

'SHEPHERD' SMITH

THE

UNIVERSALIST

THE STORY OF A MIND

BEING A LIFE OF

THE REV. JAMES E. SMITH, M.A.

EDITOR OF 'FAMILY HERALD,' 'CRISIS,' ETC., AND AUTHOR OF 'THE DIVINE
DRAMA OF HISTORY AND CIVILISATION'

BY

W. ANDERSON SMITH

AUTHOR OF 'LEWSIANA,' 'BENDERLOCH,' ETC., ETC.

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P R E F A C E.

THE subject of this Biography has been dead for much more than a generation, but his life could not well have been written earlier. His brother, the late Dr. Robert Angus Smith, F.R.S., was often asked to produce a life of the famous Editor of the *Family Herald*, but materials were wanting, and the time was not ripe. Since his death, however, many of the opinions which he disseminated, and for which he fought most devotedly, have become the common heritage of modern thinkers, and views which were in his day received as blasphemous are read with equanimity. That he had much to do with the introduction of this liberality of mind towards all opinions, no one who knows his story can well doubt; and the man who had the largest audience of his time for so many years, and kept such a remarkable hold of it notwithstanding the boldness of his views, must have been a personality worthy of study. He was, indeed, one of the great pioneers of modern thought. He was the first to introduce and fight the standing of the *Penny Press* in London in its broadsheet form, along with Cousins as publisher. He was the first to introduce it in its octavo form, with Biggs as publisher. He edited the *Crisis* for Robert Owen, the Socialist, while lecturing against Atheism and Materialism, and seeking to spiritualise their organisation,

which he eventually broke up. In the *Shepherd*—whence his popular name in literary London—he expounded one of the grandest systems of Universalism ever promulgated, stirring up the minds of men in distant lands. Ere the *Family Herald* became the depositary of his opinions, as prepared for the general public, he influenced by tongue and pen all the restless and energetic thought of the time. Always ready to give a fair hearing to novel phenomena however unpopular, he was for many years one of the most virile intellectualities in the London world.

But his great 'mission' was that of 'Universal Charity' in opposition to the narrow 'Faith' of the Scottish Church, in which he had been educated.

I have sought to give his *vera effigies* from his own pen and contemporary correspondence, to extenuate nothing as well as set down nought in malice, believing he would prefer to be treated according to his own views of biography. Cuttings from such of his correspondence as that with Lady Lytton (published with the express permission of her executrix) might be made to sadly misrepresent his mind. They require to be read up to, so as to understand the meaning he attaches to the expressions used. His opinions were often expressed in a manner to give offence—in opposition to his natural spirit. His judgment of his brothers was too harsh; for, with all their shyness and lack of worldly wisdom, they were finer spirits and more akin to his own mind than he gave them credit for. His correspondents frequently complain of his misunderstanding them; and he was undoubtedly impatient intellectually of inferior minds. Yet his life requires little of his own charity; morally, it can stand the most rigid investigation, while he was no

ascetic, taking even stimulants in moderation. Thus his friend Hugh Doherty, author of *L'Homme et la Nature*, writes:—'Your uncle was very temperate and sociable in his habits of life as a laborious student;' and as they were intimate, and laboured together, and frequently dined together from 1836 till 1856, Doherty was well able to judge.

Yet he sacrificed his body to his 'mission,' which in itself may be considered an immoral act, as his first duty to his mind was to have kept his body wholesome and more vigorous. Looked at strictly, he ought to have taken more care of his health—he had no right to die when he did; but he considered his 'mission' ended, his life-lived, and he looked forward to a spiritual existence unhampered by his physical necessities. What is wrong for the world is not necessarily wrong for an individual, and he may not be judged as others with a less overpowering mentality.

He produced a lasting impression on his friends. I quote from one who was intimate with him through the years of his maturity:—'From the year 1833 my recollection of your uncle is *vivid*. When a child I attended, with my mother, *all* the lectures he delivered in Charlotte Street and Newman Street at the time he was trying to convince the Socialists of the truth of Christianity. I used to drink in his words, and in my heart of hearts I *reverenced* and *worshipped* him. I can see him standing now, calm and collected, while being browbeaten by his adversaries. I have in latter years learned nearly all his wonderful articles in the *Shepherd by heart*, so that when I meet him in heaven I may know all he thought and all he felt. Then there is the *Family Herald*, all the leaders for fourteen years written in our house; but it is not those articles

that show his *inner life*.' That is certain! His mind was too wholly absorbed in the things of the Spirit. In 1835 he had forestalled Spurgeon. 'What individual but myself can keep up a weekly paper on theological subjects. There is not a clergyman in Scotland would find readers, and I doubt if England could furnish as many as Scotland,' he writes his brother. The 'development' of the religious idea was as clear to him as to Max Müller; while in 1837 he declares:—'Future generations, when they have separated the wheat from the chaff, will find to their astonishment that the wheat of all religions was the same, and that men were only quarrelling about the chaff.'

I have scarcely succeeded in giving sufficient prominence to his artistic life. He attained a very high excellence as an artist, and it is certain that his artistic temperament struggled with his religious bias throughout his life. The absence of the elegancies and refinements to which his soul aspired—in opposition to his religious views and all they led to—undoubtedly had a considerable influence in disgusting him with a world to which he could not properly mutually accommodate his necessities and his aspirations. Sackcloth and ashes did not convene with the genius that produced dreamy landscapes of great beauty and technical skill. Neither his religious nor his artistic life was properly lived, and his 'mission' dominates even his literary expression. So that he hangs like Mahomet's coffin in a mid-heaven of his own, where, we fear, most readers will require to crane their necks to properly appreciate this mummy of a Modern Prophet.

W. ANDERSON SMITH.

LEDAIG, N.B., *June* 1892.

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SHEPHERD' SMITH.



CHAPTER I.

THE STORY OF A MIND.

OUR imaginations are necessarily of a very inadequate character, and the visions we call up to ourselves of the conditions under which we lived and struggled, thought and laboured a quarter of a century ago, are by no means facsimiles of the actual state of things. Times have changed, and we have changed with them to a far greater extent than we may be willing to admit, and we can no more read the record of the life that was, than we can enjoy the same poetry or the same puddings.

This being so, how almost impossible is it to conjure up to oneself the condition of a Scottish household in the first years of the century, with Civilisation, as we understand it to-day, a thing of the distant future. Letters costing 1s. 2d. each were serious epistles indeed, and not lightly written; travelling by mail-coach was slow and cumbersome, expensive, and uncomfortable during a great part of the year; newspapers were rare indeed in country districts, and passed from hand to hand with the utmost care; and public speaking had not made any step towards that unusual flow of

words that threatens to destroy the equanimity of the multitude, and upset the calmness of judgment of the few. Yet, even in Glasgow in those days, culture in its truest sense was to be found in the simplest dwellings in the Drygate or Garngad Road; and lads were struggling, with little aid from the paternal purse, to obtain a foothold in that world of science and letters in which they were one day to make themselves an honoured name. With all appliances and means to boot, our expensive systems of school boards and renovated universities have not done more for our present-day youth than honest ambition, self-restraint, and persistent effort did in the first years of the century for the humblest of the citizens of Glasgow.

We find it so difficult to dissociate progress from all those physical advantages we enjoy, that we can scarcely conceive of cultivated people who saw few papers, wrote few letters, and owned few books, who travelled rarely and never to any distance, whose dwellings were circumscribed and furniture simple, and who lived in a provincial town in a transition period. And yet we have before us a copy of Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, dated 1819, in manuscript, beautifully executed, with charming coloured illustrations, by two lads of eighteen and nineteen, struggling towards culture and mental refinement through every possible physical and intellectual disadvantage that could arise from humble circumstances and stern Puritan surroundings. Both became M.A.'s of Glasgow, and men of wide culture and large intellectual growth; and the younger of the two is the special subject of our Memoir, one who exercised as wide and as wholesome a literary influence as any man of his time.

In after years he wrote that his father had 'destroyed the language of the family,' and in this, perhaps, to a certain extent lay the secret of the particular bias that was eventually given to his life and his mind. For although at the instance of their Puritanical father, with his strong religious tendencies, most of the family were trained with a view to the

ministry, yet few of them practised, and none of them were gifted with the power of oratory. They soon felt that the *language* of the family had been spoiled, that, however originally and powerfully they could think, the habit of oral exposition had not been cultivated at a sufficiently early age, and they drifted into channels they never originally dreamed of, and left the church they could not fill with their voices, for the wider audience of the world they could at least reach with their pens. How this came about in the case of our Subject, and in what manner and to what degree his mind was prepared for the part it was to play, and in what fashion this fine mind and gentle spirit found room in the great rift he discovered in the world around him, when he could not elbow a space for himself amid the ordinary throng, we seek to discover mainly from his own writings and correspondence.

It may seem a piece of affectation to call it *The Story of a Mind*, as if every man's story was not the same; but his outward life was in the main so uneventful, and his mental evolution so striking and so remarkable, that, more than falls ordinarily to the lot of even our most intellectual men, the story of his life is *The Story of a Mind*—a mind of exceptional spirituality, of great purity and simplicity, of the largest compass, and the finest quality. When we add to this that James Smith from the first endured something of the hardship and displayed much of the devotion of the mediæval student, that he combined this mediæval spirit and even mediæval learning with modern knowledge and the most advanced views, that his purity of mind and intensity of enthusiasm were combined with the largest intellectual charity and keenest sympathy with the most opposing views, we have in this large-minded man as remarkable an intellectual figure as any of recent times, and one well worthy of attention and examination.

The opinion held regarding him by his more immediate contemporaries has been more than once expressed, so that

H. Smith
Evans.

we can judge of his influence upon them.¹ On a copy of the *Divine Drama*, Mr H. Smith Evans, the artist, had written of 'this learned and accomplished man'—'Think what an intellectual and good man should be, and he was that.'

Sir Algernon
Borthwick.

Sir Algernon Borthwick writes of his father's friend—'He did great and good work in the *Family Herald*, and made a great impression on his contemporaries by the vigour and profundity of his thoughts, as well as by the breadth and truly Christian generosity of his appreciations.' S. C. Hall writes:—'. . . . I did not know personally the estimable gentleman who was your uncle, and who is entitled to all the esteem, regard, and respect that can be accorded to him. I am but one of very many thousands who honour his name by appreciating the good work he did for God and man.'

S. C. Hall.
21st January
1886.

In a notice of him in the *Spiritual Magazine* of May 1874, republishing some of his leading articles, the author observes:—

Thomas
Shorter.

'In reasoning out principles of universal analogy, he was perhaps without living equal; and though he sometimes ran his analogies into what seem extravagant conceits, and frequently indulged in paradoxy, he was always instructive, and never dull, even when dealing with questions the most abstruse. He read much, thought much, and was a close observer of men and manners, and showed great shrewdness, humour, and discrimination of character. This is particularly seen in *The Coming Man*, and in his weekly Answers to Correspondents in the *Family Herald*, so numerous, varied, and unique, that many found it difficult to believe that they could all be written by him, as was really the case. Like William Cobbett, he had a great antipathy to all narrowness and exclusiveness. His favourite saying was, "Charity

¹ Professor De Morgan writes to Dr R. Angus Smith:—'A man of so much goodness and so much intellect as your brother is a loss to all who knew him. Nothing passed through his mind without receiving his own peculiar mark, and this in a very unusual degree. He was a real lover of good, and his memory will be held in sincere respect.'

believeth all things;" and hence, as Emerson would say, he was "liberally hospitable to all manner of ideas," and especially to such as were commonly rejected and despised, accounting it much less discreditable to entertain error unawares than to treat any sort of truth with scorn and contumely. He would discuss questions generally tabooed by writers of conventional respectability, and had many a kindly word to say for new ideas and unfashionable heresies. He believed that every religion, race, sect, and party had its Divine mission, and that there was some element of truth and good in all. Hence he could fraternise with all sorts and conditions of men.'

