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AMERICA, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.

M. TAINE speaks of certain conditions under which society becomes nothing more than *un commerce d'affronts*. Whilst there is reason to hope that the relations between man and man, or class and class, in any society of the present day, cannot be properly characterised as an interchange of insults, it is to be feared that the phrase is, to a sad degree, expressive of the relations subsisting between nations. Here the skies seem always angry, and the volleys of cannon alternate only with the hurtling of recriminations. The historian who shall live when there is a community of nations, will probably, in reading the Blue Books of these years, think of Saurian growlings and gnashings in primæval swamps. It is therefore with a natural anxiety that one of the leading nations is seen holding a brand, and hesitating whether, and whither, to throw it. It is undeniable that the United States stands in this attitude at the present moment, and that the world has reason to await with profound solicitude the decisions of the present Congress as to the foreign policy to be adopted by that nation. I cannot conceive of a legislative assembly gathered under more solemn circumstances than those which surround this Congress, or of one holding in itself more important issues.

Formation, material expansion, centralisation, and an ambition to lead in the affairs of the world, may be traced in history as the successive embryonic phases through which nations pass. Unfortunately history attests also many "arrests" on this line of development. America, however, has thus far advanced well, and has now reached the last form that precedes a settled nationality. Her foreign policy, hitherto relatively of the least, now becomes of the first importance; for while it seems inevitable that she should now be tempted to aspire to a leading position in the world, the temptation is reinforced by some provocations from without, and by certain strong inducements from within. The conditions for a war policy are so obvious that I have little doubt the nations immediately concerned would be in certain expectation of it, were it not for the general belief that there are in America paramount domestic reasons against the adoption of such a policy. Such a course would increase the financial burdens, already very heavy, under which the country is now struggling; it would indefinitely postpone that return to a settled and normal condition of things which trade always craves, and especially after the losses consequent upon war; it would call again from their homes the soldiers who, after the wear and tear of four years of hardship and danger, are desirous of rest; it would cost more than any probable result of a foreign war could repay; it would involve the possibility of defeat, which would imply a humiliating downfall from the position and prestige which the United States has gained by the thorough suppression of the gigantic rebellion that threatened its existence. Nevertheless, convinced as the writer himself is, by these and higher considerations, that it would be wrong for the United States to enter upon a war with any foreign power, he is equally convinced that there are other considerations calculated to tempt the present Government at Washington to an opposite course, some of which may be briefly stated here.

It is an old idea with rulers that, in certain conditions, a foreign war is conducive to the health of a nation, — an idea which old countries have outgrown, but one that is sure to have powerful advocates in a young one. A civil war, says Lord Bacon, is like the heat of a fever; a foreign one, is like the heat of exercise. It need be no longer a secret that, in the few months succeeding the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and preceding the actual determination to coerce the South into the Union by military power, there was a powerful influence at Washington seeking to superinduce a war with England, with the object of uniting the discordant parties and sections by a direct appeal to the patriotism of both. This concession to the anti-English sentiment — which, for reasons to be hereafter stated, was hitherto confined to the South and its ally, the Northern Democratic party

— seemed a fine card to play at that juncture; and if the *Trent* affair could have occurred sooner than it did, that card might have been played. That it was not, at any rate, is due to the moral character of Mr. Lincoln, and to the strong friendship for England of the Chairman of the Senatorial Committee on Foreign Affairs, the Hon. Charles Sumner. It was plain, too, that New England, the centre of friendship for England at that time, would permit no war to be undertaken on such immoral grounds, and at the same time that she was determined to make the crisis that had come an occasion for settling the slavery question for ever. Thus the foreign war project for evading the national emergency was smothered. It was essentially a pro-slavery plan — though it might have encountered a powerful opposition from those Confederates of Virginia and the Carolinas who cared more for separation than for slavery — and had it succeeded in uniting the North and South, slavery would to-day be entering upon a new lease of existence instead of being abolished.

Just now the same temptation recurs. The status of the negro in the South is a subject for agitations and divisions nearly as fierce as those which preceded and resulted in the civil war. The South and its old ally, the Democratic party in the North, are demanding the return of the Southern States with their governments still committed exclusively to the whites: the Northern Republicans bitterly oppose this, maintaining that the humiliated slaveholders cannot be trusted to legislate justly for the blacks, without whose aid (in the declared opinion of President Lincoln) the rebellion could not have been suppressed. The issue is most important; for, once restored to the position of equal States, the Southern legislatures could — providing only that they did not contravene technically the law against chattel slavery — enact a system of serfdom, and retain the "Black Codes," which prohibit the education and prevent the elevation of the negroes, the North being powerless to interfere unless another war should arise to arm it with the abnormal right, which it now has, to control the section it has just conquered. The security proposed by the Northern Republicans is to give the negroes votes, which the Southerners and the Democrats furiously oppose. It will be seen at once that this political situation necessitates the continuance of a bitter sectional strife. The arguments of the Southern party about the constitutional rights of States to regulate their own suffrage naturally provoke taunts concerning their four years' effort to overthrow the constitution; their talk about the inferiority of the negro leads their antagonists to place the barbarities of Andersonville prison by the side of the long patience of the negro; the alleged "unfitness of the negro to vote" is replied to with the *tu quoque* based on the disloyalty of the whites; and so long as this issue is before the country, the Northern press naturally parades every current instance of inhumanity to the negro, and every expression of hatred to the Yankees, of which its correspondents easily find enough in the South. All this of course wakes an angry and defiant spirit there; and thus the country is relegated to the dissension and agitation about the negro which had prevailed without intermission for more than a generation before the war.

There is no doubt that the late President Lincoln foresaw this issue, and he has left on record, in a letter recently published, his determination to have ended the negro agitation for ever by demanding equal rights in the seceded States for the negro. But President Johnson is a very different man. For more than thirty years a Southern slave-holder, a Democratic politician, and a steady voter in the Congress against all New England ideas, he nevertheless — simply from a pride in the old flag — opposed his own section. He vigorously resisted the rebellion, though it can scarcely be said that he clung to the North. The North rewarded his constancy by electing him to the Vice-Presidency. But now that the convulsion is over, he and the country are discovering that sudden changes are rarely thorough. So, in the present controversy on negro-suffrage, President Johnson takes the side that might be expected of a Tennessean Democrat, and opposes the party which elected him. Of course his cabinet are with him. Nevertheless President Johnson and his cabinet see that either by conceding the last hope of slavery — "a white man's government" — or by some other means, this controversy must terminate, at least for the present, in order that reconstruction, clamorously demanded by the national exchequer and by trade, may take place.

If it has been determined that negro-suffrage shall not be conceded, what "other means" remain? Suppose some great and overpowering national emergency were to occur — one involving the national pride or interest — would it not at once divert attention from the sectional issue? If the

Northern and the Southern man should fight side by side for a common cause, against a common foe, for some years — the longer the better — would not old differences be healed? And if to carry on such a war Southern States as well as Northern must furnish quotas of men and money, and raise crops for food, then Southern States must be at once reconstituted; and to effect this at once, must not the country be persuaded to *compromise* on the negro-suffrage question?

The influence at Washington — I need not mention names — which four years ago urged these considerations to prevent utter rupture between North and South, survives to suggest them as furnishing a possible escape from the dilemma of the administration which is hardly strong enough to encounter the present Congress — the most radical one that has ever assembled in America. And to this influence is now added another, urging a new class of considerations in favour of a foreign war; chiefly this: there are a number of able leading men in the South, each influential in his community, who are now in disgrace, and who, if the country settles down to peace, have nothing left but to live on in obscurity, unable to hold office, and without anything to mitigate the deep sense of humiliation or the wounds of pride. The flag at which Lee, Beauregard, Johnstone, Mosby, and many others struck, can float only to bring a shadow upon them. The greatest of them has already hidden himself in a fourth-class college. Already the North asks, Which shall we prefer, the negro who defended, or the white who trampled upon, our flag? A foreign war would be the rehabilitation of these Southern men. Indeed, emigration seems to be almost the only alternative which would enable them to emerge from their disgrace with the American people, recover position, and claim rights as defenders of the nation. Moreover, it is not at all certain but that they might — particularly in the case of a war with England — be able to cast a part of the cloud under which they now sit upon the people and leaders of New England, who have never applauded the motto, "Our country, right or wrong," and who assuredly could not be brought to fight with anything like the earnestness lately displayed in their war with slavery, in an unnecessary or a doubtful war — not at all in one whose political objects would be precisely those which are most repulsive to the strong moral sense of that section.

My belief is that New England and the North-West may be relied upon to oppose any undisguised postponement by compromise of the negro question; and if their Government should attempt to bring on a foreign war for the purpose of suppressing the agitation of that question, there would not be wanting clear-headed men to repeat throughout the country the story of how the original colonies compromised on the negro question in order that they might form a Union "for the common defence," — that is, present an unbroken front to George III. should he seek to subjugate them, — and how that compromise has proved to have been pregnant with wrongs and agonies which make the tea-tax of our fathers ridiculous. To keep off King George they bowed to King Slavery: their posterity, still groaning under the terrible results of that "policy," will be very unlikely to extemporise a King George for the purpose of repeating the blunder. When, however, the restoration of the Southern people and leaders, and the re-pledging them to the Union, are added to the first consideration, the North-West, to whose prosperity the loyalty of the Mississippi river and of both its banks to the Gulf is essential, may not prove to be of inflexible virtue.

A third reason why a foreign war might not be unwelcome to the Washington Government is, that it has now a large army already collected and to a certain extent drilled, which it is deemed inexpedient, for reasons connected with the internal condition of the country, to dissolve at once, and which is likely to be demoralized if it has nothing to do. Nor would the people of America be willing to support a large army and navy in idleness. And in this connection it may be said that whilst the rank and file of the American military force would be glad to remain, for a long time certainly, in their homes, a war would be more welcome to the vast number of officers whom the late conflict raised from obscurity, and for the most part created, and to the large majority of whom peace is sure to bring the obscurity which it brought them six years ago. The prominent generals of the United States were before the war railroad-presidents, surveyors, lawyers, &c.; hardly one of them, excepting Fremont, had a national reputation. It need not be a matter of wonder that so many among them, General Grant being of the number, are already widely and justly quoted as favourable to a foreign war policy.

As crowning all these considerations it must not be forgotten that the old undying dream of continental occupation, of which the "Monroe doctrine" is the familiar but inexact label, is at present producing more

exasperations and is under fewer restraints than ever before. The Romulus of the United States, whoever he may have been, did not surround the country with any furrow, and the Remuses had not in the first years even to leap, so long as their filibustering expeditions respected those boundaries which the average American regards as the natural ones of his country — *i.e.* the Pacific Ocean on the west, the Atlantic on the east, the Isthmus of Panama on the south, and the North Pole on the north. Since the Mexican war, and in recoil from the meanness and criminality which led to and attended the seizure of Texas, there has been in the United States a moral sentiment able to hold in check the disposition to encroach upon its neighbours, as those representatives of a Democratic administration who met at Ostend a few years ago and proposed to obtain Cuba by fair means or foul, discovered to their cost. But the moral sentiment which would have continued to shelter Mexico would not find a single American to plead its applicability to Maximilian, unless in the reverse of the obvious sense. And since it is understood that the expulsion of Maximilian by the power of the United States means the grateful self-annexation of Mexico (in some way) to the Union, it will be at once seen that the passion for expansion and the moral sentiment of the country jump together in a way that they never did before. On the other hand, whilst the desire for Canada is much feebler than that for Mexico, the restraint of international morality which would have protected it has been removed by the general sense of wrongs received at the hands of England, and the representatives of England in Canada, and by a current belief that annexation to the Union is desired by nearly all of the French Canadians and the Irish.

Whilst these considerations are being urged at Washington, those who are most strongly opposed to a foreign war, and were among the most trusted advisers of President Lincoln — as, for example, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, before alluded to — are now without the ear of the President, and range in hostility to his plan of reconstruction. Of all the reasons that have been mentioned, the consideration which will weigh most strongly with the President and his Cabinet will be the hope of starving off the negro-agitation, and of securing the return of the Southern States without negro-suffrage. If negro-equality were to be placed beyond question by the present Congress, every cloud of war would clear away for the present, and the Mexican Empire would be the only thing concerning which one could anticipate, even at a distant period, any collision between the United States and any nation of the Old World. Hence the friends of peace in America are as anxiously hoping for the settlement of the negro question on the only basis which can be final, and that will not remit the country to the bitter animosities and agitations of the past, as the friends of war are indifferent to or anxious to evade such settlement. The particular danger is that the Congress will decide to keep out the Southern States without imposing negro-suffrage as a condition of their return, in which case the President might be induced to try and alter the conditions under which the question would come before another Congress, by seeking, as above indicated, to weld the two sections, and purge the South of the stain upon its loyalty, with the fires of a foreign war. I confess that the probabilities affecting the question of war or peace between America and France or England seem to me slightly inclining to the side of war; and I am sure that the internal considerations enumerated, much more than the claim against England, or the Monroe doctrine — whose importance in the case I am far from undervaluing — will be the mainspring of the war policy, if it be adopted.

The next question of interest is whether a hostile movement, if determined upon, will be directed against France or against England.

There is in America a traditional friendliness towards France. At a celebration of the national American Thanksgiving-day, by Americans in Paris, December 7, the heartiest applause was awarded to a toast proposed by General Schofield in these words: — "The old friendship between France and the United States; may it be strengthened and perpetuated!" At the same festival the Hon. John Jay, the chairman, alluded to some of the associations which are stirred in every American's mind when France is mentioned. "Our patriotic assemblage," he said, "in this beautiful capitol, amid the splendours of French art and the triumphs of French science, recalls the infancy of our country, and the various threads of association that are so frequently intertwined in the historic memories of America and France. The French element was early and widely blended with our transatlantic blood, and it is a fact that two of the five commissioners who in this city signed the Treaty of Paris in 1783 — that treaty by which England closed the war and recognised the American Republic — were

of Huguenot descent. In the war now closed, as in that of our Revolution, French and American officers fought side by side, and side by side in our House of Representatives hang — and will continue to hang, as a perpetual memento of the early friendship between the countries — the portraits of Washington and Lafayette. The territory of Orleans, including that vast and fertile valley extending from the gulf to the limits of Missouri, was ceded to us by the First Napoleon almost for a song, and there are still perpetuated in its names, habits, and traditions, pleasant memories of France." Mr. Jay did not, in Catholic France, hint why the Huguenots happened to be in America; he did not bring to any rude test of historic criticism the part played, literally, by the Marquis de Lafayette in the first, or by the young French chevaliers, who enjoyed their cigars and champagne with McClellan whilst the soldiers of the Union were being massacred before Richmond, in the second revolution; neither did he inquire whether at that time the Emperor of the French was making proposals to England to join him in an intervention favourable to the South, nor remember the hisses and cries in the French Assembly which drowned M. Pelletan's voice when he announced the downfall of Richmond (which M. Pelletan declared — mistakenly, it would appear — were so loud, that they would be heard across the Atlantic). But, in ignoring such questions and crowning his address with the toast "The Emperor of the French," Mr. Jay undoubtedly represented the general determination of his countrymen to put the best construction possible upon everything that France does, and their instinctive disposition to wink at her plainest offences. This disposition must be considered prominently in our calculations of the probable action of the United States upon the Mexican Empire. There can be no doubt that if any other nation than France had established that Empire, the end of the rebellion in America would have been swiftly followed by the march of Federal troops across the Rio Grande.

The Monroe doctrine was of gradual and natural development. The earliest expression of the sentiment out of which it grew was given by the First Napoleon, when he assigned as a chief reason for disposing of the territory of Orleans — the greater part of the Mississippi Valley — on the easy terms in which President Jefferson obtained it, that it was the manifest destiny of that territory to become a portion of the United States. He did but express, however, his perception of a growing feeling for territorial expansion among the Americans. But an element of even paramount importance in this feeling was a dread that the American Republic might have to struggle with powerful and hostile forms of government. The Monroe doctrine was really that for which few Europeans would give it credit — a conservative policy. Explicitly respecting powers already planted on that continent, it affirmed the limits of the right of intervention for itself, as well as for foreign powers. It was meant to be, and was, an especial check upon the westward aggressions of American filibusters, by implying that only their unjust encroachments from abroad could justify interference with other nations. It recommended itself to the most thoughtful men of the last generation in the United States, as the means of keeping for ever out of the Western hemisphere that grim political idol to which the peace of the old world had been so often sacrificed — the "balance of power." It assumed, indeed, the predominance of the United States on that continent, but then the United States opened its arms, its lands, its honours to the people of all nations. The Monroe doctrine was, then, conservative, in that it put a definite check upon the idea of absorbing surrounding countries, and limited the United States to the idea of predominance. Even this may seem arrogant, but it is difficult to see by what other means the New World could have been saved from becoming the mere duplicate of the Old. To permit the occupation of countries, which the United States has restrained herself from occupying, by foreign governments of forms essentially hostile, necessitates an injurious modification of her own. Any such Power, once admitted and established, must be watched; and to watch it implies expensive fortifications of long frontiers, standing armies, and young men supplying them — things utterly opposed to the spirit in which the American Republic was founded. A few ships might prevent the landing on those shores of a Power which, once fixed there, would require that the Union should become a centralized and military nation. Thus there is no principle that would protect California, or Texas, or Louisiana from French encroachment, that would not have equally have protected Mexico. The south-western states have only to be weak to become food for the further growth of "the Latin race," and the glory of its new Cæsar. Hence garrisons, under General Weitzel, and others, are already on the south-western border, where

they must stay so long as the representative of French power stays. The best men in America are persuaded that it would be more favourable to the peace of the world if such garrisons should cease to exist, through the removal of the occasion for them.

The traditional friendship of the United States with France has undoubtedly been strained to the utmost by this invasion of Mexico, and by the circumstances under which it occurred. The subversion of the Mexican Republic was consummated in the face of three unequivocal declarations to the American Minister at Paris, that the Government then existing in Mexico should not be altered by the invasion; it was accomplished at a time when the United States was prevented from having any voice in the matter by the gigantic war which tied her hands; it was for the avowed purpose of building up a rival power on the North American continent; and it selected as the representative of that flagrant defiance of the principle which in America has a sanctity corresponding to that of the "balance of power" in Europe, a prince belonging to a House more unpopular among Americans, and more associated with the oppression of weaker peoples, than any that has reigned on the continent of Europe.

If it should ultimately appear that only by war can the empire thus attempted be expelled, war will surely come. But there are reasons why the United States will strain every nerve to secure that object by negotiation before resorting to armed force. The friendly feeling towards France already adverted to, the equally strong feeling among the Irish and the Roman Catholics generally, and the especial affection and gratitude to France of the Southerners — whom the foreign war, if undertaken, is expected to rehabilitate — would all make the conflict one for which the American people could have little heart. It would require repeated refusals of any other settlement on the part of Louis Napoleon to generate the amount of popular exasperation requisite for the war. At the same time I doubt not but that General Schofield and others will sufficiently convince the Emperor of the French that the American Government and people will never consent to the permanent existence of a foreign monarchy in Mexico. The willingness to postpone positive action in the matter is enhanced by the consideration that non-recognition and hesitation on the part of the United States, encouraging as they do the Juarists to continue their resistance, injuriously affecting the Mexican loan, and accumulating the expenditure of France, constitute in themselves almost a forcible attack upon Maximilian. There is also something like a superstitious belief among the people that *no* government will stand long in Mexico until it is consigned by destiny to the United States; and I venture to predict that in that direction the United States will pursue the Micawber policy of waiting for something to turn up, and that this policy will be presently justified by the evacuation of Mexico by French troops, with Maximilian close upon their heels.

Much as I regret to say it, I cannot deny to myself that a war with England — were there any pretext for it, or anything to be gained by it — would unite all sections and classes in America more effectually than one with any other Power. The *reasons* for a war, so far as they are external, weigh against France; the *feeling*, against England. The traditional feeling in America toward England has been the reverse of what it has been toward France. The origin of this anti-English feeling is not wonderful. Next to those portraits of Washington and Lafayette, mentioned by Mr. Jay as hanging side by side in the Hall of Representatives at Washington, may be found several pictures of the American generals and English generals standing in less gentle relations to each other. But the resuscitation and increase of the ill-feeling toward England are due to causes which it may be well to explain, for there have been strong commercial and other reasons why all animosities between the countries should long ago have passed away. The jealousies which existed after the separation of 1782, were such as are often witnessed between parties just near enough to each other to make differences irritating — as the right and left wings, or old and new schools of Churches — but these tend to subside as the parties become more and more set and secure in their respective positions. As a matter of fact these jealousies had almost disappeared, and but few traces of them can be found in the generation that preceded this. The cause of the animosity between the Northern and Southern States was the cause also of the revival of an anti-English feeling in America — Slavery. English Quakers were among the first agitators for emancipation in the Union. The first abolitionist in America — Benjamin Lundy — had by his side Fanny Wright, who established in Tennessee a colony of liberated negroes with the intent of proving that they were fit for

freedom. The Anti-Slavery Society, which sprang up in the North, was materially assisted by the English societies; its watchwords were taken from the great anti-slavery leaders of England, and the utterances of Sharpe, Clarkson, Wilberforce, and others, were hurled with tremendous effect against the Southern institution. The Methodists were made to remember that Wesley had pronounced slavery to be "the sum of all villanies;" and everywhere it was held up as a token of the superiority of England that her air was "too pure for a slave to breathe." When the "pro-slavery re-action," as it is termed, set in — that is, when the invention of the cotton-gin (about the first part of this century) had gradually quadrupled the value of slaves, and the Southern politicians began to reverse the verdict of Washington, Jefferson, and Henry against slavery *per se* — mutterings against "English Abolitionists" began to be heard. The anti-slavery visits, in later times, of William Forster, Joseph Sturge, George Thompson, and other distinguished abolitionists, led to a fierce outcry in the South that her rights and institutions were threatened by "British abolitionists," "British emissaries," and "British gold." The writer can remember when every political gathering in Virginia, his native State, was lashed into fury by the use of these phrases. President Jackson, in a Message to Congress, denounced the interference of "foreign emissaries" with the institution of slavery. Boston, because of its anti-slavery character, was scornfully called "that English city." The pro-slavery re-action gained a complete sway of the Union about twenty years ago; since which time, until 1860, slavery elected every President, and was represented by large though gradually diminishing majorities in Congress. The commercial classes of the North were its violent adherents on account of the immense value of the Southern trade; and if any merchant became tarnished by a suspicion of his pro-slavery soundness, the *New York Herald* published his name — a proceeding which withdrew all dealings from him, and threatened him with ruin. Thus a vast majority, North and South, came to nourish a deep hostility toward England, for her policy of emancipation in her own colonies, and for her alleged interference with slavery in America. How furious the South was toward England was shown in those disgraceful scenes — not to be reported here — which are said to have attended the attempt of the Prince of Wales to visit Richmond, Virginia, and led to his immediate withdrawal from that city, and a determination to proceed no farther into the Slave States. But meanwhile this feeling had a strong reinforcement. The Irish were thronging to America by thousands, and the Irish vote had become the deciding power in every general election. It is a dreary fact that the Irish elected every American President from 1844 to 1860. To win that Irish vote a political party had simply to take the ground of violent antagonism to England: that sure card the Democratic party had always been willing to play, and the Irish, almost without exception, voted for it and its *protégé*, Slavery. The denouncers of England in the North were notoriously the leading Democrats, who, for party purposes, fanned the hatred of this country which every Irishman was sure to bring with him to the United States. I have no idea that these demagogues really felt any sympathy with the Irish, or that they knew anything whatever about Ireland or its relations to England, whilst pouring out their invectives against "British Tyranny." The Fenians have, perhaps, by this time learned (if a Fenian can learn anything) how much reality there was in this profuse Democratic sympathy for Ireland; but when it is considered that there are five million Irish haters of England in America, and that to obtain this great electoral power the Democratic party has committed itself to every anti-English policy, it will be seen how vast an addition to the hatred of the enraged pro-slavery men has thus been made in these later years.

In all this time the only section of America that could be called friendly to England was New England, such friendliness having been frequently made the occasion for denouncing that group of States. The leading men of New England — Emerson, Channing, Phillips, Sumner, Garrison, Lowell — had been guests in the best English homes, and had entertained English gentlemen. The youth of the colleges and universities of New England were kindling with enthusiasm for Carlyle, Tennyson, Mill, and the Brownings. Along with her anti-slavery influence there went forth also from New England editions of English books and English modes of thought; and as the country at large was, in the years immediately preceding the war, gradually won to an anti-slavery position, England became, if not generally liked, at least the most respected of foreign nations. The virtues of Queen Victoria were especially a subject of frequent eulogium throughout the North; and everything bade fair to

bring about a reaction in the feeling towards the people over whom she ruled. Indeed the welcome given to the Prince of Wales at the time of which I now write, bore witness to the existence of a friendlier spirit regarding "the mother country" than any one would have ventured to predict a few years before. The gradual repression of the anti-English prejudice cost the Republicans of the North a long period of political weakness (for they too might have bid for the Irish vote); it was the result of the laborious diffusion of English literature, and I know that it was esteemed by the reflecting Americans to be a victory for mankind.

The reasons why this friendliness has been of late replaced by indignation and anger, in New England as well as elsewhere, are too well known to require much elucidation here. I am quite sure that if England had known as much about the United States five years ago as she knows now, the present unhappy relations between the two countries could not be subsisting. England sneered at those who had been her friends, who were fighting the last battles of a conflict begun by herself, and gave her sympathies to those who had denounced her for her love of freedom. Not going far enough to do more than repress for a moment the traditional animosity of the South, she went far enough to fill the North with indignant surprise, and has left in both sections a sentiment which might easily find vent in war, if any sufficient object to be gained thereby should present itself. If it were England that had occupied Mexico, war would have been declared against her ere now; hitherto, as I have intimated, whilst the war-interest has pointed to France, the war feeling in America has been toward England. The feeling of anger towards this country is so universal in the United States that I believe it would be impossible to find amongst its public men, or even its literary men, a single exception from it, — unless it be among a few who, having constant personal intercourse with England, know how little any quick generalisations concerning this country, its character, or its feeling, are likely to be correct. A few protests against the very general denunciation of England may have been uttered there, or sent there by Americans resident here; but they have been lost like chips in the rapids of Niagara. I write these things with profound regret; but I think the facts should be known.

There have been many instances in history where such a condition of popular feeling has required the merest pretext to initiate war. In the present case there is something which is already regarded in America as a sufficient occasion for war (were war desirable), and may be presently regarded as an adequate cause for it. The United States has, although so young as a nation, presented more than a score of "claims" against other nations; and in every case, I believe, these claims have been ultmately adjusted to its satisfaction, though now and then refused at first. The late claim upon the English Government for damages committed by the *Alabama* — for those alone would probably have been insisted upon — meant much more than a pecuniary matter to the Americans. As for the merchants who had suffered losses by Confederate cruisers they were generally men who a few years ago were so patient and resigned when slavery was scuttling human hearts and homes, that many of us smiled with a grim satisfaction at their pathetic emotions when some defenceless sloop with its innocent family of bags and barrels was sent to the bottom. But withal the *Alabama* was regarded as the palpable symbol of that anti-American sentiment which had appeared at the outbreak of the war — a symbol which not the *Kearsage*, but England alone, could sink; and the claim for the losses by her signified also a reclamation for wounds rankling in every American heart.

I have no intention of discussing here the case of the *Alabama;* but the *legal* case as it stands in the correspondence between Earl Russel and Mr. Adams is so different from the *moral* case which is at this moment powerfully agitating the American mind, that it seems to me important to mention a few points recently laid by Mr. George Bemis, the eminent jurist of Boston, before his countrymen, which are more likely to poison the future relations between the two countries than any question raised in the diplomatic discussion referred to. This hitherto unwritten, or rather uncollected, chapter in the history of the *Alabama* is derived from the English Blue Book, and refers to the last two days' stay of that cruiser in British waters, after the Government had decided upon her detention, and after the alleged telegraphic order for her seizure had been sent to the officials of Liverpool.

The *Alabama* left Laird's dock in Liverpool in July, 1862, under pretence of taking out a pleasure party, and went to sea without ever returning to that port again. The American Minister having called upon

Earl Russell for an explanation of this, wrote home the following as the statement he received at that interview: —

"His lordship first took up the case of the '290' [the name by which the *Alabama* was first known], and remarked that a delay in determining upon it had most unexpectedly been caused by the sudden development of a malady of the Queen's Advocate, Sir John D. Harding, totally incapacitating him for the transaction of business. This made it necessary to call in other parties, *whose opinion had been at last given for the detention of the gunboat, but before the order got down to Liverpool the vessel was gone.*" *

In the debate on the escape of the *Alabama*, which occurred in the House of Lords, April 29, 1864, Earl Russell gave this further explanation: —

"The United States Government had no reason to complain of us in that respect [in regard to the escape of the *Alabama*], because we took all the precaution we could. We collected evidence, but it was not till it was complete that *we felt ourselves justified in giving the orders for the seizure of the vessel. These orders, however, were evaded.* I can tell your lordship from a trustworthy source *how they were evaded.*"

[Earl Russell then proceeded to quote a passage from Fullam's 'Cruise in the Confederate States War Steamer *Alabama*' (p. 5), of which the last paragraph ran as follows]: —

"Our unceremonious departure [from Liverpool] was owing to the fact of *news being received to the effect that the customs authorities had orders to board and detain us that morning.*"

[Upon which Earl Russell adds]: —

"*That was the fact.* However the owner came to be informed of it, it is impossible for me to say. *There certainly seems to have been treachery on the part of some one furnishing the information.*"

On the morning of July 29th, 1862, the *Alabama* put out from the Liverpool docks, having on board several ladies and gentlemen of the family of Mr. John Laird, M. P., and enough of other invited guests to make a show of a pleasure party, and was towed by a steam-tug, the *Hercules*, to a point fourteen miles from Liverpool. There the party was transferred to the *Hercules*, and the Commander of the *Alabama* made an appointment with the *Hercules* to return to Liverpool and bring a large portion of his crew to Beaumaris Bay, about forty miles distant from the town. The *Hercules* reached Liverpool on the evening of the 29th, and anchored for the night. (It may be well to remind the reader here that, so early as July 4th, the British Government had promised Mr. Adams that the Custom House officials at Liverpool should keep a strict watch on the movements of the expected *Alabama*, and report any further information that could be collected concerning her.) The *Hercules* proceeds to fulfil her errand, but has not completed her shipping of men and warlike equipment until sometime during the morning of the 30th. During the forenoon, some hours before the *Hercules* starts, the American Consul has placed the following note under the eye of the head of the Custom House: —

"U. S. Consulate, Liverpool,
July 30, 1862.

