minds, and thereby improving the manners and morals of her humbler classes, and, by presenting to her objects of comparison from all quarters of the world,

what he did are still ours. They are part of our national life, and they will furnish fruits beneficial to England for long long years to come.

That England, notwithstanding certain dark blots on her escutcheon, has, we need not say since the days of Anne, but since those of George IV., made great advances in civilisation, in its truest sense, is certain. The question 'Is it right or wrong?' is one which she is ever ready to ask, and her action is promptly adapted to the answer she receives from her own conscience. An example will illustrate this. France was justly indignant at the attempt of Orsini against the life of her Emperor; but, unfortunately, she was injudicious enough to connect England, or at least certain Englishmen, with a crime with which they had nothing earthly to do, and which above all others they loathed and detested; and, as a consequence of this, requested, and that in a tone savouring of the imperious, some modification of the laws of England to meet such emergencies. Now, it is obvious that if England were to modify her laws at the request or demand of a foreign power, her independence, and consequently her ability for future good, would be at an end. And this demand was the more revolting, because it aimed at the infringement of that right of asylum of the politically persecuted which England for long years has exercised, on which she justly prides herself, and which, at certain

periods, has saved the liberties and even the lives of hundreds of worthy men whose only crime was their intolerance of wrong. Unfortunately, there was some yielding on the part of the English government to the demands of France. What was the reply of England? A ministry, the most popular that England had seen for nearly sixty years, had to retire from office, and 150,000 volunteers enrolled themselves for the defence of the country.

This voluntary enrolment of the tens of thousands in defence of their country, and her liberal institutions, was a glorious evidence of that mingled patriotism and loyalty which now happily characterise England. It seemed as if the nation with one voice had exclaimed — 'The Queen, our country, and her constitution.' The displacement, for one slip, of a ministry of really great men, who had well earned the confidence of the country, was an evil. But this was speedily corrected, and the popular favourites were again in power. Happy for England that it was so, for that transparent hypocrisy, the American war, sprang up, and was conducted on the part of the Northern States, as if intentionally to aggravate the many evils which war necessarily inflicts on neutral powers. The prudence and firmness which the government have displayed on the many occasions wherein belligerent insolence has attempted encroachments on our neutral rights, has still further increased

the confidence which the country had previously reposed in them; and we are all thankful that the destinies of England are now in the hands of the Palmerston ministry.

It is delightful to contemplate the growth in England of those twin virtues — loyalty and patriotism; the one regarding with mingled love and reverence, the head of the government, the other contemplating with the same feelings, the mighty mother of us all, our Saturnian Isle, the land of the brave and free, whose great physical forces are never employed to insult and oppress her neighbours, and whose still greater moral power is exerted in what Milton calls her 'prerogative of teaching the nations how to live.' The feeling of loyalty, it may be remarked, is, as a general rule, greater in the case of a queen than of a king; for in the former case, the sentiment of reverence which every manly heart experiences towards a pure and virtuous female, is added to the reverence paid to the head of the State. Elizabeth is still our good Queen Bess, and in her time was the idol of her subjects. She had certainly the lion heart of the Tudors, but, in the latter years of her reign, we must confess that she was a very queer, and by no means a very creditable old woman. Anne, whose subserviency to the wretched Sarah, duchess of Marlborough, proves her whole character to have been positively contempt-

ible, was the great Anne of the literary class of her day, and was a popular sovereign with the mass of her subjects. But, if such women as these have obtained a sort of beatification, and their names are now on their way through centuries, as those of protestant saints, what must become of the name of Victoria,— of her who, in all the relations which she bears — to her family, to certain classes of her subjects, for instance, the suffering and afflicted among them, and to us all as Sovereign; on whose white robe as woman, and on whose diadem as Queen, no spot or blemish is discernible? Must not her name pass through successive generations with growing honour, and the Victorian in one respect, at least, transcend the Elizabethan, or the Augustan age?