In an earlier number of the same magazine:—'In a leading article in one of the early volumes of the *Family Herald*, the editor says he attended a lecture given by a phrenologist. At its conclusion he went up to speak to the lecturer, who addressed him as the editor of the *Family Herald*. Being asked how he knew, the phrenologist said he inferred the identity from the peculiar conformation of his head. The photograph which forms the frontispiece to *The Coming Man* is a visible evidence of the truth of phrenology in its general principles. The high coronal region and the remarkable breadth of forehead indicate a man of reverent mind and of comprehensive intellect. If this book had been published anonymously, no one who has read with interest the leading articles and "Notices to Correspondents" of the periodical which the author established, and made so famous, would have failed to discover in the comprehensive charity, the profound wisdom, and ready wit contained in every chapter of *The Coming Man* the editor of this favourite paper.'

In a letter of Dr Wm. Howitt in 1872, Dr Wm. Fraser Tolmie, of Vancouver's Island, writes:—'In my album, next your photograph, is that of J. E. Smith. The latter is, I believe, that of the Rev. J. E. Smith, A.M., who, from 1834 to 1838, with intervals of cessation, published in London,

Dr Wm.
Fraser
Tolmie,
Vancouver.

for 1d. or 1½d. each, a weekly journal inculcating universal faith, or the broadest and most cheering views of religion, while giving place to letters on mesmerism by De Prati, and himself finding a side of spiritual truth to everything—such as the inspiration of Joanna Southcote and others—and narrating various curious but well-authenticated occurrences not explainable by known natural laws. He battled stoutly, too, as well with the narrow-mindedness of infidelity as with that of sectarianism. During one of the recesses from publishing the *Shepherd*—the journal above-named—Smith brought out a small volume, entitled *Legends and Miracles*. That is, I think, alluded to in your second volume of the *History of the Supernatural*.

‘As I cannot think that a gentleman of your extensive erudition can have failed to know Smith’s *magnum opus*—the *Shepherd*—and as I deem it not unlikely that you have even known and liked the man, I make bold to ask you about him, as one for whom I have long entertained deep reverence and much esteem and gratitude, although I have never seen him.

‘I left Scotland in 1832 as surgeon and clerk for the Hudson’s Bay Company; returned on a visit in ’41–’42, when I got the *Shepherd*, but did not begin to read it until in September, again on shipboard for this country *via* Cape Horn. In my long solitude, never having been home since, the *Shepherd* has been a great source of comfort to me’

‘The impression made upon his contemporaries has been a permanent one.’¹ Dr J. J. Garth Wilkinson, in a careful

Dr J. J.
Garth
Wilkinson.
March 1885.

¹ Here is a letter from the *Scotsman* of 4th May 1864:—

‘CHRISTIAN INQUIRY.’

EDINBURGH, May 2, 1864.

SIR,—In the letter from London on this subject in your paper of April 28, the writer replies to the inquiry of ‘One Perplexed,’ who had asked, ‘Where are the scientific investigators of Christianity whose decision the world is to accept as it does those of eminent discoverers in electricity, &c.?’ by alleging they have not yet made their

study of his friend, writes:—'It may have been about 1846 when I was first introduced to the Rev. James Smith by

appearance,' to which I would add, or if they have, they have not yet received much attention.

Now, I have known one such scientific investigator, who laid down and applied to theology the principles of universal science, as I believe, for the first time. It is now several years since he began his labours in this domain in a humble way, with great difficulties to contend against and the smallest possible amount of encouragement, conducting a weekly paper in London, named by him the *Shepherd*, a Journal of Universal Science. And with regard to what 'Waiting for Light' observes of theology having stood still, or nearly so, since the Reformation, I reply, that if 'all theology depends'—as Coleridge said it does depend—'on mastering the term nature,' the comparative stagnation of theology as a science is at once accounted for. And I remember this remark by the editor of the *Shepherd*, that but for the brilliant experiments of Faraday—which he had just witnessed, and which could not have been seen before that time—the necessary illustration of the principles laid down in it would not have been possible. If so, there was the right man in the right place at the right time. He had, a short time previously, gone to London from Glasgow, to which he returned to die in 1857, having some time previously published in London his last important work, *The Divine Drama of History and Civilisation*. And now, I think, I may as well mention an opinion of my own, for which, of course, I alone am responsible: that this author, the Rev. James Smith, M.A., stands among modern theologians as Turner among modern artists. But, however that may be, this much at least is certain, that he gives theology a new turn altogether; for he found, to quote again from the interesting letter in question, that 'there was no genuine faith in theology,' and I do believe he turned it into 'a theology in which it is possible to have faith.' At least, he brought dogmatic theology to the test of first principles and fearlessly published the conclusions, undeterred by pecuniary loss, and 'not to be put down by any cry of heresy or infidelity.' That this was done in the best possible way I will not assert; but this I will say, that as the doctrines of the Christian Church are professedly Catholic, surely no man, either priest or layman, can fairly object to have them tried by the principles they profess, that is to say, by Catholic principles, which mean, or of course ought to mean, the first principles of universal truth. And without a correct knowledge of these, the deepest question of our day cannot be solved.

I may add that some divines of consideration, whom I need not

Hugh Doherty at the office of the *Phalanx*, a journal of which Mr Doherty was editor, and the Rev. James Smith assisted him in the editorship. The journal was intended to represent and propagare the views of Charles Fourier, the French Socialist writer, in the United Kingdom. I well remember some of Mr Smith's leading articles, which were always weighty in their style and often eloquent in expression. They represented, in some way, the widest humanitarianism. The writer had no special sympathy with Fourier, excepting that both he and Fourier were unsparing critics of *Civilisation* and all its religiosities, but from totally different points of view.

'Fourier aimed to reconstruct society as a deduction from an analysis of the human passions, including the intellectual, moral, and religious passions, and to form a world in which all these would be carried out and gratified, and so balance each other, and produce a new peace thereby; and with these forces working harmoniously in this assured peace would evolve a world of order and prosperity, the like of which has not even been dreamed of by former seers and sages. Smith was a critic, as we have said, but from a creed of his own, which, probably, it was not in his nature or capacity to impart to any other soul. He was a deeply *religiose* and Biblical man; the religious life and its questions were cardinal with him. Its passions were the only passions which probably he cared about as forces to be calculated upon for the service of the New Humanity. A profound and trenchant disbelief in evil, as it is commonly understood

name, seem to get a glimpse of those pairs of principles (for they are not one-sided, but run in pairs), and occasionally to lay hold on them, but they never grasp them firmly or hold them steadily and continuously even to the end of a chapter.

But, of course, it cannot be expected or required of me that I should formally lay down, still less develop and illustrate, such principles in your columns. I can only indicate where they may be found in a scientific shape by such as are 'perplexed' or anxiously 'waiting for light.'—I am, &c.,

W. B.

by the religious world, was, perhaps, the Organon of his reforming thought. As we have said, the form of his disbelief was, for the most part, unexpressed. It came forth in his conversation in startling paradoxes, in wrestlings with the spheres around him, in epigrammatic blows right and left, which were often unanswerable, because the hearers did not know where they came from or whither they tended. He talked out of some great mystery, in the centre of which he lived and breathed and had his being. He was most oracular, and most unsatisfactory to all formalism; and, speaking from the unknown, there was a charm about him such as attends upon supernatural performers. His great book, *The Divine Drama*, on the past and the future of human history, appeared to give some precision to his views, but it, too, came from the unknown being of himself, and has left behind it no palpable forecast, either in a new Jerusalem, an ultimate science, or even a final restoration of all things. He had a conviction that nobody understood him, and this caused him to speak to no conceived audience, and deprived his writings of the force of an end for which they were written.

'I knew him well in the interest which he took for a time in Spiritualism. Its indefinite field lent itself to his mysticism. In the *Spiritual Herald* there are some of his writings, and notes and criticisms. They are full of force, written as with a pen of iron upon rock. As a destroyer of Sadducee and Pharisee, there was something Titanic in his might. He had a round, piercing grey eye, both in his head and in his style,—such an eye as would suit a carpenter, a vivisectioning physiologist, or a bombardier. Most undefined to others in his essential beliefs, his strokes downwards and outwards upon his literary adversaries were as exact as the best gunnery could wish. I imagine that if any one were to cull from his "Answers to Correspondents" in the *Family Herald*, of which he was long editor, he could amass a number of terrible repartees and rebukes.

'So much for my small insight into a most remarkable ancient mind. As to the man's personal nature, putting aside his deep inscrutable parts, it is probable that a more genuine and kindly soul is not to be met with. To women and children he was, I fancy, tender and companionable. Being of wide learning and information, he was eminently sociable whenever no intellectual element for contest shut him in, and required storming to let him out. He enjoyed parties and spheres by which he could escape from his sterner self, and find a surface on which he could live, and where he could commune without dispute.

'It is no exaggeration to say that he was terrible and lovable. Had his inner soul-dogma been more cognisable and definable—could it have come into systematic speech—he might have been an influence in the theosophic world, though not in the theologic. As it is, he stands by himself in his spiritual veil here: a modern Isis, representing good and evil without their boundaries.'

That this 'most remarkable ancient mind,' towards whom many minds have looked with reverence, and others with keen curiosity, since his very early years, was not such a hopeless mystery to himself, and had formulated in his own mind, if not a creed, at least a system of the universe, the following statement from his own pen will show, and partly help to define this great individuality to the present-day reader:—

'The *fracas* at your house arose entirely out of Gilbert's high and holy mission, which I regard as a divine joke. I was not angry with anybody, nor any spirit. I cannot be long angry, for I am a Pantheist—a thorough out-and-out in-and-in Scriptural Pantheist. I believe that God deceives men, blinds their eyes, hardens their hearts, and stops their ears, and opens and softens them, just as he deems expedient. I believe that Satan is God polarised, that all visitations of the spirit are Satanic in various degrees; that the serpent that deceived Eve was God in his opposite polarity

of liberty; that Gentilism is the same in opposition to Jewism; and that spiritual visitations are the same in opposition to a divine unitary dispensation. Hence, on principle, I cannot be angry. Sudden impulse often makes me angry; but, on reflection, I cease to be so. Satan I respect as the wisdom of God in a mystery—the serpent wisdom. I believe in all religion as divine, but not alike elevated, even as I believe in all animals as divine—man being alone specially exalted. There is only one special, as there is one Lord and one Christ.

‘Hence I believe in all that you and Gilbert said to me and of me by revelation in some way or other, either figuratively, analogically, symbolically, or in some way or other; and all that I said in opposition was true in some similar way, not at all difficult to express.

‘I trouble you with this description of myself not for the purpose of argument, but because you do not appear to know what my faith is, nor to understand what I meant when I called the spirit of Luther a devil. I meant no offence to the spirit. It is one of my modes of trying a spirit. I am not afraid to call any spirit a devil when it opposes me, not thereby meaning that I am better than the spirit that is opposed (*i.e.* a Satan) to me, and is my accusing spirit. That is my meaning, and has been so for twenty-eight years, and therefore my inward nature was only superficially read by Luther,¹ and what was said was not true except in a very outward sense. To me there can be no mistake about it; it is to me as positive a revelation as it can be to you—more so, for in me alone is the test to be found.’

This large, open, paradoxical mind thus accepted all ignorance as well as all learning as aids to the comprehension of the world, the spiritual and material world, in which he found himself. His struggle to evolve law and order out of this chaos of sense and nonsense, fact and fiction, good and evil, spirit and matter, is told in his manifold

¹ The so-called spirit of Luther at a séance.

writings, and helps to explain the solid judgment, and shrewd insight into human affairs, that characterised this most spiritual mind, and enabled him to give to the world the shrewd humour and worldly wisdom of the 'Answers to Correspondents,' while living continually in an atmosphere of spiritual imaginings.

CHAPTER II.

JAMES SMITH'S 'FORBEARS.'