"Sir, — Referring to my previous communication to you on the subject of the gunboat 'No. 290,' fitted out by Mr. Laird at Birkenhead, I beg now to inform you that she left the Birkenhead dock on Monday night [the 28th], and yesterday morning [the 29th] left the river, accompanied by the steam-tug *Hercules*. The *Hercules* returned last evening, *and her master stated that the gunboat was cruising off Port Lynas*, that she had six guns on board concealed below, and was taking powder from another vessel.

"The *Hercules* is now alongside the Woodside landing-stage, taking on board *men (forty or fifty)*, beams, evidently for gun carriages, and other things, to convey down to the gunboat. A quantity of cutlasses was taken on board on Friday last.

"These circumstances all go to confirm the representations heretofore made to you about this vessel, in the face of which I cannot but regret she has been permitted to leave the port, and I report them to you that you may take such steps as you may deem necessary to prevent this flagrant violation of neutrality.

"Respectfully, I am your obedient servant,
"Thomas H. Dudley, Consul.
"The Collector of Customs, Liverpool."

In response to this urgent appeal, Mr. E. Morgan, Surveyor of the Port, seems to have been sent to visit the *Hercules*. The following is the record of his labours: —

"*Copy of a Letter from Mr. E. Morgan, Surveyor, to the Collector, Liverpool.*

"Surveyor's Office, 30 July, 1862.

"Sir, — Referring to the steamer built by the Messrs. Laird, *which is suspected to be a gunboat intended for some foreign government*, —

"I beg to state that since the date of my last report concerning her she has been lying in the Birkenhead docks fitting for sea, and receiving on board coals and provisions for her crew.

"She left the dock on the evening of the 28th instant, anchored for the night in the

* The *italics* here and elsewhere, in paragraphs quoted from the Blue Book, are, of course, not in the originals.

Mersey, abreast the Canning Dock, and proceeded out of the river on the following morning, ostensibly on a trial trip, from which she has not returned.

"I visited the tug *Hercules* this morning, as she lay at the landing-stage at Woodside, and strictly examined her holds, and other parts of the vessel. She had nothing of a suspicious character on board — no guns, no ammunition, or anything appertaining thereto. A considerable number of persons, male and female, were on deck, SOME OF WHOM ADMITTED TO ME THAT THEY WERE A PORTION OF THE CREW, AND WERE GOING TO JOIN THE 'GUNBOAT.'

"I have only to add that your directions to keep a strict watch on the said vessel have been carried out, and I write in the fullest confidence that she left this port without any part of her armament on board; she had not as much as a single gun or musket.

"*It is said that she cruised off Point Lynas l st night,* which, as you are aware, is some fifty miles from this port.

"Very respectfully,
(Signed) "E. MORGAN, Surveyor.

The Foreign Enlistment Act says very plainly that every ship "having on board, conveying, carrying, or transporting" any person or persons "enlisted, or who have agreed or been procured to enlist, or who shall be departing from his Majesty's dominions for the purpose or with the intent of enlisting," "shall and may be seized by the Collector," &c., (Stat. 59 George III. c. 69, s. 6). Mr. Morgan says some of the men on the *Hercules* admitted to him "that they were a portion of the crew, and were going to join the gunboat;" he knows that it is a gunboat, and that it has gone off "*ostensibly* on a trial trip;" and yet we find the following letter sent to the Commissioners of Customs in London: —

"Custom House, Liverpool,
30th July, 1862.

"Honourable Sirs, — Immmediately on receipt of the aforegoing communication [not given, or perhaps Consul Dudley's, qu.?], Mr. Morgan, Surveyor, proceeded on board the *Hercules*, and I beg to enclose his report, observing that he perceived no beams, such as are alluded to by the American Consul, *nor anything on bourd that would justify further action on my part.*

"Respectfully,
(Signed) "S. PRICE EDWARDS."

The following telegram was laid before The Lords Commissioners of her Majesty's Treasury on the morning of July 29: —

"Liverpool, 29th July, 1862.
"'No. 290.'

"Sir, — We telegraphed you this morning that the above vessel was leaving Liverpool. She came out of dock last night, and steamed down the river between 10 and 11 a. m.

"*We have reason to believe she has gone to Queenstown.*

"Yours obediently,
"DUNCAN, SQUAREY, & BLACKMORE."

Lastly, here is the record of how, when the horse was stolen, the stable-door was locked: —

"Thirty-first July, 1862, at about
half-past seven, P. M.

"*Telegrams were sent to the Collectors at Liverpool and Cork* [at above date] *pursuant to Treasury Order, dated 31st July, to seize the gunboat* (290) *should she be within either of those ports.*

"*Similar telegrams to the officers at Beaumaris and Holyhead were sent on the morning of the* 1st *August.* They were not sent on the 31st July, the telegraph offices to those districts being closed.

"And on the 2d August a letter was also sent to the Collector at Cork, to detain the vessel should she arrive at Queenstown."

It is noticeable that only on the evening of the 31st of July was any word sent to Queenstown, where, according to the telegram of the 29th, the American agents in Liverpool "have reason to believe she (the *Alabama*) has gone!" And why was no telegram sent to Point Lynas on the night of the 30th? Three days were lost when all depended upon hours. Nay, there have been cases when England, feeling herself aggrieved by such ships, has — as those who remember the cases of the *Terceira* and the *Heligoland* know — pursued and destroyed them even in foreign waters. The *feeling* was of another kind in this case: the *Alabama* was followed through English and other waters, but with plaudits.

Now all this is far from pleasant reading to an American. Earl Russell himself, as quoted above, has said that there seems to have been "treachery" in the proceeding. Nay, in "Hansard" for February 16, 1864, he will be found to have classified it as a "belligerent operation," and as "a scandal and in some degree a reproach to British law." Is it wonderful then that the United States should prefer a claim, accompanied by a suggestion of arbitration, for the losses by this cruiser, which for a time swept American ships from the seas? Is it wonderful that it should interpret the refusal to admit the claim or the suggestion as a moral confession of judgment? Is it wonderful that, irrespective of the legal points of the case, Americans should perceive in the above facts the ex-

pression of a hostile *animus* toward her, as yet unlaid, so far as any official act is concerned, and that they should, with their deep sense of wrong, be eager to seize an occasion for retaliation?

The liberation of John Mitchell, at the request of the Fenians, by President Johnson, after he (Mitchell) had rendered himself so especially odious to the people of the United States by his treason, was attended with no popular outcry. It could never have been done had there not been a general feeling of resentment toward England. It is a straw only, but it shows the wind to be setting from a tempestuous quarter.

It may be supposed that the very causes which have operated to alienate the Northern States from England would imply a friendship for her in the South; but besides the old animosity of the South toward England, on account of her influence against slavery, she feels bitterly the sympathy of the English masses for the North, the cold shoulder given to her agents at the English Court, the repeated refusals of the British Government to join France in an intervention, and its refusal of any aid to prevent the South being crushed. Thus every class and section in America has a grievance against England.

There are, indeed, men in that country whose thoughts reach beyond the vexations and passions of the moment, who may be counted on to do what they can to prevent such a dire calamity as a war between the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race would be. But the fact may not be concealed that by the refusal to submit the case of the *Alabama* to arbitration, in the present state of American feeling, the wildest Irishman who would fire a hemisphere to boil his potatoes is made stronger than the most thoughtful statesman. To a point of ministerial dignity — for the dignity of a nation cannot depend upon shielding the blunders of a Cabinet or the "treachery" of its subordinates — it must be ascribed, that the entrance into Parliament of such friends of the United States as Mill, Hughes, and Fawcett, and of Forster into the Government, does not mark the beginning of an era of good-will between the two nations; that the sunken *Alabama* leaves a brood of her kind to be hatched out by the heat of the next English war, and to resuscitate a semi-barbarous mode of warfare which had seemed about to pass away; and that even this ugly programme is the least disastrous alternative to which the friends of peace can look forward.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

JANET'S QUESTIONS.

JANET! my little Janet!
You think me wise I know;
And that when you sit and question,
With your eager face aglow,
I can tell you all you ask me:
My child, it is not so.

I can tell my little Janet
Some things she well may prize;
I could tell her some whose wisdom
Would be foolish in her eyes;
There are things I would not tell her,
They are too sadly wise.

I can tell her of noble treasures
Of wisdom stored of old;
To the chests where they are holden
I can give her keys of gold;
And as much as she can carry
She may take away untold.

But till her heart is opened,
Like the book upon her knee,
What is written in its pages
She cannot read nor see:
Nor tell till the rose has blossomed
If red or white 'twill be.

And till life's book is opened,
And read through every age,
Come questions, without answers,
Alike from child and sage:
Yet God himself is teaching
His children page by page.

I still am asking questions
With each new leaf I see;
To your new eyes, my Janet,
Yet more revealed may be.
You must ask of God the questions
I fail to answer thee.

— *Good Words.*

From the Quarterly Review.

A History of Caricature and Grotesque in Literature and Art. By Thomas Wright, Esq.; with Illustrations from various sources, drawn and engraved by F. W. Fairholt, Esq.

Among the many contributions which Mr. Thomas Wright has made towards English antiquarian research, and, in particular, towards the familiar delineation of the manners and customs of our ancestors, none is, perhaps, so popular or so well known as his two volumes entitled 'England under the House of Hanover, illustrated from the Caricatures and Satires of the day.' The very spirited woodcuts with which this book is adorned by Mr. Fairholt might alone have sufficed to make its fortune. Published only in 1848, it is already difficult to procure a copy. Encouraged by his success in this line, Mr. Wright has now attempted the wider enterprise announced in this title-page. We fear that in doing so he has been somewhat over ambitious. A history of the 'caricature and grotesque in literature and art,' extending over all countries and all time, comprising not only pictorial representations, but poetry, satire, the drama, and buffoonery of all descriptions, is a subject which, if it be attempted at all in a single octavo volume, could only be so in the form of a compact and well-reasoned essay, to which Mr. Wright's entertaining fragmentary sketches bear little resemblance. The 'immeasurable laughter' of nations, ancient and modern, cannot be reduced within so small a compass. We must therefore content ourselves with thanking Mr. Wright for his desultory but agreeable attempts for our enlightenment. And we propose, on the present occasion, to confine ourselves entirely to the artistic portion of them: enlivened, as it is, by a new series of Mr. Fairholt's excellent illustrations. Our inability to transfer these to our own pages places us, as we feel, at a great disadvantage: many words are required to explain to the reader the contents of a picture, which a few outlines by an able hand impress at once visibly on the recollection. Deprived of this advantage, we must confine ourselves as well as we can to the points on which caricature touches the history of social and political life, rather than those by which it borders on the great domain of Art, properly so called.

'The word caricature is not found in the dictionaries, I believe, until the appearance of that of Dr. Johnson, in 1755. Caricature is, of course, an Italian word, derived from the verb *caricare*, to charge or load; and therefore it means a picture which is charged or exaggerated. ["Ritratto ridicolo," says Baretti's Dictionary, "in cui fiensi grandemente accresciuti i difetti." The old French dictionaries say: "c'est la même chose que charge en peinture."] The word appears not to have come into use in Italy until the latter half of the seventeenth century, and the earliest instance I know of its employment by an English writer is that quoted by Johnson from the 'Christian Morals' of Sir Thomas Brown, who died in 1682, but it was one of his latest writings, and was not printed till long after his death: "Expose not thyself by fourfooted manners unto monstrous draughts (*i. e.* drawings) and caricatura representations." This very quaint writer, who had passed some time in Italy, evidently uses it as an exotic word. We find it next employed by the writer of the Essay, No. 537, of the 'Spectator,' who, speaking of the way in which different people are led by feelings of jealousy and prejudice to detract from the characters of others, goes on to say "From all these hands we have such draughts of mankind as are represented in those burlesque pictures which the Italians call *caricaturas*, where the art consists in preserving amidst distorted proportions and aggravated features, some distinguishing likeness of the person, but in such a manner as to transform the most agreeable beauty into the most odious monster." The word was not fully established in our language in its English form of caricature until late in the last century.'—p. 415.

This, no doubt, is a serviceable, artistic definition of the word; but its popular meaning is, perhaps, a little more limited. It would be difficult accurately to distinguish 'caricature' in composition, according to the above description, from what we simply term 'grotesque;' exaggeration, that is, of natural effects for the mere purpose of the ludicrous. In using the word caricature, we generally add to this notion that of satire; and the best definition for our purpose, as well as to suit ordinary apprehension, though not at all originating in the primary meaning of the word, will be, that 'caricature' implies the use of the grotesque for the purpose of satire: satire, of course, of many kinds, individual, moral, political, as the case may be.

Looking at our subject from this point of view, we must never eliminate from it all those amusing details respecting classical 'caricature,' to which Mr. Wright has devoted the first part of his work, and which a clever French writer, M. Champfleury, has just illustrated in a little book, superficial, entertaining, and 'cock-sure of everything,' as the manner of his nation is, entitled 'Histoire de la Caricature Antique.' The

ancients were passionately fond of the grotesque: the Greeks intermingled it strangely, but gracefully, with their inimitable creations of beauty: the Romans, after their nature, made it coarse and sensual, where not merely imitative of the Hellenic.

'The discourses of Socrates resemble the pictures of the painter Pauson.' Some one had ordered of Pauson the picture of a horse rolling on the ground. Pauson painted him running. The customer complained that the condition of his order had not been fulfilled. 'Turn the picture upside down,' said the artist, 'and the horse will seem to roll on the ground.' From this moderately facetious anecdote of Lucian; from a passage of Aristotle, in which it is said that 'Polygnotus painted men better than they are; Pauson, worse than they are; Dionysius, such as they are;' and, lastly, from a few lines of Aristophanes, in which some Pauson or other is jeered at for his poverty, assumed to be the lot of Bohemian artists in general; M. Champfleury has arrived at the rapid conclusion, that Pauson was the *doyen* of all caricaturists. And he vindicates him, eloquently, from the aspersions of the Stagyrite. 'Aristotle,' says he, 'preoccupied with the idea of absolute beauty, has not expounded the scope of caricature, and its importance in society. This thinker, plunged in philosophical abstractions, despised as futile an act which nevertheless consoles the people in its sorrows, avenges it on its tyrants, and reproduces, with a satirical pencil, the thoughts of the multitude.'

Pliny the elder, after mentioning the serious compositions of the painter Antiphilus, informs us that 'idem (Antiphilus) jocoso. nomine Gryllum deridiculi habitus pinxit. Undè hoc genus picturæ Grylli vocabantur. The meaning of this obscure passage — whether Gryllus was a ridiculous personage who had the misfortune to descend to posterity in some too faithful portrait by Antiphibus, or whether Gryllus was a serious personage, perhaps the son of Xenophon and hero of Mantinea, whose portrait was placed by the Athenians in the Ceramicus, whom Antiphilus had the audacity to caricature — has exercised the wits of plenty of antiquaries, and will no doubt give occupation to many more. However, it seems to be from this anecdote of Pliny that grotesque figures engraved on ancient gems have received the name of 'Grylli' among the curious in modern times. This title has been particularly applied to those which represent figures 'composed of the heads and bodies of different animals capriciously united, so as to form monstrous and chimerical creatures.' In others, the desired effect is produced, not by these mere fabrications, but by grouping men and animals together in fanciful or ridiculous conjunctions. And these — conceived and executed with a prodigality of imagination amounting in many instances to genius — constitute, perhaps, the favourite, though by no means the only, style of comic art familiar to the classical ancients; one of which the known examples have of late years greatly multiplied, owing to the discoveries of ancient paintings at Pompeii and elsewhere. There is a pretty description of a picture of this sort in the 'Icones' of Philostratus. It represents a 'number of Cupids riding races on swans: one is tightening his golden rein, another loosening it; one dexterously wheeling round the goal: you might fancy that you could hear them encouraging their birds, and threatening and quarrelling with one another, as their very faces represent: one is trying to throw down his neighbour; another has just thrown down his; another is slipping off his steed, in order to bathe himself in the basin of the hippodrome.' *

But, to revert to our original distinction, ancient art, though rich in the grotesque, does not produce on us the effect of caricature; either it has no definite satirical aim, or, if it has such, the satire is lost upon our ignorance. The attempts of antiquaries to explain its productions by giving them a supposed libellous meaning are among the most comical efforts of modern pedantry. A laughable scene on an Etruscan vase, representing a lover climbing a ladder to his mistress's casement, figures, we are told, Jupiter and Alcmena. The capital travestie of Æneas and Anchises as monkeys (Pompeii) is meant to satirise the imitative style of Virgil! The well-known and amusing scene in a painter's studio (*ibid.*) is 'an allusion to the decadence of art.' A pigmy and a fox (Gregorian Museum) are a philosopher and flatterer. An owl cutting off the head of a cock is Clytemnestra murdering Agamemnon; and a grasshopper driving a parrot in a car (Herculaneum) is

* The 'Icones' of Flavius Philostratus, a writer of the age of the Flavian Emperors, contain a rhetorical description of a series of pictures which he saw, or feigns himself to have seen, in, a 'stoa,' or colonnaded building, 'of four or five stories,' situated 'in a suburb of the city Neapolis.' The subjects described are partly mythological, partly landscape. Some of them are identical with those of frescoes of Pompeii, overwhelmed at the same period; and the general description of the style of treatment such as to remind the reader closely of those beautiful and singular specimens of the art of a world gone by.

Seneca conducting Nero! Such are a few among the solemn interpretations which modern sagacity has put on these 'capricci, rather than caricatures,' as M. Champfleury truly calls them, with which the spirit of Greek antiquity, as playful as it was daring, loved to decorate the chamber and engrave the gem.

It is painful, and in some degree humiliating, to note the transition from the light and comparatively graceful character of ancient art, even in its comic forms, to the excessive grossness, meanness, and profanity, which characterised the corresponding branch of it in the middle ages in Western Europe. No doubt this change was partly a continuation of that which took place when the brief importation of Grecian models into the West had ceased, and the coarser Roman style succeeded it.

'The transition from antiquity to what we usually understand by the name of the middle ages,' says Mr. Wright, 'was long and slow: it was a period during which much of the texture of the old society was destroyed, while, at the same time, a new life was gradually given to that which remained. We know very little of the comic literature of this period of transition; its literary remains consist chiefly of a mass of heavy theology or of lives of Saints. . . . The period between antiquity and the middle ages was one of such great and general destruction, that the gulf between ancient and mediæval art seem to us greater and more abrupt than it really was. The want of monuments, no doubt, prevents our seeing the gradual change of the one into the other; but enough, nevertheless, of facts remain to convince us that it was not a sudden change. It is now, indeed, generally understood that the knowledge and practice of the arts and manufactures of the Romans were handed onward from master to pupil after the empire had fallen; and this took place especially in the towns, so that the workmanship, which had been declining in character during the later periods of the empire, only continued in the course of degradation afterwards. Thus, in the first Christian edifices, the builders who were employed, or at least many of them, must have been pagans; and they would follow their old models of ornamentation, introducing the same grotesque figures, the same masks and monstrous faces, and even sometimes the same subjects from the old mythology, to which they had been accustomed. It is to be observed, a so, that this kind of iconographical ornamentation had been encroaching more and more upon the old architectural purity during the latter ages of the Empire, and that it was employed more profusely in the later works, fro n which this task was transferred to the ecclesiasical and to the domestic architecture of the middle ages. After the architects themselves had become Christians, they still found pagan emblems and figures in their models, and still went on imitating them, sometimes merely copying, and at others turning them to caricature or burlesque. And this tendency continued so long that, at a much later date, where there still existed remains of Roman buildings, the mediæval architects adopted them as models, and did not hesitate to copy the sculpture, although it might be evidently pagan in character. The accompanying cut represents a bracket in the church of Mont Majour, near Nismes, built in the tenth century. The subject is a monstrous head eating a child, and we can hardly doubt that it was really intended for a caricature on Saturn devouring one of his children.' — pp. 40–49.

For our own parts, we should doubt greatly whether the sculptor in question had Saturn in his mind at all, any more than Dante had when he imagined Satan devouring a sinner with each of his three mouths: the illustrations of which passage, in early illuminations and woodcuts, are exactly like the copy in Mr. Wright's work of this Mont Majour sculpture. And generally, we doubt whether Mr. Wright does not attribute to classical recollections too large a share in the production of that monstrous style of art which furnishes our next remarkable chapter in the history of caricature — the Ecclesiastical Grotesque, such as it exhibited itself especially in France, England, and Germany. It has to our minds very distinctive marks of a rougher Northern original. However this may be, there is something humiliating, as we have said, in the degradation of skill and æsthetic perception which is evinced by these relics of generations to which we so often ascribe a peculiarly reverential character. No doubt its elements, so to speak, may be traced in part to some very ordinary propensities of the human mind. It has been said, probably with some truth, that when the most prevailing of all common motives was an intense fear of hell and of evil spirits, the most natural mode of relief, by reaction, was that of turning them into ridicule. And however impossible it may be, to intellects cultivated after the modern fashion, to reconcile these propensities with a strong sense of the majestic and the beautiful, yet we cannot doubt the fact that they were so reconciled. As Dante could intermingle his unique conceptions of supernatural grandeur with minute descriptions of the farcical proceedings of the vulgarest possible fiends with their pitchforks, so the same artists who produced, or at least ornamented, our cathedrals, with those glorious expressions of thought sublimed at once by

the love of beauty and the love of heaven, could furnish them out with the strangest, meanest, often filthiest images which a debased imagination might suggest. Fortunately, age has done so much to veil these debauches of skill with sober indistinctness, that they seldom strike the eye of a casual observer, in a sacred edifice, very offensively. But they lurk everywhere, and in disgusting multitudes; in the elaborate stonework of ceilings, windows, and columns; in battlements, bosses, and corbeils; in the wood-carving of stalls, misereres, and often on the lower surface of folding subsellia; while they are equally to be found, strangest of all, where the Donna Inez of Lord Byron's 'Don Juan' found them, in the illuminated pages of missals, destined for purposes of daily devotion. So long as these were confined to mere burlesque, no great harm was done, and certainly none intended.

'The number and variety of such grotesque faces,' says Mr. Wright, 'which we find scattered over the architectural decoration of our old ecclesiastical buildings, are so great that I will not attempt to give any more particular classification of them. All this church decoration was intended especially to produce its effect upon the middle and lower classes, and mediæval art was, perhaps more than anything else, suited to mediæval society, for it belonged to the mass and not to the individual. The man who could enjoy a match at grinning through horse collars, must have been charmed by the grotesque works of the meidæval stone-sculptor and wood-carver; and, we may add, that these display, though often rather rude, a very high degree of skill in art, a great power of producing striking imagery.'—p. 148.

'In all the delineations of demons we have yet seen,' he says elsewhere, 'the ludicrous is the spirit which chiefly predominates; and in no one instance have we had a figure which is really demoniacal. The devils are droll, but not frightful; they provoke laughter, or at least excite a smile, but they create no horror. Indeed, they torment their victims so good-humouredly that we hardly feel for them. There is, however, one well-known instance in which the mediæval artist has shown himself thoroughly successful in representing the features of the spirit of evil. On the parapet of the external gallery of the cathedral church of Notre Dame in Paris, there is a figure in stone, of the ordinary stature of a man, representing the demon, apparently looking with satisfaction upon the inhabitants of the city as they were everywhere indulging in sin and wickedness. The unmixed evil—horrible in its expression in this countenance—is marvellously portrayed. It is an absolute Mephistopheles, carrying in his features a strange mixture of hateful qualities—malice, pride, envy; in fact, all the deadly sins combined in one diabolical whole.'—p. 74.

The goat-like countenance of the arch-fiend is a common mediæval, as well as modern German, type; but whoever wishes to trace backward the conception of Retsch's Mephistopheles, should look in particular at an ivory carving, in the Maskell collection at the British Museum, of exquisite workmanship, styled the Temptation of Christ, by Christoph Angermair, 1616.

One more instance, and a very striking one, may be mentioned by way of exception to the ordinary meanness and vulgarity which characterise the mediæval representations of the supernatural. It is noticed and engraved by Malcolm, in his 'History of Caricature.' The missal of King Richard II., preserved in the British Museum, is full of grotesque illustrations of the ordinary cast, though beautifully executed. But among them is one of a higher and stranger turn of invention, the exact meaning of which is unknown. It represents the choir of a solemn Gothic chapel. A white monk is celebrating mass at the altar; another lies prostrate before it; ten of the order, seated in their stalls, sing the service. Above these appear, seated in a higher range of stalls, five figures dimly drawn, which on examination appear to be robed skeletons—two with the Papal tiara, two with coronets, one with a cardinal's hat. The effect of the whole is very terrific, after the fashion of the ghostliest conceptions of Jean Paul Richter, and other German masters of the spectral: and calling back to the mind, at the same time, the coincidence of the lines which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of the same monarch—

'For within the hollow crown
That wreathes the mortal temples of a King,
Keeps Death his court: and there the antic sits,
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp.'

But when the prevailing and violent quarrels between different classes of religious persons in the Church perverted the same tendency into a taste for licentious ribaldry—when it was no longer the Devil who was piously laughed at in these compositions, but monks, nuns, hermits, and so forth, who were introduced as symbols of everything degrading—when grotesque, assuming the attitude of satire, turned, according to our suggested distinction, into caricature properly so called—then the practice in question assumed a much darker complexion. The foulest of these representations, and they are only too numerous, can be barely

alluded to in a work like Mr. Wright's. An older publication, already noticed, Malcolm's very imperfect 'History of Caricature,' goes into more details respecting them. We will only say that those who enter on the subject had better not carry into the inquiry exaggerated notions respecting the decorum or the piety of the so-called 'Ages of Faith,' lest they should be too abruptly dispelled.

Gradually, and with the progress of enlightenment, a somewhat more serious, though still familiar, mode of dealing with subjects of this description became general; but the change was not so early as has been sometimes supposed, since the stalls of Henry VII.'s chapel at Westminster exhibit some of the very worst of this class of offences against taste and religious feeling. But in the fifteenth century, under the hands of its artists, the supernatural, though still tainted with the grotesque, germinated into the awful. The union of the two may still be traced in that marvellous but perishing series of representations, ranging over all the known and conjectured regions of life and eternity, which decorates the Campo Santo of Pisa — that 'Antechamber of Death,' as the Italians call it. From the same sources of thought arose the profuse crop of 'Danses Macabres,' dances of death, coarsely painted on thousands of cemetery walls, and drawn and engraved by numberless artists, with more or less of spirit; phantasmagorias, in which the love of the horrible was repulsively mixed with that of the ludicrous, but still far less ignoble in taste and character than those early grotesques of ecclesiastical sculpture, to which our attention has been hitherto drawn.

It is refreshing, however, to turn from this disagreeable class of subjects to the few specimens of a freer and healthier turn for the ludicrous, unmixed with profanity, which mediæval art has left us. Probably one of the earliest specimens of English caricature drawing, as distinguished from mere grotesque, is that described by Mr. Wright, as follows: — 'It belongs to the Treasury of the Exchequer, and consists of two volumes of vellum, called Liber A and Liber B, forming a register of treaties, marriages, and similar documents of the reign of Edward I. The clerk who was employed in writing it seems to have been, like many of these official clerks, somewhat of a wag, and he has amused himself by drawing in the margin figures of the inhabitants of the provinces of Edward's crown, to which the documents referred. Some of these are plainly designed for caricature.' Two of them are evidently Irishmen, their costume and weapon, the broad axe, exactly answering to the description given of them by Giraldus Cambrensis. Two are Welchmen — ludicrous figures enough, whose dress is equally in accordance with contemporary description, except in one curious particular, which writers have not noticed. The right legs are naked, like those of the German hackbutteers in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel':—

'Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warrior in the escalade.'

'When the official clerk who wrote this transcript came to documents relating to Gascony, his thoughts wandered naturally enough to its rich vineyards and the wine they supplied so plentifully, and to which, according to old reports, clerks seldom showed any dislike; and accordingly, in the next sketch, we have a Gascon occupied diligently in pruning his vine tree.'

From the sculptured and illuminated religious-grotesque of the Middle Ages to the German and Dutch woodcut-literature of the period of the Reformation, the transition is not a very wide one. The style is pretty similar, the profanity much the same, only a fiercer element has been added by controversial bitterness. Perhaps this class of works may be justly cited, in chronological series, as affording the real commencement of the art of modern political caricature, properly so called. On both sides of the question this method of ridiculing antagonists was most profusely resorted to. The jovial, popular figure of Martin Luther, in particular, formed, as it well might, a very favourite *pièce de resistance* for pictorial satirists in the old interest to work upon. One cut, preserved by Mr. Wright, 'taken from a contemporary engraving in wood, presents a rather fantastic figure of the demon playing on the bagpipes. The instrument is formed of Luther's head, the pipe through which the devil blows entering his ear, and that through which the music is produced forming an elongation of the reformer's nose. It was a broad intimation that Luther was a mere tool of the evil one, created for the purpose of bringing mischief into the world.' — p. 251. But, continues Mr. Wright, the reformers were more than a match for their opponents in this sort of warfare. Doctor Martin had been identified, for various cogent reasons, with Antichrist: —

'But the reformers had resolved, on what appeared to be much more conclusive evidence,

that Antichrist was only emblematical of the papacy: that under this form he had been long dominant on earth, and that the end of his reign was then approaching. A remarkable pamphlet, designed to bring this idea pictorially before the world, was produced from the pencil of Luther's friend, the celebrated painter Lucas Cranach, and appeared in the year 1521, under the title of "The Passionale of Christ and Antichrist." It is a small quarto, each page of which is nearly filled by a woodcut, having a few lines of explanation in German below. The cut to the left represents some incident in the life of Christ, while that facing it to the right gives a contrasting fact in the history of Papal tyranny. Thus, the first cut on the left represents Jesus in His humility, refusing earthly dignities and power, while on the adjoining page we see the Pope, with his cardinals and bishops, supported by his hosts of warriors, his cannon and fortifications, in his temporal dominion over secular princes. On another we have Christ washing the feet of his disciples, and in contrast the Pope compelling the Emperor to kiss his toe. And so on, through a number of illustrations, until at last we come to Christ's ascension into heaven, in contrast with which a troop of demons, of the most varied and singular forms, have seized upon the Papal Antichrist, and are casting him down into the flames of hell, where some of his own monks wait to receive him.' — p. 254.