Let us now look at the real root of the manifold blessings to our country — the British Constitution, that mighty tree planted a thousand years ago, and still standing vigorous and verdant. Stormy winds have oft howled through its branches, but they have failed to break them, and the firm trunk has scornfully mocked their efforts. Under its shelter, millions of men have lived and are now living in perfect freedom and in perfect order, without which there is no freedom. True liberty consists for nations, we would say, as for individuals, in the right of each, whether man or nation, to do what is best for self, without infringing one tittle

on the rights of others. This, so far as we can discern, has been the aim of England since the reform-bill of 1833, when certain pernicious excrescences, which had grown up on the majestic oak of her constitution, were pruned, and certain highly requisite grafts were inserted.

Great and rapid indeed have been the advances in real civilisation made by England since this date. How much has her sense of right been augmented, and how much more binding has become that mighty cement — loyalty, which makes all hearts within the stormy ocean girding our isle one heart, since the passing of this Act, which we are often tempted to call the 'Maxima Charta' of English liberty. We are not, however, so illogical, as at once to leap to the conclusion that all this was the effect of the reform-bill. The reverse argument might be very well sustained. During the interval, it might be said, from the close of the war to the time of the passing of the bill, the English people had made advances so great in civilisation, that the represented were in truth more enlightened than their representatives. They felt that they were misrepresented, and parliamentary reform was demanded by the voice of the entire country. It was obtained, and it might be plausibly argued that the reform-bill, and the great advances which the country has since made, were the effect of one common cause, for the

farther progress of a country already so civilised, as to demand and obtain such a measure without bloodshed, was sure, and would certainly be rapid. It would not be a very easy matter to decide the question, whether the improved condition of the English mind produced the reform-bill, or the order is reversed, and we regard this great measure and its result, an excellent parliament really representing the country, as the instrument of the improvement? It is not necessary, however, that it should be definitively settled in favour of the one side or the other, nor could it, we consider, by possibility be so. A little Hegelianism may be visible in what we are going to say; but we must not neglect a precept derived from very high authority.—'It is right to receive instruction, even from an enemy.' Our opinion is, that each party benefits the other; that whilst the English mind is improved by the high tone, moral and intellectual, of our parliamentary debates, the people, by their supervision of these debates, improve most materially what is to react powerfully on themselves. Some explanation is required here. Besides their House of Commons, the people of England have another representative—what M. Forcade, of the 'Révue des Deux Mondes,' calls 'Cette terrible presse Anglaise,'—that *terrible* English press; and it is a terrible press to those who do, speak, or write wrong, wheresoever or whosoever may be the perpetrator of

the offending deed, speech, or writing. None are too high, none are too low, from a Hohenzollern to a Lincoln, or some crack-brained Milesian, for whose presence and plague in Parliament we are indebted to the sister-isle, for these fearful Rhadamanthi. But it is, in a great measure, because of its being such a terror to wrong-doers, that a perfectly free and unfettered press is such a mighty blessing to a country. Let Englishmen direct their eyes to a neighbouring nation, and really a very great nation, and they will see how fearfully the interests of truth, justice, liberty, and even charity must suffer under a government weak and blind enough to enslave its press. A free people, a free press, and a free and enlightened parliament, are bodies incessantly and mutually acting and reacting for the benefit of all, especially of the people. Each of these powers has its functions; but each is essential to all. Their interdependence is perfect. All existing, all operating, the result is harmony and national progress, and, moreover, security to the presiding and executive government. Let one of these be withdrawn, or maimed and crippled, and, in a greater degree still, should more than one be impotent, the national mind is dwarfed, prejudices and superstitions occupy the place where truth should dwell, the very name of liberty is forgotten; real progress is impossible, and the ruler, however safe he may consider himself, is in