'JOHN, lawful son to John Smith, weaver¹ in Strathaven, born the 26th day of August 1765; and Janet, daughter to James Thomson, portioner² in Burnbrae, born the 17th and baptised the 30th day of December 1776,' as extracted from the Register of the parish of Avondale, were the parents of James. His grandmother on the Smith side was one Margaret Steuart, from whom he may have inherited his quick and highly imaginative Celtic temperament; while his grandmother on the mother's side was Janet Leiper. Through this Leiper or Naper or Napier, as the name is indifferently spelled in old records, the family claimed relationship with the Napiers, then of Kype and now of Letham, into whose family his elder brother afterwards married. But the families on all sides were very voluminous. On the death of Janet Leiper, James Thomson married a second time one Janet Findlay, a large family resulting; while the other grandfather was also twice married, first to one Bannerman. This grandfather had a mill on the Avon, and a comfortable house, both of which figure in James' earlier sketches; but so far as we can discover, the grandfather, no more than the father, was gifted with business qualities, and could not have left much worldly gear to his numerous descendants. All, however, were apparently connected with Avondale, and must have been so for a lengthened period. To the last the memories of the family turned towards Strathaven, around which and

¹ He would now be termed a manufacturer.

² A joint-heir of house property.

its old castle their most romantic associations were entwined. A story is told of one of their ancestors who held a farm under the Duke of Hamilton, and whose progenitors had done so for such a lengthened period, that the feeling towards His Grace was that of a clansman to his chief. The ducal family, in one of their spells of enforced retrenchment, had returned from abroad, and the *Duchess Anne*, with her family, took up her residence in Strathaven Castle. Thence the servants took the children daily walks about the country, and frequently called at this farmhouse, where the fresh air and sharp walk gave them all healthy appetites. At this time they had introduced the French style of dress, low bodies and short sleeves, and this half-clad appearance, coupled with the ravenous appetites, and the whispered unsatisfactory state of their finances, satisfied the good folk that their proprietor was indeed poor, and even wanting the necessaries of life. When the rent day came round, the goodman received explicit directions to keep his eyes about him, and to be sure to let his goodwife know if there were any signs of poverty in the castle. To his sorrow he found the Duchess Anne as half clad as her family, and returned with such a doleful account of the state of matters, that he was thereupon despatched back again with a web of homespun, as the most useful present from a sympathising friend!

One of the Thomsons displayed such a remarkable talent for art, that he was despatched to Italy by his friends, there to receive a thorough training. Upon his return he practised mainly portrait painting, and this with remarkable success and unquestionable skill, until his mind seems ultimately to have given way. Striking examples of his skill and talent are to be seen in the portraits of my granduncle, Captain Knox, and my grandmother, Mrs Napier, now in Letham House; but, owing to the carelessness of his friends, the bulk of his finest efforts were destroyed. My father discovered upwards of seventy canvasses hopelessly stuck together and ruined with damp in the house of the artist's

brother, a writer in Strathaven; and unless a number are preserved in Hamilton Palace, as has been stated, this fine artist is but poorly represented at the present day. A taste for art, however, was a marked characteristic of the family, and, as we shall see, had a strong influence upon James' life. These being his immediate ancestors, James Smith was the third child and second son of John Smith and Janet Thomson, and was born Sabbath evening, 22nd November 1801, at No. 17 Drygate, Glasgow. Such is the entry in the family Bible, where subsequent entries are very numerous. What with this rapidly increasing family and misfortune in business, the prospects of the young lads could not have been bright. The father ascribed his misfortune to the malversation of an employee, and followed him to America at one time; but certain it is he never recovered his position, and latterly relied mainly upon the assistance of his sons.

Much has been said in a critical spirit of his father by James, who seems to have felt more keenly than the others the antagonistic elements of his old Puritanic temper of mind; but if he had not much of the world's gear to give them, and if he preserved a sternness of rule that was almost tyrannical, 'spoiling the language of the family,' yet he inculcated principles of stern integrity, stimulated the ambition and aided the studies of his sons so far as lay in his power, and was unquestionably a somewhat harsh, but altogether wholesome, influence in the simple Scottish household. The blunder of his life was in his earnest desire and endeavour to push all his children into the pulpit; while the severity of a Scottish household of those days prevented that unfettered interchange of conversation amongst the young, in which the faculty of oral exposition is created. It seems reasonable to give him full credit for this desire. He saw the dangers of a business life, without capital or special business aptitude, and with his deeply earnest religious mind he naturally turned to the church as the proper outlet for young men, all of whom early developed the faculty of acquir-

ing the knowledge of the schools with facility. But he did not cultivate their language, and he could not control the bias of the great-brained boys, who could never get bonnets to go on their enormous heads. None of them ever could speak even fairly well, and most of them refused to think like their neighbours! Thinking machines without expression, and clerical candidates who would persist in criticising the church articles—how could room be found for them in the fold?

Room could not be found for them. Their earnestness and sincerity, their great learning, their philosophic insight, were not wanted except when on the rails, and on the orthodox rails they could not keep. As teachers, as *unorthodox* clergymen, and as litterateurs, they fretted out their day upon the stage, unable to secure for the most part that place among their fellows that their intellectual powers told them ought to be theirs.

The father himself ultimately was carried over into the camp of Edward Irving, into which several of his family followed and preceded him. In this section of the Episcopal Church he latterly held the position of a lay preacher, and was said to have spoken with much acceptance, as was to be anticipated from the deeply earnest nature of the man. But he was comparatively uneducated, although well read, and subjected himself to the critical assaults of his sons, whose education he had stimulated to the utmost. His portrait is that of a man of incisive mind, but of narrow sympathies—quite a typical puritanical face—and he does not seem to have gained the affection, although he secured the respect, of his large and active-minded family. That he was a man of great mental and physical activity, although unable to produce important tangible results therefrom, has been clearly proved to us. His friends dreaded his evening calls, as he kept walking round the room, in the excitement of the intellectual combats so common in Scotland in those days, to the ruin of the treasured carpets of the good ladies of the

household! He transmitted to his family his remarkable peregrinating powers, being himself able to walk thirty miles at a stretch when he was upwards of 70. He died at the goodly age of 78; and just before his death sent St Paul's blessing to his son James, towards whom at the end he turned in spirit. But if from the father the family received little but Celtic fervour, and great—if ill-regulated—energy, from the mother they obtained all the finer regulating influences of their lives, and to her they looked with a depth of affectionate veneration, which the beautifully calm Saxon face of the wise and patient woman amply justified. Gentle and brave, she endured all the trials of fortune with sublime equanimity, conducted her Christian household with skilful and intelligent thrift, and ever breathed an atmosphere of love and self-sacrifice, all the more striking because it was apparently unconscious. 'Ah! my mother was the hero of the family' exclaimed Dr Robert Angus Smith, F.R.S., who, like his brother James, inherited much of the beautiful spirit of the mother, along with the father's energy more wisely directed. Janet Thomson, as we recollect her in her widowed age, had the charm of calm content in her large, soft Scotch face,—the content that comes from a mind and body incapable of the pettiness of fretting, that has lived a life of duty and devotion, unselfish, because unselfish. She appears before us now, as she long appeared, an impersonation of beautiful old age; with a rich tint still upon her soft cheeks, her well-doing hands clad in the long black mittens of the period. When we learned shortly after that her gentle spirit had passed away during sleep, without pain, at the age of 75, we thought it the most natural ending in the world.

In a letter to Lady Lytton, of date 25th November 1853, James writes:—

"When I last wrote I had a mother; now I have none; I am an orphan. I thought my days of tear-shedding were over, and that I could meet sorrow with a dry eye. But the

tears are ever standing when I think of my lost friend. She was a good creature, gentle, kind and calm in reasoning or expostulating; and though she had many trials, she had many compensations, in a long and peaceful life. She died as she lived, without a murmur, and without a sigh, and without pain. Her last effort was to read a letter from me, in which I spoke of death, and the happiness of going where so many of our old friends and acquaintances have preceded us, and of the certainty of bettering our condition by death, especially after having spent a moral, a religious, and an affectionate life. It pleases me to think that she talked freely of death, and had no fear of it. It is the reward of a well-spent life to die thus.' 'She died as she lived, an uncomplaining spirit,' he writes again to his elder brother. But in this the children did not take entirely after the mother; in most the restless, fretful temper of the father cropped out, not in kicking violently against the pricks, but in chafing in a harness that would not fit, and champing the bit that a commonplace world had insisted upon putting in their unwilling mouths.

That their home was one of moral and intellectual refinement, in spite of its comparative poverty, is abundantly apparent. The resources of the Glasgow University Library were at the disposal of the students, and they took ample advantage of them. The two eldest were boys of eleven or twelve when they first joined the University; and while using their utmost endeavours to store their minds and acquire the necessary knowledge for their degrees, they completely cultivated that skill of hand and eye that both exhibited in different directions as they grew up. The severity of training and discipline to which James so frequently alludes did not include the tabooing of Art, to which throughout life he remained devotedly attached, at one time to the danger of his other love—letters. The necessity for severe application soon made close attention to study a second nature with the boys; and James, however

unwillingly, acknowledges the advantages of the home atmosphere, that must yet otherwise have cramped his æsthetic development.

'I know many pure-minded men who never gave utterance to an impure thought. I was reared amongst such men under very severe discipline. But then the purity was produced by bigotry, which was a great evil, a tyranny, but a moral tyranny. Though I have lost my bigotry, and in fact always protested against its excess, I have a respect for its moral influence. I suppose I never once in my whole life gave utterance to a profane oath, and my speech has always been free from obscenity, immodesty, or indelicacy—scrupulously free, so that I even hate it.'

27th Sept.
1851.
Lady Lytton.

The mode of conducting the home remained the same, and when his youngest brother Joseph afterwards visited him in London—where he had gone to teach—the usual refuge of impecunious students—James rebelled against the training in his brother's case, that so incapacitated him from moving in the work-a-day world.

'Joseph has been about a fortnight with us. I sent him to St Thomas' Hospital. Mr Adams, whom he saw, said it was not a thing of any consequence if he took care of it. He also gave him an order for some medicine, but the obstinate creature would not take it. He went there, he said, just to please me, and did not want the medicine. An ominous beginning! Mic. had been persuading him not to go to the Hospital.¹ To see such ignorance in the heart of London is melancholy, and in teachers of youth, too! It was a stupid thing sending such a boy as Joseph for such a purpose. The boy has been shamed home. He is uncommonly ignorant of all the common realities of life. The very children must have laughed at him. I wanted to take him to the theatre, but he objected. Mic. had been persuading him against it. He told Garland he never read a play nor a novel in his life; and I question if he has even read a history

¹ A brother, and clergyman of the Irvingite communion.

or a newspaper. It is needless to come to England with such an education. This comes of strict religious notions! The boy should be roused up by some active employment immediately, or he will soon be spoiled—an employment that will cause him to speak a little, for he is as mute as a dumbie before strangers.'

Here we find a recapitulation of his own experience to some extent; and while seeking to give the lad, who was twenty years his junior, some insight into the great world of London, he ran counter in some respects to his own inner feelings, for he seems never to have quite escaped the deepest feeling that actors were an inferior race, and 'the play,' as ordinarily exhibited, was a comparatively degrading exhibition. Indeed, the next generation in provincial Scotland was really brought up, in so-called religious households, with similar sentiments; and we ourselves reached manhood ere we could enter a theatre without a sense of wrong-doing of an undefined but sufficiently distinct character.

The boyhood of the lads was occasionally varied by visits paid to their relatives at Strathaven during the holidays, visits that were in nowise serious undertakings to young men who inherited pedestrian powers of no mean order. The only records of this time left us are the efforts made to carry off the scenery James loved, in permanent colours, to his Glasgow home. These efforts show that he went direct to nature for his inspiration, and account for the freedom and absolute want of the mannerism of the time that early characterised his clever sketches. While his home influence was forcing his mind along the path of theology, his instincts were developing along a purely literary and artistic path; and these two paths, the one somewhat forced, the other natural, were ultimately to combine in as strange a mental phenomenon as it is well possible to conceive. Men of ordinary minds and ordinary tendencies were always aggravated at the mingled judgment and mysticism, worldly

sagacity and childish simplicity, that arose from this attempt to force a powerful intellect into a special groove.