This style of pictorial satire, as the advancing art of wood-engraving began more and more to multiply specimens, attained, as we have said, much popularity in the sixteenth century in Germany, and extended itself from religious to political and purely social subjects. Its latest employment in those regions on a large and popular scale was perhaps during the Thirty Years' War; but the extremity to which that country was reduced by that dreary contest seems to have extinguished its very life. The works of this class, disseminated through broadsides, printed sheets, large illustrated folios and popular duodecimos, are frequently executed with considerable spirit as well as humour. But often, and especially towards the latter portion of the period, they exhibit a strong tendency to become pedantic and allegorical. When the art of caricature, becoming over-learned, addresses itself to particular classes only, and requires a special education in order to make its products understood, it may be safely pronounced in a declining condition.

Perhaps the most successful result of the early woodcut-grotesque was, that it led the way for greater achievements in art; and its influence may be especially traced in the designs of one who deserves, notwithstanding the inferiority of the department which he chose, to rank among the most original as well as powerful of modern artists — the famous Jacques Callot, born at the end of the century, in 1592 — a man, as Mr. Wright truly observes, who was destined not only to give a new character to the then recent art of engraving on copper, but also to bring in a new style of ludicrous and fanciful composition. Inimitable, however, as Callot's works are, they belong rather to the class of 'caprices,' or 'extravaganzas,' than of caricature in the sense in which we have used it; for his genius had not the satirical turn, properly speaking: and the same may be said of his most successful copyist, Della Bella, a clever artist, but who never succeeded in equalling his original. The works of Romain de Hooghe, who, brought up in the merely extravagant school of Callot, was extensively employed in producing satirical and emblematic representations of English political events after the Restoration, perhaps serve as the connecting link between the old 'caprice' and the modern political caricature.

The need for pictorial representations to stimulate the political feelings of the public, in times when literature was comparatively scanty, had been of course as keenly felt in England as in other countries; but it was kept in check, through the public contests of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, by the great inferiority of our artists, and particularly our engravers, to those of the Continent. Here and there we meet with striking exceptions. The woodcuts to the first edition of 'Fox's Martyrs' contain, among the fearful scenes which they generally represent, caricature likenesses of Gardiner, Bonner, and other well-known personages of the time, and are singularly powerful in execution. But the like of these are very few. One odd illustration, perhaps, of the need felt for these pictorial representations, and the defectiveness of the ordinary means for supplying it, is to be found in the peculiar taste of that age for employing elaborate devices on banners borne in procession or carried in the field, in order to stimulate the ardour of partisans. It will be remembered how the Scottish Protestant lords took the field against Queen Mary with (among others) a great standard, on which the catastrophe of the Kirk of Field was represented, with the figure of Darnley lying on the ground, and the words 'Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord.' In the Great Rebellion such standards were abundantly used, chiefly on the Royalist side, with devices both serious and

of the caricature order. Here is an example of the latter, taken by the Roundheads at Marston Moor, described by Rushworth: —

'A yellow coronet: in its middle a lion couchant, and behind him a mastiff seeming to snatch at him, and in a label from his mouth written, Kimbolton: at his feet little beagles, and before their mouths written, Pym, Pym, Pym: and out of the lion's mouth these words proceeding, Quousque tandem abutere patientiâ nostrâ?'

Another curious vehicle of political caricature in England, in the seventeenth century, generally of very inferior order, was that of playing-cards. 'The earliest of these packs of cards known,' says Mr. Wright, is one which appears to have been published at the very moment of the restoration of Charles II., and which was perhaps engraved in Holland. It contains a series of caricatures on the principal acts of the commonwealth, and on the parliamentary leaders.' The ace of diamonds, for instance, represents 'The High Court of Justice, or Oliver's Slaughterhouse.' Among other packs of a similar character which have been preserved, one relates to the Popish Plot, another to the Ryehouse Conspiracy (published in Holland), another to the South Sea Bubble.

Romain de Hooghe, already mentioned as a follower of Callot, became, together with others of his countrymen, as we have seen, the great exponent of English political satires during the events of the last Stuart reigns. Their productions must have been widely circulated in England; and, in fact, superseded in public estimation the very inferior articles of domestic manufacture. This period of Dutch supremacy among us may be said to have continued down to the date of the South Sea Bubble aforesaid — 'the time,' says Mr. Wright, 'in which caricatures began to be common in England; for they had been before published at rare intervals, and partook so much of the character of emblems that they are not easily understood.' The earliest of these, and the best, were of Dutch manufacture, yet these were negligently executed. 'So little point is there often in these caricatures, and so great appears to have been the call for them in Holland, that people seem to have looked up old engravings destined originally for a totally different purpose, and, adding new inscriptions and new explanations, they were published as caricatures on the Bubble.' *

* House of Hanover, i. 71.

English specimens of art, at first few and far between, began to make their way into favour among these foreign importations; and it is just at this period (the reign of George I.) that we find them first exhibiting the well-known advertisements, 'Printed for Carington Bowles, next the Chapter House in St. Paul's Church Yard, London,' — a house famous in the same line for full a century afterwards.

'It was a defect of the earlier publications of this class,' says Mr. Wright in his earlier work, 'that they partook more of an emblematical character than of what we now understand by the term "caricature." Even Hogarth, when he turned his hand to politics, could not shake off his old prejudice on this subject; and it would be difficult to point out worse examples than the two celebrated publications which drew upon him so much popular odium, "The Times."' The reader will easily understand the distinction, though it cannot of course be traced out with absolute accuracy in comparing different pieces. A design, for example, in which political characters are represented under the guise of various animals, is generally emblematic or symbolical in character. This is a simple instance; but the symbolism is often complicated, and not easy of comprehension. Hence a necessity for long letterpress explanations in the form of labels issuing from the mouths of the characters, or otherwise — a device showing inferiority of skill. The most effective caricature explains itself, and exhibits point instead of allegory. The favourite plates of the first part of the Georgian era, which appeared periodically, about 1740, styled 'The Series of European State Jockies,' and so forth, were compositions of many figures, as hieroglyphical as the frontispiece to a prophetical almanac. The gradual way in which English comic art became emancipated from this somewhat pedantic mould may be illustrated by a later instance, out of Gillray's works. Charles Fox was represented by the caricaturists of his youth with a fox's head, as his father, Lord Holland, had almost invariably been before him. And so he is in one or two of Gillray's first prints. But Gillray almost immediately abandoned the old usage, and gave the patriot his own burly physiognomy. The gradual passage from the emblematic to the simply satirical completes the establishment of the modern English school of caricature.

The nature of the change cannot be better exemplified than by reference to a piece which had prodigious vogue in its day, and

is repeatedly mentioned with interest by Horace Walpole and other contemporaries. Copies of it are still common in collections: we have seen it even converted into the mounting of a lady's fan. This is headed 'The Motion, 1741,' and commemorates the failure of a famous attempt to upset Sir Robert Walpole's government. The background represents Whitehall, the Treasury, and the adjoining buildings as they then stood. (The spectator is looking down Whitehall from a point nearly opposite the modern Admiralty: to his left is a dead wall along the east side of the street, behind it private buildings, Scotland Yard, &c., extending as far as the Banqueting House; in front, the gateway over the entrance of what is now Parliament Street, with the inscription 'Treasury.')

'Lord Carteret, in the coach, is driven toward the Treasury by the Duke of Argyll as coachman, with the Earl of Chesterfield as postilion, who, in their haste, are overturning the vehicle; and Lord Carteret cries "Let me get out!" The Duke brandishes a wavy sword, instead of a whip; and between his legs the heartless changeling, Bubb Dodington, sits in the form of a spaniel. . . . Lord Cobham holds firmly by the straps behind, as footman; while Lord Lyttelton follows on horseback, characterised equally by his own lean form, and that of the animal on which he strides. . . . In front, Pulteney, drawing his partisans by the noses, and wheeling a barrow laden with the writings of the Opposition, the Champion, the Craftsman, Common Sense, &c., exclaims, "Zounds, they're ours!"'*

This once famous squib affords, as we have said, a good exemplification of the passage from the old and formal to the modern style of political caricature. It bears strongly the type of Dutch origin, but without the carefulness of Dutch execution. The idea is clever and suggestive, but the workmanship at once artificial and feeble. The likenesses were no doubt sufficiently good to amuse the public of that day; Horace Walpole calls them 'admirable;' but they are inexpressive. The wavy sword, a relic of the emblematic school, is a clumsy piece of allegory, spoiling the realism of the piece; and so is the figure of Pulteney, leading the Tory squires by cords passed through their noses. The only fun in the composition is to be found in the figures of Bubb Dodington as a spaniel, and Lord Lyttelton on horseback —'so long, so lean, so lank, so bony,' as described in the verses accompanying the print, which are wittier than the print itself. Its great success, however, was evinced by the numerous rival works of art of both political colours which it called forth, 'the Reason,' 'the Motive,' 'the Grounds,' &c. It may perhaps be said with truth to be the prototype of that whole class of pictorial satires, great favourites with Englishmen, in which the small revolutions of ministries and oppositions are travestied as scenes of popular life.

We need not delay over the other innumerable caricatures of the same reign; they are generally very ignoble ones; but the comparative novelty of the fashion in England rendered them extremely popular, and there was a kind of frank jollity predominant in the English body corporate just at that epoch — the epoch, as Hallam satisfied himself, of the maximum of physical well-being to be traced in our history among the mass of the people — which peculiarly suited this development of broad national humour. One or two specimens may detain for a moment the eyes of those who turn them over, rare as they have now generally become, in the collection at the British Museum, or in that far more valuable one amassed in many a year of busy collectorship by Mr. Hawkins, formerly of that establishment. There is a wild force in the very rough execution of the print on the original broadside of Glover's famous ballad, 'Hosier's Ghost,' in which the spirits of 'English captains brave,' really form a very spectral crew. Another may be noted for the quiet savageness of its insult to Lord George Sackville: it is entitled, 'A Design for a Monument to General Wolfe (1760), or, a Living Dog better than a Dead Lion.' The dead lion reclines below a bust of this hero: the living dog at his side is a greyhound, and on his collar is the word 'Minden.' And, lastly, one more, for the very oddity of the conception: 'Our late Prime Minister,' 1743. It is simply the jolly face of Sir Robert Walpole, without any accessories whatever, thrown back as against a pillow, and the jaws relaxed into a most contagious yawn, with the words, 'Lo, what are all your schemes come to?' and the lines from the Dunciad:—

'Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm
The vapour mild o'er each Committee crept,
Unfinished treaties in each office slept,
And chiefless armies dozed out the campaign,
And navies yawned for orders on the main.'

We cannot, however, pass over the period

* House of Hanover, i. 179.

of George II. without noticing that it seems to us to be the first in which that much enduring animal, the British lion, figures extensively as a popular character. As yet, people's eyes were not open to his ludicrous side, and artists accordingly made free with him in every variety of emblematic action. We have him roaring with indignation at the misdeeds of various Ministers; 'hocussed' apparently, and with the Spaniard paring his claws, in allusion to the matter of Jenkins's ears: frightening the Gallic cock, defending the Austrian eagle, led passive in a leash by the Duke of Newcastle; and, lastly, 'embracing George II.' (1745), to the discomfiture of the Pope and Pretender, who exclaim: 'We shall never be a match for George while that lion stands by him!'

Some of the names of the hack caricaturists of this epoch are preserved by Mr. Wright; most of them of as little notoriety as merit. Among them, however, are some amateurs of social position; and one dame of quality — a Countess of Burlington. 'She was the lady of the Earl who built Burlington House in Piccadilly; was the leader of one of the factions in the Opera disputes at the close of the reign of George I.; and is understood to have designed the well-known caricature upon Cuzzoni, Farinelli, and Heidegger, which was etched by Guppy, whom she patronised.'

Such were the very undistinguished characteristics and history of English art in the grotesque and comic line, when the appearance of Hogarth on the stage marked an entirely new epoch in its history. It would be superfluous here to recapitulate the details of the life or achievements of our great domestic painter; the more so, as his powers in the line of caricature, properly so called, though very great, were subordinate to his far higher merits as a painter of 'genre,' as the French phrase it, a delineator of popular scenes and incidents into which the humorous only entered as an ingredient, although a very important one. As a political caricaturist poor Hogarth made a fatal mistake: he took the wrong side: —

'It appears evident,' says Mr. Wright, 'that before this time (October, 1760) Hogarth had gained the favour of Lord Bute, who, by his interest with the Princess of Wales, was all powerful in the household of the young Prince. The painter had hitherto kept tolerably clear of politics in his prints, but now, unluckily for himself, he suddenly rushed into the arena of political caricature. It was generally said that Hogarth's object was, by displaying his zeal in the cause of his patron, to obtain an increase of his pension; and he acknowledges himself that his object was gain. "This," he says, "being a period when war abroad and contention at home engrossed every one's mind, prints were thrown in the background; and the stagnation rendered it necessary that I should do some *timed* thing to recover my lost time, and stop a gap in my income." Accordingly he determined to attack the great minister Pitt, who had recently been compelled to resign his office, and had gone over to the opposition. It is said that John Wilkes, who had previously been Hogarth's friend, having been privately informed of his design, went to the painter, expostulated with him, and, as he continued obstinate, threatened retaliation.'

'The Times, No. 1,' was the first fruit of Hogarth's unlucky fit of loyalty; a laboured emblematic print, after the older fashion, to the glory of Lord Bute and discredit of Pitt. Wilkes attacked the artist in the 'North Briton;' Hogarth retorted — only too successfully — in this admirable print of Wilkes with the cap of liberty: 'eventuque impalluit ipse secundo,' for Wilkes, with all his apparent fun and bonhomie, was a deadly enemy. The nettled patriot brought his friend Churchill, and a host more of libellers in letterpress and in copperplate, on the back of his unfortunate assailant: —

'Parodies on his own works, sneers at his personal appearance and manners, reflections upon his character, were all embodied in prints which bore such names as Hogg-ass, Hoggart, O'Garth, &c. . . . The article by Wilkes in the "North Briton," and Churchill's metrical epistle, irritated Hogarth more than the hostile caricatures, and were generally believed to have broken his heart. He died on the 26th of October, 1764, little more than a year after the appearance of the attack by Wilkes, and with the taunts of his political as well as his professional enemies still ringing in his ears.' — pp. 446–449.

Hogarth left no school of followers; his genius was of too independent and peculiar an order to admit of this. Perhaps the nearest to him was Paul Sandby; described by Mr. Wright as 'one of those rising artists who were offended by the sneering terms in which Hogarth spoke of all artists but himself, and foremost among those who turned their satire against him.' Sanby was one of the original members of the Royal Academy, and is best known as a topographical draughtsman; but Mr. Wright terms him the father of water-colour art in England. As a caricaturist he led the attack against Lord Bute and the Princess Dowager, as

well as against Hogarth; his sketch of the two Scotchmen travelling to London on a witch's broomstick, with the inscription, 'the land before them is as the Garden of Eden, and behind them a desolate wilderness,' is one of the best of the witticisms provoked by the miso-Caledonian movement of that day.

We cannot quite agree with Mr. Wright when he says that, 'with the overthrow of Bute's Ministry (1763) we may consider the English school of caricaturists as completely formed and fully established.' On the contrary, it seems to us, from such collections as we have examined, that the political branch of the art was at a particularly low standard for nearly twenty years after that event. The American war produced very little amusement of this kind; it was an affair into which the nation entered with a dogged and reluctant seriousness: and Washington and Franklin, Silas Deane and John Adams, afforded but drab-coloured subjects for the facetious limner. Social topics were just then much more in vogue; the extravagances in dress of the Macaronies and high-flying ladies of the day (the acme of absurdity, in modern costume, was certainly reached in the years 1770–1780), the humours of Vauxhall, and Mrs. Cornely's masquerades, diverted men's minds from the bitter disappointment of a contest in which nothing was to be gained either by persevering or giving way.* Perhaps the best specimen of the pictorial humour of that time was to be found, not in the shop window prints, but in the pages of the numerous magazines; some of these never appeared without an illustration or two of the jocose order, like the comic newspapers of our time. But when the incubus of the American war was removed, and domestic faction reappeared on the stage in all its pristine vivacity, the simultaneous appearance of the 'Rolliad' and its fellow satires in literature, and of Gillray and his fellow-workmen in art, heralded the advent of a new era.

We must hasten to him whom Mr. Wright terms, with perfect justice in our opinion, 'the greatest of English caricaturists, and perhaps of all caricaturists of modern times whose works are known — James Gillray.'

His father was an out-pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, and sexton of the Moravian burial-ground at Chelsea, where the caricaturist was born in 1757. Belonging by his origin, and still more by his loose and Bohemian habits, to a very ordinary sphere of life, it is certainly singular that he should have acquired such a close observation and intimate knowledge of events as they occurred, not only in the political, but in the fashionable world. His great sources of information were, no doubt, the newspapers; but occasionally he seems even to have anticipated the newspapers; more than one court scandal and state intrigue seems to have been blazoned first to public notice in the well-known shop windows of Humphreys or of Fores, always crowded with loiterers as soon as one of Gillray's novelties appeared. It is no doubt true, and affords a curious subject of speculation to any one who may think the inquiry worth pursuing, that, when Gillray's fame was established, many an amateur of the higher circles seems to have assisted him, not merely in furnishing hints, but also sketches, which Gillray etched and sold for his own profit. Some of his best caricatures, if we are not mistaken, are from outlines supplied by Bunbury, others were composed by Brownlow North. But these are exceptions only, and do not invalidate the general proposition as to the singularity of the circumstance that this drunken son of a sexton was for many years the pictorial Aristophanes of his day, and aided, at least, by those who were behind the scenes, of much which took place in the inner recesses of high life.

His fame as a political caricaturist was first established by his burlesque prints on Rodney's victory (1782). The rueful figure of the unlucky French admiral De Grasse, in one of them, is among the most characteristic of his performances. As we have said, it was some time before he thoroughly emancipated himself from the allegorical style; and another peculiarity of inferior artists haunted him a long time, the fashion, namely, of overloading his compositions with quantities of letter-press, oratorical or jocose, proceeding from the mouths of his characters, as if his pencil had not been fully powerful enough to speak for itself. He rushed with an energy all his own into the war of squibs which succeeded the Fox and North coalition, and then conceived those ideals of the leading patriot, and of his friend Burke, which he afterwards rendered popular in every corner of the kingdom by a thousand repetitions. A very admirable series of sketches, however, of these two

* In one of the caricatures of this period (reproduced by Mr. Wright in his former work) Lord Sandwich is represented with a bat in his hand, in allusion, we are told, to his fondness for cricket; but it is a curved piece of wood, much more resembling that with which golf is played. And the same peculiarly shaped instrument is put into the hand of a cricket-loving lady in a print of 1778 (Miss Wicket and Miss Trigger). What is the date of the bat now used?

and Lord North, as 'War, Peace, and Neither War nor Peace,' portraits scarcely touched with grotesque, though in skilfully exaggerated attitudes, commonly inserted in the bound volumes of Gillray's works, is, we are satisfied, not his; it bears much more the appearance of Sayer's workmanship. Fox and his personal following were peculiarly the objects of Gillray's aversion; and, not many years later than this, the unhappy circumstances of the Prince of Wales's matrimonial career provoked him into a series of the most popular, daring, and spirited of all his works; some of which, however, it is not easy in our decent age to indicate even by reference, though they seem to have been exposed without scandal in the most frequented thoroughfares of London. Gillray, however, was 'not a hired libeller,' says Mr. Wright, 'like Sayer and some other of the lower caricaturists of that time: he evidently chose his subjects in some degree independently, as those which offered him the best mark for ridicule; and he had so little respect for the ministers or the court, that they all felt his satire in turn.' After exhausting his power of pictorial invention against the heir apparent, he found a still more congenial subject of satire in the peculiarities of his Majesty George III. himself. Here, however, personal spite is said to have given the inducement.

'According to a story which seems to be authentic, Gillray's dislike of the King was embittered by an incident somewhat similar to that by which George II. had provoked the anger of Hogarth. Gillray had visited France, Flanders, and Holland, and he had made sketches, a few of which he had engraved. He accompanied the painter Loutherbourg, who had left his native city of Strasburg to settle in England, and became the King's favourite artist, to assist him in making groups for his great painting of the 'Siege of Valenciennes,' Gillray sketching groups of figures while Loutherbourg drew the landscapes and buildings. After their return, the King expressed a desire to see these sketches, and they were placed before him. Louthesbourg's landscapes and buildings were plain drawings, and easy to understand, and the King expressed himself greatly pleased with them. But the King's mind was already predjudiced against Gillray for his satirical prints: and when he saw his hasty and rough, though spirited sketches of the French soldiers, he threw them aside contemptuously with the remark, "I don't understand these caricature fellows." Perhaps the very word he used was intended as a sneer upon Gillray, who, we are told, felt the affront deeply, and he proceeded to retort by a caricature which struck at once at one of the King's vanities, and at his political predjudices. George III. imagined himself a great connoisseur in the Fine Arts, and the caricature was entitled "a connoisseur examining a Cooper." It represented the King looking at the celebrated miniature of Oliver Cromwell, by the English painter, Samuel Cooper. When Gillray had completed this print, he is said to have exclaimed, "I wonder if the Royal connoisseur will understand this!" It was published on the 18th of June, 1792, and cannot have failed to produce sensation at that period of revolutions. The King is made to exhibit a strange mixture of alarm with astonishment in contemplating the features of this great overthrower of kingly power, at a moment when all kingly power was threatened. It will be remarked, too, that the satirist has not overlooked the royal character for domestic economy; the King is looking at the picture by the light of a candle end stuck on a save-all.'

If there is any truth in the story, certainly never was artist's revenge more complete. The homely features of the poor old king — his prominent eyes, light eyebrows, protruding lips, his shambling walk, his gaze of eager yet vacant curiosity — are even now better known to us through Gillray's caricatures than through anything which the Muses of painting and sculpture, in their serious moods, could effect for him or against him. Gillray's etchings, and Peter Pindar's verses, were for years among the minor plagues of royalty. Not, indeed, in the estimation of the stout-hearted monarch himself, as impervious to ridicule as to argument whenever he thought himself in the right; no man in his dominions laughed more regularly at each new caricature of Gillray than he; and a whole set, inscribed 'for the king,' forwarded to him as they came out, is said to be preserved at Windsor. But they were more keenly felt by his little knot of attached courtiers, and also by sober-minded people in general, seriously apprehensive, in those inflammable times, of anything which might throw ridicule on the Crown. One of the coarsest and most powerful, and which is said to have given especial offence at head-quarters, is that which represents Queen Charlotte as Milton's Sin, between Pitt as Death and Thurlow as the Devil. Others, of less virulence, such as 'Affability,' or the King and the Ploughman; the 'Lesson in Apple Dumplings;' the conjugal breakfast scene, where George is toasting muffins, and Charlotte frying sprats; the 'Anti-Saccharites,' where the Royal pair are endeavouring to coax the reluctant princesses (charming figures) to take their tea without sugar, — these, and numbers more, held up the Royal

peculiarities, especially the alleged stinginess of the Court, in a manner in which the usual coarseness of the execution rather tended to heighten the exceeding force and humour of the satire.

But when this country became seriously involved in hostilities with France, republican, and afterwards imperial, a change came over the spirit of Gillray's satire. Thenceforth he gradually ceased his attacks, not only on the Royal family, but on domestic objects of raillery in general, and applied himself almost exclusively to sharpening the national spirit of hostility against the foreign enemy. His caricatures against the French are those by which he is best known, especially abroad, and occupy the greatest space in his works. This was, no doubt, the popular line to take, and Gillray worked for money; but it would be doing great injustice to the poor caricaturist's memory to suppose that money was his main object. The son of the old pensioner was full of the popular instincts of his class. It was not the French revolution or conquests that he opposed; it was the French themselves, whom he hated with all the vehemence of a Nelson or a Windham. These later compositions of his are, indeed, marvellous performances. But they are so rather from the intensity of imaginative fury with which they are animated, than from the ordinary qualities of the caricaturist.

They are comparatively destitute of his old humour and fun. Not that he had outgrown these. His few domestic caricatures are still full of them; such are those on 'All the Talents' (1806), one of which, the 'Funeral of Baron Broadbottom,' is among the most comic of all his productions. The last survivor of its procession of mourners, the late Marquis of Lansdowne, has now been dead for some years; the features of the remainder are quite unfamiliar to this generation; and yet it is scarcely possible to look at it even now without a smile, such as we bestow on the efforts of our cotemporaries Leech or Doyle. But when Gillray tried his vein on a French subject, he passed at once from the humourous to the grotesque, and thence to the hideous and terrible. One of his eccentric powers, amounting certainly to genius, comes out strongly in these later caricatures; that of bringing together an enormous number of faces, distorted into every variety of grimace, and yet preserving a wonderfully human expression. We would signalise particularly two, one almost tragical, the 'Apotheosis of Hoche;' one farcical, the 'Westminster Election' (1804). The tendency to the wild and extravagant now grew on him. Doubtless it was sharpened by the effect on his brain of constant potations, which gradually brought on delirium tremens. His latest art-debauches — if such we may term them — have often a touch of phantasmagoric-pictorial nightmare, like those of Callot, Teniers, and Höllenbreughel. His last drawing is preserved in the British Museum, executed when he was quite out of his mind — a madman's attempt at a portrait, said to be that of Mr. Humphreys, the printseller. He died in 1815; and the inscription 'Here lies James Gillray, the caricaturist,' marks, or lately marked, the spot of his interment in the Broadway, Westminster. His works, once so popular, had fallen so much in fashion a few years ago that the plates were about to be sold for old copper, when they were rescued by Mr. J. H. Bohn, the publisher, who gave to the public those now well-known re-impressions which have procured for the artist a new lease of fame.

Gillray was the Rubens of caricature, and the comparison is really one which does no injustice to the inspired Fleming. The life-like realism of the Englishman's boldly-rounded, muscular figures, and the strong expression communicated to them by a few strokes of the pencil, are such as Antwerp in all her pride might not disdain. Any one who has studied some of Rubens's crowds of nude figures which approach nearest to the order of caricature — his sketches of the 'Last Judgment,' for instance, in the Munich Gallery — will appreciate the justice of the parallel. Gillray was undoubtedly coarse to excess, both in conception and execution; so much so, as to render his works mere objects of disgust to many educated in the gentler modern school. But there are also numbers of a taste more refined than catholic, who disclaim all admiration for Rubens on the very same grounds. And one quality Gillray possessed which was apparently discordant from his ordinary character. Many of his delineations of female beauty are singularly successful, and he seems to have dwelt on them with special pleasure, for the sake of the contrast with his usual disfigurements of humanity. His heroines are certainly not sylphs, but they often are, like the celestials of Rubens, uncommonly fine women. Let us refer to a few well-known instances only; such as his representations of Mrs. Fitzherbert at her best time, notwithstanding the prominence of the aquiline feature, which it was his business to enhance; of George III.'s daughters in the 'Anti-Saccharites,' and other prints; the Duchess of Richmond as the

'Height of Fashion;' the charming seated figure entitled 'Modern Elegance,' 1795 (said to be Lady Charlotte Campbell, but is it not an older person?), in which, though the costume is playfully exaggerated, the features are finely drawn; the beauty (evidently a portrait also) who is reading Monk Lewis's 'Tales of Wonder' to a bevy of very homely gossips (1802); and even the common ball-room figures in 'A Broad Hint of not meaning to Dance' (1804), in which, however, the design is Brownlow North's.

Still, we fear that Gillray must be generally comprehended in the somewhat audacious assertion of M. Champfleury, that 'satirists, from Molière down to Prudhon, only recognise two conditions for women — those of courtezan and housewife.' It will be seen that several of our instances are taken from what may be termed social, in contradistinction to political, caricatures, many of which are quite equally worthy of the master, although not those on which his popularity mainly rests. They are often of a libellous boldness, inconceivable now-a-days, and equally so in earlier times; for the generation to which Gillray belonged stood out in bad pre-eminence among all others in English domestic history in respect of this particular kind of coarseness — a generation which could see exposed in the shop-windows such shameless pictorial satires as those directed against Lady Archer, and other dames of gambling celebrity; or the representation of the dashing daughters of a countess as the 'Three Graces in a High Wind;' or of a titled beauty nursing her infant in a ball-dress, as the 'Fashionable Mamma;' or of Lady Cecilia Johnston, an inoffensive lady, of unobtrusive style as well as character, against whom it is said the artist had conceived some grudge, which induced him spitefully to represent her in all manner of ludicrous situations. Others of this class, it may be added, related to darker scandals behind the scenes, and may not now be met with in the ordinary collections of Gillray's works, though they excited little comment, and no disgust, in his day. To pass again, for one moment only, from Gillray's merit as an artist, to his specialty as a caricaturist; his strong power of seizing likenesses, and giving them a ludicrous expression, was, no doubt, the chief element of his popularity. In this he surpassed all his predecessors, though he has been equalled by one or two of his successors. But in one bye-quality we are inclined to think him unrivalled: the faculty of giving by a few touches a kind of double expression to a countenance; cowardice underlying bravado; impudence, affected, modesty. See, as a specimen, the exceedingly comic representation of Addington and Napoleon, sword in hand, daring each other to cross the Channel which flows between them. A single figure of Burke as an 'Uniform Whig' (1791), admirably drawn in other respects, conveys much of this mingled meaning, though not quite so easily decipherable. The sage is leaning against a statue of George III.; he holds in one hand Burke's 'Thoughts on the Revolution,' in the other a cap of liberty; the motto, 'I preserve my consistency, by varying my means to secure the unity of my end.' The caricaturist's experience had attained for once to 'something like prophetic strain.' His facility of execution was wonderful. It must, no doubt, be added, as a natural qualification of such praise, that his drawing is often incorrect and careless in the extreme, even after all allowance for what we have never seen fully explained, the vast difference, in point of excellence, between various copies of what is apparently the same print. He is said 'to have etched his ideas at once upon the copper, without making a previous drawing, his only guides being sketches of the distinguished characters he intended to produce, made on small pieces of card, which he always carried about with him.'