perpetual peril. Being totally ignorant of the condition of the mind of his people, for there is no press which dares to impart the truth to him, he is like one walking in darkness. Fourteen years ago, there was a king esteemed the ablest, wisest, and most prudent monarch of his day. He, too, like another potentate, shrouded his designs and plans in darkness. On the 23rd of February 1848, Louis Philippe considered himself firmly seated on the throne of France, with a certainty of succession to his family. At half-past twelve o'clock the following day, Wednesday, February 24th, the same Louis Philippe, in the garb of a London tradesman, and with a passport for Mr. John Smith, was flying for shelter and safety to England in a hackney-coach. 'If there are grander tragedies in history,' says M. Garnier-Pagès, 'there is not one so brief.'

Does the fate of rulers in other lands, who have been and continue to be stricken down in such multitudes that the fall of a dynasty has ceased to produce any sensation, and crowns are so depreciated that one is in search of a head it will fit, but the head required cannot be found — does all this, it is asked, suggest no gloomy apprehensions, no dread forebodings regarding our own? To this we without hesitation reply, 'Not one;' and this bold response is founded on the plain facts, that all that the rulers and institutions of the

states which have proved so frail, were, our Sovereign and our institutions are not. In the lands of those crumbling thrones and falling dynasties, all was king-craft, darkness, and mystery. Here, all is plain open truth. There, either there was no parliament, or, if a parliament, one so managed by ministerial jugglery and corruption that the popular voice was unheard. Here, the parliament really represents the people, and the people are so convinced that it does so, that when recently there was a motion from a popular minister for a further reform, the proposal fell coldly on the public ear, and there was no cheering, or supporting voice from the country.

With regard to the personal character of our Queen, and of the feeling of her people towards her, we have already expressed our sentiments so fully, that on this score another word need not be uttered. When we regard the future, even the somewhat remote future, what but the most confident hope can be entertained of the offspring of Victoria and Albert, reared and instructed by them, and having received from their infancy that best of tuition, virtuous example? If there be, then, in this world a country secure from internal convulsion, because exempt from all the causes of popular discontent, whence such convulsion, if it exist, must arise, that country is England. Our country, too, it should be remarked, does not labour under the want

which has occasioned the fall of the American Republic, that of a strong central government. The *central* government, if it is to be called so, of England, is strong in the very best strength, the attachment and reverence of those who are proud to obey it.

Secure from domestic, has our 'inviolate island of the brave and free' anything to dread from foreign foes? No more, we consider, than from domestic, so long as she continues to be the land of the brave and free, and, moreover, as she now is, the land of the loyal and just. What foreign foe can assail an insular country, strong at sea, possessing a gallant, loyal, and united population of 30,000,000, with any result but that of discomfiture? Menaces reach us from across the Atlantic of something dreadful that is to happen to us, when North and South shall have embraced each other in brotherly love; but since we are not informed at what precise period of the twentieth or twenty-first century this cordial and amiable union for our destruction is to take place, the present generation of Englishmen may, we think, sleep sound under the menace. Leaving these foolish and impotent threats to the contempt which they merit, let us try the prospects of England by the sole test by which they can with any accuracy be tested — her own deserts. She is certainly, at this moment, in the van of the civilisation of the world. As the result of this civilisation, she is strictly

just in her dealings with foreign powers. She does not, unasked, intervene in disputes which may arise in any given state; her counsel, if required, and this the best, is candidly given. Armed herself against aggression—and the necessities of these cruel times compel her to be so—she aggresses nowhere. When nations fall, their fall is the chastisement of their own sins. Rome fell because her very constitution, the organisation of her entire empire, was a vile conspiracy against the rights and liberties of all the rest of the world. Were we to survey the future of England with that prophetic vision — the sole prophetic power we lay claim to — which is founded on reasoning from past to future events, we should say, that advanced as is her civilisation, it is in the highest degree improbable that it should become retrogressive; and that her international policy being, consequently, as well as her domestic, the policy of right and justice, we foresee for our beloved country a long career of happiness and prosperity.

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