The tendency of the time in Scotland was such as it is difficult to conceive in this comparatively materialistic age. Religious questions were still discussed with an acrimony and keenness of which we have little experience. The letter of the Bible was still a point to be fought for, and a new translation a positive sacrilege. A ferment that culminated in many great religious movements stimulated all men of serious minds to the most subtle theological disputations. Prophecy was a fertile source of argument, and the 'number of the Beast' divided with the 'year of the millennium,' the labours of skilful mathematical intelligencies. In these labours, James Smith plunged with all the perfervid energy of his race, and his particular branch of it. An able mathematician, he, along with his close friend, afterwards Dr James Napier, Letham, my mother's brother, filled MS. volumes with abstruse calculations on these questions, at that time looked upon as of vital religious importance. The coterie of Smiths and Napiers at Glasgow College, gathered around them youth of like mind with themselves; and the Misses Napier, who came down to Glasgow to learn cookery at the 'Black Bull Inn,' as was then the fashion of the time, met their brother's fellow-students in their company. Amongst these the figure of the late Scott Russell, of 'Great Eastern' fame, stands out pre-eminent. He came in to solve all mathematical difficulties by means of his remarkable mathematical capacity, accompanied however by untidy habits of person, which sorely tried the patience of the young ladies.

James retained to the last his love for mathematical calculations; and in his astrological and prophetic vagaries, figures were to him indued with a vitality and individuality that made even such ordinarily-passive instruments dangerous in the grasp of his powerful imagination. His erudition was early remarked upon by his companions, who looked upon James, long ere he left Scotland, as 'a dungeon of

learning.' His power of acquiring knowledge must have been remarkable indeed ; as, notwithstanding the difficulties inseparable from his career as a student, obliged to be self-supporting to an extent, his diploma from the University of Glasgow is dated 1818, when he was but seventeen years of age. For a year previous to this, our father, James' senior by a year, had become the main support of the family as a teacher, and it was while a master in the Lauriston Academy that he worked out his college classes and completed his degree. So soon as James completed his curriculum he too became a tutor, when he was not employed as a 'probationer,' the name given in Scotland to unplaced divinity students who are licensed to preach.

His life at this time, like that of most of his brothers, must have been one of persistent self-education, as well as study towards his college degree. At eighteen, he painted with great skill and much originality, while his application to Hebrew enabled him subsequently to earn his livelihood as a Hebrew teacher, during his strange career at Ashton-under-Lyne. But, throughout the lives of himself and brothers, they were pure students to the end. Study was to them an end more than a means. It was not the instrument by which they were to earn a livelihood, but to a large extent the be-all and end-all of their existence. A living of a kind was necessary in the strange and absurd constitution of this world here below, but knowledge was not for to-day, it was for ever, and the only terrible reality was *truth* !

Thus antagonistic to a world that demands attention, and declines to be spurned on our way to a better, no wonder that James found himself constantly at loggerheads with all ordinary worldly surroundings ; and that although he was enabled from time to time to give liberally to his relatives out of his small earnings, he was content to live to the end of his laborious career as a being 'providentially provided for.'

Yet there must have been many a great struggle between the two sides of his being ere he came to accept this posi-

tion with fatalistic serenity. His artistic nature loved the beautiful as well as the good, and his large heart sought for sympathy and affection. How he ultimately decided to receive these, and how he became the great and honourable confidant of the 'British female' hankering after a fuller life, and struggling in the bonds of a great world that was too much for her, his letters and theirs tell for themselves. He entered Glasgow University a lad of eleven, he left it with honour and distinction a youth of seventeen. His acquirements and powers entitled his friends to look to him for great things in the profession he had chosen, but they were soon dismally disappointed.

CHAPTER III.

TUTOR AND 'PROBATIONER.'

A TROOP of boys, all educated, or in course of education, for the ministry, refusing to run in the confined harness at that time provided for Scottish Churchmen, and without any special gift of public oral exposition—what was to be done with them?

Had they been weaker men, or more commonplace minds, the answer would have been easier. But, aware of their intellectual power, as all men of capacity are, and strongly fixed in their opinions, it soon became apparent that the question was not what was to be done for or with them, but what were they to do with themselves?

The first haven they were forced into by stress of weather was, of course, teaching, and as masters or tutors the lads went forth hither and thither over the country. It seems impossible to follow James' course at this time, although he must have had a wide experience as a tutor and 'probationer.' At the end of 1826 we find him in Edinburgh teaching the family of a Mr Hagart, but not living in the house with his pupils. With this family he remained till 1829, indeed until he left Scotland, and with the members of the family he carried on a voluminous correspondence almost to the end. Previously he had been at Carfin, to which he frequently refers.

'I was down at Leith the other day calling at Mr Dunlop's; they were all very kind, and expressing their high satisfaction with the way in which I brought George

9th Nov.
1826.

forward; he had been telling them only a few days before I called that he had been more indebted to me than (to) any of his teachers for his knowledge of Latin.'

We do not hear much about his preaching or sermon writing, but occasionally a short notice refers to it incidentally. 'I preached at Dunfermline Sunday eight days; it is a splendid church, but excessively difficult to speak in; the voice is quite lost in the "vast void." Campbell is doing well; I was agreeably surprised at the progress of some of his pupils, and the patrons are all on the best terms with him.'

'Pollock is there just now preparing his work for the press. By this time I believe the manuscript copy will be in the hands of Mr Blackwood, the printer; it is to be called *The Course of Time*. Without either preface or notes will it come forth into public being. . . . I live here almost as retired as in Carfin. Nobody has interrupted my solitude yet but Uncle James from Straven, who was here upon Friday and Monday last, to be made a notary-public, which he now is. It cost him £38.' This is the James Thomson who continued to take a friendly interest in him thereafter.

Js. Thomson,
Writer.

'I was employed for two days after I came to town seeking out lodgings for myself. But after I had fixed upon a small apartment, which was to cost me 7s. per week, including fire, I called upon Mr Boyd, at Heriot's Hospital, who strongly recommended me to board with an acquaintance of his, Mr Grieve, who is clerk to the Hospital, and with whom I could get an elegant bedroom and the use of a parlour, good board, and good company, for £20 for six months. I rather disliked this proposal at first, as being expensive and disagreeable; but when I began to calculate fairly, I changed my mind and agreed. I have many advantages in Mr Grieve's. They burn the coals of the Hospital, and in that case there is no economising; we have the most blazing ingles from 8 in the morning till 11 at night; they have

their candle free too, so that we have abundance of light and heat. The house is in a very genteel and central situation in the new buildings, North Bridge, and is so well furnished that my acquaintances have all been astonished at my elegant and extravagant apartments. I never was so comfortably situated anywhere.' The cost of rooms or board has not much changed since the period he mentions, sixty years ago. Again he writes:—'I am very throng writing sermons and reading Italian. I am reading Dante's *Inferno*. He has got most singular notions of hell and its punishments—quite terrific—more appalling even than fire itself, taken in its literal meaning.'

It was thus clear that he was working in no narrow groove of Scottish ecclesiasticism, but going afield for his information, and adding to his linguistic acquirements. Even at this time he has really developed the peculiar semi-sarcastic and yet by no means unkindly humour that afterwards more especially distinguished him. 'I have no intention at present of moving from my present quarters at Christmas, and do not relish much the idea of travelling at this unpleasant season merely for pleasure, for all the consolation I would be likely to reap from it would be a few pining reflections by the way on the pleasure of being at home, and a greater relish for my own little bedroom when I came back. A very unpleasant feeling it must be on the top of a coach in this weather; and what is most ridiculous, you must pay for suffering it, not unlike the headache of a drunkard in a morning, which of itself is unpleasant enough, but doubly so from the mortifying consideration that it cost him two or three shillings to obtain it. From such moralising as this I have come to the resolution of remaining at home; so that if all be well, you may confidently hope to see me in Edinburgh, unless you be withheld from making the journey by the same arguments which operate on me. If I come at all to see you in Perth, it must be in May, when gloomy winter has retreated to the poles, her own dreary and deso-

James to
John.

late dwelling, when the leaves shall again be peeping forth from the buds into which they had retreated from fear of her fury ; then I daresay one may venture north without much regret. But now, during the reign of the gowl December, the king of the north pole, as I may call him, if I were disposed to travel at all, it would be south to get out of his reach ; for which reason I firmly hope that all I have said about my motives for remaining at home will have no effect upon you, as your motion hitherward will be almost directly south.'

' You will no doubt all be busily engaged on the composition of this wonderful geographical work which is to astonish the country with cheapness at least, if not with any other good quality. But cheapness in a season of adversity like this is certainly one of the best qualities that a new publication can have, and sufficiently able to hide as great a number of faults as charity itself. I am rather astonished, however, that you have made no communication to me upon the subject, as I was duly elected one of the copartnership in your little subterranean eating-house, where I got the pork and the toddy without paying for them, as the Christian Philosopher himself can testify. The Christian Philosopher's friend, Mr Macarrow, who honoured us with his company at Lennie's that night, is quite an apostle now, according to Mr Grieve. He moves about from place to place and from shore to shore, for he crosses the water even to Fife to Swedenborghise the world ; speaks with the utmost warmth upon the subject of the new church doctrines, and clearly demonstrates with the loudest eloquence their sublime and supernatural efficiency toward the purification of the heart and the reformation of the life.' We have here an account of his introduction to two very different sides of life. The 'subterranean' eating-house, or more correctly drinking-house, was a remarkable institution in Perth for many a day. There several generations met to discuss the affairs of the world, the church, and the Fair City, over

24th Jan.
1827.

potations that only iron constitutions and remarkably strong heads could stand for any length of time. Fourteen tumbler men were the rule and not the exception, and the youth soon learned to imitate the ways of the elders, to an extent that seriously influenced the future of a large proportion of the young men, with otherwise quite an exceptional capacity for doing the world's work. The introduction to it had, however, as little influence upon James Smith as had apparently the Swedenborghian doctrines to which, with all his spiritualistic tendencies, he does not seem ever to have leaned. He classed it with the 'other religions,' in all of which he acknowledged a certain amount of inspiration and divine truth.

It is interesting to note the same grievances as to bad times, and choking up of the professions then as now. After describing some of his friends, who are about to take medical diplomas, each 'to pilgrimage through the country in search of patients, praying no doubt for the increase of human sufferings, that he may the more easily and abundantly procure for himself his daily bread,' he proceeds—'I doubt that the young surgeons have as doleful a prospect before them as the clergy. They are much more numerous in proportion to the number of their patients, for though not one out of ten may require the advice or consolation of a surgeon or physician, all the population are under the instruction of the clergy, who notwithstanding are much fewer in number.