Of Rowlandson (born 1756, died 1827), Mr. Wright speaks in high terms of praise, saying that he 'doubtlessly stands second to Gillray, and may, in some respects, be considered as his equal. . . . He was distinguished by a remarkable versatility of talent, by a great fecundity of imagination, and by a skill in grouping quite equal to that of Gillray, and with a singular ease in forming his groups of a great variety of figures. It has been remarked, too, that no artist ever possessed the power of Rowlandson of expressing so much with so little effort.' We are sorry that we cannot, for our own parts, subscribe to these eulogies. As a political caricaturist — to which line he resorted as a matter of trade, espousing the Whig side as others did the Tory — he seems to us dull enough. In general subjects he succeeded better, yet appears to us endowed with all Gillray's coarseness, but with little of his satirical power and none of his artistic genius.

James Sayer, cotemporary with these two as an artist, deserves mention as possessed of a certain amount of original talent, though not of a very high order. He was 'a bad draughtsman,' says Mr. Wright

— surely too sweeping a criticism — 'and his pictures are produced more by labour than by skill in drawing, but they possess a considerable amount of humour.' His likenesses, generally produced by a small number of hard and carefully-executed lines, seem to us of great merit as such, though wanting in life and energy. He was almost exclusively a political caricaturist, and, unlike the reckless but independent Gillray, he turned his talents to good account, devoting himself to the cause of Pitt, who bestowed on him in return the 'not unlucrative offices of Marshal of the Court of Exchequer, Receiver of the Sixpenny Dues, and Cursitor.' His most famous production was the well-known 'Carlo Khan's Triumphal Entry into Leadenhall-street' (on the occasion of Fox's India Bill, 1783), still common in collections. But this succeeded chiefly because it fell in with the humour of the time; though the idea is good, the execution is cold, and it is encumbered with symbolical accessories, after the older fashion which we have described. Among his minor works, an unfinished proof of Boswell, Mrs. Piozzi, and others of the Johnsonian clique, with the ghost of the Doctor himself scowling at them from above, exhibits a good deal of his peculiar laborious talent.

Our catalogue of cotemporaries would hardly be complete without including in it the clever and goodhumoured amateur Henry Bunbury, though no dabbler in State affairs, like Gillray and Sayer. Bunbury had (as Mr. Wright says) 'little taste for political caricature, and seldom meddled with it. He preferred scenes of social life and humourous incidents of cotemporary manners, fashionable or popular.' It may be added that he does not seem to have often inserted portraits in his pieces. He was rather the forerunner of the modern French school of grotesque artists 'de genre,' of whom we shall have a word to say presently. His drawing, says Mr. Wright, 'was often bold and good, but he had little skill in etching.' After some early essays in that line, "his designs were engraved by various persons, and his own style was sometimes modified in this process.' We have ourselves seen original drawings by his hand, very superior both in force and refinement to the coarse style of the ordinary plates which bear his name. Perhaps the best known and most ludicrous of his compositions are his illustrations of 'Geoffry Gambado's Art of Horsemanship.' Bunbury was brother to the baronet who married Lady Sarah Lennox, and himself husband of one of Goldsmith's favourite Miss Hornecks. He died in 1811, the date of his last work, 'A Barber's Shop in Assize Time,' engraved by Gillray.

Passing over Isaac Cruikshank — a very prolific artist of the same period with Gillray, of whom he was a pretty close imitator — we arrive at his illustrious son George, who still survives to connect our era with the last. He is now almost forgotten as a political caricaturist, in which line he embarked, fifty years ago, under the auspices of his father, but soon abandoned it to achieve his peculiar and unique celebrity as an etcher of small figures, chiefly in the way of illustrations to letterpress, in which humour and the most exquisite appreciation of the ludicrous alternate with beauty and pathos of no common order. 'The ambition of George Cruikshank,' says Mr. Wright, 'was to draw what Hogarth called moral comedies, pictures of society through a series of acts and scenes, always pointed with some great moral; and it must be confessed that he has, through a long career, succeeded admirably.' Every one is aware of the zeal with which the amiable artist has devoted himself to promote the public good by this employment of his brain, of which an amusing illustration is furnished by the current story — for the truth of which, however, we will by no means vouch — that he insisted on formally presenting his 'Drunkard's Progress' to her Majesty! And yet, to our taste, George Cruikshank's most ambitious attempts in this line are scarcely equal to the trifling productions which he has now and then thrown off in mere exuberance of genius and animal spirits. The first edition of a little book, entitled 'German Popular Stories,' which appeared in 1834 (the letterpress was by the late Mr. Jardine), contains, on the minutest possible scale, some of the most perfect gems, both of humour and gracefulness, which are anywhere to be found. The reader need only cast his eye on 'Cherry, or the Frog-Bride;' the 'Tailor and the Bear;' 'Rumpelstiltskin,' and the inimitable procession of country folks jumping into the lake after the supposed flocks of sheep in 'Pee-wit,' to learn how much of fun, and grotesque, and elegance of figures also, and beauty of landscape, may be conveyed in how few lines.

The history of English caricature of the Georgian era would be incomplete without a notice of the various printsellers who supplied the material to the public, and whose shop-windows furnished, not so many years ago, favourite stages or stations, as it

were, for the wandering Cockney, on his peregrinations between East and West; and with this Mr. Wright has accordingly furnished us. Perhaps the most celebrated were Humphreys, of New Bond-street and Piccadilly (whom, however, Mr. Wright does not mention), and Fores.

'S. W. Fores dwelt first at No 3, Piccadilly, but afterwards establishe i himself at No. 50, the corner of Sackville Street, where the name still remains. Fores seems to have been most fertile in ingenious expedients for the extension of his business. He formed a sort of library of caricatures, and other prints, and charged for admission to look at them; and he afterwards adopted a system of lending them out in portfolios for evening parties, at which these portfolios of caricatures became a very fashionable amusement in the latter part of the last century. At times some remarkable curiosity was employed to add to the attractions of his shop. Thus, on caricatures published in 1790, we find the statement that "In Fores Caricature Museum is the completest collection in the kingdom. Also *the Head and Hand of Count Struenzee.* Admittance, one shilling." Caricatures against the French revolutionists, published in 1793, bear imprints stating that they were "published by S. W. Fores, No. 3 ,Piccadilly, where may be seen *a Complete Model of the Guillotine.* Admittance, one shilling." In some this model is said to be six feet high.'

Mr. Wright closes his list with George Cruikshank, as the last representative of the great school of caricaturists formed in the reign of George III. But there is another, still living among us, whose experience as an artist goes very nearly back to that reign, and who may be in the most literal sense called the last of the political caricaturists as he is considered by many the best — Mr. Doyle, the world-famous H.B. of the past generation. Those who belonged to it can well remember the height of popularity which his lithographed sketches achieved, the little blockades before the shop-windows in St. James's-street and the Haymarket whenever a new one appeared, and the convenient topic of conversation which it was sure to afford to men of the clubs, when meeting each other on the pavement. For it was to critics of this class that H.B. particularly addressed himself. His productions wanted the popular vigour of those of Gillray and his school. But it is to Mr. Doyle's high honour that they were also entirely free from the scandalous coarseness of his predecessors, and that he showed the English public how the purposes of political satire could be fully secured without departing a hand's breadth from the dignity of the artist or the character of the gentleman. As a delineator of figures, we cannot esteem him very successful. They run too much into the long and lanky; portions of the outline, the extremities in particular, are often almost effeminate in their refinement: when he attempts a really broad, bluff personage, he is apt to produce the effect of a fine gentleman masquerading as a Falstaff. But it was in the likeness of his portraits, and their expression, that his chief and singular merit consisted. And in these, again, his success was extremely various. His fortune, in a professional sense, may be said to have been made by three faces — those of the Duke of Wellington, King William IV., and Lord Brougham. The provoking, sly no-meaning, establishing itself on the iron mask of the first; the good-humoured, embarrassed expression of the second; the infinite variety of grotesque fancies conveyed in the contorted features of the third; these were reproduced, week after week, for years, with a variety and fertility perfectly astonishing. In other cases he never could succeed in hitting off even a tolerable likeness: of his hundred or so representations of the late Sir Robert Peel, we do not recollect one which conveys to us any real remembrance of the original. The Peel of caricaturists in general, not only of H.B., was a conventional personage; as is, though in a less marked degree, the Gladstone of our present popular artists. Still more remarkable was the failure of H.B., in common with his predecessors, in catching the likeness of George IV. In all the countless burlesque representations of that personage, from the handsome youth of 1780 to the puffy veteran of 1827, there are scarcely any which present a tolerable resemblance. The courtly Lawrence succeed in portraying him well enough; the caricaturists, usually so happy, never. H. B.'s published sketches amount to some nine hundred, and afford a capital key to the cabinet and parliamentary history of England, from the Ministry of Wellington to the end of Lord Melbourne's. While numbers of them do credit to the artist's political sagacity as well as his skill, we cannot forbear to notice one which, to our present notions, illustrates the 'nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ' — produced when the Tories, to whom H.B. appertained with all his heart, anticipated the triumphs of French over English diplomacy under the conduct of our then Foreign Secretary: it is No. 171 in the series, 'The Lame leading the Blind:' Lord Palmerston, guided into a ditch by Talleyrand.

With the renowned H. B. the line of regu-

lar British caricaturists closes. The taste of the nation has sought another direction. But do not let us be misunderstood. The spirit of the art survives, and will do so as long as England is a free country and Englishmen retain a sense of the ludicrous; but its form is so completely changed, by the substitution of the cheap illustrated newspaper for the comparatively expensive broad-sheet of the last century, that a more convenient moment could not be found, for closing the old chapter in artistic history and beginning a new one, than that in which Doyle ceased his labours and the 'Punch' school of satirists began theirs. The very distinct mode of treatment which the small size of the modern comic newspaper, compared with the old sheet, necessarily requires, combines with other causes of difference to render this new school something quite apart from the old one. Its success must needs be obtained more through skill in the delineation of individual faces, and compactness of wit in the 'motive' of the composition, than through breadth of treatment, or (generally speaking) through talent for grouping. In the delineation of faces, however, and especially in portrait, which is the specialty of political caricature, the designers with whom we are now dealing have an immense advantage over those of former times, in being able to use the results of the art of photography. Photographs of faces and figures, always at hand, are a very superior class of auxiliaries to those hasty 'drawings on bits of card' with which Gillray was wont to content himself. The popularity which our present favourites have earned is probably more real, certainly much more extensive, than that gained by their most successful predecessors, from Hogarth to Cruikshank: with whose names that of Leech, so lately lost to us, and of his living associates and rivals, of whom we need only name Doyle the younger and John Tenniel as specimens, will assuredly find their places in the future annals of art. But, arrived at this turning point, we must take farewell of our subject, devoting only a few pages more to the cotemporary history of modern French caricature, on which Mr. Wright (to our regret) does not enter. We had hoped to derive considerable assistance for this purpose from a new publication of our friend M. Champfleury, entitled 'Histoire de la Caricature Moderne,' which has just fallen into our hands; but although the title is thus comprehensive, the contents reduce themselves to a few lively pages of panegyric on two or three recent artists, which seem to be dictated in great measure by personal feelings.

The general subject can be nowhere so well studied in a summary way as in the two volumes of M. Jaime ('Musée de la Caricature'), with very fairly executed illustrations, to which we can only apply the ancient reproach, 'tantamne rem tam negligenter;' for M. Jaime has but treated the matter in a perfunctory way, as if afraid of dwelling too much on it. It has not, however, the interest which attaches either to the coarser but bolder style of art inaugurated by the Germans in the sixteenth century, or to that which prevailed in the great English age of political caricature. Callot was indeed a Frenchman, by race at least, though born in Lorraine, then independent; but his associations were more with the school of the Netherlands than that of France. Nor had he any followers of note in the latter country. The jealous wakefulness of French government, and the cold and measured style which French art derived from a close addiction to supposed classical models, were both alike unfavourable to the development of the artistic empire of 'Laughter, holding both his sides.' French artists of the eighteenth century for the most part touched ludicrous subjects in a decorous and timid way, as if ashamed of them. As the literature of the country is said to abound in wit, while it is poor in humour, so its pictorial talent found vent rather in the neat and effective 'tableau de genre' than in the irregularity of the grotesque; or, to employ another simile, French comic art was to English as the genteel comedy to the screaming farce. And the same was the case (to treat the subject briefly) with that of other nations over which France exercised predominant influence. Chodowiecki was the popular German engraver of domestic scenes in the last century, and his copper-plates have great delicacy of execution and considerable power of expression. He was in high vogue for the purpose of illustrating with cuts the novels and the poetry of the great age of German literature, and his productions are extraordinarily numerous. But he habitually shrank from the grotesque. His admirers styled him the German Hogarth — a comparison which he, we are told, rejected with some indignation, and which Hogarth, could he have known it, would certainly have rejected likewise; for Chodowiecki, with all his other merits, very seldom approaches the ludicrous, and never soars to the height or descends to the depth of caricature.

The unbounded licence of the first French Revolution, and the strange mixture of the burlesque with the terrible which attended

its progress, gave of course for some years the most favourable opportunities possible for the exercise of pictorial wit, so far as the nation possessed it. There can be no greater treat to one who loves to tread the byways of history, often the shortest cuts to truth, than to turn over the series of those magnificent volumes in the Imperial Library of Paris, in which the whole pictorial annals of the last century or so in France are preserved; everything arranged as nearly as may be in order of date, and not of subjects: portraits, festal shows and triumphs, processions, battles, riots, great events, represented under every form down to the rough newspaper woodcut and street caricature, unrolling in one vast phantasmagoria before the eye. We have much that is valuable and useful in our Museum, but nothing, in the matter of historical art, comparable to this collection. An inadequate idea of it only can be formed from the miscellaneous contents of the well-known three folio volumes of prints, entitled 'Tableaux de la Révolution Francaise.' The earlier part of the caricatures of that age are the most humourous and also the best executed. As the tragedy deepened, fun became more and more out of place; and the satirists who had seen its outbreak having most of them lost their heads or fled the country, the business fell into the hands of more vulgar workmen. One of the first (1788) may be mentioned, not so much for its execution, which is tame enough, as because it is (as far as we know) the real original of a piece of wit which has since made its fortune in every language, and been falsely attributed to many facetious celebrities. Calonne, as a monkey, has assembled his 'notables,' a flock of barn-door fowl. 'Mes chers administrès, je vous ai rassemblès pour savoir á quelle sauce vous voulez être mangès.' 'Mais nous ne voulons pas être mangès du tout.' 'Vous vous ècartez de la question.'

But French art, as we have seen, refined and softened into effeminacy under the class civilization of the *ancien règime*, and rendered prudish also by its adherence to classical models, had its decorum soon shocked by too coarse intermixture of the grotesque. Indeed, the reason often given by Frenchmen of the last generation for the acknowledged inferiority of their caricatures to ours, was the superiority of French taste, which could not accommodate itself to 'ignoble' exaggeration. On the whole, therefore, those of the revolutionary series of which we have been speaking are more interesting historically, and also from the keen wit often developed in them, than from their execution. There is no French Gillray or Rowlandson. Here and there, however, among a multitude of inferior performances, the eye is struck by one really remarkable as a work of a higher order than our English cotemporary series could furnish. Such is the famous 'Arrestation du Roi á Varennes,' 1791. The well-known features of the Royal party, seated at supper with lights, are brought out with a force worthy of Rembrandt, and with slight but marked caricature; while the fierce, excited patriotic figures, closing in on them from every side, have a vigour which is really terrific. Another, in a different style, is the 'Intérieur d'un Comité Révolutionnaire,' 1793. It is said, indeed, to have been designed by a first-rate artist, Fragonard, one who doubtless wrought with a will, for he had prostituted his very considerable talents to please the luxurious profligacy of the last days of the ancient *règime*, and the stern Revolution had stopped his trade, annihilated his effeminate customers, and reduced him to poverty. Fragonard's powers as a caricaturist are characterised by a well-known anecdote. He was employed in painting Mademoiselle Guimard, the famous dancer, as Terpsichore; but the lady quarrelled with him, and engaged another to complete the work. The irritated painter got access to the picture, and with three or four strokes of his brush turned the face of Terpsichore into that of a fury. The print now in question is a copper-plate, executed with exceeding delicacy of touch. A dozen figures of men of the people, in revolutionary costume, are assembled round a long table in a dilapidated hall of some public building. A young 'ci-devant,' his wife and child, are introduced through an open door by an usher armed with a pike. If the artist's intention was to produce effect by the contrast of these three graceful figures with the vulgar types of the rest of the party, he has succeeded admirably. They are humbly presenting their papers for examination; but it is pretty clear that the estimable committeeman, to whom the noble is handing his passport, cannot read it. The cunning, quiet, lawyer-like secretary of the committee, pen in hand, is evidently doing all its work. At the opposite end of the table an excited member is addressing to the walls what must be an harangue of high eloquence; but no one is listening to him, and the two personages immediately behind him are evidently determined to hear no noise but their own. But our favourite figure — and one well worthy of Hogarth — is that of the sentinel off duty: he is seated beside a bottle, pike in hand, enjoying his long pipe,

and evidently, from the expression of his face, far advanced from the excited into the meditative stage of convivial patriotism. A placard on the door announces, somewhat contradictorily as well as ungrammatically, 'Ici on se tutoyent: fermez la porte s'il vous plait!' Altogether there is much more of the comic than the ferocious about the patriots; and one may hope that the trembling family, for whom it is impossible not to feel an interest, will this time be 'quittes pour la peur.'

The popular governments — Revolutionary and of the First Empire — easily tamed the spirit of caricature, as they did that of more dangerous enemies, and it only revived when France was replaced under the tyranny of legitimacy. There is a great deal of merit in those on the Bonapartist side, of 1814 and 1815; many of them appear to be executed by some one clever artist, to us unknown. We will only notice one of them, the 'Vœu d'un Royaliste, ou la seconde entree triomphante.' Louis XVIII. is mounted behind a Cossack — the horse and man are admirably drawn — while the poor King's expression, between terror and a sense of the ludicrous of his position, is worthy of the best efforts of Gillray or Doyle.

Caricature continued to be a keen party weapon in France through the period of the Restoration, and in the early years of Louis Philippe. The latter monarch's head especially, under the resemblance of a pear, which Nature had rendered appropriate, was popularised in a thousand ludicrous or ignominious representations; his Gillray was Honoré Daumier, a special friend and favourite of M. Champfleury, but in whom we are unable ourselves to recognize more than secondary merit. 'Entre tous, Daumier fut celui qui accommoda la poire aux sauces les plus diverses. Le roi avait une honnête physionomie, large et étouffée. La caricature, par l'exagération des lignes du masque, par les différents sentimens qu'elle prêta à l'homme au toupet, le rendit typique, et laissa un ineffaçable relief. Les adversaires sont utiles. En politique, un ennemi vaut souvent mieux qu'un ami.' The genius of Daumier had some analogy with that of the sculptor-caricaturist Dantan.

But the liberty of art, like that of the Tribune, degenerated into licence, and France has never been able in her long age of State tempests to maintain the line between the two. Political caricature was once more extinguished in the Orleans reign, with the applause of decent people in general, by the so-called laws of September. It had a brief and feverish revival under the Republic of 1848; some of its productions in that period are worth a moment's notice, both from their execution and good humour: we remember two of the class of general interest; the 'Apparition du Serpent de Mer,' a boat full of kings, startled by the appearance of the new Republic as the problematical monster of the deep; and the 'Ecole de Natation,' in which the various Kings and Emperors of Europe are floundering in a ludicrous variety of attitudes among the billows of revolution, while the female rulers of Britain, Spain, and Portugal are kept afloat by their crinolines. But under the decorous rule of the Empire, no such violation of the respect due to constituted authorities at home is any longer tolerated, while ridicule, even of foreign potentates, is permitted only under polite restrictions. Debarred from this mode of expressing itself, French gaiety finds one of its principal outlets, in the more innocent shape of social caricature, which was never so popular, or cultivated by artists of so much eminence, as within the last thirty years. And here we must notice a singular change in French workmanship, which appears to us to have been occasioned chiefly or wholly by the introduction of lithography. We have already observed how much difficulty its artists found in departing from the rules of classical outline and correct drawing, so long as the old-fashioned line engraving prevailed, and the consequent inferiority of French to English caricature in breadth, its superiority in correctness. The introduction and great popularity of lithography in France seems to have altogether changed the popular taste. Artists now dash off, rather than embody, their humorous conceptions in the sketchiest of all possible styles, and that which affords the greatest licence for grotesque distortions of figure and face. Boilly, a clever and fertile lithographer, was perhaps the first to bring this style of composition into vogue. But to such an extent has the revolution now gone, while we, on the other hand, have been pruning the luxuriance of the old genius of caricature, that the positions of the two countries seem to have become reversed, and England to be now the country of classic, France of grotesque art; in the comic line of which any reader may judge for himself, by comparing the style of the cuts in 'Punch,' for instance, with those in the 'Charivari.' We cannot say that we find the change on the other side of the Channel an improvement, or that we have

been enabled to acquire a taste for the hasty lithographed caricatures of popular figures and scenes which encumber French print-shops. The works of Bunbury, among English artists of this kind of renown, perhaps most nearly approach them; but these, rough though they are, have, at all events, a body and substance, and consequently a vigour, which their Gallic successors appear to us to lack, and which they endeavour too often to supply by loose exaggeration. However, it is idle to set up our own canons of taste in opposition to that of a nation, and a foreign nation into the bargain; and we may do our readers more service by giving them a few short notices of the leading artists who have risen to popularity in modern France by this style of composition.

Nicolas Toussaint Charlet had an education and parentage somewhat like those of our Gillray; born in 1792, the son of an old dragoon of Sambre-et-Meuse, he began his career in a not very noble occupation, being employed in the office where military recruits were registered and measured: and it was in that function, possibly, that he picked up and stored in his memory those thousand types of grotesque young conscripts and old grognards, 'enfants de troupe,' 'tourlourous,' and 'gamins,' with which he filled the shop-windows while amusing the multitude with their darling 'scènes populaires.' He was not exactly a caricaturist in the peculiar sense which we have given to the word, but an artist 'de genre;' in his own peculiar line few have surpassed him. It must be noticed that his sturdy Bonapartism evinced itself in some ambitious attempts at more serious compositions; one of which, 'La Garde meurt et ne se rend pas,' established his fame in 1816, while an 'Episode de la Campagne de Russie' (1836) is ranked at the head of his works by some of his admirers. But for our part, we greatly prefer the exquisite naïveté, though without much of the English vigour, which characterises some of his popular scenes; such — to quote one among a thousand — as that in which a peasant, looking down with the utmost gravity on a comrade who is lying in the road, helplessly drunk, exclaims, 'Voilà pourtant comme je serai dimanche!' Charlet, who died in 1845, left some two thousand lithographed designs, besides numerous water-colours and etchings.

Paul Chevalier Gavarni, born in 1801, ranks at the head of the living caricaturists of France, unless the Vicomte Amédée de Noé (under his *nom de plume*, or rather *de crayon*, of 'Cham,' Ham the son of Noah) be supposed to contest with him that eminence. The journal 'Les Gens du Monde' (1835), and subsequently the 'Charivari,' owed to him the greater part of their celebrity. If not equal to Charlet in the 'naïf' and simply popular style, Gavarni excels him in satirical force and in variety. Twenty-five years hence (says Théophile Gautier) 'it is through Gavarni that the world will know of the existence of Duchesses of the Rue du Helder, of Lorettes, students, and so forth.' Gavarni visited England in 1849, where, according to his biographer M. de Lacaze (in the 'Nouvelle Biographie Générale'), he took so profound a dislike to our English aristocratic social system (it was the year, be it remembered, in which the doctrine 'la propriété c'est le vol,' took some short hold on Parisian spirits), that he fell into a fit of 'le spleen,' became misanthrophic, and produced nothing for a long time but sketches of 'gin-shop frequenters, thieves, street-sweepers, Irishmen, and the beggars of St. Giles's and Whitechapel;' but we are happy to learn, from the same authority, that he soon recovered his gaiety in the less oppresive atmosphere of Paris. His 'Œuvres Choisies' were published as long ago as 1845, in four volumes. 'Déjà,' says Champfleury, 'son œuvre est curieuse à consulter comme l'expression d'un peintre de mœurs épris d'ideal élégant dans une époque bourgeoise.'

Completing these brief notices of modern French caricaturists with the mere mention of the great artist Gustave Doré, who has lately condescended to some clever extravagances allied to caricature, and of that eccentric novelty Griset, we must now conclude our hasty retrospect of the art in general. The institution of the 'comic illustrated newspaper' has now made the tour of the world; the United States furnish abundant specimens; Germany and Italy toil manfully in the wake of France and England; we have even seen political caricatures from Rio de Janeiro nearly as good as the ordinary productions of either. But it is impossible to follow a subject so greatly widening in its dimensions; and as cheapness of execution, while it extends the popularity of this class of compositions, diminishes the labour expended on them, we have not to expect for the future either productions of so much interest, or artists of such celebrity, as some of those dealt with in this article.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."—HEB. iv. 9.

DEAR the storm-won calm of autumn
Brooding o'er the quiet lea;
Sweet the distant harp-like murmur
Trembling from the charmëd sea.
Nestling breezes clog the branches;
Leaves lie swooning on the air;
Nature's myriad hands are folding
O'er her gentle heart, for prayer.

New-born on the lap of silence,
Cradled on a hoary tomb,
Lo! babe evening craves a blessing
As the day forsakes the gloom;
As one lingering sunbeam flushes
The grey spire to golden red,
And the motto "peace" is blazoned
Glorious o'er the resting dead.

Peace be to the shapeless ashes,
Perfect once in valour's mould;
Once on fire for truth and duty,
Now without a spark, and cold.
Smiting was the hero smitten,
Swordless hands now cross his breast;
Share we his mute supplication;
Weary, may the soldier rest!

Peace to him who braved the tempest,
Polar ice, and tropic wave;
Long the homeless sea who traversed,
Then came home to find a grave!
In this calmest roadstead anchored,
May no more the sailor rove,
Till he lose himself for ever
"In the ocean of God's love!"

Peace to him, the tried and saintly;
Wise to counsel, apt to cheer;
With a sober smile for gladness,
With a hope for every tear.
Earth lies lightly on his bosom,
Faith bedecks his priestly tomb
With the sacred flowers that symbol
Life, and light, and deathless bloom.

Peace to him who bears no legend
Carved above his lowly bed,
Save that he was found, unsheltered
From the storm and winter, dead.
Peace to him, that unknown brother,
Quit of want, and woe, and shame;
Trust we that the nameless stranger
Bears in heaven a filial name!

From the four winds assembled,
Kindred in the fate to die;
Eld and infant, alien, homebred,
Neighbours now, how calm they lie!
Valour, beauty, learning, goodness,
With the weight of life opprest,
Make the lean grave sleek with treasure,
Whilst they, weary, take their rest.

Dead they are not; only sleeping,
Dull although their senses be,
Yet they for the summons listen,
Calling to eternity.
Brothers, sleeping in the Saviour,
Sound their dreamless sleep and blest;
But we trust, when this is broken,
There remaineth still a rest!

THE BITTER AND THE SWEET.

COME, darling Effie,
Come, take the cup:
Effie must drink it all—
Drink it all up.

Darling, I know it is
Bitter and bad;
But 'twill make Effie dear
Rosy and glad.

Mother would take it all
For her wee elf—
But who would suffer then?
Effie herself.

If Effie drinks it,
Then, I can tell,
She will go out to play
Merry and well.

Drink, and then, darling,
You shall have this,—
Sweet after bitter:
Now, first, a kiss.

Ah, darling Effie,
God also knows,
When cups of bitterness
His hand bestows,

How His poor children need
Urging to take
Merciful draughts of pain,
Mixed for their sake.

He, too, gives tenderly
Joy after pain,
Sweet after bitterness,
After loss gain.

—*Sunday Magazine.* **I. C.**

From the Spectator.

WERE WOLVES.*

In this remarkable little book, remarkable for a power its external aspect does not promise and an interest its name will not create, Mr. Baring-Gould, an author known hitherto chiefly by his researches in Northern literature, investigates a belief, once general in Europe, and even now entertained by the majority of the uneducated class. In widely separated places, and among races the most distinct, a belief has been traced in the existence of beings who combine the human and the animal character, who are in fact men changed either in form or in spirit into beasts of prey. The belief, though strong still, was strongest in the Middle Ages, when men were more unrestrained both in their acts and their credulities. In the extreme North it was so powerful that Norwegians and Icelanders had a separate name for the transformation, calling men gifted with the power or afflicted with the curse men "not of one skin." Mr. Baring-Gould pushes his theory far when he connects the story of the Berserkir with the theory of were wolves, the Berserkir being extant to this day in Asia, calling themselves Ghazis, and keeping up their fury as the Berserkir probably did, with drugs; but all Scandinavia undoubtedly believed that men had upon occasion changed into animals, and exhibited animal bloodthirstiness and power. So did the Livonians. So down to the very end of the sixteenth century did all Southern Europe, where the Holy Office made cases of metempsychosis subject of inquiry and of punishment. The very victims often believed in their own guilt. One man in 1598, Jacques Roulet, of Angers, stated in his confession that though he did not take a wolf's form he was a wolf, and as a wolf committed murders, chiefly of children. Even now the peasants in Norway believe as firmly in persons who can change themselves into wolves as the peasants in Italy do in the evil eye, the Danes think persons with joined eye brows liable to the curse, the people of Schleswig-Holstein keep a charm to cure it, the Slovaks, Greeks, and Russians have popular words for the were wolf, and Mr. Baring-Gould was himself asked at Vienne to assist in hunting a *loup garou*, or wolf who ought to have been a human being. In India the belief is immovable, more particularly in Oude, where the mass of evidence collected is so extraordinary that it shook for a moment the faith of a man so calm as the Resident, Colonel Sleeman, and induced him to give currency to a theory that wolves might suckle and rear the children of human beings, who thenceforward would be wolves. Ultimately, we believe, he abandoned that notion, but not before he had puzzled all India with his collection of exceptional facts, and riveted the superstition of the people of Oude.