'Pollock has got his poem published at last, but as it is only over twelve days old it has not yet been noticed in any of the periodical publications. He made me a present of a copy, but I cannot favour you with a reading for some time, as I have lent it to Mr Dunlop's family, and have also promised it to some others. It is a very beautiful piece of composition, very much resembling Blair's *Grave* in the style and manner.' His intimacy with Pollock was very close, and he left a very fine and spirited charcoal portrait of

the young poet, taken evidently about this time. Unfortunately it has got much rubbed and mutilated through want of care and perhaps want of interest, for the development of James' mind soon caused him to view *The Course of Time* with very different feelings, as the lines he wrote at the end of the above copy fully testify. He paid a visit at this time unexpectedly to Perth during the absence of his brother, but having been kindly entreated by a colleague, remained a few days. He writes returning some articles he had borrowed, and continues—'I have also sent a copy of Boyd's specimens of his pupils' poetry to Mr Hamilton. He has written the gentleman's name upon it, and esquired him, contrary to my request. Boyd was positive, saying it was proper, but I do not think that Hamilton will like the designation very well, for, if I may guess from his nice religious scruples, he is a most uncorrupted and uncorruptible descendant, or rather remnant, of the old covenanters.' Mr Hamilton was English master in the Perth Academy, and as a rule would now-a-days be addressed as esquire, in spite of the absurdity of the application to a learned but not a knightly profession! 'I preached for Jock Aiton at Dolphington last Sunday. Jock was exceedingly happy when I made my appearance, as he was newly come from Edinburgh unprepared, and just meditating upon an extempore lecture upon grace, which he was designing to give his people. What a small church he has got. If you were to take a 'ram race' you might jump upon the top of it. The gown is put on in the churchyard for want of a vestry.' Writing by a friend who was going to preach in Perth, he shows that he is still the poor 'probationer.' 'I left a shirt at Perth which you would do well to return, as my stock of linen is not over abundant. If you could well want *Cook's Geography*, or *Mosheim*, I should be glad of one or other of them, as I am not very well provided with books here, being connected with no library.' We suspect our father did not send either, probably from sentimental motives. *Cook's*

29th May
1827.21st Dec.
1827.

Geography, a fine work in two large volumes with admirable plates, was the first book our father had ever purchased from his own earnings, these being 30s. won at the University by playing marbles! Marbles in those days were marbles, costing two a halfpenny, and our father's skill was so great that he could not only keep himself supplied, but dispose of a large superfluity. I still remember his marvellous skill, when, after forty years of disuse, he occasionally deigned to show us boys how marbles might be played. These reminiscences must be strange to a 'University Man' of the present day, but it must be borne in mind that John and James were respectively twelve and eleven when they first donned the scarlet collegiate gown!

He seems to have been severely tried during these years with Mr Hagart. 'I shall only have one holiday, or two at the most, about this time, as my boys are such constant housekeepers that they spend all their play days within doors, pestering the servants, quarrelling with each other, and for that reason it is with no small reluctance that they were permitted to enjoy a relaxation from lessons. Even though it were for nothing else than to confine them within the schoolroom, and to stand with my back to the door with the poker in my hand to keep them from getting out, my presence would be required during the holidays. I have a strong fancy among my other instructions to teach them earnestly the good policy of going out of doors upon these occasions, as a means of making their play days more numerous; they seem to have no idea of any amusement except fishing, therefore as soon as they came from the country they set about preparing tackle for next summer; and when that is done they will sit down and sigh, and mope, and long for the day of their emission from city smoke and puddle, where neither a puddock* or a scur would deign to take up its abode. I would not be surprised though they would set stabgut in the street gutters if they were sure of catching vermin,—so amazingly fond are they of hooking

Frog.*

living creatures.' He seems to have had no idea of outdoor games or amusements himself, nor to have imagined it his duty to show his pupils how to make a sensible use of a holiday other than by lessons: when out of doors—and he had a keen zest for the country and a quick eye for country life—it was to utilise his time in artistic cultivation.

He thus missed the practical training so advantageous to a man of the world; and this he never became, although shrewdness and common-sense in the ordinary affairs of life were his whenever he deigned to descend to them.

'I received yours, in which I find that you have received the brass plate which I ordered from Mr T——. The stupid fellow sent it directly to Perth, addressing to ——; he is as complete a gowk¹ as ever I saw in a public business such as his, which requires so much taste and discrimination. I spent about half an hour attempting to make him understand that *I* was not you and that you were not *I*; but after all, like Tristram Shandy's mother, who was told every day for twenty years that the world ran round about (but always forgot it)—after all, the intractable animal sent it to Perth, and I have never seen it—how, then, could I write a letter along with it?

2nd Feb.
1838.

There is a keener touch of sarcasm in his letters at this time than would have been anticipated from an especially kindly nature; but, as was the habit of the time in Scotland, he probably used it as a cloak to his mental sufferings at times. 'I heard of Mr Fleming's death from you for the first time. I had just a day or two before wrote (*sic*) my father inquiring about him, and asking if I might write him a letter, which Bowie proposed I should do. I don't think I heard of his being in the asylum, neither could I understand from the ambiguous construction of your sentence whether he died there or not. It is just as well that he is dead, poor fellow; for as his mind was growing a complete wreck, he would have been thrown immediately back upon

¹ A stupid person, properly a cuckoo!

his father's house, where he would only have added another to the list of maniacs which are there already. I hope he has immersed into a world of greater tranquillity and clearer perception, where groundless suspicions and fears shall be unknown, in which no chemical aid shall ever be resorted to to allay his apprehensions of poisoned food. I fancy the blood-vessel burst in his brain, as that, to all appearance, was in great commotion. I was long of opinion that his indisposition arose almost wholly from chagrin and disappointment, and that a church or a good living of any kind would have set him right, for he was particularly severe upon the character of all who had got before him. Well, Smith says he began to grow mad as soon as he came from London, where he had expected to cast a figure and drive a way for himself. But, whatever his faults were, let them rest now where, like himself, "they cease from troubling," an expression which, though in Job it is affirmed of the wicked only, may in some sense be affirmed of all.'

The remarkable success of his friend Pollock's poem is here adverted to. Although less than two months since it was issued, 'Since I came to Edinburgh a second edition of *The Course of Time* has been printed and sold, and orders are issued for a third. Pollock will amply remunerate his friends now for all their expense in his education.'

He writes our father at this time a letter rebelling against his supposed claim to special consideration. The fact was, that our father at an early age had sacrificed himself for his father's family, by leaving aside his hopes of a church and entering the scholastic profession—first in Lauriston Academy, Glasgow, and afterwards in Perth Academy—so as to secure a settled income from which he could, and did, support his own parents, and push on his brothers. But as he was only a year older than James, the latter had always too much self-respect to feel under an obligation; and so soon as he was in a position to do so, readily accepted his share of the family responsibility. It showed the mutual confidence of

the young men that, at the end of a defiant letter, he asks for the loan of a few pounds: 'I have been meditating for two or three days upon taking a trip to the Border to canvass likewise, but they are such turbulent animals the Presbyterians there, that it is dangerous to be among them. The Presbyterians are best in Scotland with the sword of ecclesiastical authority brandishing over their heads; they are not civilised enough for liberty and independence. Liberty is for perfect beings, and law, and strict law too, for fallible men; and that is the reason why Whigs, and all your universal suffrage gentlemen, who are universally allowed to have a most extravagant conceit of themselves and the rabble, scarcely allowing that they are even capable of error, and exhibiting themselves (of course) and their disciples, the mob, consisting of colliers, cobblers, pawnbrokers, shear-grinders, weavers, caddies, and all idle and discontented scoundrels, including Paddies of every description, as the models of perfect and finished humanity; that is the reason I say why these gentlemen love liberty, because they fancy themselves to be above law. But seeing they are obliged to constitute a nominal head and delegate their authority to him, no sooner does he begin to exercise it over them than they cry out, 'We are the masters, you are our servant, sir—we won't be ruled;' and so they supplant the poor soul by another, and thus the Jingo-ring goes rapidly round, till some master spirit jumps in amongst them, ties all their necks together like a parcel of slaves, and whips them into obedience—their natural element. Never a Whig ministry can keep their ground in this country; they have had chance after chance to no purpose, and the reason is obvious, because among fifty Whigs there are fifty different opinions, but among fifty Tories, one.' The reign of eloquent 'Tribunes of the People' had not then set in, and party government had not reached its present development, when great principles no longer influence our political leaders, and 'statesmanship' consists not in far-seeing measures, but in

expediency, political necromancy, and the open bribery of an extending constituency.

But a great mental evolution was about to commence. With the soil carefully prepared to receive the seeds of vivifying doctrines, a severe and extended study of the letter as well as the spirit of the Scriptures developing his critical as well as his spiritual intellect, James Smith was now to meet one of the greatest influences of the time. Had he been more a man of the world, or less of a student, it would not have been of so much consequence; but one who could write as we have seen about Presbyterians, was necessarily on the verge of leaving them behind him.

10th June
1826.

Irving.

‘I have not yet escaped from the city, and will be here for several days yet; but I think it a very fortunate thing for myself that I have been detained so long, for I have heard Mr Irving’s lectures—lectures which have fully confirmed me in an opinion which I was beginning to adopt, or rather had already adopted, before his arrival, viz., the personal reign of Christ during the millennium, which, of course, is just at hand. The subject is of such importance that I need not ask or recommend you to study it, but when you do, read no commentators; I do not believe there is a blessing upon the reading of human productions, and that unjustifiable, yet almost general dependence which moderns place upon learned men.’ Here follows advice as to reading the Scriptures, and a great array of texts to show the approach of the millennium, or a redeemed state of the earth. ‘Your prejudices may go against it at first, but do not listen to them till you have fairly pondered the matter, for the clergy have sadly bewildered the Scripture, by mixture of philosophy and classical learning, making a body of divinity a monstrous and intricate labyrinth. Although our Saviour says it is nothing more than good news of the kingdom, and his preaching was just “Repent, for the kingdom cometh.” There is nothing else; the death and resurrection of our

Saviour, of course, are important parts of our creed, but they were merely preliminaries to the grand consummation of the whole in the kingdom. We are saved by the same faith as Abraham and the prophets, and they looked forward to the kingdom. The thief on the cross was saved by faith in the kingdom, "Lord remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom."

Despising and scoffing at the liberty of the Whigs, he equally rebelled and repudiated the domination of the clergy. He had studied deeply, and found himself no nearer to his God, and had to return in simplicity to this novel faith that was so old, but still was a *faith*—the belief in the millennium, and the personal reign of Christ. Henceforth, for a time, his mind was in a state of turbulence and dangerous excitation, and it is more than probable that, like many more at that time, it was on the verge of being unhinged.

A few days later he writes to his father in still more excited strain:—

'I write you now again to let you know that I sent you £20, that, in case of miscarriage, you may be advertised of it. I have also sent you the "Cry from the Desert," and if I can get any other pamphlet upon the subject will enclose it also; but you must return them after you have perused them. I hope that by this time you have considered and received the long-concealed truth which the Scriptures contain regarding the kingdom of the saints upon the earth. If you have not, be not hasty in rejecting it, as such precipitation must be very dangerous.' After a tirade against divines, he continues:—'They have wrought themselves up into a most absurd belief that the Bible is only to be understood by spending wearisome days and wearisome nights in the reading and research of human productions; and, after all, when the research has been made, the poor don't understand them, and the rich won't listen.' Here follows more texts and explanations (from one of the same learned divines!), and he then launches into a style of argument

15th June
1828.

which always seems to have had an undue fascination for, and hold over, his analogical mind. 'He says also to the Jews, "There be some standing here who shall not see death till they see the Son of Man coming in his kingdom," or in another passage, 'the end of the world.' Now we know that the end of the world did not happen at the destruction of Jerusalem—neither the coming of Christ in the clouds! But this is easily understood by considering the character of prophecy in general, which is all twofold (as Isaiah says of his prophecies, not one of them shall want its *mate*), typical and antitypical. Wherefore you also see type and antitype, as it were, confounded together in Scripture; by this key, however, you may separate them. For the same reason the kingdom of heaven was said to come at the destruction of Jerusalem, because it is really to come at the destruction of the mystical Babylon, which is the antitype of the first Babylon; of course, all the prophecies in the Old Testament regarding Babylon refer to both (for this reason, Cyrus is a type of Christ, the destroyer of the second Babylon). Regarding the state of the nations under him not much is said; we may anticipate from this doctrine the speedy conversion of the Jews.'

Is this merely the ordinary result of religious enthusiasm kicking against the dead formality of the sects, and grasping at a great spiritual reality behind the outward form of the Christian creeds? Will it beat its wings off against the dull wall of the world and drop to the usual level, or end in an asylum—the place we have agreed to confine those who depart too far, or to a dangerous degree, from the recognised standard of human mentality—a standard in itself sufficiently vague to cover a multitude of aberrations? It is a question how far this strange mind could be judged by any standard; and even now, looking back in unprejudiced generosity upon this period of his career, we could not say honestly how far his mode of looking at the unreality of the physical world, and the desperate reality of types and

symbols, swayed his actions; or a most dangerous turmoil in the higher regions of his great brain, that might well have produced lasting inflammatory conditions.

It would appear that at this time he had a strong and living faith in the Scriptures, while fully acknowledging their literal inaccuracies and physical errors; yet his unorthodoxy was rapidly growing and maturing. This was not from unbelief, but largeness of faith. He looked upon the Church as unbelieving, and with much justice—a view that was then becoming universal, that culminated in England in the Oxford movement of 1833, in order to save the English Church from the assault of Rome on the one side and infidelity on the other; and that produced in Scotland the great awakening that preceded and followed the Free Church movement.

In the meantime, the powerful preaching of Irving was greatly influencing the finer minds of the time, and a letter to his father shows the bias of his religious views—a bias that through all the struggle of his literary life, in spite of the shrewdness and judgment of his business and worldly intellect, remained the ruling influence of his career. He carried his father and many of his father's family into the Irvingite camp—and left them there—for nothing to him was final, all was progressive.

15th June
1828.

CHAPTER IV.

PREACHING UNIVERSAL REDEMPTION. IRVING.

THE opinions of a mind in course of development may be considered of little value in themselves, nor are they, except as a link in the chain of progress. But a mind that is not in course of development is unworthy of consideration, and the stage at which any active mind has arrived must represent the ultimate development of many human intelligences progressing thitherward from a lower stage. Therefore it is that the honest and sincere convictions of any human being, and the mode in which they have been arrived at, are of interest to the student of philosophy, as well as of men and manners—and still more so when he is a man of exceptional brain-power and unquestionable attainments.

We will not, therefore, apologise for transcribing letters that seem, in the light of sixty years after, and in the midst of the materialistic present, as unreasonable as they did to 'sensible' men in a time of indifference, formalism, and practical unbelief. For the religious world of the time approximated to the geological, in its belief in former cataclysms and violent revolutionary movements, while they scoffed at the possibility of their repetition at the present time. The public believed that the Christian world owed its formation to the direct interposition of the Divine mind over a period, just as the modern world had been prepared for modern civilisation by the violent action of fire and water over cycles. But that any direct interposition of the

Divine mind should take place now was as impossible for them to imagine as a flood, or any cosmic catastrophe, till the great day they all believed in with a half-hearted, dead-and-alive sort of indifference, when the heavens should be rolled together like a scroll, and the world consumed with fervent heat. This was too far away to disturb the equanimity of minds struggling to obtain their daily bread.

The position of average orthodoxy was really untenable. It preached half the time from ancient prophecy, as if the Almighty had ceased to justify His ways to man, and looked upon His message already delivered as final. It was nothing that ancient revelation covered centuries and was progressive—it stopped absolutely with Jesus Christ. No one dared reason from the past as to the present, until the 'false prophets' arose—with religious Sir Charles Lyells—and declared that the Almighty still held communion with his people as of old, that a Church of loaves and fishes was not the Church of Christ, and that the coming 'kingdom' was a living reality; no parson's story, but a people's hope. A serious position this for a poor tutor to take up, with his daily bread depending upon the continuance of his constituents; and therefore James Smith was about to enter upon a struggle with the orthodox, commonplace world, in which his success was only to be proportioned to his neglect of his own mission and transient devotion to the world he was not in sympathy with. Meantime he enters into the struggle with confidence. 'I am like to become an author soon in spite of myself, and not unsupported by friends who encourage me to do so, and will be able to defend me against any hazard to which I may be exposed. This I tell, however, in confidence, not to justify myself, for I seek no justification, I am confident of having the truth to support, but to quiet any alarm which you may feel for me—in maintaining opinions at variance with the clergy—Mr Irving has desired me to send up whatever I write upon the subject to London, and he and numerous friends of all ranks, whom

5th Nov.
1828.

I could name, are willing to superintend the printing, and spend and be spent in any way for the propagation of these opinions.'

His present views were looked upon by his friends at that time very much as they would be to-day. His friend, Mr Bowie, writes to our father from Edinburgh:—

22nd Dec.
1828.

'I am sorry to inform you that your brother James is far from being well. He has just been calling for me, and I cannot better explain to you the nature of his complaint than by describing to you something of his conversation. He has learned, he says, from the prophecies that Christ's second coming is just at hand, that He is to come and take up his abode in Edinburgh, that Arthur's Seat is the Mount of Olives, &c. A few days ago I chanced to call for him, when he assured me that he had that day discovered a key to the whole of Scripture, and so persuaded was he of its efficacy, and that some great crisis was approaching, that he had determined to go to London to communicate his views to Mr Irving—that he had actually gone and made enquiry respecting the sailing of the packets, and that if there had been a steamboat he would assuredly have taken out his passage that day. I have also learned that he has been calling on a clergyman in Edinburgh with a view to make a convert of him to his views, and I am assured by a mutual friend—for I am not acquainted with the clergyman myself—that the impression produced upon his mind by the interview was, that his friends should be immediately informed of his situation. You will easily see that my only object in mentioning these things is to satisfy you that I do not write upon light grounds. I am fully persuaded now that it is not a mere fit of enthusiasm with him, but that he is the victim of a real disease which is gradually increasing, and the progress of which ought, if possible, to be checked by the most speedy and vigorous measures, and I am happy to say that he is in some degree sensible of his situation. He confessed to me to-night, when I was expostulating with him

on the folly of allowing his mind to be led away by such fancies, that he was aware his mind was in a strange state ; but, he added, I cannot help it—some evil spirit has got possession of me. He is averse from talking upon any subject but that of the prophecies, but when he does so he is perfectly sensible, and coherent, and collected. And therefore, although I know he has been writing to you of late, yet being on business I think it very possible that you may still be ignorant of the true state of his mind. . . . Your brother is an old and very esteemed friend of mine, and in writing this I only do for him what I would wish to be done for myself in similar circumstances, yet for obvious reasons I would not wish him to be informed of it. I am in great hopes that his malady is only in its incipient state, and thus it may still be successfully resisted.'

In all probability my father went through to see him at this time and remonstrated with him, followed by letters in strong terms of condemnation of his conduct, which roused his brother's holy ire. To throw away all chance of preferment and worldly success in the profession he had chosen and been educated for, at such great cost and sacrifices to himself and his father's family, seemed no less than madness in the then condition of the family. My father was then about to be married ; and to have this additional anxiety added to the support of his parent's home, and other brothers struggling forward, was no doubt exasperating ; nor were his fears other than justified during the next few years of James' life. His letters have not been preserved, but James' answers are before us, and very characteristic they are. 'I received your last letter in due time, interspersed, or rather concluding, with some of your useless and inconsiderate remarks upon Millenarianism, which it would be more creditable to yourself to suppress. You are not perfectly sure that they are wrong ; if you were so, you never studied the subject, according to your own confession, and what is still worse, have resolved never to study them. I can only

20th Mar.
1829.

pity you, and pray that you may be disabused of your folly. If you expect by sneers and laughter, or mere advice, to reason me out of them, I can only say that you are treating me with unmerited contempt. If you have any arguments I have no objection to hear them, but I shall be much obliged to you to send me nothing else. . . . I wrote to my father about his proposals to remove to Perth, but I gave no decided opinion. I only said that I could not see the propriety of it, and unless some great good is to be expected, why put the family to such a trouble, and why desert his two sisters who, though he can't be of much pecuniary use to them, will be made more comfortable by having him near themselves, than separated from them by a distance which they will never be able to measure, and he perhaps as seldom. I wish you could lend me two or three pounds till Whitsunday. At this moment I have not one single shilling. I have only one person from whom I can borrow here, and that is Mr Bowie, and I would rather defer borrowing from him at present, lest I should be under the necessity of applying to him again before the term. Have you got the memoirs of Jacobitism; if you have I wish you would look if anything is in it about Joanna Southcott, as I wish particularly to know her history.' This is the first reference to a name that was to exercise a powerful influence over his career. Otherwise the necessity for worldly wisdom in the family affairs, exemplified by this glimpse of his dependent father's house, and his own impecuniosity, surely excused a somewhat severe letter from the elder brother, who was the mainstay of the family! He sent the money requested, as we see from the notice of repayment, and evidently accompanied it with a strongly worded letter.

Joanna
Southcott.

14th April
1829.

'I have just now received your most extraordinary specimen of headstrong irritability and passion. . . . I never got such an abusive letter in my life, and I hope you may never send me such another. . . . You have attacked and vilified me before you know what I was doing, just as

you have all along opposed the millennium before you understood the doctrine.' After much more in the same style, in which the attempt to influence him without 'reasoning' with him is evidently the unkindest cut of all, he proceeds:— 'You accuse me of trusting to my own wisdom, and seem to imagine that my whole error lies in that. This is a downright lie, and the whole of your letter, taking it in mass, is little better; nay, I regard it as a piece of irreverence and presumption almost amounting to blasphemy—if it is not blasphemy itself—inasmuch as you have reviled and damned and maltreated doctrines which, for aught you know of them, may be divine. . . . If you are determined to disclaim me as a brother unless I abandon my present opinions, do it; for till I am convinced of their falsehood I will abjure ten thousand brothers before I would neglect such awful realities.'

The day was fast approaching when his relations, if they did not actually disown him, were to tacitly taboo his name as that of a brilliant and powerful intellect that had gone irretrievably astray.

'I am now once more landed in the country for nearly a fortnight past in rather a duller retreat than Carfin was, but pretty enough of itself. There is, however, nothing of interest to visit around, and no walk of any beauty more than a quarter of a mile in length. The house belongs to Principal Nicol of St Andrews, and we have his summer library for a school-room; there are several hundred volumes in it, but few of any high value. Since you wrote to me last I have been in England as far as York. I passed through several English towns, such as Carlisle, Penrith, Kendal, Lancaster, Bolton, Manchester, Leeds, Durham, and Newcastle, but I am miserably disappointed in their appearance. Newcastle is the finest of all these, and Glasgow would make a splendid metropolis to the whole of them. I would disdain to put Edinburgh into comparison with any of them. The chief thing I remarked about the English—now in this they cer-

Casterton
by Ford,
19th June
1829,
James to
John.

tainly far surpass us—is their cleanliness. I saw no such dirty hovels and streets as in Scotland; there seemed to be more equality between rich and poor. No doubt, however, this cannot hold so true in the great metropolis. Their windows were remarkably clean, and they seemed to be for ever scrubbing them. A thing which is never seen in Scotland is very frequent in England—female servants cleaning windows two or three storeys high. By a stupid neglect I went into England with Scotch money, and had nearly got into a scrape. I got a few notes, however, exchanged at Penrith by giving the waiter at the inn sixpence for each.’

The above trip, although he does not say so here to his brother, was taken in order to visit John Wroe, ‘the prophet’ of Ashton-under-Lyne, and successor to Joanna Southcote. He wrote his father in a different strain, but as he had already directed his father towards Irving, this sudden desertion to a new master, without his key—the partial truthfulness of all creeds and faiths—was scarcely acceptable to the one any more than to the other. ‘Perhaps I should have written to you sooner than this, but I had nothing particular to write that you would take any pleasure in hearing, or about which you have any desire to be informed. I was nearly a fortnight away altogether, and on my way to and from Ashton got a tolerably good idea of the character of England, which, in respect to the towns at least, I consider are infinitely beneath in beauty and substantiality to our own country.’

When he re-visited Scotland in 1852, after an absence of nearly a quarter of a century, he had forgotten his own country and become Cockneyised, and could not sufficiently express his surprise at the superiority in comfort, in fittings, and in substantiality of the Scottish houses of the same class.