A belief so universal and so lasting suggests some cause more real than a superstitious idea, and Mr. Baring-Gould believes he has discovered one. He holds that in every human being there is some faint trace of the wild-beast nature, the love of destruction and of witnessing the endurance of suffering. Else why do children display cruelty so constantly, string flies on knitting-pins, and delight in the writhings of any animal? In the majority this disposition is eradicated either by circumstances, by training, or by the awakening of the great influence we call sympathy. In a minority the desire remains intact but latent, liable to be called out only by extraordinary incidents or some upset of the ordinary balance of their minds. In a few it becomes a passion, a sovereign desire, or even a mania entitled to be ranked as a form, and an extreme form, of mental disease. It was the latter exhibition which gave rise to the belief in the were-wolves, who were, in Mr. Baring-Gould's opinion, simply raving maniacs, whose wildness took the form either of a desire to murder or of a belief in their own power of becoming beasts of prey. So late as 1848 an officer of the garrison in Paris was brought to trial on a charge of rifling graves of their bodies and tearing them to pieces, and the charge having been proved on conclusive evidence, his own confession included, was sentenced to one year's imprisonment. He was mad, but had he lived before madness was understood he would have been pronounced either a vampire or a *loup garou*. Madness miscomprehended was the cause of the facts which supported the monstrous belief, a theory almost demonstrated by the history of the case of Jacques Roulet. The extract is long, but the story is complete:—

"In 1598, a year memorable in the annals of lycanthropy, a trial took place in Angers, the details of which are very terrible. In a wild and unfrequented spot near Caude, some countrymen came one day upon the corpse of a boy of fifteen, horridly mutilated and bespattered with blood. As the men approached, two wolves, which had been rending the body, bounded away into the thicket. The men gave

* *Were Wolves.* By Sabine Baring-Gould. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

chase immediately, following their bloody tracks till they lost them; when suddenly crouching among the bushes, his teeth chattering with fear, they found a man half naked, with long hair and beard, and with his hands dyed in blood. His nails were long as claws, and were clotted with fresh gore and shreds of human flesh. This is one of the most puzzling and peculiar cases which come under our notice. The wretched man, whose name was Roulet, of his own accord stated that he had fallen upon the lad and had killed him by smothering him, and that he had been prevented from devouring the body completely by the arrival of men on the spot. Roulet proved on investigation to be a beggar from house to house, in the most abject state of poverty. His companions in mendicity were his brother John and his cousin Julien. He had been given lodging out of charity in a neighbouring village, but before his apprehension he had been absent for eight days. Before the judges, Roulet acknowledged that he was able to transform himself into a wolf by means of a salve which his parents had given him. When questioned about the two wolves which had been seen leaving the corpse, he said that he knew perfectly well who they were, for they were his companions, Jean and Julien, who possessed the same secret as himself. He was shown the clothes he had worn on the day of his seizure, and he recognized them immediately; he described the boy whom he had murdered, gave the date correctly, indicated the precise spot where the deed had been done, and recognized the father of the boy as the man who had first run up when the screams of the lad had been heard. In prison, Roulet behaved like an idiot. When seized, his belly was distended and hard; in prison he drank one evening a whole pailful of water, and from that moment refused to eat or drink. His parents, on inquiry, proved to be respectable and pious people, and they proved that his brother John and his cousin Julien had been engaged at a distance on the day of Roulet's apprehension. 'What is your name, and what your estate?' asked the judge, Pierre Hérault. — 'My name is Jacques Roulet, my age thirty-five; I am poor, and a mendicant.' — 'What are you accused of having done?' — 'Of being a thief — of having offended God. My parents gave me an ointment; I do not know its composition.' — 'When rubbed with this ointment, do you become a wolf?' — 'No; but for all that, I killed and ate the child Cornier: I was a wolf.' — 'Were you dressed as a wolf?' — 'I was dressed as I am now. I had my hands and my face bloody, because I had been eating the flesh of the said child.' — 'Do your hands and feet become paws of a wolf?' — 'Yes, they do.' — 'Does your head become like that of a wolf — your mouth become larger?' — 'I do not know how my head was at the time; I used my teeth; my head was as it is to-day. I have wounded and eaten many other little children; I have also been to the sabbath.'"

Jacques Roulet would have been found insane by any modern jury, and there is scarcely in mediæval literature a case of lycanthropy which cannot be explained upon this simple theory, — the one at last adopted, and in our judgment proved, by Colonel Sleeman in Oude, but a more difficult question remains behind. Is it quite certain that all cases of long-continued and outrageous cruelty presuppose madness? Is cruelty in fact a natural quality, which can be cultivated, or an abnormal desire, the result of extreme and gradual depravation of the passions and the reason? Take the well known case of Gilles de Retz in 1440. If evidence can prove anything it is certain that this man, head of the mighty House of Laval, lord of entire counties and of prodigious wealth, did throw up a great position in the public service to wander from town to town and seat to seat kidnapping children, whom he put slowly to death to delight himself with their agonies. He confessed himself to *eight hundred* such murders, and his evidence was confirmed by the relics found. He was betrayed by his own agents, and in the worst age of a cruel cycle his crimes excited a burst of horror so profound that he, a noble of the class which was beyond the law, so powerful that he never attempted to escape, was burnt alive. Was he mad, or only bad beyond all human experience? Mr. Baring-Gould inclines evidently to the former theory, and it is at all events a pleasing one, but it is difficult for thinking men to forget that power has in other instances produced this capacity of cruelty, to refuse credence to all stories of the cruelty of Cæsars, and Shahs, and West Indian slaveholders. It is possible, and we hope true, that the genuine enjoyment of pain is rare among the sane, though the Roman populace felt something like it, and though we are ever and anon startled by cases of wilful cruelty to animals, but genuine indifference to it is frequent, and granted the indifference, any motive may give it an active form. The thirst for domination is the most common impulse, but in well known instances jealousy, fear, hatred, religious bigotry, and even vanity, have been equally efficacious. At all events the passion differs from madness in that it is restrainable. Hardly one genuine case on a great scale has been recorded in a civilized country for many years, and it seems certain that the restraints of order prevent it from acquiring its full sway, and that therefore it is rather the depravation of nature than nature itself which is its origin. Gilles de

Retz is possible, if he were sane, only in a class which can indulge every impulse with impunity, and at a time when law is no longer to be feared. It may be true that he belonged to the were-wolf genus, the men afflicted with homicidal mania, but he may also have belonged to a class now almost as exceptional, the men in whom unrestricted power has developed that thirst for testing it in its highest, its most frequent, and its most visible form, the infliction of slow death-agonies upon powerless human beings. It was, we fear, the madness of a Cæsar rather than of a were wolf which influenced Gilles de Retz, and Mr. Baring-Gould would, we think, have exemplified his theory more perfectly had he excluded stories which testify not so much to the instability of human reason as to the depths of evil lurking in the human heart. He argues indeed that Gilles de Retz is the link between the citizen and the were wolf, but then in so doing he assumes one tremendous datum, that madness always shows itself in the extreme development of the latent heart, and not in its radical perversion. One of its commonest forms nevertheless is intense hatred of those whom the patient has most genuinely and fondly loved, and the balance of probability is that insanity as often perverts as intensifies the secret instincts of its victim. Mr. Baring-Gould has, we think, demonstrated that madness misapprehended was the root of the were-wolf delusion, but not that homicidal mania is the ultimate expression of an inherent tendency in universal human nature.

From the Spectator.

SCIENCE AND MIRACLE.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY, in the remarkable lecture on "improving natural knowledge" delivered to the working classes at St. Martin's Hall, and since published in the *Fortnightly Review*, states with a candour and moderation worthy of all praise, certain notions destructive of all worship, — except that very impossible kind of worship recommended by Professor Huxley, worship of the Unknown and Unknowable, — which have been gaining more and more hold of merely scientific men for many generations, and which, we need not say, are absolutely inconsistent with admitting the activity of any supernatural will in the Universe, and still more the actual occurrence of miracle. Now it is a matter worth a little consideration how far men of pure science are trustworthy on matters of this kind, how far their evidence is what we should call on other subjects the evidence of *experts*, or not. On a medical subject, we should never think of adopting absolutely any theory rejected by a very large and, perhaps increasing, number of the most eminent men in the medical profession. On a historical subject, we should think it absurd to take up with a view against which every fresh historian of learning and eminence began with clearer and clearer conviction to protest. How far, then, even if it be true, as it possibly may be, that the tendency of the highest and calmest scientific thought is increasingly anti-supernatural, can we consider this the tendency of a class entitled to special intellectual deference, or the reverse? Mr. Brooke Foss Westcott, in a very thoughtful volume which he has just published on the *Gospel of the Resurrection*," * freely admits that "a belief in miracles decreases with the increase of civilization," but maintains, amidst other weaker and less defensible positions, that the accuracy of comprehensive views of nature as a whole, is not only not secured, but may be even specially endangered, by too special and constant a study of given parts of nature. "The requirements," he says, "of exact science bind the attention of each student to some one small field, and this little fragment almost necessarily becomes for him the measure of the whole, if indeed he has ever leisure to lift his eyes to the whole at all." And undoubtedly the man who has been studying, say, for the sake of a definite example, the chemical effects of light all his life, and who knows that every different substance when burnt yields a different spectrum, so that you may know by the number and situation of the dark lines exactly what substance it is that is burning, might be inclined to look at the possibility of miracle, and at faith in the supernatural will, from a narrow point of view. He will say to himself, 'If one of these spectra were suddenly to change its appearance, if such a dark line vanished, and such others appeared, should I not know with a certainty to me infallible, — a certainty on the absoluteness of which I should never hesitate to risk my own life or that of my family, — that some other element had been introduced into the burning substance? Could *anything* persuade me that the change was due to divine volition apart from the presence of a new

* Macmillan.

element or new elements in the burning substance? Must not the Almighty himself, if He chose to make the change, make it by providing the characteristic element for the purpose, — just as if He chose to alter the moral traits of a human character, He could only do it by a process that would alter the character itself, and not by making a stupid and ignorant man give out all the characteristic signs of wisdom and learning, or a malignant and cruel man put forth all the moral symptoms of warm benevolence and charity.' So the scientific man would argue, and we are disposed to think would argue rightly. For, admitting that the physical qualities of things are realities at all, we should say that to make the physical qualities of one thing interchange with the physical qualities of another, *without* interchanging the things, is, if it be logically and morally possible, as the Transubstantiationists believe and most other men disbelieve, a piece of divine magic or conjuring, and not a miracle. But then, do not many great scientific men like Professor Huxley really infer from such trains of reasoning far more than they will warrant? All that such reasonings do tend to show, is, that if you truly conceive the natural *constitutions* of things, there are changes which you cannot make without destroying those very things altogether, and substituting new ones. As a miracle which should make two and two five is intrinsically impossible (Mr. Mill and the *Saturday Review* in anywise notwithstanding), so also (though less certainly) a miracle which should make oxygen a combustible gas instead of a supporter of combustion, and quite certainly a miracle which should make it right to do what is known to be wrong, or wrong to do what is known to be right, is intrinsically impossible. But the modern scientific inference goes much further than this, and immediately extends the conception of these inherent constitutions of certain things and qualities to the whole Universe, — assuming, for instance, that it is just as impossible, just as much a breach in the inherent constitution of some one or more things, for one who has been dead to live again, for the phenomena of decomposition to be arrested, the heart once silent to begin to beat, as for oxygen itself to burn without ceasing to be oxygen. The way in which this view would be defended would be that all matter and all its qualities are now almost proved to be modes of force, and all force indestructible, so that any kind of supernatural change in the phenomena of matter would appear to be equivalent to the positive alteration in the essence of a mighty whole, as really astounding in itself as the change which could made oxygen burn (that is, *oxidize*) or two and two equal to five.

Now this is, we take it, something less than conjecture, — indeed demonstrable scientific error, if science be taken to include anything more than the laws of physical phenomena. It is probably true indeed that in some sense the physical forces of the Universe are an invariable quantity, which only alter their forms, and not their sum total. If I move my arm, the motion, says the physiologist, is only the exact equivalent of a certain amount of heat which has disappeared and taken the form of that motion. If I do not move it, the heat remains for use in some other way. In either case the stock of force is unchanged. This is the conviction of almost all scientific men, and is probably true. But whether the stock of physical force is constant or not, the certainty that human will can change its direction and application — can transfer it from one channel to another — is just the same. And what that really means, if Will be ever free and uncaused, though of course not unconditioned, — which is, we take it, as ultimate and *scientific* a certainty as any in the Universe, — is no less than this, — that a strictly supernatural power alters the order and constitution of nature, — takes a stock of physical force lying in a reservoir here and transfers it to a stream of effort there, — in short, that the supernatural can change the order and constitution of the natural, — in its essence *pure miracle*, though miracle of human, and not of divine origin. For example, almost every physiologist will admit the enormous power that pure Will has over the nervous system, — that it can prolong consciousness and even life itself for certain short spaces, by the mere exertion of vehement purpose. Physicians tell you constantly that such and such a patient may no doubt, if it be sufficiently important, by a great effort command his mind sufficiently to settle his affairs, but that it will be at the expense of his animal force, — in short, that it will be a *free transfer of force* from the digestive and so to say vegetating part of his system, to that part of his physical constitution, his nervous system, which lies closest, as it were, to the will. Nay, we have heard physicians say that patients, by a great effort of pure will, have, as they believe, prolonged their own life for a short space, that is, have imparted, we suppose, through the excitement pro-

duced by the will on the nervous system and so downwards, a certain slight increase of capacity to assimilate food to the failing organic powers of the body. In other words, we conclude, just as the organism is failing to draw supplies of physical force from the outward world, its power of doing so may be slightly prolonged, — the outward world drained of a small amount of force it would otherwise have kept in stock, and the organism compelled to absorb it — by a pure volition. Can there be a clearer case of action of the supernatural on the natural, — even granting that the sum total of physical force is not altered, but only its application changed?

What more do we want to conceive clearly the room for Christian miracle, than the application of precisely the same conception to God and Christ? The students of the Universe appear to us to be in precisely the same condition with regard to the Universe, as a scientific observing mind secreted in some part of a human body (not the mind moving that body, but some other) would be in with relation to the structural, chemical, mechanical laws of that body. Suppose an atom of your blood able to retain its identity constantly in a human body, and to travel about it on a tour of scientific observation. It would very soon arrive at the conclusion that there were great laws of circulation of the blood and the fluids which supply it, — such as we see in nature in the astronomical laws, — great laws of force by which the legs and arms are moved, like the forces of tides or falling waters in the Universe, — great structural laws, by which different tissues, like the hair, the skin, nails, the nervous and muscular tissues, grow up out of the nourishment supplied them, just as we notice the growth of trees and flowers out of the earth, — and great though somewhat uncertain laws of alternation between activity and repose, — like the laws of night and day; — and such a scientific particle as we have supposed would undoubtedly soon begin to say that the more deeply it studied these things, the more the reign of pure law seemed to be extended in the universe of the body, so that all those uncertain and irregular phenomena (which we, however, really know to be due to the changes effected by our own free self-governing power), must be ascribed, it would say, not to any supernatural influence, but to its own imperfect knowledge of the more complex phenomena at work. And such a scientific particle would be perfectly justified in its inferences; for we have supposed it only an intellectual observing machine, not a free will with *knowledge* of its own that there is a power which is not caused, and which can effect real modifications in the *relation* even of physical forces which never vary in amount. But nevertheless it would be wrong, and could never know the truth, namely, that the *ordering* of the succession in these physical forces, — the interchanges between one and the other, — the physical influences over the body exerted by the command of the appetites and passions, were all of them really traceable in great part to supernatural power, though to supernatural power which does not either add to or subtract from the sum total of physical force present in the Universe. And we maintain that the men of pure science, as they are called, — the men who study everything *but* Will, — fall into precisely the same blunder as such a rationalizing particle of a human body, and for the same reason. They are quite right in their inferences from their premises, but their premises are radically defective.

In truth the room for miracle remains as wide as ever. Admit all the discoveries of science, and still they only prove a certain constancy in the amount of physical force, and a certain invisible law of succession between the *same* phenomena. But just as a man who puts forth a great effort to retain his consciousness and reason or even life for a short time longer than he would otherwise do, may succeed, — succeed, that is, in pumping up the failing supply of physical force from the Universe to his system for a few minutes or hours, when without such an effort it would have fled from his body and passed away into other channels, — so miracle only assumes that a supernatural power infinitely greater than man's will might, on sufficient reason, — which every Christian believes to be far more than sufficient, — do the same thing infinitely more effectually, and for a far longer time. Miracle is in essence only the directing supernatural influence of free mind over natural forces and substances, whatever these may be. In *man* we do not call this miracle, only because we are accustomed to it, — and in nature scientific men refuse to believe that any such directing power exists at all. But nevertheless, every accurate thinker will see at once, that free will, Providence, and Miracle do not differ *in principle* at all, but are only less or more startling results of the same fact, — which true reason shows to be fact, — that above nature exist free wills, pro-

bably of all orders of power, which do not, indeed, ever *break* the order of nature, but can and do transform, — as regards man by very small driblets, — but as regards higher than human wills in degrees the extent of, which we cannot measure, — natural forces from one phase of activity into another, so as greatly to change the *moral* order and significance of the Universe in which we live.

From the Economist, 6 Jan.

THE DURATION OF OUR SUPPLY OF COAL.

UNDER the title of "The Coal Question," Mr. Jevons * has furnished the public with a number of well-arranged and for the most part indisputable facts, and with a series of suggestive reflections, which every one interested in the future progress and greatness of his country will do well to ponder seriously. Few of us need to be reminded how completely cheap coal is at the foundation of our prosperity and our commercial and manufacturing supremacy. Coal and iron make England what she is; and her iron depends upon her coal. Other countries have as much iron ore as we have, and some have better ore; but no country (except America, which is yet undeveloped) has abundant coal and ironstone in the needed proximity. Except in our supply of coal and iron we have no natural suitabilities for the attainment of industrial greatness; nearly all the raw materials of our manufactures come to us from afar; we import much of our wool, most of our flax, all our cotton and all our silk. Our railroads and our steamboats are made of iron and are worked by coal. So are our great factories. So now is much of our war navy. Iron is one of our chief articles of export; all our machinery is made of iron; it is especially in our machinery that we surpass other nations; it is our machinery that produces our successful textile fabrics; and the iron which constructs this machinery is extracted, smelted, cast, hammered, wrought into tools, by coal and the steam which coal generates. It is believed that at least half the coal raised in Great Britain is consumed by the various branches of the iron trade.

With these facts present to our mind we shall readily understand that the vital questions for the wealth, progress, and greatness of our country are these: — "Is our supply of coal inexhaustible? and if not, how long will it last?" — Mr. Jevons enables us to answer both these questions. It is very far from being inexhaustible; it is in process of exhaustion; and, if we go on augmenting our consumption from year to year at our present rate of increase, it will not last a hundred years. Our geological knowledge is now so great and certain, and what we may term the *underground* survey of our islands has been so complete that we know with tolerable accuracy both the extent, the thickness, and the accessibility of our coal fields, and the quantity of coal annually brought to the surface and used up. The entire amount of coal remaining in Great Britain, down to a depth of 4,000 feet, is estimated to be 80,000 millions of tons. Our annual consumption was in 1860 about 80 millions. At that rate the available coal would last for 1,000 years. But our consumption is now steadily increasing at the rate of 3½ per cent. per annum, and will in 1880 be, not 80 millions, but 160 millions; and, *if it continues thus to increase*, will have worked out the whole 80,000 millions before the year 1960. Nay it would reach this climax probably some time earlier; for our calculation includes all the coal down to 4,000 feet; and no coal mine has yet been worked at a greater depth than 2,500 feet; and we do not believe that mines can be worked profitably, and we have little reason to think they can be worked at all, at such a depth as 4,000 feet.

Of course we know that, practically, our coal-fields will *not* be worked out within this period. Of course we are aware that our present rate of annual augmentation cannot be maintained. Every year we have to go deeper for our supply; and going deeper means incurring greater and greater expense for labour, for machinery, for ventilation, for pumping out the water, for accidents, &c. Going deeper, therefore, implies an enhanced price for the coal raised, and that enhancement of price will check consumption. *But it is precisely this imminent enhancement of price*, and not ultimate exhaustion, *that we have to dread;* for it is this enhancement which will limit our rate of progress and deprive us of our special advantages and our manufacturing supremacy. Let us see a little in detail the *modus operandi*. The difficulty of working and raising coal increases rapidly as the mine grows deeper, or as inferior mines have to be worked; the heat grows more insupporta-

* The Coal Question. By W. Stanley Jevons, M. A. Macmillan, 1865.

ble, the shafts and passages longer, the danger greater, the ventilation more costly, the quantity of water to be kept out or got out more unmanageable. A very short period may raise engine coal and smelting coal from 5s to 10s per ton. Now a cotton mill of ordinary size will often use for its steam-power 80 tons of coal per week. This at 5s is 1,000*l* a year; at 10s per ton, it is 2,000*l*. But the cotton mill is full of machinery; and one great element in the cost of this machinery is the coal used in smelting and working the iron of which the machinery is made. The railroads which bring the cotton to the mill and take the calico and yarn back to the place of exportation are made of iron and worked by coal: so are the steamboats which bring the cotton to our shores and export the yarn to Germany;—the cost of carriage, therefore, which is a very large item in the contingent expenses of our factories, will be greatly increased both directly and indirectly by a rise in the price of coal. An advance in that price from 5s to 10s per ton, may be estimated to be equivalent to 2,000*l* a year on the working cost of a good-sized cotton mill. That is, as compared with the present state of things, and as compared with foreign countries, every manufacturer would have a burden of 2,000*l* a year laid upon him, and would have to raise the cost of his goods to that extent. How long could he continue to compete with his rivals under this disadvantage, or (it would be more correct to say) with his present advantage taken away from him? And how long would coal continue to be supplied even at 10s a ton?

And, be it observed, the check to the consumption of coal — the retardation *i. e.* in our progress towards ultimate and absolute exhaustion — can only come from increase of price, and the moment that it does come, the decline of our relative manufacturing pre-eminence has begun. We shall avoid the extinction of our coal in the short period of a century; but we shall do so only by using less now; — and using less now means producing less iron, exporting less calico and woollens, employing less shipping, supporting a scantier population, *ceasing our progress*, receding from our relative position. We may, it is true, make our coal last a thousand years instead of a hundred, and reduce the inevitable increase in its price to a very inconsiderable rate; *but we can do so only by becoming stationary;* and to become stationary implies letting other nations pass us in the race, exporting our whole annual increase of population, growing relatively, if not positively, poorer and feebler.

Nor does there seem any escape from these conclusions theoretically, nor any way of modifying them practically. We may, it is said, economise in the use of coal. But, in the first place, the great economies that can be reasonably looked for have been already introduced. In smelting iron ore we use two-thirds less coal than formerly, and in working our steam engines one-half less; and, in the second place, it is only a rise in the price of coal that will goad us into a more sparing use of it; and this very rise of price is the proof and the measure of our danger. "Export no more coal," it is suggested, and so husband your stores. But we could not adopt this expedient, even if it were wise to do so, or consistent with our commercial policy, without throwing half our shipping trade into confusion by depriving them of their ballast trade; and even then the evil would be scarcely more than mitigated? "Why," ask others, "should we not, when our own stores of coal are exhausted, import coal from other countries which will still be rich in mineral fuel, and thus supply our need?" Simply because of all articles of trade and industry coal is the most bulky in proportion to its value; and that it is the fact of *having it at hand*, of having it in abundance, of having it cheap, of having it without the cost of carriage, that has given us our manufacturing superiority. With coal brought from America, with coal costing what coal then would cost, we could neither smelt our iron, work our engines, drive our locomotives, sail our ships, spin our yarn, nor weave our broad cloths. Long before we had to import our fuel the game would be up.

Of 136 millions of tons now annually raised throughout the world, Great Britain produces 80 millions and the United States only 20. But this is only because we have had the first start, and because our population is far denser, and because our iron and our coal lie conveniently for each other and conveniently for carriage. As soon as America is densely peopled, to America must both our iron and our coal supremacy — and all involved therein — be transferred; for the United States are in these respects immeasurably richer than even Great Britain. Their coal-fields are estimated at 196,000 square miles in extent, while ours are only 5,400. But this is not all: their coal is often better in quality and incomparably more accessible than ours, especially in the Ohio valley. In some places the cost *at the pit's mouth* even now is 2s per ton in America, against 6s in England.

From the Spectator.

HAIRDRESSING IN EXCELSIS.

It is not easy to understand the differences in the popular appreciation of the minor trades. Why is a tailor considered rather contemptible, when no idea of ridicule attaches to a bootmaker? Both make clothes, and in trade estimation the tailor, who must always be something of a capitalist, is the higher man of the two, but the popular verdict is against him. Nobody calls a hosier the eighteenth part of a man, yet strictly speaking his business is only a minor branch of tailoring. No ridicule attaches to a hatter, notwithstanding the lunatic proverb about his permanent mental condition, but everybody laughs internally as he speaks of a hairdresser. Is it because hairdressers were once popularly supposed to be all Frenchmen, and therefore share the contempt with which dancing-masters are regarded by people who, while they express it, would not for the world fail to profit by their instructions? A singing-master is allowed to be an artist, often one of the first class, but a dancing-master is considered a cross between an artist and a monkey. Or are hairdressers despised, like men milliners, because their occupation, especially in modern Europe, where men have abandoned wigs, long locks, and the careful arrangement of the hair, is essentially feminine? That may be the explanation, for nobody despises the lady's-maid more or less because if she is "very superior" she can dress hair as well as any hairdresser. Or is the sufficient cause to be sought in their pretensions, in their constant but unsuccessful claim to be considered artists, something a little lower than professionals, but a great deal higher than mere tradesmen, a claim which induces them to indulge in highflown advertisements and the invention of preposterous names, usually Greek, but not unfrequently Persian, for totally useless unguents? The claim is allowed in France, but in England, like the similar one of the cook and the confectioners, it has always been rejected, a rejection which excites the profession every now and then to somewhat violent and therefore ridiculous self-assertion. They perceive an opportunity just at present. For a good many years past the business of the coiffeur has been comparatively a very simple affair, rising scarcely to the dignity of a trade and entirely outside the province of art. Men all over Europe have adopted the fashion of the much ridiculed Roundheads, cut their hair habitually close, till the assertion that a man's hair is naturally as long as a woman's strikes them with a sense of surprise, and have almost ceased to dress it. They use pomade still, or at least hairdressers say so, and a few of them, unaware that a mixture of cocoa-nut oil and thin spirit is in all ways the absolutely best unguent, waste cash upon costly coloured oils, but hairdressing for men is out of fashion. The average hairdresser contemptuously turns over the male head to some beginner, who snips away till hair and tournure are got rid of with equal speed. Up to 1860, too, women wore their hair, even on occasions demanding a grand toilette, after a very simple fashion, one which the majority of them could manage very well for themselves, and which required only careful brushing. This fashion was not perhaps altogether in perfect taste. Simplicity has charms, but still a custom which compelled women with Greek profiles and complexions of one shade only and girls with cherry cheeks and turned-up noses equally to wear their hair like Madonnas, was open to some slight attack on artistic grounds. Madonnas should not have laughing blue eyes, or pouting lips, or flaxen hair, or that look of *espièglerie* which accompanies a properly turned-up nose, — not a snub, that is abominable, but just the *nez retroussé* which artists detest and other men marry. The Second Empire, however, does not approve simplicity, and gradually the art of dressing hair has come again into use. The fashion of wearing hair *à l'Impératrice* was the first blow to the Madonna mania, and young women with no foreheads, and with pointed foreheads, and with hair-covered foreheads, all pulled their unruly locks straight back because an Empress with a magnificent forehead chose to make the best of it. Anything uglier than this fashion in all women with unsuitable foreheads and all women whatever with black hair it would be hard to conceive, and the mania did not as a mania last very long. Then came the day of invention, the use of false hair, the insertion of frisettes, the introduction of golden dyes, the re-entry of the vast combs prized by our great grandmothers, the admiration of pins stolen from the Ionian and Pompeian head-gear, and a general attention to the head-dress which we can best describe by quoting from the *Manners and Customs of Ancient Greece* a paragraph on the hairdressing of Athenian women: — "On nothing was there so much care bestowed as upon the hair. Auburn, the colour of Aphrodite's tresses in Homer, being considered most beautiful, drugs were invented in

which the hair being dipped, and exposed to the noon day sun, it acquired the coveted hue, and fell in golden curls over their shoulders. Others, contented with their own black hair, exhausted their ingenuity in augmenting its rich gloss, steeping it in oils and essences, till all the fragrance of Arabia seemed to breathe around them. Those waving ringlets which we admire in their sculpture were often the creation of art, being produced by curling-irons heated in ashes; after which, by the aid of jewelled fillets and golden pins, they were brought forward over the smooth white forehead, which they sometimes shaded to the eyebrows, leaving a small ivory space in the centre, while behind they floated in shining profusion down the back. When decked in this manner, and dressed for the gunæcitis in their light flowered sandals and semi-transparent robes, they were scarcely farther removed from the state of nature than the Spartan maids themselves."