He continues:—‘I was as far as York, of which I thought very little. I was four days at Ashton, and saw enough of the Prophet to convince me that his work is from God, and I pity the ignorance and infidelity of those who are so wise in

23rd June
1829.
James to
John.

their own conceit as to condemn him as an impostor before they know his doctrine or make any inquiries about it. "Despise not prophesyings," says St Paul, "prove all things;" but our modern church has so little faith that it laughs at the idea of a prophet, and yet it pretends to faith. It may as well pretend to miracles; it has as much of the one as the other.'

It is evident he is now as much self-absorbed in the new 'law' of 'the Prophet' as he was in the 'Gospel' of the millennium, and the news having reached his brother, called forth another strong letter from the same quarter. He stands up valiantly for his new friend and master, easily proving on scriptural grounds that he was justified at least in examining this claim to inspiration. It was at this time that he showed the slight tendency to dogmatism and persecution, so rarely absent from a religious enthusiast, and of which his liberal and Catholic mind was on the whole remarkably free.

Having taken a holiday from Mr Hagart's, in order to visit John Wroe, he was unable to get away on the occasion of our father's marriage; and what with his religious standpoint and the sharp letters intercrossing, a certain coldness had arisen on my father's side. 'I received yours, per James Napier, the style of which I perceive is now reduced nearly to the freezing-point, which is just what I have been expecting for some time past.' After his usual protestation against being lectured, he goes on to write in the most friendly manner regarding matters of interest to his brother professionally, continuing:—'I will send you the copy of the *Course of Time*, which I got from Pollok, if you give my father yours. Give my compliments to Jane (Mrs Smith), and tell her she owes me a letter, and that she is happily named Jane, for it is the feminine of John. Jean is the French for John, showing that in France the men are women.'

5th Dec.
1829.

Happily for the friendship of the brothers, our father had married into a family with whom all the young men were

intimate, the James Napier mentioned above being a brother of our mother, and an intimate friend, then and for some years after, of James Smith. It was impossible, indeed, to retain enmity against one who was so open-minded, and ready to argue and reason for the faith that was in him, and who was besides of a remarkably amiable disposition, with great personal charm of manner. Throughout his life our mother continued to retain towards her brother-in-law—despite the cloud under which he lay for long—the strongest feelings of sisterly affection. The Mansion House of The Lethame had indeed been a rendezvous for those cultivated and well-read young men when they found themselves in Strathaven, more especially as their known capacity and industry pointed them out as having ‘a future’ in prospect. The correspondence was consequently continued even on the dangerous topic of religion :—‘Your objections—original, I guess—to the Apocrypha, you may send at your leisure; though it is not probable they will be original to me. I see fewer difficulties in the Apocrypha than in the New Testament, which must either be very much corrupted, or it is full of blunders; but, of course, you are blind to these, and only see the faults of the poor Apocrypha. Little, however, will you reap from your objections if God at last acknowledge, by the voice of prophecy and miracles, as he will do very shortly, that the Apocrypha is his own. It will be as well to be cautious. If the book of Jonah had been lately discovered, and not in the Bible, could you have detected its divinity? Would you not have laughed at the Jewish fable? I question very much if you have yet the gift of discerning spirits. I believe there are many divine writings lost, and many to be found and restored. The Bible is not half complete. There are many extant of as good and better authority than the New Testament in general. Who composed the New Testament canon? Inspiration? No. Do the evangelists lay claim to inspiration? No; and the early fathers only speak of them as faithful

17th Feb.
1830

men. How then do you prove their inspiration? No man can prove any such thing. It was what they knew nothing of themselves. I believe the book of Hermes, which is not in the canon at all, to be next to the Revelation of St. John one of the finest books of the Christian age. He is one of the many prophets for whose rejection Christians must answer; for, as the Apostle Paul says, God will include both Jew and Gentile under the same sin, that the one boast not against the other.'

CHAPTER V.

WITH THE PROPHET JOHN WROE, ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

WE now come to a part of James Smith's life that can only be justly handled with much sympathy. He had visited John Wroe and been satisfied as to the divine origin of the movement. Disgusted with the callous indifference of the clergy, who entered a sacred profession without feeling they were entering upon a divine mission, but merely as a means of livelihood; the energy, the faith, the self-sacrifice, the living vitality of the Ashton movement had come to him like a new revelation. There was much in it too, external to the spirit, that was in sympathy with his mind. The Eastern tone of thought and expression, the highly analogical character of their expressed views, the halo of romantic mystery, and the very sacrifice demanded, all appealed to a religious mind dissatisfied and unsettled. His hopes, from a worldly point of view, were anything but high, and his preparations were of the slightest. Up to this time, when he had long entered manhood, he does not yet seem to have provided himself with a watch, and had been pricing one in Perth, which was to be provided out of money previously advanced to his brother and father. "But since you are not to provide the watch, you must endeavour to return all the money you borrowed. Besides the £2 Mic. got, I gave my father £5 on your account, which you promised to repay, otherwise I would not have given it; for as I intended to leave Mr Hagart at the middle of May, I required to make provision for myself, and that I fear is by far too little. . . . I don't expect to be very profusely dealt with

30th April
1830

for a while, but I'll be provided for, and that will suffice. I intend to return to Ashton at the end of May, and I don't know when I may come back again, but I will never be idle wheresoever it be. I Going to Ashton.

'The chief reason why I do not write often to my father is, that he will take no interest in that which most intimately concerns my happiness. Whether right or wrong, they are my affairs and concern me; and if I am continually slighted and contemned when I speak of them, it is natural for me to hold my tongue. I believe I have as strong natural affections as you have; don't be too hasty in judging. All men are not made alike, and you are not the standard of perfection. So conscientious am I in all my conduct towards him, that I am willing to stand at any time before the tribunal of God to have the case tried between us. I don't say that I am faultless, or that my temper is very good; but these are natural imperfections that are not to be taken into the account.

"When fate is pending, vain is caution," as the proverb says; so you must just let me alone, and make no remarks upon my present resolution. It is impossible for me to be happy without following it, and in doing so I am happy and contented. Whatever you may think, wait and see what will come of it. It will be something better than you anticipate. At the worst it is but a bold experiment, and many of these have succeeded to admiration. This I recommend as the easiest to yourself, and the most conciliating and liberal; and, in fact, it is not worth your while to do otherwise, for opposition is vain. Though this is the first time I have spoken of this, it is nine months since I resolved.'

He next writes on his way to Ashton, partly to acknowledge receipt of a remittance, and partly to give an account of their friend Robert Napier's death:—'It was so sudden and unexpected to me that I went into the bedroom laughing, when the landlady—who knew nothing of it—told me they

were there ; and, to my surprise, James (Dr James Napier) was standing crying at the bedside, and Robert was quite insensible,—his eye-balls were half-concealed and dead, and all the symptoms of life to be seen was a very easy mechanical kind of breathing, as if it were occasioned by a pair of bellows. I went away about half-past twelve, and said I would be back in two hours ; the Dr came to the bedroom door and said good-bye, and when he returned to the bed—life was gone, so that neither of us saw him die.'

'I will write you from Ashton, if I am permitted ; but as all our conduct is under the direction of the Spirit, that permission may be withheld, or given under restrictions. I will write you some way or another ; but as this is probably the last free letter you may receive from me, I hope you will treat it with some kind of respect.'

He had now broken away from all his early associations, but not before his powerful personality had influenced many about him, more especially my mother's brother, Dr James Napier, like himself a skilful mathematician, but one to whom also figures were living things and types or 'images' of ideas. As we know little of his life at Ashton-under-Lyne—a period that greatly influenced and coloured all his future—I will give a few letters nearly in full, somewhat bitter as they are at his family not treating him with the respect that he considered his due ; for never did he lose his self-respect or consciousness of power ; but the growing austerity that a feeling of social martyrdom was deepening in his character, could not crush, although it somewhat embittered, the humour that was probably what saved him from extremes. But as this is the 'story of a mind,' it had better be told in full.

'No doubt you imagine that I have taken the pet, and that your wise saying is truly verified—that a madman is first of all afraid of his own friends and then of himself ; and probably it is true enough, and I don't feel disposed to gainsay it. But it is some consolation to me to think that I am

30th Sept.
1830.
James to
John.

now arrived at the last stage of madness, for in many respects I am afraid of myself. No doubt you will be prophesying amongst your admirers that I will soon be back again, like P——, who, according to your authentic history, was also at Ashton ; and, perhaps, you are laying schemes for raising a subscription to keep me in Perth Asylum till I recover my senses, and see things as they really are, and not as prophets and seers and dreamers of dreams represent them. Your brother-in-law, James, will perhaps be able to keep himself till he recover, for I understand he is preaching boldly, like another Paul, the doctrines of the woman's church, and declaring, as it was "in the beginning, that it is not good for man to be alone," and Christ could not be the Saviour without a woman. This is horrible a'nt it. He says that the reason why our Saviour got two asses to ride into Jerusalem was that one was for his wife, but she was not there. This is horrible a'nt it. I wonder you can't persuade him to renounce this belief by convincing him of the error of his ways. . . . I heard that you were at the point of coming to Ashton to see me, but were dissuaded ; perhaps you were afraid that it was full of madmen, and that you would get maltreated and perhaps butchered amongst them. John Wroe's savage look and humpback would frighten you ; you would, no doubt, wish you had bought a strait-jacket for him at Manchester as you came through ! And if he spake in the name of the Lord, saying, "Thus saith the Lord the God of the house of Israel," you would run back as fast as you came. But John is off now. Where he is none of us can tell. Many a tear he shed before he left us ; and possibly we may see his face again no more. He has gone to encounter the contempt and scorn of such wise, enlightened men as you—to be dragged about, as he has been, by the beard, and trampled under the feet of an infuriated mob—to be imprisoned, and perhaps put to death, for the good of those who come after him. But God will know him and acknowledge him as his servant, even in rags ; and, should

Dr James Napier.

he die, we will get another to lead us and give us the Word.

Hebrew ?

‘It was as well, perhaps, you did not come this summer, as I was not settled in my way of living, but perhaps you may pay your visit next summer if all be well and I am here. I have begun teaching. I have taken a schoolroom at about £9 rent, and am likely at least to get a living by it, and that is all I care for. As long as I have the Word of the Lord to hear and to study, and the many great promises which will be speedily accomplished, when Israel is gathered into the fold which His Spirit is preparing, I do not care for anything more than a bare living—that perhaps I will get with difficulty, but I will get it.

‘My father argues against my religion for taking me away from my friends, as if he had never read the New Testament. What have I to do with friends? I have no father but God, and Him I have always acknowledged. But when I see him who is called my father on earth at variance with God, I would not hesitate which to prefer; I cannot follow both.’

The special attraction of Ashton, to his mind, is probably best explained in what follows:—‘I have got an opportunity of preaching such doctrines as I like, and an audience to hear me. Little did I think, New Year before last, there was a people in the country who were taught by revelation a doctrine so closely allied to my own. I never had heard of them. Yet I discovered, by the grace of God, such doctrines as they hold, and, of course, must have been led and taught by the same Spirit which teaches them, for it was such doctrine as never man taught or heard of before, being hid in the mysterious language of Scripture, and reserved for the latter days to be brought forth to the light. I preach now extempore, and find after all that I go to the pulpit with greater ease than I used to do in Scotland, and preach a half hour’s sermon as freely as if I had committed it to memory. All doctrines I preach now—eternal punishment and universal redemption in one and the same discourse.

Universal-
ism.