The grand triumph of the Ionic barbers, the invention of a mode of plaiting which occupied many hours, and could therefore be repeated only once a week, and required those who wore it to sleep on their backs with their necks resting on wooden trestles, hollowed out lest the bed should derange the hair, has not indeed been repeated, though under the fostering care of Mr. Carter even that perfection may one day be attained. Still we have the auburn dyes, and the pins, and all the Athenian devices, and it is not quite certain that the "chignon," the nasty mass of horsehair and human hair which women have learnt to stick on the back of their heads, and which is actually sold in Regent Street attached to bonnets, is not an additional triumph over nature. We have a picture somewhere of a chignon more than three thousand years old, but if we are not mistaken there are feathers on it as well as hair, the very idea which the President of the Hairdressers' Academy on Tuesday reinvented, and for which he was so heartily applauded. Of course, with the new rage for artificial arrangement, false hair, dyes, chignons, hair *crêpé*, hair *frisé*, and we know not what, the hairdresser's art is looking up, and the sensible tradesmen who practise it, sensible in in all but their grandiloquence — which is, we take it, half-comic, half a genuine effort at self-assertion — are making the most of their opportunity.

The *soirée*, or "swarry," as the doorkeeper persisted in calling it, of the Hairdressers' Academy, held in the Hanover Square Rooms on Tuesday, was really a noteworthy incident in the annals of modern folly. Some thirty women had their hair dressed in public by the same number of men — not, we are sorry to say, to the accompaniment of slow music, — an improvement we recommend to Mr. Carter's attention — and some two hundred men and women looked on and applauded the result. There was in the middle of the room a long table covered with a white cloth, as it were for some sort of experiment, but upon the table could be seen nothing but hand-mirrors, which looked indigestible. So long were other visitors in coming that one visitor, who was conscious of wanting the scissors and of a total absence of bear's grease, was afraid that one of the many gentlemen who in winning costume, and faultless "'eads of air," and unmistakable hairdressing propensities, hovered near the door, would insist upon his having his hair cut and dressed forthwith, merely to wile away the time. But fortunately, just as a gentleman with a "'ead of air" which would have done credit to any wax figure in any shop window, was approaching with sinister looks, visitors, masculine and feminine began to pour in. Then there was diffused around the room an odour of bear's grease, and probably costlier unguents, and from the look of the ladies' hair the writer was under the impression that he beheld the victims who had been immolated upon the shrine of hairdressing, and who were to exhibit the effects of the sacrifice. But not so. Awhile, and then there came in, each leaning upon the arm of the cavalier who was to "dress her," about thirty-two ladies, from an age to which it would be ungallant to allude down to (one can hardly say "bashful") fifteen. Their hair was in some instances apparently just out of curl-papers, but for the most part hanging unconfined except at the back, where it was fastened close to the crown, and then hung down like a horse's tail. Among the thirty were one or two magnificent chevelures, but we did not see one that quite realized the painter's ideal, one which the wearer could have wrapped round her as Titian's model must have done, or one on which the owner could have stood, as on a mat, as Hindoo women have been known to do. Their comic appearance, and the clapping of hands which arose thereat, showed one at once that they were the victims or (if you please) the heroines. They sat at the white-cloth-covered table, and the cavaliers drew from black bags combs, and puffs, and hair-pins, and what looked like small rolling-pins, and tapeworms, and bell-ropes, and cord off window-curtains, and muslin

and tissue-paper, and flowers and fruits of the earth imitated in green and gold. Then the "dressing" began, and the spectator saw with awe and amazement what art can do for hair, then one repented of ever having doubted the truth of ladies who at balls say, with a significant glance at head-dresses, "Why, how *do* you do, dear? I really did not know you." Some people may think that hair, however plenteous or however scanty, looks better in its natural state than when it is made into a flower garden; and others may hold that no kind of hair is improved by being interwoven with tape-worms or bell-ropes, or even the cord off window-curtains. But it is certain that by the use of muslin and other materials already spoken of a result may be obtained which would justify a man in cutting his mother (on the score of non-recognition, if on no other), and which would lead one to believe that so long as a lady has a couple of handfuls of hair left she may, with the help of art, hold her own against Berenice. When all the ladies were "dressed" one of the "dressers" made an unexceptionable little speech in unexceptionable English (for which our experience of hairdressing had not prepared us), concluding by saying that the ladies in their "dressed" state would walk round the table each leaning on the arm of her "dresser," so that the spectators might all have a full view. As he said, so did they; nay, they went further, and walked round twice, amidst the applause of the assembled witnesses. We were disappointed that no prize beyond applause was given; we had thought that at least a small-tooth comb, after the fashion of those said by Miss Emmeline Lott to be used in the Turkish harems, would have been bestowed. But perhaps it would have been dangerous to have given so decided a preference to the hair of one lady over that of another, for after all it must be with some difficulty that the subjects of the exhibition are collected. After the "swarry" came a ball, at which whosoever danced with the ladies who had their heads powdered was, if he disliked dust, to be pitied. The company seemed to be, for the most part, or at any rate to a considerable extent, connected with the hairdressing interest, and that they should do all they could to bring their craft to perfection is not only pardonable, but commendable. Would it, however, be well if society in general should patronize such exhibitions? Opinions happily differ, but we cannot help thinking evil would come of it. What manner of woman, is it that *must* study such matters as hairdressing, if she would entice our "golden youth" (or our golden age, for the matter of that)? What manner of woman, then, would set the fashion in hairdressing? And we know what has been the consequence in France (if we are not nearly as bad here) of following in small matters the lead of the *demi-monde*. On the other hand, two convictions at all events we acquired from the spectacle. One is that modern hairdressing in its highest form is a branch of jewelling, the real art being shown not in the arrangement of the hair, but in the addition of things which are not hair — combs, ribbons, flowers, dewdrops, and gilt insects — the last a taste essentially inartistic and depraved. The other was that it is not safe for any man to make a proposal in the evening. So utterly were some of the "subjects" changed by the act of the operators, that the possibility of not knowing in the morning the betrothed of the evening seemed very real indeed, and the mistake would be an awkward one for both parties.

From the Economist, 27 January.

THE ANALOGY BETWEEN THE FRENCH AND AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONS.

THE Emperor of the French has said many remarkable things, but few more remarkable than the short sentence in which he hints that there is some analogy between the Constitution of France and that of the United States. The statement has been received in England with an impatience which is a little unjust, and is caused by too exclusive an attention to surface differences. Those differences are of course patent to every one; but the analogy is not the less real and striking. The key-note of the American Constitution is the existence of an Executive which during its term of office is irresponsible to the people, which acts by its own volition, which can pursue if necessary a policy diametrically opposed to the wishes of those who elected it. That also is the key-note of the system established by the Second Empire. The President does as he pleases in all matters within his province just as the Emperor does, and like him is irresponsible to the Legislature — need not, indeed, explain to the representatives of the people his own official acts. His ministers are his

ministers or clerks, bound to obey his orders; not bound to pay any heed, and frequently not paying any heed, to votes passed by the popular body. Of course, in America as in France this absolute disunion between the Executive and the body which controls the purse is very inconvenient, and it has in each country been met in the same way. In France the Minister without a portfolio explains to the Corps Legislatif the plans of departments which he does not control, and in America a friend or connection or political ally of the President performs the same function, Mr. Raymond for example occupying as nearly as possible that position in Congress, which M. Rouher occupies in the French Chamber. It is true the French spokesman is a recognised official, and the American spokesman is not, but the recognition does not diminish "responsibility" in the English parliamentary sense, but rather increases it. It is true Mr. Johnson cannot effect through Congress what the Emperor can effect through his Legislature, but that is because he has not a majority and the Emperor has. In theory the French Chamber has as much right to reject a bill proposed by the Imperial Government as Congress has, and were the Emperor less dreaded it would frequently do so. At the present moment Mr. Johnson is trying to "make a majority" to support his policy by means quite as strong as those used in French elections. He has ordered that no radical recommendation for office shall be listened to, and has it is said threatened that unless his opponents give way he will dismiss every official throughout the Union who owes his election to the recommendation of an opponent, a measure which has daunted his stoutest adversaries as fatal to their re-election. They will be in fact, as in France, struck out of the Government list. Indeed the prerogative of the President is in many ways greater than that of the Emperor. Each is commander-in-chief, but the President can deprive any officer of his commission by decree, and the Emperor cannot. A French officer's grade is his "property," and though the law has once or twice been violated, it could not be broken through except for a State necessity. Emperor and President are alike masters of the Civil Service, but the President can and does dismiss at will, and the bureaucracy of France is permanent. An order, such as Mr. Johnson is said to have threatened to give, would in France have aroused an unconquerable resistance. No doubt the Emperor of the French can do things infinitely more high-handed than the President could attempt, but that is not by virtue of the idea of the French Constitution, but by reason of his control over a system essentially and radically despotic, which he did not make, and which his predecessors also used, the French police. Mr. Johnson has no such organisation at his disposal, but when it existed during the first two years of the war it was used without much regard to anything but the safety of the Federation. Without the police aud the immense army, and with a hostile majority in the Chamber, the Emperor would be almost precisely in the position of the President.

But the latter is subject to removal at the expiration of his term? No doubt Mr. Johnson is, and has therefore a great temptation to make his policy accord with the policy approved by the electors, and so has the Emperor Napoleon, who follows opinion quite as anxiously; but that deference is no part of the Constitution, which provides for change in the individual, but not for change in the absolute independence of the office. In changing our Premier, we ensure a change of policy, because if the new man disobeys, he also can be dismissed next day; but in changing the President, America merely places one independent and irremovable official in place of another. The theories of the Imperial and Republican systems are identical, except in the illogical peculiarity of the French Constitution, that it introduces the hereditary element into the Executive, whereas the right of election logically includes a right of dismissal at periods fixed by mutual agreement. But the freedom of the Press, of speech, of association? Well, these things exist in America and do not exist in France; but it is not in consequence of the Constitution, but of the popular will. Nothing prevents an American President, with Congress at his back, from subverting the freedom of the Press, by means, for example, of remissible taxes, if they think that policy sound. The Emperor and his first Chamber did think it sound, and so freedom in France ended, a fact greatly no doubt to be regretted, but in no way proving that the principles of the American and French Constitutions are not analogous. One very remarkable power indeed is possessed by the American Legislature which is not possessed by the French, and that is the right of passing a law by a two-third vote, in defiance of the President. But the French Chamber is theoretically just as strong, for it could insist on a certain law being passed, under penalty of a rejec-

tion of the Budget, and the Emperor must either yield, or appeal to a plebiscitum, that is, strike a *coup d'etat* upsetting the Constitution, which gives the Chamber such a right of control. That the two sets of institutions are *worked* in a different way, and with a different spirit, is too obvious for remark; but that does not destroy the theoretic analogy to which the Emperor points.

The truth is that apart from the operation of the State system, which with many faults still organises popular resistance, the President of the United States is, during his term of office, an excessively powerful monarch, and the fact, revealed only by the war, has evidently struck forcibly on the imagination of the Emperor of the French. As he acknowleges in his speech he still dislikes Parliamentary Government, for which he is himself singularly unfitted, and he glances at the Union with a passing thought that if he ever grants "liberty," it will be in the American and not in the English form. Should the thought ever become active, it is astonishing how little he will have to do to restore "liberty" after the American model as it would appear were the Union a republic one and indivisible. He would have to introduce laws establishing the freedom of the press, and the right of association, and the liability of all officials to prosecution for illegal acts done in their official capacities; and the exemption of all citizens from arrest except on criminal charges, and the constitutional change would be theoretically almost complete. The remaining changes which would be necessary — such as abstinence from interference in the elections, recognition of the right of debate, and restoration of the legislative initiative to individual members — are scarcely constitutional. These changes once accomplished, France would be in possession of a great amount of practical liberty, of the control of her own Legislature, and of an Executive terribly strong indeed, but not stronger than that of the American Union; rather less strong, because hampered by the legal rights of the army, and the customary rights of the civil bureaucracy. That is not a form of Government we admire, because it lacks the one strength of the Parliamentary system, the absolute identity of the Legislature and the Executive power; but it is one which might suit France for a time, and would have the immense advantage of permitting free thought and its expression, and some activity of Parliamentary life without the previous dismissal of the Napoleonic dynasty, which will never, we fear, consent to that incessant intellectual conflict by which alone a constitutional monarch can acquire great individual power. At all events, should circumstances ever compel the Emperor to relax the overstrictness of his *regime*, it is to the American rather than to the British form of freedom that he appears likely to feel his way.

From the Saturday Review, Jan. 27.

MEXICO.

THE position which the Government of the United States is prepared to take up with regard to Mexico is at last clearly and finally established, and it is one that is calculated to excite some apprehension for the future peace of the world. During the autumn months of last year, Mr. SEWARD was continually urging on the Federal Government the expediency of the speedy withdrawal of the French troops; and, with many sincere protestations of the most friendly feeling towards France, he gave the EMPEROR to understand that, if his troops were to stay much longer where they were, a rupture between the two countries was inevitable. The EMPEROR would be only too glad to get his troops away if he could do so without compromising his own honour, and that of France; and it seemed to him that the best way of arranging the matter would be that the French troops should go, and that the United States should recognise the Emperor MAXIMILIAN. The Mexican Empire, being thus placed on a friendly footing with the only Power it has to dread, might hope to establish itself and prosper, if prosperity in Mexico is possible for it. France would have succeeded, or, at least, would not have openly and conspicuously failed; and all jealousy between Washington and Paris would have been at an end. But Mr. SEWARD has distinctly and decisively rejected this proposal. The United States will not recognise the Emperor MAXIMILIAN, nor treat him on any but a hostile footing. In the eyes of the Americans, he is an intruder, and an enemy of an injured and friendly Republic, and they can never be content until his enterprise has wholly failed. Congress, as Mr. SEWARD remarks, must exercise its legitimate influence on the Government of the PRESIDENT; and the PRESIDENT has not only to announce his own decision, but that of the American people and its representatives; and the opinion of the American people is violently against the

Mexican Empire. Of this there can be no doubt; for even if the accusations continually brought up in Congress against the Emperor MAXIMILIAN were true, instead of being, as for the most part they are, gross misrepresentations, still the vehemence and pertinacity with which they are urged show clearly enough how deep is the animosity that prompts them. If the whole question were simply one of the continuance of the Mexican Empire, it might be worth while to discuss these accusations, and to show how very slight is the basis on which they have been reared; but all matters of detail are swallowed up in the gravity of the declaration which the United States have now issued. The view of the Government of the United States is, that the French have violated the MONROE doctrine in its proper and original sense. There was a Republic established in Mexico, holding its territory unopposed, in harmony with the country, dear to the inhabitants, and in the most friendly relations with the United States. The French came to pull down this Republic, and to set up a Monarchy, and they persist in remaining in Mexico to force this alien Empire on an unwilling Republican people. This is the mode in which the United States have determined, after full deliberation, to regard the recent history of Mexico; and they will not allow any compromise by which their adherence to this view might seem to be weakened. So long as France stays in Mexico, forcing an Empire on the Republicans of a contiguous State, America will treat France exactly as she would expect France to treat her if she sent a fleet, and landed troops, to set up a Republic in Belgium. Much, it is acknowledged, is to be borne from France, which would not be borne from any other country. It will be only in the last resort that the language of America would become hostile to a country endeared to her by so many traditions, and bound to her by so many ties. The tone of Mr. SEWARD'S letter is very conciliatory, and the Government of President JOHNSON has been resolute in preventing any indirect breaches of amity. The export of arms from California has been prevented, and still more recently a considerable portion of the troops in Texas has been disbanded. France has nothing to complain of in small things; there is only the one great point of difference between her and the United States, that she has violated a doctrine to which the United States attach the greatest importance, and which they are resolved to uphold. They now merely ask that the French troops shall be withdrawn; but if this is not done, the time must come when they will insist on having their wishes fulfilled.

This uncompromising language of the American Government has placed the Emperor of the FRENCH in a very difficult position. He cannot seem to yield to threats; but still he knows that, if any way of withdrawing his troops with honour can be found, he must use it. He has, therefore, set earnestly to work to disprove the view which the American Government has adopted. He denies altogether that he ever wished to set up a Monarchy in Mexico, or to crush a Republic. But the Republican Government had insulted and offended him, plundered and murdered his subjects, gave no compensation, and perhaps was too weak, poor, and anarchical to give any. He interfered merely to get redress, but he did not see how it was possible to hope for redress from such a Government as then existed in Mexico. Several leading Mexicans proposed to establish a Monarchy, and he concurred in the idea because he thought a Monarchy, which had long been a favourite notion of many Mexicans, offered the best chance of getting a Government strong, durable, and enlightened enough to pay him what he was owed. This is all. He no more wishes to put down a Republic in Mexico than he does to put down a Republic at Washington; he merely wished, and wishes, to have an instrument ready to provide him with the redress he asked. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN and his Court, and his Orders of the Eagle and Gaudalupe, are only pretty bits of machinery for the recovery of money owing to Frenchmen; and it must be owned that, if this is all, they are about as expensive a piece of machinery, in comparison with the object to be effected, as was ever invented. But then, as the EMPEROR said in his speech, this machinery has answered, or very nearly answered. There is now in Mexico an enlightened Government triumphant over all opposition, with a French commerce trebled in an incredibly short space of time, plentifully supplied with troops, and quite ready to pay off all that is due to France. A few more arrangements have still to be made with the Emperor MAXIMILIAN, so that the stipulated payments may be fully secured, and then the French troops will be finally and honourably withdrawn. The ecstatic visions of M. CHEVALIER, and the ardent proclamations of Marshal FOREY, are forgotten, or utterly neglected. We hear no more of the spread of French influence over the Western hemisphere, of the necessity of enabling

the Latin race to confront the Anglo-Saxon race in the New World. The Americans are told that all that has been done in Mexico has been done simply to redress the wrongs and support the claims of Frenchmen; the French themselves are told that this most desirable end has been accomplished, and that the troops who have rendered its accomplishment possible may soon be expected home. But it is scarcely necessary to say that neither the Americans nor the French will be satisfied. The Americans think, and think with perfect truth, that the experiment of recovering French debts by shooting Republicans until the Austrian Archduke was made Emperor would never have been tried unless it had been supposed that it could be tried without the United States being able to interfere with it. The French know that at least twenty millions of French money have been sunk in the experiment, and that if their troops were withdrawn it would be a great deal more difficult to recover the new debt than it was to recover the old one. The EMPEROR, by adopting the view that he is merely trying to get his just dues from Mexico, has done something to conciliate the Americans; yet he has made it even harder than before to justify to France the withdrawal of the troops. To throw away twenty millions in the attempt to get back a tenth of that sum is as deplorable an investment, and as conspicuous a failure, as he could well make. The last Mexican loan of about six millions sterling was almost entirely subscribed by the French poor, on the direct solicitation of the local officials of the Government, and it would most seriously impair the confidence of the lower classes in the EMPEROR'S policy if it ended in a loss to them of money which they only subscribed because he seemed to ask for it himself.

The EMPEROR must, therefore, risk something. He might risk either a war with America, or a blow to his prestige in France. His speech was very judiciously worded, and he seemed to be preserving a firm attitude, and consulting the dignity of his country, while he prepared a mode of escape from his embarrassment by asserting that his work was done in Mexico, and that the Emperor MAXIMILIAN was firmly established there. It will now naturally be his first object to get the Emperor MAXIMILIAN to share this opinion; and the story may be true that he has sent over a special envoy to represent to the Emperor of MEXICO that he must consent to the withdrawal of the French troops, and try his chance of empire from his own resources. If the Emperor MAXIMILIAN would but announce that he was now quite sure of his throne, and that French aid was no longer necessary to him, the French might undoubtedly retire without dishonour. They could not retire at once, but it may be presumed that the Americans would be quite satisfied if a Convention like the September Convention with Italy were agreed on, and if it were arranged that all French troops should have quitted Mexico by the end of the present year. If the French went, the Austrians and Belgians must go too — not necessarily at the very same time, but before very long; as it is obvious that, if the French have been guilty of coming to American soil to trample down a Republic and set up a Monarchy, so have they. The Emperor MAXIMILIAN would therefore have to decide whether he could possibly hold his own with native troops against his domestic enemies; and secondly, whether, if he thought it possible to succeed, he would also think it worth while to try. It may be assumed, perhaps, that the Emperor of the FRENCH would be able to provide that Mexico should be left alone, and that, if he did not go there, neither would the Americans. But if all foreign troops were withdrawn, the EMPEROR would have to fight Mexicans with Mexicans. His Mexicans would feel no enthusiasm for him, would regard him as a foreigner, and would with difficulty be induced to believe that his cause was the winning one. His adversaries would be ardent, stimulated by the encouragement of the Americans, panting for revenge, and able to take advantage of that general disposition to go against the existing Government, whatever it may be, which pervades all nations of Spanish descent. But even if the EMPEROR thought that, after a very long and protracted fight, he might possibly hold his own, and retain a precarious possession of some of the richer parts of the Mexican territory, he might very probably hesitate before he embarked on so dangerous an adventure, and might begin to examine whether it could possibly answer to him to take the risk. If he stayed as long as the French stayed, and found that the pressure of the Americans was depriving him even of his Austrians and Belgians, he would incur no disgrace by resigning a position that he might fairly consider untenable. But the French could scarcely withdraw altogether if he went. They could not acknowledge that their attempt to obtain redress had been entirely in vain, and all their money wasted; and they would naturally seek to make some arrange-

ment with the United States by which, if a Government favoured by the United States was set up, a return to mere anarchy should be prevented, and the right of the French to enjoy some sort of guarantee for the settlement of their claims should be recognized.

[From another article in the same paper, we copy the French Emperor's address.]

THE French EMPEROR'S address to his Legislature is generally an interesting study. It is feebler and less clever this year than usual, but still it is interesting. The august author of these compositions has the art of touching all great questions of European concern in a tone of frankness and generosity, and noble sentiments in a Royal or Imperial speech are always pleasant and refreshing. What, for example, can be more considerate or delicate than the manner in which he handles the Americans? They are reminded of a century of friendship, and it is politely suggested that Imperialism is only the Constitution of the United States in a French Court dress. The Mexican expedition is explained in a manner that ought to disarm the most suspicious Yankee, and it seems as if all had been a mistake about the Latin race, as it was about the proposed recognition of the South. Somebody did say something about the Latin race, which has evidently been misconstrued a good deal; but the "American people" will now comprehend that "the expedition, in which we invited them to join, was not opposed to their interests." France "prays" sincerely for the prosperity of the great Republic, and, just as a French Emperor is only an American President in disguise, so Imperialism in Mexico has been founded "on the will of the people." Mr. SEWARD very likely never swears. His talent lies chiefly in the line of making other people swear. But it is possible that some less courteous Anglo-Saxons in Washington and in New York, who are anxious about the MONROE doctrine, after reading all these high-minded expressions, and especially the one about the French praying for them, will feel inclined, in the language used in the *School for Scandal* by the friends of JOSEPH SURFACE, to observe, "Damn your sentiments." However this may be, and whatever may be the turn the Mexican difficulty is taking, one thing is clear, that the French EMPEROR puts his sentiments neatly and well.

From the Spectator, 27th January.

THE EMPEROR'S SPEECH.

THE Emperor of the French has opened the Session of his Chambers for the thirteenth time, and for the thirteenth time his speech is the political fact in the European history of the week. Its interest turns mainly upon three paragraphs, those relating to Mexico, to Italy, and to his pledge of one day "crowning the edifice" by conceding liberty. Of course he says other things, but they are so vague or so formal that they add nothing to our knowledge either of his purposes or his position. He will "remain a stranger" to the internal disputes of Germany, "provided French interests are not directly engaged," but as he is the sole judge whether they are so or not, this amounts only to a pledge that France will not interfere with Prussia until her Emperor chooses, an assertion which makes a very small draft upon our political faith. He promises to restore the right of association for industrial purposes, but the liberty thus regained is to be "outside politics," and to be limited "by the guarantees which public order requires" *i. e.*, by any guarantee the Emperor thinks expedient. He announces a reduction of the Army, but it has been effected without a reduction of numbers, and declares that a financial equilibrium has been secured by the surplus of revenue, for which surplus his Minister of Finance only just ventures to hope on condition that everything goes right for two more years. He suggests that France is governed very much like the United States, but does not attempt to explain wherein he finds the analogy between a Constitution which changes its Executive every four years, and leaves the entire legislative power to the representatives of the people, and a Constitution which was intended to make the executive power hereditary, and which intrusts the initiative of legislation entirely to the man who is to carry that legislation out. On all these subjects, Germany, finance, co-operation, and the Constitution, the Emperor's utterance is suggestive, without clearly instructing either his subjects or the world. No one, for example, could tell without knowing facts which the Emperor does not reveal whether his paragraph on Germany is a hint to Count von Bismark to go on in his course and prosper, or a menace that France would not bear a Union of Northern Germany against which its interests are directly engaged.

Even on the three points we have excepted the Emperor, as his wont is, gives the world a riddle to read. What, for instance, is the meaning of the sentence which says that France "has reason to rely on the scrupulous execution of the Treaty with Italy of the 15th September, and on the indispensable maintenance of the power of the Holy Father?" Does it mean that Napoleon regards the temporal power as indispensable, or only the spiritual; that he will put down internal revolt in Rome, or suffer Italy to garrison the city, provided only the Pope is left spiritually independent? Is his dictum a threat to the Revolution or a threat to the priests? Reading it by the light of the Emperor's character, we should believe the sentence intended only to ward off opposition until the evacuation of Rome was complete, but read by the facts in progress, by the recruiting for Rome going on in France, and the pressure employed in Florence to make Italy accept the Papal debt, we should believe it implied that while Napoleon will retire, the Pope must remain independent King of Rome. The maintenance of the Pope's power is declared indispensable, but nothing is said of the invisible means by which it is to be maintained.

So with the Mexican declaration. The Emperor, we admit, is upon this point placed in a most difficult position. He made the singular blunder made by the *Times* and by the majority of English politicians, but not made by the people he rules. Careless of principle and forgetting precedent, rejecting the idea that freedom must conquer slavery, and overlooking his uncle's adage that twenty-five millions must beat fifteen if they can once get at them, he convinced himself that the South must break up the Union. Consequently he invaded Mexico, and placed his nominee on its throne. As his subjects, with the strange instinct which supplies to great populations the place of wisdom, had from the first foreseen, he erred in his first essential datum. The South did not break up the Union, but the Union broke up the South, and Napoleon finds himself compelled either to withdraw from a great undertaking visibly baffled and repulsed, or to accept a war with the oldest ally of France — a war in which, if defeated, he risks his throne, and if successful, can gain nothing except financial embarrassment. Neither alternative seems to him endurable — the former as fatal to the reputation for success which is essential to his personal power, the latter as bringing him into direct conflict with the wishes of all his people. He strives therefore to find some middle course, and the object of this part of his speech is simply to soothe Americans into waiting until he can retreat with honour. He who three years ago spoke only of strengthening a branch of the Latin race to resist Anglo-Saxon aggression, now anxiously repudiates any idea of hostility to the Union. He recalls to the Americans "a noble page in the history of France," her assistance to the Republic in its great rebellion, reminds them that he requested them to take a part in reclaiming Mexican debts, and almost implores them to recollect that "two nations equally jealous of their independence ought to avoid any step which would implicate their dignity and their honour." Is that an assurance or a menace? For a French Sovereign to speak of possible contingencies as "implicating French dignity and honour" is a very serious thing, but then why these unusual professions of regard for the Union? It is true in a preceding paragraph Napoleon has affirmed that he is arranging with the Emperor Maximilian for the recall of his army, but then their return must be effected when it "will not compromise the interests which France went out to that distant land to defend." When is that? Do the interests to be defended include the reinvigoration of the Latin race? Nothing is clear from the speech, and according to the Yellow Book, which is always supposed to explain the speech, the French Army is only to return from Mexico when the President of the Union has recognized the Mexican Empire, an act which he has refused to do, and which Congress has specifically forbidden him to perform. There is nothing in the speech inconsistent with that interpretation, and if it is correct the Americans will simply contrast the compliments offered them in words with the impossible proposal submitted in fact, and be less content than ever. All they obtain is a promise that at some time not specified, when a result they dislike has been accomplished, the Emperor will, if consistent with his honour, withdraw the troops through whom he has been able to accomplish it — not a very definite or very satisfactory pledge.

It is on the "crowning of the edifice' alone that the Emperor is partially explicit. He will not grant a responsible Ministry. That system of government, always abhorrent to him, has not become more pleasant of late years, and he declares for the tenth time that "with one Chamber holding within itself the fate of Ministers the Executive is without authority and without spirit," the "one" being inserted either to avoid a di-

rect sarcasm upon the English Constitution, or from a sudden recollection of the part played by the Prussian Chamber of Peers. He believes that his system has worked well, that France, tranquil at home, is respected abroad, and, as he adds with singular audacity, is without political captives within or exiles beyond her frontiers. Are, then, the Duc d'Aumale, M. Louis Blanc, and the author of *Labienus* at liberty to return to France? Consequently nothing will be changed, but the Emperor, resolving to "improve the conditions of labour," will await the time when all France, being educated, shall abandon seductive theories, and all who live by their daily toil, receiving increasing profits, "shall be firm supporters of a society which secures their well-being and their dignity." No one can complain of any obscurity in that apology for the Empire. Its central ideas are all expressed, and all expressed with truthful lucidity. The Emperor is to rule "with authority and spirit." There is to be no political freedom, no discussion even of "theories of government, which France for eighty years has sufficiently discussed." Intelligence and capital are still to remain disfranchised, but in return the labourer's condition is to be improved. "Bread to the cottage, justice to the palace," was the promise of the Venetian Ten, and Napoleon, if he changes the second, adheres to the first condition. His offer is also bread to the cottage, provided only that there is silence in the palace. It is for France to decide whether she accepts an offer which is not a small one, which if honestly made is capable of fulfillment, and which would pledge her Government to the best *ad interim* occupation it could possibly pursue. Only we would just remind her that education in the Emperor's mouth has hitherto meant only education through priests, and improvement in the condition of the labourer only a vast expenditure out of taxes which the labourer pays, that the first result of these works has been the reckless over-crowding of all towns, and that of these promises there is not one which liberty could not also secure.

From the Saturday Review.

THE BEAU-MONDE AND THE DEMI-MONDE IN PARIS.

THE Paris journals lately surprised their French, and startled their foreign, readers by an anouncement for which, after all, both should have been prepared. No one who is at all conversant with the ordinary course of Parisian life — we do not say familiar with its inner mysteries — ought to have been astonished at hearing that certain *grandes dames* of French society had sought for invitations to a masqued ball which was to be given by a distinguished leader of the *demi-monde*. We have had, in our own country, certain faint and partial indications of the same curiosity, revealed in an awkward and half-hesitating sort of way. English great ladies once made an off-night for themselves at Cremorne, in order to catch a flying and furtive glance, not of the normal idols of those gay gardens, but of the mere scenic accessories to their attractions and triumphs. But as yet we have never heard that the matrons of English society have sought an introduction to the Lais of Brompton or the Phryne of May-fair, even under the decorous concealment of mask and domino. Nor has it yet been formally advertised here that the motive of so unusal a request was a desire to learn the arts and tactics by which the gilded youth — and, it might be added, the gilded age — of the country is subjected to the thrall of venal and meretricious beauty.

That such a rumour should be circulated and believed in France is — to use the current slang — "highly suggestive." It suggests a contrast of the strongest, though it is far from a pleasing, kind between the society of to-day and the society of other days. It was long the special boast of the French that with them women enjoyed an influence which in no other part of the world was accorded to their sex, and that this influence was at least as much due to their mental as to their physical charms. The women of other nations may have been more beautiful. To the Frenchwomen was specially given the power of fascination; and it was the peculiar characteristic of her fascination that its exercise involved no discredit to the sense or the sensibility of the men who yielded to it. A power which showed itself as much in the brilliance of *bons mots* and repartee as in smiles and glances, a grace of language and expression which enhanced every grace of feature and of attitude, a logic which played in the form of epigram, and a self-respect which was set off rather than concealed by the maintenance of the most uniform courtesy to others — such were the arts and insignia of the empire which the most celebrated Frenchwomen, from the days of Maintenon and De Sévigné to those of

Madame Deffand and Madame Roland or those of Madame Recamier, exercised over the warriors, sages, and statesmen of France. The homage paid by the men to the brilliant women who charmed the society which they had helped to create may not always have been perfectly disinterested. The friendship of the women for their illustrious admirers may not always have been perfectly Platonic. There may have been some impropriety — or, as our more Puritan friends would say, some sin — in the intercourse of some of the most celebrated Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. Yet even this could not have been predicated of all. Madame de Sévigné's reputation comes out clear and spotless even from the foulest assault of wounded vanity and slighted love. We do not forget the comprehensive loves and the deliberate inconstancy of Ninon. But Ninon, corrupt as she may have been, was not venal. She did not ruin her lovers by her covetousness, and then receive their wives and sisters in her *salons*. She was courted by elegant and virtuous women, because she was the single and solitary instance as yet known of a woman possessing every grace and every charm save the grace and charm of virtue. Whatever may have been the relations between the sexes in those days, it was at least free from grossness. The charms which attracted men to the Maison Rambouillet were not those of sense alone, or in a special degree. They were those of conversation at once spirited, graceful, elegant, and vivacious. To an accomplished man there is perhaps no greater social treat than to hear good French spoken by an educated and clever Frenchwoman. In her hands a language of which both the excellences and the defects eminently qualify it for the purposes of conversational combat becomes a weapon of dazzling fence. Those delicate turns of phrase which imply so much more than they express fly like Parthian shafts, and the little commonplaces which may mean nothing do what the pawns do when manipulated by a clever chess-player — everything. And in the age when the empire of Frenchwomen rested upon their grace and power in conversation, there was ample matter to task their remarkable talents. It was an age of new ideas. Government, religion, and philosophy; the administration of the kingdom and the administration of the universe; the rights of kings to be obeyed by their people and the right of the Creator to the adoration of his creatures; the claims of privilege and the claims of prerogative; the pretensions of rank and the pretensions of the *roturier;* the conflicts of science and theology — all these furnished materials for the tongues of the clever women, materials of which the clever women fully availed themselves. The final result was not, indeed, wholly satisfactory. How many a short sharp sarcasm, shot from the tongue of brilliant *causeuses*, rebounded on the gilded rooms wherein it first hurtled! How many a satire, sugared with compliment, at which rival beaux chuckled in delight, came back with its uncovered venom to the hearts of those whose admiration had first provoked it! How many a gibe of reckless truth, aimed at courts and nobles, distilled through laquais and waiting-maids into the streets of Paris, to whet the after-wrath of that fierce canaille! Many of those clever women had better been silent; many of those pungent epigrams had better been unsaid. Still, while the spirited talk went on, life was illumined by no common brilliance; and vice not only decked itself, but forgot itself, in the guise of intelligence and wit.

But what a change is it now! There are drawing-rooms in Paris which are more brilliant and gorgeous than any that De Sévigné or Recamier ever sat in. But their brilliance and splendour are not of such airy impalpabilities as genius or wit. They are solid, substantial, tangible. They are the brilliance and the splendour, not of able men and clever women, but of the upholsterer, the mechanician, and the decorator. There is gold, there is marble, there is lapis lazuli; there are pictures, statues, ormolu-clocks; there are rich velvets and cloud-like lace, and a blaze of amethysts, rubies, and diamonds. There are trains of Imperial dimensions and tiaras of Imperial brightness. And in whose honour is all this grand display? To whom is the court paid by this mob of sombre-clad and neatly-gloved men of every age, from twenty to sixty? Who have taken the place of the great female leaders of society whose names have added lustre to France? Strange as it may seem, their successors are second-rate or third-rate actresses, opera-dancers, and singers at public rooms and public gardens. We do not intend to undertake the superfluous task of penning a moral diatribe, or inveighing against the immorality of the age. Sermons there are, and will be, in abundance on so prolific and provoking a theme. In every age actresses and ballet-girls have had their admirers. In every age, probably, they will continue to have admirers. But what is worthy of note is this. Formerly this admiration was of

an esoteric kind. The worshippers adored their divinities in secret. The temples of the goddesses were, at any rate, not obtruded on the public eye, nor in possession of the most open, public, and splendid streets. The cult, too, was confined to a narrower circle. But now all this is changed; the fanes of the divinities are splendid and in the most splendid streets; the cult is open, avowed, public. The worshippers are of every age, and are all equally indifferent to secrecy. There is no restriction and no exclusion, save on two grounds — those of poverty and intelligence. There is a kind of intellect admitted into this gorgeous coterie, but it is intellect in livery. The dramatic author and the dramatic critic are now as much appendages to the dramatic courtezan as her coachman and her *femme de chambre*. Where professional reputation depends on scenic effect, and scenic effect depends upon the *équivoque* put into the actress's mouth, and the applause with which their delivery is received, the man who concocts the *équivoque* and the man who criticises their delivery become equally objects of attention to the actress who is looking out for a *clientèle*. Saving these necessary exceptions, these assemblies are comprised of rich old men anxious to dissipate the money which they have made, and rich young men as anxious to dissipate the wealth which they have inherited. And now we hear that the wives and sisters of these men seek admission to these Paphian halls.

It is, indeed, not an unnatural, though it is far from a decent, curiosity which prompts ladies entitled to the reputation of virtue to examine something of the life and domestic economy of those ladies whose very existence presupposes an entire repudiation of virtue. The married women naturally desire to know something of the manners and mein and language of the rivals whose arts have diverted their own husbands' treasures into alien and obnoxious channels. When a wife hears that her husband has, at one magnificent stroke on the Bourse, carried off one or two millions of francs, she is curious to ascertain the process by which no inconsiderable proportion of these winnings has been "affected" to the payment of Madlle. Théodorine's debts or to the purchase of Madlle. Valentine's brougham. And the anxious mother, who has long dreamed of the ceremony which might unite the fortunes of her dear Alcide with the *dot* of her opulent neighbour's daughter, is tortured between the misery of frustrated hopes and curiosity to understand the motives which impel Alcide to become the daily visitor of Mdlle. Gabrielle in the Rue d'Arcade, and her daily companion when riding in the Bois de Boulogne. Certainly the subject is a very curious one. But does the solution of the problem quite justify the means taken to solve it? Might not enough be inferred from the antecedent history of those who are the subjects of it to dispense with the necessity of a nearer examination? Take a number of women of the lower classes from the different provinces of France — with no refinement, with a mere shred of education, and with but small claim to what an English eye would regard as beauty — but compensating for lack of knowledge, education, and refinement by a vivacity and a coquetry peculiarly French. Take these women up to Paris, tutor them as stage supernumeraries, and parade before them the example of the arts of the more successful Lorettes. The rest may be imagined. From these general premises it is not difficult to conjecture the product obtained; to conceive that manner on which *jeunes gens* dote, a manner made up of impudence and grimace; that repartee which mainly consists of a new slang hardly known two miles beyond the Madeline; those *doubles entendres* of which perhaps memory is less the parent than instinct, and that flattery which is always coarse and always venal. It would be erroneous to say that we have here given a complete picture of the class which certain leaders of Paris fashion wish to study. There are, in the original, traits and features which we could not describe, and which it is unnecessary for us to attempt to describe, as they are portrayed in the pages of the satirist who has immortalized the vices of the most corrupt city at its most corrupt era. Juvenal will supply what is wanting to our imperfect delineation. English ladies may read him in the vigorous paraphrases of Dryden and Gifford; while their French contemporaries may arrive at a livelier conception of what we dare not express, if only they stay till the supper crowns the festal scene of the masqued ball. If they outstay this, they will have learned a lesson the value of which we leave it for themselves to compute.

It is idle to say that curiosity of this kind is harmless because it is confined to a few. Only a few, indeed, may have contemplated the extreme step of being present at the Saturnalia of the *démi-mondé*. But how many others have thought of them and talked of them? To how many leaders of society are the doings of these women the

subjects of daily curiosity and daily conversation? How many patrician — or, at all events, noble — dames regular attendants at mass, arbiters of fashion, and ornaments of the Church, honour with their inquisitiveness, women of whose existence, twenty years ago, no decent Frenchwoman was presumed to have any knowledge? And do these noble ladies suppose that this curiosity is disregarded by the adventuresses from Arles or Strasburg, Bordeaux or Rouen, whom successful prostitution has dowered with lace, diamonds, carriages, and opera-boxes? Do they suppose that the professed admiration of the young Sardanapali for the ex-couturières and ballet-girls of Paris has not a more potent effect when combined with the ill-concealed interest of their mothers and sisters? And what that effect is on the men in one class, and on the women in another, a very slight knowledge of human nature is sufficient to suggest. That girls of moderately good looks will contentedly continue to ply the shuttle at Lyons, or to drudge as household servants in Brittany, or to trudge home to a supperless chamber in Paris with the bare earnings of a supernumerary or a *coryphée* at a small theatre, when a mere sacrifice of chastity may enable them not only to ruin young dukes and counts, but to become the theme and admiration of duchesses and countesses, is a supposition which involves too high a belief in human virtue; and the conditions we have named are found to be fatal to the virtue of the poorer Frenchwomen. And as for the men, what must be the effect on them? Debarred from the stirring conflict of politics; exiled, so to speak, from the natural arena of patriotic ambition; knowing no literature save that of novels in which courtezans are the heroines, and caring for no society but that of which courtezans are the leaders; diversifying the excitement of the hazard-table and the betting-room with the excitement of the *coulisses*; learning from their habitual associations to lose that reverence for women and that courteous attention to them which are popularly supposed to have at one time characterized the gentlemen of France — they partially redeem the degradation which they court by showing that even a mixture of vapid frivolity, sensual indulgence, and senseless extravagance is insufficient to corrupt a nation, unless also the female leaders of society conspire to select for their notice and admiration those creatures for whom the law of the land would better have provided the supervision of the police and the certificate of professional prostitution. When virtuous women of birth and position rub shoulders with strumpets, protests are useless and prophecies are superfluous; for the taint which goes before destruction is already poisoning the heart of the nation.

THE COVERT.

THE eagle beats his way
  Strong-winged through the burning blue:
All through the heat of the day
  In the covert the wood-doves coo.
Take the wings of the dove, my soul!
  Take the wings of the dove!
For the sun is not thy goal,
  But the secret place of love.

Close to the earth and near,
  And hidden among the flowers,
By the brink of the brooklet clear,
  The dove in her covert cowers.
Take the wings of the dove, my soul!
  Take the wings of the dove!
For the sun is not thy goal,
  But the secret place of love.

Flee not afar, my soul
  Flee not afar for rest!
The tumult may round thee roll,
  Yet the dove be in thy breast.
Take the wings of the dove, my soul!
  Take the wings of the dove!
For the sun is not thy goal,
  But the resting place of love.

Good Words.

IN MEMORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, THE MARTYR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Oration of the Hon. GEORGE BANCROFT, *at the request of both Houses of Congress, in the Hall of the House of Representatives of the United States, on Monday, Feb.* 12, 1866.

Senators, Representatives, of America:—

GOD IN HISTORY.

THAT God rules in the affairs of men is as certain as any truth of physical science. On the great moving power which is from the beginning hangs the world of the senses and the world of thought and action. Eternal wisdom marshals the great procession of the nations, working in patient continuity through the ages, never halting, and never abrupt, encompassing all events in its oversight, and ever affecting its will, though mortals may slumber in apathy or oppose with madness. Kings are lifted up or thrown down, nations come and go, republics flourish and wither, dynasties pass away like a tale that is told; but nothing is by chance, though men in their ignorance of causes may think so. The deeds of time are governed as well as judged, by the decrees of eternity. The caprice of fleeting existences bends to the immovable omnipotence which plants its foot on all the centuries, and has neither change of purposes nor repose. Sometimes like a messenger through the thick darkness of night, it steps along mysterious ways; but when the hour strikes for a people, or for mankind, to pass into a new form of being, unseen hands draw the bolts from the gates of futurity; an all-subduing influence prepares the mind of men for the coming revolution; those who plan resistance find themselves in conflict with the will of Providence, rather than with human devices; and all hearts and all understandings, most of all the opinions and influences of the unwilling, are wonderfully attracted and compelled to bear forward the change which becomes more an obedience to the law of universal nature than submission to the arbitrament of man.

GROWTH OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

In the fulness of time a republic rose up in the wilderness of America. Thousands of years had passed away before this child of the ages could be born. From whatever there was of good in the systems of former centuries she drew her nourishment: the wrecks of the past were her warnings. With the deepest sentiment of faith fixed in her inmost nature, she disenthralled religion from bondage to temporal power, that her worship might be worship only in spirit and in truth. The wisdom which had passed from India through Greece, with what Greece had added of her own; the jurisprudence of Rome; the mediæval municipalities; the Teutonic method of representation; the political experience of England; the benignant wisdom of the expositors of the law of nature and of nations in France and Holland, all shed on her their selectest influence. She washed the gold of political wisdom from the sands wherever it was found; she cleft it from the rocks; she gleaned it among ruins. Out of all the discoveries of statesmen and sages, out of all the experience of past human life, she compiled a perennial political philosophy, the primordinal principles of national ethics. The wise men of Europe sought the best government in a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; and America went behind these names to extract from them the vital elements of social forms, and blend them harmoniously in the free Commonwealth, which comes nearest to the illustration of the natural equality of all men. She intrusted the guardianship of established rights to law; the movements of reform to the spirit of the people, and drew her force from the happy reconciliation of both.

TERRITORIAL EXTENT OF THE REPULIC.

Republics had heretofore been limited to small cantons or cities and their dependencies; America, doing that of which the like had not before been known upon the earth, or believed by kings and statesmen to be possible, extended her republic across a continent. Under her auspices the vine of liberty took deep root and filled the land; the hills were covered with its shadow; its boughs were like the goodly cedars, and reached unto both oceans. The fame of this only daughter of freedom went out into all the lands of the earth; from her the human race drew hope.

PROPHECIES ON THE CONSEQUENCES OF SLAVERY.

Neither hereditary monarchy nor hereditary aristocracy planted itself on our soil; the only hereditary condition that fastened itself upon us was servitude. Nature works in sincerity, and is ever true to its law. The bee hives honey, the viper distils poison; the vine stores its juices, and so do the poppy and the upas. In like manner, every thought and every action ripens its seed, each in its kind. In the individual man,

and still more in a nation, a just idea gives life, and progress, and glory; a false conception portends disaster, shame, and death. A hundred and twenty years ago, a West Jersey Quaker wrote: "this trade of importing slaves is dark gloominess hanging over the land; the consequences will be grievous to posterity." At the North the growth of slavery was arrested by natural causes; in the region nearest the tropics it throve rankly, and worked itself into the organism of the rising States. Virginia stood between the two; with soil, and climate, resources demanding free labour, and yet capable of the profitable employment of the slave. She was the land of great statesmen; and they saw the danger of her being whelmed under the rising flood in time to struggle against the delusions of avarice and pride. Ninety-four years ago, the Legislature of Virginia addressed the British king, saying that the trade in slaves was "of great inhumanity," was opposed to the "security and happiness" of their constituents, "would in time have the most destructive influence," and "endanger their very existence." And the king answered them, that "upon pain of his highest displeasure, the importation of slaves should not be in any respect obstructed. "Pharisaical Britain," wrote Franklin in behalf of Virginia, "to pride thyself in setting free a single slave that happened to land on thy coasts, while thy laws continue a traffic whereby so many hundreds of thousands are dragged into a slavery that is entailed on their posterity." "A serious view of this subject," said Patrick Henry in 1773, "gives a gloomy prospect to future times." In the same year George Mason wrote to the Legislature of Virginia: "The laws of impartial Providence may avenge our injustice upon our posterity." In Virginia, and in the Continental Congress, Jefferson, with the approval of Edmund Pendleton, branded the slave trade as piracy; and he fixed in the Declaration of Independence as the corner stone of America: "All men are created equal, with an unalienable right to liberty." On the first organization of temporary governments for the continental domain Jefferson, but for the default of New Jersey, would, in 1784, have consecrated every part of that territory to freedom. In the formation of the National Constitution Virginia, opposed by a part of New England vainly struggled to abolish the slave trade at once and forever; and when the ordinance of 1787 was introduced by Nathan Dane, without the clause prohibiting slavery, it was through the favourable disposition of Virginia and the South that the clause of Jefferson was restored, and the whole Northwestern Territory — all the territory that then belonged to the nation — was reserved for the labor of freemen.

DESPAIR OF THE MEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

The hope prevailed in Virginia that the abolition of the slave trade would bring with it the gradual abolition of slavery; but the expectation was doomed to disappointment. In supporting incipient measures for emancipation, Jefferson encountered difficulties greater than he could overcome; and after vain wrestlings, the words that broke from him, "I tremble for my country, when I reflect that God is just, that his justice cannot sleep forever," were words of despair. It was the desire of Washington's heart that Virginia should remove slavery by a public act; and as the prospect of a general emancipation grew more and more dim he, in utter hopelessness of the action of the State, did all that he could by bequeathing freedom to his own slaves. Good and true men had, from the days of 1776, thought of colonizing the negro in the home of his ancestors. But the idea of colonization was thought to increase the difficulty of emancipation; and in spite of strong support, while it accomplished much good for Africa, it proved impracticable as a remedy at home. Madison, who in early life disliked slavery so much that he wished "to depend as little as possible on the labor of slaves;" Madison, who held that where slavery exists "the republican theory becomes fallacious;" Madison, who in the last years of his life would not consent to the annexation of Texas, lest his countrymen should fill it with slaves; Madison, who said, "slavery is the greatest evil under which the nation labors, a portentous evil, an evil — moral, political and economical — a sad blot on our free country," went mournfully into old age with the cheerless words: "No satisfactory plan has yet been devised for taking out the stain."

NEW VIEWS OF SLAVERY.

The men of the Revolution passed away. A new generation sprang up, impatient that an institution to which they clung should be condemned as inhuman, unwise and unjust; in the throes of discontent at the self-reproach of their fathers, and blinded by the lustre of wealth to be acquired by the culture of a new staple, they devised the theory that slavery, which they would not abolish, was not evil, but good. They turned

on the friends of colonization, and confidently demanded, "Why take black men from a civilized and Christian country, where their labor is a source of immense gain and a power to control the markets of the world, and send them to a land of ignorance, idolatry, and indolence, which was the home of their forefathers, but not theirs? Slavery is a blessing. Were they not in their ancestral land naked, scarcely lifted above brutes, ignorant of the course of the sun, controlled by nature? And in their new abode, have they not been taught to know the difference of the seasons, to plough, to plant and reap, to drive oxen, to tame the horse, to exchange their scanty dialect for the richest of all the languages among men, and the stupid adoration of follies for the purest religion? And since slavery is good for the blacks, it is good for their masters, bringing opulence and the opportunity of educating a race. The slavery of the black is good in itself; he shall serve the white man forever." And nature, which better understood the quality of fleeting interest and passion, laughed, as it caught the echo: "man" and "forever!"

SLAVERY AT HOME.

A regular development of pretensions followed the new declaration with logical consistency. Under the old declaration every one of the States had retained, each for itself, the right of manumitting all slaves by an ordinary act of legislation; now, the power of the people over servitude through their legislatures was curtailed, and the privileged class was swift in imposing legal and constitutional obstruction, on the people themselves. The power of emancipation was narrowed or taken away. The slave might not be disquieted by education. There remained an unconfessed consciousness that the system of bondage was wrong, and a restless memory that it was at variance with the true American tradition, its safety was therefore to be secured by political organization. The generation that made the Constitution took care for the predominance of freedom in Congress, by the ordinance of Jefferson; the new school aspired to secure for slavery an equality of votes in the Senate; and while it hinted at an organic act that should concede to the collective South a veto power on national legislation, it assumed that each State separately had the right to revise and nullify laws of the United States, according to the discretion of its judgment.

SLAVERY AND FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The new theory hung as a bias on the foreign relations of the country; there could be no recognition of Hayti, nor even the American colony of Liberia; and the world was given to understand that the establishment of free labor in Cuba would be a reason for wresting that island from Spain. Territories were annexed; Louisiana, Florida, Texas, half of Mexico; slavery must have its share in them all, and it accepted for a time a dividing line between the unquestioned domain of free labor and that in which involuntary labor was to be tolerated. A few years passed away, and the new school, strong and arrogant, demanded and recived an apology for applying the Jefferson proviso to Oregon.

SQUATTER SOVEREIGNTY.

The application of that proviso was interrupted for three administrations; but justice moved steadily onward. In the news that the men of California had chosen freedom, Calhoun heard the knell of parting slavery; and on his deathbed he counselled secession. Washington, and Jefferson, and Madison, had died despairing of the abolition of slavery; Calhoun died in despair at the growth of freedom. His system rushed irresistibly to its natural development. The death struggle for California was followed by a short truce; but the new school of politicians who said that slavery was not evil, but good, soon sought to recover the ground they had lost, and confident of securing Texas, they demanded that the established line in the territories between freedom and slavery should be blotted out. The country, believing in the strength and enterprise and expansive energy of freedom, made answer, though reluctantly: "Be it so; let there be no strife between brethren; let freedom and slavery compete for the territories on equal terms, in a fair field under an impartial administration;" and on this theory, if on any, the contest might have been left to the decision of time.

DRED SCOTT DECISION.

The South started back in appallment from its victory; for it knew that a fair competition foreboded its defeat. But where could it now find an ally to save it from its own mistake? What I have next to say is spoken with no emotion but regret. Our meeting to-day is, as it were, at the grave, in the presence of Eternity, and the truth must be uttered in soberness and sincerity.

In a great republic, as was observed more than two thousand years ago, any attempt to overturn the state owes its strength to aid from some branch of the government. The Chief Justice of the United States, without any necessity or occasion, volunteered to come to the rescue of the theory of slavery. And from his court there lay no appeal but to the bar of humanity and history. Against the Constitution, against the memory of the nation, against a previous decision, against a series of enactments, he decided that the slave is property, that slave property is entitled to no less protection than any other property, that the Constitution upholds it in every territory against any act of a local Legislature, and even against Congress itself; or, as the President tersely promulgated the saying: "Kansas is as much a slave State as South Carolina or Georgia; slavery, by virtue of the Constitution, exists in every territory." The municipal character of slavery being thus taken away, and slave property decreed to be "sacred," the authority of the courts was invoked to introduce it by the comity of law into States where slavery had been abolished; and in one of the courts of the United States a judge pronounced the African slave trade legitimate, and numerous and powerful advocates demanded its restoration.

TANEY AND SLAVE RACES.

Moreover, the Chief Justice, in his elaborate opinion, announced what had never been heard from any magistrate of Greece or Rome — what was unknown to civil law, and canon law, and feudal law, and common law, and constitutional law; unknown to Jay, to Rutledge, Ellsworth and Marshall — that there are "slave races." The spirit of evil is intensely logical. Having the authority of this decision, five States swiftly followed the earlier example of a sixth, and opened the way for reducing the free negro to bondage; the migrating free negro became a slave if he but touched the soil of a seventh; and an eighth, from its extent and soil and mineral resources, destined to incalculable greatness, closed its eyes on its coming prosperity, and enacted — as by Taney's decision it had the right to do — that every free black man who would live within its limits must accept the condition of slavery for himself and his posterity.

SECESSION RESOLVED ON.

Only one step more remained to be taken. Jefferson and the leading statesmen of his day held fast to the idea that the enslavement of the African was socially, morally and politically wrong. The new school was founded exactly upon the opposite idea; and they resolved first to distract the democratic party for which the Supreme Court had now furnished the means, and then to establish a new government, with negro slavery for its corner stone, as socially, morally and politically right.

THE ELECTION.

As the presidential election drew on, one of the old traditional parties did not make its appearance; the other reeled as it sought to preserve its old position; and the candidate who most nearly represented its best opinion, driven by patriotic zeal, roamed the country from end to end to speak for union, eager at least to confront its enemies, yet not having hope that it would find its deliverance through him. The storm rose to a whirlwind; who should allay its wrath? The most experienced statesmen of the country had failed; there was no hope from those who were great after the flesh; could relief come from one whose wisdom was like the wisdom of little children?

EARLY LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

The choice of America fell on a man born west of the Alleghanies, in the cabin of poor people of Hardin county, Kentucky — Abraham Lincoln.

His mother could read, but not write; his father could do neither; but his parents sent him, with an old spelling-book, to school, and he learned in his childhood to do both.

When eight years old he floated down the Ohio with his father on a raft which bore the family and all their possessions to the shore of Indiana; and, child as he was, he gave help as they toiled through dense forests to the interior of Spencer county. There in the land of free labor he grew up in a log cabin, with the solemn solitude for his teacher in his meditative hours. Of Asiatic literature he knew only the Bible; of Greek, Latin, and mediæval, no more than the translation of Æsop's Fables; of English, John Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. The traditions of George Fox and William Penn passed to him dimly along the lines of two centuries through his ancestors, who were Quakers.

HIS EDUCATION.

Otherwise his education was altogether American. The Declaration of Independence was his compendium of political wisdom, the life of Washington his constant study, and something of Jefferson and Madison reached him through Henry Clay, whom

he honoured from boyhood. For the rest, from day to day, he lived the life of the American people; walked in its light; reasoned with its reason, thought with its power of thought; felt the beatings of its mighty heart; and so was in every way a child of nature — a child of the West — a child of America.

HIS PROGRESS IN LIFE.

At nineteen, feeling impulses of ambition to get on in the world, he engaged himself to go down the Mississippi in a flat boat, receiving ten dollars a month for his wages, and afterwards he made the trip once more. At twenty-one he drove his father's cattle as the family migrated to Illinois, and split rails to fence in the new homestead in the wild. At twenty-three he was a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war. He kept a shop; he learned something of surveying; but of English literature he added to Bunyan nothing but Shakespeare's plays. At twenty-five he was elected to the Legislature of Illinois, where he served eight years. At twenty-seven he was admitted to the bar. In 1837 he chose his home at Springfield, the beautiful centre of the richest land in the State. In 1847 he was a member of the national Congress, where he voted about forty times in favour of the principle of the Jefferson proviso. In 1854 he gave his influence to elect from Illinois to the American Senate a democrat who would certainly do justice to Kansas. In 1858, as the rival of Douglas, he went before the people of the mighty Prairie State, saying: "This Union cannot permanently endure, half slave and half free; the Union will not be dissolved, but the house will cease to be divided." And now, in 1861, with no experience whatever as an executive officer, while States were madly flying from their orbit, and wise men knew not where to find counsel, this descendant of Quakers, this pupil of Bunyan, this child of the great West was elected President of America.

He measured the difficulty of the duty that devolved on him, and was resolved to fulfil it.

HE GOES TO WASHINGTON.

As on the eleventh of February, 1861, he left Springfield, which for a quarter of a century had been his happy home, to the crowd of his friends and neighbours whom he was never more to meet, he spoke a solemn farewell: "I know not how soon I shall see you again. A duty has devolved upon me, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since Washington. He never would have succeeded, except for the aid of Divine Providence, upon which he at all times relied. On the same Almighty Being I place my reliance. Pray that I may receive that Divine assistance, without which I cannot succeed, but with which success is certain." To the men of Indiana he said: "I am but an accidental, temporary instrument; it is your business to rise up and preserve the Union and liberty." At the capital of Ohio he said: "Without a name, without a reason why I should have a name, there has fallen upon me a task such as did not rest even upon the Father of his country." At various places in New York, especially at Albany before the Legislature, which tendered him the united support of the great Empire State, he said: "While I hold myself the humblest of all the individuals who have ever been elevated to the Presidency, I have a more difficult task to perform than any of them. I bring a true heart to the work. I must rely upon the people of the whole country for support; and with their sustaining aid even I, humble as I am, cannot fail to carry the ship of State safely through the storm." To the Assembly of New Jersey, at Trenton, he explained: "I shall take the ground I deem most just to the North, the East, the West, the South, and the whole country, in good temper, certainly with no malice to any section. I am devoted to peace, but it may be necessary to put the foot down firmly." In the old Independence Hall of Philadelphia he said: "I have never had a feeling politically that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence, which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country, but to the world in all future time. If the country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I would rather be assassinated on the spot than surrender it. I have said nothing but what I am willing to live and die by.

IN WHAT STATE HE FOUND THE COUNTRY.

Travelling in the dead of night to escape assassination, Lincoln arrived at Washington nine days before his inauguration. The outgoing President, at the opening of the session of Congress had still kept as the majority of his advisers men engaged in treason: had declared that in case of even an "imaginary" apprehension of danger from notions of freedom among the slaves, "disunion would become inevitable." Lin-

coln and others had questioned the opinion of Taney; such impugning he ascribed to the "factious temper of the times." The favorite doctrine of the majority of the democratic party on the power of a territorial legislature over slavery he condemned as an attack on "the sacred rights of property." The State Legislatures, he insisted, must repeal what he called "their unconstitutional and obnoxious enactments," and which, if such, were "null and void," or "it would be impossible for any human power to save the Union!" Nay! if these unimportant acts were not repealed, "the injured States would be justified in revolutionary resistance to the government of the Union." He maintained that no State might secede at its sovereign will and pleasure; that the Union was meant for perpetuity; and that Congress might attempt to preserve, but only by conciliation; that "the sword was not placed in their hands to preserve it by force;" that "the last desperate remedy of a despairing people" would be "an explanatory amendment recognizing the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States." The American Union he called "a confederacy" of States, and he thought it a duty to make the appeal for amendment "before any of these States should separate themselves from the Union." The views of the Lieutenant-General, containing some patriotic advice, "conceded the right of secession," pronounced a quadruple rupture of the Union "a smaller evil than the reuniting of the fragments by the sword," and "eschewed the idea of invading a seceded State. After changes in the Cabinet, the President informed Congress that "matters were still worse;" that "the South suffered serious grievances," which should be redressed "in peace." The day after this message the flag of the Union was fired upon from Fort Moultrie, and the insult was not revenged or noticed. Senators in Congress telegraphed to their constituents to seize the national forts, and they were not arrested. The finances of the country were grievously embarrassed. Its little army was not within reach — the part of it in Texas, with all its stores, were made over by its commander to the seceding insurgents. One State after another voted in convention to go out of the Union. A peace Congress, so-called, met at the request of Virginia, to concert the terms of capitulation for the continuance of the Union. Congress in both branches sought to devise conciliatory expedients; the territories of the country were organized in a manner not to conflict with any pretensions of the South, or any decision of the Supreme Court; and, nevertheless, the seceding States formed at Montgomery a provisional government, and pursued their relentless purpose with such success that the Lieutenant-General feared the city of Washington might find itself "included in a foreign country," and proposed, among the options for the consideration of Lincoln, to bid the seceded States "depart in peace." The great republic seemed to have its emblem in the vast unfinished capitol, at that moment surrounded by masses of stone and prostrate columns never yet lifted into their places: seemingly the monument of high but delusive aspirations, the confused wreck of inchoate magnificence, sadder than any ruin of Egyptian Thebes or Athens.

HIS INAUGURATION.

The fourth of March came. With instinctive wisdom the new President, speaking to the people on taking the oath of office, put aside every question that divided the country, and gained a right to universal support, by planting himself on the single idea of Union. That Union he declared to be unbroken and perpetual; and he announced his determination to fulfil "the simple duty of taking care that the laws be faithfully executed in all the States." Seven days later, the convention of confederate States unanimously adopted a constitution of their own; and the new government was authoritatively announced to be founded on the idea that slavery is the natural and normal condition of the negro race. The issue was made up whether the great republic was to maintain its providential place in the history of mankind, or a rebellion founded on negro slavery gain a recognition of its principle throughout the civilized world. To the disaffected Lincoln had said: "You have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors." To fire the passions of the Southern portion of the people the confederate government chose to become aggressors; and on the morning of the 12th of April began the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and compelled its evacuation.

UPRISING OF THE PEOPLE

It is the glory of the late President that he had perfect faith in the perpetuity of the Union. Supported in advance by Douglas, who spoke as with the voice of a million, he instantly called a meeting of Congress, and summoned the people to come up and repossess the forts, places and property which had been seized from the

Union. The men of the North were trained in schools; industrious and frugal; many of them delicately bred, their minds teeming with ideas and fertile in plans of enterprise; given to the culture of the arts; eager in the pursuit of wealth, yet employing wealth less for ostentation than for developing the resources of their country; seeking happiness in the calm of domestic life; and such lovers of peace that for generations they have been reputed unwarlike. Now, at the cry of their country in its distress, they rose up with unappeasable patriotism: not hirelings — the purest and of the best blood in the land; sons of a pious ancestry, with a clear perception of duty, unclouded faith and fixed resolve to succeed, they thronged round the President to support the wronged, the beautiful flag of the nation. The halls of theological seminaries sent forth their young men, whose lips were touched with eloquence, whose hearts kindled with devotion to serve in the ranks, and make their way to command only as they learned the art of war. Striplings in the colleges, as well as the most gentle and the most studious; those of sweetest temper and loveliest character and brightest genius passed from their classes to the camp. The lumbermen sprang forward from the forest, the mechanics from their benches, where they had been trained by the exercise of political rights to share the life and hope of the Republic, to feel their responsibility to their forefathers, their posterity and mankind, went forth resolved that their dignity as a constituent part of this republic should not be impaired. Farmers and sons of farmers left the land but half ploughed, the grain but half planted, and, taking up the musket, learned to face without fear the presence of peril and the coming of death in the shocks of war, while their hearts were still attracted to the charms of their rural life, and all the tender affections of home. Whatever there was of truth and faith and public love in the common heart broke out with one expression. The mighty winds blew from every quarter to fan the flame of the sacred and unquenchable fire.

THE WAR A WORLD-WIDE WAR.

For a time the war was thought to be confined to our own domestic affairs; but it was soon seen that it involved the destinies of mankind, and its principles and causes shook the politics of Europe to the centre, and from Lisbon to Pekin, divided the governments of the world.

GREAT BRITAIN.

There was a kingdom whose people had in an eminent degree attained to freedom of industry and the security of person and property. Its middle class rose to greatness. Out of that class sprung the noblest poets and philosophers, whose words built up the intellect of its people; skilful navigators, to find out the many paths of the ocean; discoverers in natural science, whose inventions guided its industry to wealth, till it equalled any nation of the world in letters, and excelled all in trade and commerce. But its government was become a government of land, and not of men; every blade of grass was represented, but only a small minority of the people. In the transition from the feudal forms, the heads of the social organization freed themselves from the military services which were the conditions of their tenure, and throwing the burden on the industrial classes, kept all the soil to themselves. Vast estates that had been managed by monasteries as endowments for religion and charity were impropriated to swell the wealth of courtiers and favorites; and the commons, where the poor man once had his right of pasture, were taken away, and, under forms of law, enclosed distributively within their own domains. Although no law forbade any inhabitant from purchasing land, the costliness of the transfer constituted a prohibition; so that it was the rule of that country that the plough should not be in the hands of its owner. The church was rested on a contradiction, claiming to be an embodiment of absolute truth, and yet was a creature of the statute book.

HER SENTIMENTS.

The progress of time increased the terrible contrast between wealth and poverty; in their years of strength, the laboring people, cut off from all share in governing the State, derived a scanty support from the severest toil, and had no hope for old age but in public charity or death. A grasping ambition had dotted the world with military posts, kept watch over our borders on the northeast, at the Bermudas, in the West Indies, held the gates of the Pacific, of the Southern and of the Indian Ocean, hovered on our northwest at Vancouver, held the whole of the newest continent, and the entrances to the old Mediterranean and Red Sea; and garrisoned forts all the way from Madras to China. That aristocracy had gazed with terror on the growth of a commonwealth where freeholds existed by the million, and religion was not in bondage to the state; and now they could not repress their joy at its perils. They had not one word of sympathy for the kind-hearted

poor man's son whom America had chosen for her chief; they jeered at his large hands, and long feet, and ungainly stature; and the British secretary of state for foreign affairs made haste to send word through the palaces of Europe that the great republic was in its agony, that the republic was no more, that a head stone was all that remained due by the law of nations to "the late Union." But it is written: "Let the dead bury their dead;" they may not bury the living. Let the dead bury their dead; let a bill of reform remove the worn-out government of a class, and infuse new life into the British constitution by confiding rightful power to the people.

HER POLICY.

But while the vitality of America is indestructible, the British government hurried to do what never before had been done by Christian powers, what was in direct conflict with its own exposition of public law in the time of our struggle for independence. Though the insurgent States had not a ship in an open harbor, it invested them with all the rights of a belligerent, even on the ocean; and this, too, when the rebellion was not only directed against the gentlest and most beneficent government on earth, without a shadow of justifiable cause, but when the rebellion was directed against human nature itself for the perpetual enslavement of a race. And the effect of this recognition was that acts in themselves piratical found shelter in British courts of law. The resources of British capitalists, their workshops, their armories, their private arsenals, their shipyards, were in league with the insurgents, and every British harbor in the wide world became a safe port for British ships, manned by British sailors, and armed with British guns, to prey on our peaceful commerce; even on our ships coming from British ports, freighted with British products, or that had carried gifts of grain to the English poor. The prime minister in the House of Commons, sustained by cheers, scoffed at the thought that their laws could be amended at our request, so as to preserve real neutrality; and to remonstrances now owned to have been just, their secretary answered that they could not change their laws *ad infinitum*.

RELATIONS WITH ENGLAND.

The people of America then wished, as they always have wished, as they still wish, friendly relations with England; and no man in Europe or America can desire it more strongly than I. This country has always yearned for good relations with England. Thrice only in all its history has that yearning been fairly met; in the days of Hampden and Cromwell, again in the first ministry of the elder Pitt, and once again in the ministry of Shelburne. Not that there have not at all times been just men among the peers of Britain — like Halifax in the days of James the Second, or a Granville, an Argyll, or a Houghton in ours; and we cannot be indifferent to a country that produces statesmen like Cobden and Bright; but the best bower anchor of peace was the working class of England, who suffered most from our civil war, but who, while they broke their diminished bread in sorrow, always encouraged us to persevere.

FRANCE AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The act of recognizing the rebel belligerents was concerted with France; France, so beloved in America, on which she had conferred the greatest benefits that one people ever conferred on another; France, which stands foremost on the continent of Europe for the solidity of her culture, as well as for the bravery and generous impulses of her sons; France, which for centuries had been moving steadily in its own way towards intellectual and political freedom. The policy regarding further colonization of America by European powers, known commonly as the doctrine of Monroe, had its origin in France; and if it takes any man's name, should bear the name of Turgot. It was adopted by Louis the Sixteenth, in the cabinet of which Vergennes was the most important member. It is emphatically the policy of France; to which, with transient deviations, the Bourbons, the First Napoleon, the House of Orleans have ever adhered.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON AND MEXICO.

The late President was perpetually harassed by rumors that the Emperor Napoleon the Third desired formally to recognize the States in rebellion as an independent power, and that England held him back by her reluctance, or France by her traditions of freedom, or he himself by his own better judgment and clear perception of events. But the republic of Mexico, on our borders, was, like ourselves, distracted by a rebellion, and from a similar cause. The monarchy of England had fastened upon us slavery which did not disappear with independence; in like manner, the ecclesiastical policy established by the Spanish council of the Indies, in the days of Charles the Fifth and Philip the Second, retained its vigor in the Mexican Republic. The fifty years of civil war under which she had languished was due to the bigoted system which was the

legacy of monarchy, just as here the inheritance of slavery kept alive political strife, and culminated in civil war. As with us there could be no quiet but through the end of slavery, so in Mexico there could be no prosperity until the crushing tyranny of intolerance should cease. The party of slavery in the United States sent their emissaries to Europe to solicit aid; and so did the party of the church in Mexico, as organized by the old Spanish council of the Indies, but with a different result. Just as the republican party had made an end of the rebellion, and was establishing the best government ever known in that region, and giving promise to the nation of order, peace, and prosperity, word was brought us, in the moment of our deepest affliction, that the French emperor, moved by a desire to erect in North America a buttress for Imperialism, would transform the republic of Mexico into a secundo-geniture for the house of Hapsburgh. America might complain; she could not then interpose, and delay seemed justifiable. It was seen that Mexico could not, with all its wealth of land, compete in cereal products with our northwest, nor, in tropical products, with Cuba; nor could it, under a disputed dynasty, attract capital, or create public works, or develop mines, or borrow money; so that the imperial system of Mexico, which was forced at once to recognize the wisdom of the policy of the republic by adopting it, could prove only an unremunerating drain on the French treasury for the support of an Austrian adventurer.

THE PERPETUITY OF REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS.

Meantime, a new series of momentous questions grows up, and forces themselves on the consideration of the thoughtful. Republicanism has learned how to introduce into its constitution every element of order, as well as every element of freedom; but thus far the continuity of its government has seemed to depend on the continuity of elections. It is now to be considered how perpetuity is to be secured against foreign occupation. The successor of Charles the First of England dated his reign from the death of his father; the Bourbons, coming back after a long series of revolutions, claimed that the Louis who became king was the eighteenth of that name. The present emperor of the French, disdaining a title from election alone, is called the third of his name. Shall a republic have less power of continuance when invading armies prevent a peaceful resort to the ballot box? What force shall it attach to intervening legislation? What validity to debts contracted for its overthrow? These momentous questions are by the invasion of Mexico thrown up for solution. A free State once truly constituted should be as undying as its people; the republic of Mexico must rise again.

THE POPE OF ROME AND THE REBELLION.

It was the condition of affairs in Mexico that involved the Pope of Rome in our difficulties so far that he alone among temporal sovereigns recognized the chief of the Confederate States as a president, and his supporters as a people; and in letters to two great prelates of the Catholic Church in the United States gave counsels for peace at a time when peace meant the victory of secession. Yet events move as they are ordered. The blessing of the Pope at Rome on the head of Duke Maximilian could not revive in the nineteenth century the ecclesiastical policy of the sixteenth; and the result is only a new proof that there can be no prosperity in the State without religious freedom.

THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA.

When it came home to the consciousness of the Americans that the war which they were waging was a war for the liberty of all the nations of the world, for freedom itself, they thanked God for the severity of the trial to which he put their sincerity, and nerved themselves for their duty with an inexorable will. The President was led along by the greatness of their self-sacrificing example; and as a child, in a dark night on a rugged way, catches hold of the hand of its father for guidance and support, he clung fast to the hand of the people, and moved calmly through the gloom. While the statesmanship of Europe was scoffing at the hopeless vanity of their efforts, they put forth such miracles of energy as the history of the world had never known. The navy of the United States drawing into the public service the willing militia of the seas, doubled its tonnage in eight months, and established an actual blockade from Cape Hatteras to the Rio Grande. In the course of the war it was increased five fold in men and in tonnage, while the inventive genius of the country devised more effective kinds of ordnance, and new forms of naval architecture in wood and iron. There went into the field, for various terms of service, about two million men; and in March last the men in service exceeded a million; that is to say, one of every two able-bodied men took some part in the war; and at one time every fourth able-bodied man was in the field. In one single month,

one hundred and sixty-five thousand were recruited into service. Once, within four weeks, Ohio organized and placed in the field, forty-two regiments of infantry — nearly thirty-six thouand men; and Ohio was like other States in the east and in the west. The well-mounted cavalry numbered eighty-four thousand; of horses there were bought, first and last, two thirds of a million. In the movements of troops science came in aid of patriotism; so that, to choose a single instance out of many, an army twenty-three thousand strong, with its artillery, trains, baggage and animals, were moved by rail from the Potomac to the Tennessee, twelve hundred miles in seven days. In the long marches, wonders of military construction bridged the rivers; and wherever an army halted, ample supplies awaited them at their ever changing base. The vile thought that life is the greatest of blessings did not rise up. In six hundred and twenty-five battles, and severe skirmishes blood flowed like water. It streamed over the grassy plains; it stained the rocks; the undergrowth of the forest was red with it; and the armies marched on with majestic courage from one conflict to another, knowing that they were fighting for God and liberty. The organization of the medical department met its infinitely multiplied duties with exactness and despatch. At the news of a battle, the best surgeons of our cities hastened to the field, to offer the zealous aid of the greatest experience and skill. The gentlest and most refined of women left homes of luxury and, ease to build hospital tents near the armies, and serve as nurses to the sick and dying. Besides the large supply of religious teachers by the public, the congregations spared to their brothers in the field the ablest ministers. The Christian Commission, which expended five and a half millions, sent four thousand clergymen chosen out of the best, to keep unsoiled the religious character of the men, and made gifts of clothes and food and medicine. The organization of private charity assumed unheard of dimensions. The Sanitary Commission, which had seven thousand societies, distributed, under the direction of an unpaid board, spontaneous contributions to the amount of fifteen millions, in supplies or money — a million and a half in money from California alone — and dotted the scene of war from Paducah to Port Royal, from Belle Plain, Virginia, to Brownsville, Texas, with homes and lodges.

THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

The country had for its allies the River Mississippi, which would not be divided, and the range of mountains which carried the stronghold of the free through Western Virginia and Kentucky and Tennessee to the highlands of Alabama. But it invoked the still higher power of immortal justice. In ancient Greece, where servitude was the universal custom, it was held that if a child were to strike its parent, the slave should defend the parent, and by that act recover his freedom. After vain resistance, Lincoln, who had tried to solve the question by gradual emancipation, by colonization, and by compensation, at last saw that slavery must be abolished, or the Republic must die; and on the 1st day of January, 1863, he wrote liberty on the banners of the armies. When this proclamation, which struck the fetters from three millions of slaves reached Europe, Lord Russell, a countryman of Milton and Wilberforce, eagerly put himself forward to speak of it in the name of mankind, saying: "It is of a very strange nature;" "a measure of war of a very questionable kind;" an "act of vengeance on the slave owner," that does no more than "profess to emancipate slaves where the United States authorities cannot make emancipation a reality." Now there was no part of the country embraced in the proclamation where the United States could not and did not make emancipation a reality. Those who saw Lincoln most frequently had never before heard him speak with bitterness of any human being; but he did not conceal how keenly he felt that he had been wronged by Lord Russell. And he wrote, in reply to another caviller: "The emancipation policy, and the use of colored troops, were the greatest blows yet dealt to the rebellion. The job was a great national one; and let none be slighted who bore an honorable part in it. I hope peace will come soon, and come to stay; then there will be some black men who can remember that they have helped mankind to this great consummation."

RUSSIA AND CHINA.

The proclamation accomplished its end, for, during the war, our armies came into military possession of every State in rebellion. Then, too, was called forth the new power that comes from the simultaneous diffusion of thought and feeling among the nations of mankind. The mysterious sympathy of the millions throughout the world was given spontaneously. The best writers of Europe waked the conscience of the thoughtful, till the intelligent moral sentiment of the Old World was drawn to the side of the unlettered statesman

of the West. Russia, whose emperor had just accomplished one of the grandest acts in the course of time by raising twenty millions of bondmen into freeholders, and thus assuring the growth and culture of a Russian people, remained our unwavering friend. From the oldest abode of civilization, which gave the first example of an imperial government with equality among the people, Prince Kung, the secretary of state for foreign affairs, remembered the saying of Confucius, that we should not do to others what we would not that others should do to us, and in the name of the Emperor of China closed its ports against the war ships and privateers of "the seditious."

CONTINUANCE OF THE WAR.

The war continued, with all the peoples of the world for anxious spectators. Its cares weighed heavily on Lincoln, and his face was ploughed with the furrows of thought and sadness. With malice towards none, free from the spirit of revenge, victory made him importunate for peace; and his enemies never doubted his word, or despaired of his abounding clemency. He longed to utter pardon as the word for all, but not unless the freedom of the negro should be assured. The grand battles of Mill Spring which gave us Nashville, of Fort Donelson, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Gettysburg, the Wilderness of Virginia, Winchester, Nashville, the capture of New Orleans, Vicksburg, Mobile, Fort Fisher, the march from Atlanta and the capture of Savannah and Charleston, all foretold the issue. Still more, the self-regeneration of Missouri, the heart of the continent; of Maryland, whose sons never heard the midnight bell chime so sweetly as when they rang out to earth and heaven that, by the voice of her own people, she took her place among the free; of Tennessee, which passed through fire and blood, through sorrows and the shadow of death, to work out her own deliverance, and by the faithfulness of her own sons to renew her youth like the eagle — proved that victory was deserved and would be worth all that it cost. If words of mercy uttered as they were by Lincoln on the waters of Virginia, were defiantly repelled, the armies of the country, moving with one will, went as the arrow to its mark, and without a feeling of revenge struck a deathblow at rebellion.

LINCOLN'S ASSASSINATION.

Where, in the history of nations, had a Chief Magistrate possessed more sources of consolation and joy, than Lincoln? His countrymen had shown their love by choosing him to a second term of service. The raging war that had divided the country had lulled; and private grief was hushed by the grandeur of its results. The nation had its new birth of freedom, soon to be secured forever by an amendment of the Constitution. His persistent gentleness had conquered for him a kindlier feeling on the part of the South. His scoffers among the grandees of Europe began to do him honor. The laboring classes every where saw in his advancement their own. All peoples sent him their benedictions. And at the moment of the height of his fame, to which his humility and modesty added charms, he fell by the hand of the assassin; and the only triumph awarded him was the march to the grave.

THE GREATNESS OF MAN.

This is no time to say that human glory is but dust and ashes, that we mortals are no more than shadows in pursuit of shadows. How mean a thing were man, if there were not that within him which is higher than himself — if he could not master the illusions of sense, and discern the connections of events by a superior light which comes from God. He so shares the divine impulses that he has power to subject interested passions to love of country, and personal ambition to the ennoblement of man. Not in vain has Lincoln lived, for he has helped to make this Republic an example of justice, with no caste but the caste of humanity. The heroes who led our armies and ships into battle — Lyon, McPherson, Reynolds, Sedgwick, Wadsworth, Foote, Ward, with their compeers — and fell in the service, did not die in vain; they and the myriads of nameless martyrs, and he, the chief martyr, died willingly "that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

THE JUST DIED FOR THE UNJUST.

The assassination of Lincoln, who was so free from malice, has from some mysterious influence struck the country with solemn awe, and hushed, instead of exciting, the passion for revenge. It seemed as if the just had died for the unjust. When I think of the friends I have lost in this war — and every one who hears me has, like myself, lost those whom he most loved — there is no consolation to be derived from victims on the scaffold, or from any thing but the established union of the regenerated nation.

CHARACTER OF LINCOLN.

In his character Lincoln was through and through an American. He is the first native of the region west of the Alleghanies to

attain to the highest station; and how happy it is that the man who was brought forward as the natural outgrowth and first fruits of that region should have been of unblemished purity in private life, a good son, a kind husband, a most affectionate father, and, as a man, so gentle to all. As to integrity, Douglas, his rival, said of him, "Lincoln is the honestest man I ever knew."

The habits of his mind were those of meditation and inward thought, rather than of action. He excelled in logical statement, more than in executive ability. He reasoned clearly, his reflective judgment was good, and his purposes were fixed; but like the Hamlet of his only poet, his will was tardy in action, and for this reason, and not from humility or tenderness of feeling, he sometimes deplored that the duty which devolved on him had not fallen to the lot of another. He was skilful in analysis, discerned with precision the central idea on which a question turned, and knew how to disengage it and present it by itself in a few homely, strong old English words that would be intelligible to all. He delighted to express his opinions by apothegm, illustrate them by a parable, or drive them home by a story.

Lincoln gained a name by discussing questions which, of all others, most easily led to fanaticism; but he was never carried away by enthusiastic zeal, never indulged in extravagant language, never hurried to support extreme measures, never allowed himself to be controlled by sudden impulses. During the progress of the election at which he was chosen President, he expressed no opinion that went beyond the Jefferson proviso of 1784. Like Jefferson and Lafayette, he had faith in the intuitions of the people, and read those intuitions with rare sagacity. He knew how to bide his time, and was less apt to be in advance of public opinion than to lag behind. He never sought to electrify the public by taking an advanced position with a banner of opinion; but rather studied to move forward compactly, exposing no detachment in front or rear; so that the course of his administration might have been explained as the calculating policy of a shrewd and watchful politician, had there not been seen behind it a fixedness of principle which from the first determined his purpose and grew more intense with every year, consuming his life by its energy. Yet his sensibilities were not acute, he had no vividness of imagination to picture to his mind the horrors of the battle-field or the sufferings in hospitals; his conscience was more tender than his feelings.

Lincoln was one of the most unassuming of men. In time of success, he gave credit for it to those whom he employed, to the people, and to the providence of God. He did not know what ostentation is; when he became President he was rather saddened than elated, and his conduct and manners showed more than ever his belief that all men are born equal. He was no respecter of persons; and neither rank, nor reputation, nor services overawed him. In judging of character he failed in discrimination, and his appointments were sometimes bad; but he readily deferred to public opinion, and in appointing the head of the armies he followed the manifest preference of Congress.

A good President will secure unity to his administration by his own supervision of the various departments. Lincoln, who accepted advice readily, was never governed by any member of his Cabinet, and could not be moved from a purpose deliberately formed; but his supervision of affairs was unsteady and incomplete; and sometimes, by a sudden interference transcending the usual forms, he rather confused than advanced the public business. If he ever failed in the scrupulous regard due to the relative rights of Congress, it was so evidently without design that no conflict could ensue, or evil precedent be established. Truth he would receive from any one; but, when impressed by others, he did not use their opinions till by reflection he had made them thoroughly his own.

It was the nature of Lincoln to forgive. When hostilities ceased, he who had always sent forth the flag with every one of its stars in the field, was eager to receive back his returning countrymen, and meditated "some new announcement to the South." The amendment of the Constitution abolishing slavery had his most earnest and unwearied support. During the rage of war we get a glimpse into his soul from his privately suggesting to Louisiana that "in defining the franchise some of the colored people might be let in," saying: "They would probably help, in some trying time to come, to keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom." In 1857 he avowed himself "not in favor of" what he improperly called "negro citizenship:" for the Constitution discriminates between citizens and electors. Three days before his death he declared his preference that "the elective franchise were now conferred on the very intelligent of the colored men and on those of them who served our cause as soldiers;" but he wished it done by the States themselves, and he never harbored

the thought of exacting it from a new government as a condition of its recognition.

The last day of his life beamed with sunshine, as he sent by the speaker of this House his friendly greetings to the men of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific slope; as he contemplated the return of hundreds of thousands of soldiers to fruitful industry; as he welcomed in advance hundreds of thousands of emigrants from Europe; as his eye kindled with enthusiasm at the coming wealth of the nation. And so, with these thoughts for his country, he was removed from the toils and temptations of this life and was at peace.

PALMERSTON AND LINCOLN.

Hardly had the late President been consigned to the grave, when the Prime Minister of England died, full of years and honours. Palmerston traced his lineage to the time of the conqueror: Lincoln went back only to his grandfather. Palmerston received his education from the best scholars of Harrow, Edinburgh, and Cambridge; Lincoln's early teachers were the silent forest, the prairie, the river, and the stars. Palmerston was in public life for sixty years; Lincoln for but a tenth of that time. Palmerston was a skilful guide of an established aristocracy; Lincoln a leader or rather a companion of the people. Palmerston was exclusively an Englishman, and made his boast in the House of Commons that the interest of England was his Shibboleth; Lincoln thought always of mankind as well as his own country, and served human nature itself. Palmerston from his narrowness as an Englishman did not endear his country to any one court or to any one people, but rather caused uneasiness and dislike; Lincoln left America more beloved than ever by all the peoples of Europe. Palmerston was self-possessed and adroit in reconciling the conflicting claims of the factions of the aristocracy; Lincoln, frank and ingenuous, knew how to poise himself on the conflicting opinions of the people. Palmerston was capable of insolence towards the weak, quick to the sense of honour, not heedful of right; Lincoln rejected counsel given only as a matter of policy, and was not capable of being wilfully unjust. Palmerston, essentially superficial, delighted in banter, and knew how to divert grave opposition by playful levity. Lincoln was a man of infinite jest on his lips, with saddest earnestness at his heart. Palmerston was a fair representative of the aristocratic liberality of the day, choosing for his tribunal, not the conscience of humanity, but the House of Commons; Lincoln took to heart the eternal truths of liberty, obeyed them as the commands of Providence, and accepted the human race as the judge of his fidelity. Palmerston did nothing that will endure; his great achievement, the separation of Belgium, placed that little kingdom where it must gravitate to France; Lincoln finished a work which all time cannot overthrow. Palmerston is a shining example of the ablest of a cultivated aristocracy; Lincoln shows the genuine fruits of institutions where the laboring man shares and assists to form the great ideas and designs of his country. Palmerston was buried in Westminster Abbey by the order of his Queen, and was followed by the British aristocracy to his grave, which after a few years will hardly be noticed by the side of the graves of Fox and Chatham; Lincoln was followed by the sorrow of his country across the continent to his resting-place in the heart of the Mississippi valley, to be remembered through all time by his countrymen, and by all the peoples of the world.

CONCLUSION.

As the sum of all, the hand of Lincoln raised the flag; the American people was the hero of the war; and therefore the result is a new era of republicanism. The disturbances in the country grew not out of anything republican, but out of slavery, which is a part of the system of hereditary wrong, and the expulsion of this domestic anomaly opens to the renovated nation a career of unthought of dignity and glory. Henceforth our country has a moral unity as the land of free labour. The party for slavery and the party against slavery are no more, and are merged in the party of Union and freedom. The States which would have left us are not brought back as conquered States, for then we should hold them only so long as that conquest could be maintained; they come to their rightful place under the Constitution as original, necessary and inseparable members of the State. We build monuments to the dead, but no monuments of victory. We respect the example of the Romans, who never, even in conquered lands, raised emblems of triumph. And our generals are not to be classed in the herd of vulgar conquerors, but are of the school of Timoleon and William of Orange and Washington. They have used the sword only to give peace to their country and restore her to her place in the great assembly of the nations. Our meeting closes in hope, now that a people begins to live according to the laws of reason, and republicanism is intrenched in a continent.