One Sunday I denied that Adam was made in the image of God, and perhaps I may some day deny that ever he fell. I told the people that the devil was quite right in all he said to Eve, and that he did not deceive her, and that it was not till he had eaten the forbidden fruit that man became like God, for God then said, "*now* the man is become as one of us." And perhaps some day hence—but I have said enough to show you more clearly what you are already well convinced of, that I am mad, and that it is useless for you to hold any external conference with me. . . . Give my compliments to J—, and tell — that I am circumcised, which is a kind of marriage ceremony, for it puts a ring on a certain member and takes a ring of skin off, and that I have not shaved since I left Edinburgh. I look a great deal better with the beard, and I decidedly prefer it to shaving.²

Preaching
paradoxes.

In this, again, we see his clinging to spiritual analogies! No one can now judge of his appearance with the beard, as his portraits are all after he had returned to his right mind, 'shaved and lived cleanly!'

'We have chased away John Wroe, and I expect by and bye to have the sanctuary to preach in. This will be brought about in the providence of God before the year close, I believe, but it looks difficult at present, but God has promised it, and it will be fulfilled. I was not brought here for nothing, and though father and mother, brothers and sisters, all forsake me and laugh me to scorn, I can rejoice in the assurance that they will soon confess themselves to be fools. I have been happier here than ever I was anywhere else, and perhaps never was more pitied than since I came here. I would not take the best church in England or Scotland, though I had the offer; but I expect to be an instrument in the hand of God in battering them all to pieces, and before this time next year you will begin to suspect that you have been as blind as a bat, for your school will soon be deserted.'

This is followed by more confident assurances, and yet by

the very energy with which he declares his faith to be unshaken there is a suggestion of questioning. But his next letter gives further details of his hopes and expectations, and the increasing growth of the paradoxical philosophy that was usurping empire over his mind. He had evidently received a letter of a kindly and persuasive character from my father.

15th June
1831.

‘I am not yet inclined to comply with your request in returning to Scotland, though I am very grateful to you for the kind and friendly manner in which you urge me to it. If I did return it would only be to suffer by useless regrets, and I believe I should soon be back where I am again unless you could prove to me that my faith is false, which I believe is impossible. Yet I am willing enough to be convinced, for it is not to be supposed that I should willingly submit to imposture, especially when I am making nothing by it. But, God knows, I came here by pure faith, and it has never faltered since I came; but every day convinces me more and more of its truth, and what you may consider as equivalent to a demonstration of its falsehood, is to me the happiest event of all, and that is the end of the law, which was a grievous yoke, by no means palatable to flesh and blood. When I left Edinburgh I never expected any remarkable interference of Providence till 1832. I should, therefore, be very sorry to leave Ashton at present, when more than half of the time has expired, and that so much more comfortably than I expected, for I really expected nothing but misery for the first two years, whereas I have been very comfortable. . . . I had particular reasons of my own for coming here, which are as strong and convincing as ever upon the mind, though they do not now, and never can, upset it. It was the novelty and sublimity of the subject at first that turned my brain for a fortnight. I have a great desire to stay here till the time come, which I have always invariably specified as the crisis that would set my mind at rest.

Acknowledgment of
mental
aberration!

‘This visitation of Wroe’s, &c., was from the devil, for

God is the devil. Wroe does not know this, however. The old boy hides it from him, and teases him confoundedly. I have known it for nearly three years. It was that and other things that whirled my head about, but it is a doctrine which makes me now perfectly tranquil, and I love God now instead of shuddering at His frightfulness, as I used. The Christian's God is a horrible monster—a devil without the name. Mine is a devil by name, but infinitely amiable. I don't fear him. I confess I would be as well in one part of the country as another at present; but as I have nothing particular to do in Scotland, and would wish to return here in the course of a year again, I am inclined to stay still if I can. I have no other reason. I am no bigot or fanatic, I assure you, for I believe in all religions. I believe as much in Mahomet as in Moses. Mahomet is an excellent character and a true prophet, but he can't get justice from Christians.' After specially thanking his brother for his kindness towards him, he continues:—'There must be seven standard visitations in succession; the seventh is the Messiah.'

This letter is signed 'Yours most affectionately,' and evidences, from one who was never effusive, a turning towards the palm branch that had been stretched out to him by my father. He seems suddenly thereafter to have 'given in' and resolved to return home, for a week after we find him writing thus:—'I have now suddenly resolved to return home. I abhorred the thought till yesterday, but I will satisfy you all for once. However, I firmly believe I shall return again, unless you persuade me by pure reasoning, without any of your ridicule or mockery, which, you know, always makes a man worse, as it stirs up his spirit of contradiction. I shall leave this, I expect, on Tuesday the 28th. I have already given up teaching; the vacation commenced here on Monday last. I am very sorry to leave this place, and yet I have a desire to face my old friends and acquaintances to let them see how mad and how

22nd June
1831.

foolish I am. I hope this will find you sounder in mind and body than your humble servant, and I sincerely hope that you may never inhale any of the contagious vapour of that palace of the moon which they have erected in your neighbourhood. Take a good large bolus of indifference and thoughtlessness now and then with a glass of toddy, and there is no fear of you. If I had done so I might have escaped the brand of infamy with which the world has marked me.' This is signed 'Yours intolerably,' and ends this portion of his 'strange eventful history.'

We really know little of his life at Ashton, either when 'under the law' or afterwards. We know he taught a school, and it is probably to this time that he refers in the letter to Lady Lytton on 2nd May 1851 :—' I spent thirteen months at the fireside of an old lady of sixty-five—a prisoner because I had not a spare penny to go out with, or even to hire a newspaper to read. She was no relation of mine, and I gave her all the money I had for my support, which was only ten shillings a week ; and I look back upon that period of thirteen months as one of the most mysterious and instructive periods of my existence, and often I say, with tears in my eyes, " Where is the blessedness that then I felt ? " I was then under spiritual training for that Catholic doctrine which I have ever since been endeavouring to develop, which, in fact, I regard as my mission, and to which I make all the little knowledge I possess converge.' Another letter, long subsequent, left undated, unaddressed, and unsigned—probably a draft letter—may be looked upon as his *Creed*, adopted at this time, and as the result of a man of thirty sitting cogitating with a woman of sixty-five, penniless, prospectless, an alien from his Church and people, but still with a great peace, for the mystery of existence was solved to him !

See page 119,
Spiritualism.

CHAPTER VI.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE WOMAN.

THIS 'doctrine,' which was at the bottom of James Smith's Ashton escapade, exercised a powerful and predominating influence upon his mind; and has, indeed, been a favourite one with various thinkers of more or less prominence. We may instance the case of Hawthorne, who in his *Scarlet Letter* thus speaks of his heroine:—'And as Hester Prynne had no selfish ends, nor lived in any measure for her own profit and enjoyment, people brought all their sorrows and perplexities, and besought her counsel, as one who had herself gone through a mighty trouble. Women more especially—in the continually recurring trials of wounded, wasted, wronged, misplaced, or erring and sinful passion, or with the dreary burden of a heart unyielded, because unvalued and unsought—came to Hester's cottage, demanding why they were so wretched, and what the remedy! Hester comforted and counselled them as best she might. She assured them, too, of her firm belief that, at some brighter period, when the world should have grown ripe for it, in Heaven's own time, a new truth would be revealed, in order to establish the whole relation between man and woman on a surer ground of mutual happiness. Earlier in life Hester had vainly imagined that she herself might be the destined prophetess, but had long since recognised the impossibility that any mission of divine and mysterious truth should be confided to a woman stained with sin, bowed down with shame, or even burdened with a life-long sorrow. The angel and apostle of the coming revelation must be a woman, indeed, but lofty,

pure, and beautiful and wise—moreover, not through dusky grief, but the ethical medium of joy—and showing how sacred love should make us happy, by the truest test of a life successful to such an end.’

Here Hawthorne’s sympathetic but circumscribed genius has taken a view incompatible with the experience of the world. Even the pleasure-loving, suffering-fleeing Goethe had a keener insight—

‘ Who hath not ate his bread in sorrow,
Who hath not passed the darksome hours
Weeping and waiting for the morrow,
He knows ye not ye heavenly powers.’

At any rate, the followers and believers in the mission of Joanna Southcott and her successors sought no such perfection in their prophets, any more than they found it in their apostles. Only in 1885, March 10, did James J. Jezreel die, who claimed to be the heir of the prophetic inspiration of Joanna Southcott and John Wroe. He was known as the ‘Kentish False Prophet,’ and has carried the little community, that has degenerated into a ‘sect,’ into the present day. The male was represented as the spiritual or superior, the female as the temporal or inferior; and while the spiritual head, Jesus Christ, was perfect, the female was not necessarily so in her type.

Of all the so-called Brides, Joanna Southcott was the only one who succeeded in establishing a church, and as her writings are procurable, we know her claims from herself.

‘I shall now add the copy of a letter that I sent to a minister in 1796, after he had disputed with me that the marriage of the Lamb was to take place in Heaven. I said No! the marriage of the Lamb meaneth when he cometh to unite all nations, to be as one sheep under one shepherd, and Christ to be the shepherd of the whole. The Lamb’s wife meant a woman, that all these things should be revealed to; and readiness was perfect obedience to all the commands of the Lord.’ Ultimately this idea worked itself into the

belief that she was to be the virgin mother of a second Messiah, and 'on October the 11th, 1813, Joanna separated herself from society, forbidding even her female acquaintance, and awaited the extraordinary accomplishment of this prediction,' which she drew from Rev., ch. xii. verses 1 and 2:—'And there appeared a wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars, and she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered.' Joanna died 27th December 1814, giving directions that her body should be kept four days, at the end of which time she expected to revive and to be delivered.

From amidst her doggerel verses one was long considered pointedly to refer to James Smith:—

'Now tell him plain, he's not the man;
For 'tis by —— it must be done;
Back to the church, the standard, all must come:
For on the altar I was seen at first,
And on the altar did the glory burst,
Where Simeon did the holy child behold;
And on the altar are the plates of gold.'—1795.

John Wroe was as poor and as illiterate as Joanna Southcott. Born in 1782, he seems to have always been unfortunate in affairs. In 1819, during a fever, he seemed to have been greatly disturbed mentally, and on recovering from it, his biographer observes:—'He wrestled with God both day and night for several months, and sometimes walked up and down his own fields, with his Bible, sitting under the hedges, and reading easy passages.' Trances and visions followed, ending in prophecies and predictions. After joining the Southcottians he travelled in Spain, France, Germany, and Italy in 1823, Scotland in 1827, and Wales in 1828. It was probably when in Scotland in 1827 that James Smith became influenced by him, as he speaks of 'three years' in 1830.

It is curious to note that the prejudices of the people were

more excited by the fact of the disciples of Wroe wearing long beards, than by the principles they held! In these days this is not readily understood; but until the Crimean War a beard was scarcely ever seen in England, and not until the inauguration of the volunteer movement, in force, was a moustache permissible! A brother, who used to be much on the Continent, coming home with a moustache in 1859, was violently remonstrated with by his business acquaintances in the good town of Glasgow within the author's recollection. Thus we read:—'On the 22nd of 2nd month, 1825, John entertained a select party of the members of his own societies from different places; their appearance, in passing to and from his residence, excited much attention among the populace, particularly as they had lately adopted the ancient custom of *wearing their beards*; a great tumult was raised in consequence, and some of them received much indignity: one was actually trodden under foot.' In Wroe's life we find the following allusion to James Smith, as 'Written from John Wroe's mouth by William Tillotson:—'Sandal, near Wakefield, 14th of 12th month, 1830. The devil is come down from on high, upon your planet, and his works will now appear, even the substance, and his agents with him, and they will be as though they were going to take possession of the planet. The Deists and Atheists will be at the head of them, showing there is no God but themselves. And James Smith, of Edinburgh, has been to enquire at their hands, and not at mine; for I showed thee at Edinburgh how he would roar like a lion in the street for madness that he could not attain his end. But they will have their time, and I will then have my time of sacrifice upon them.'

All that we know of Wroe's end is, that he 'slumbers in an Australian grave.'

That James Smith had much to do with the fact stated, that 'We have chased away John Wroe, and I expect by and bye to have the sanctuary to preach in,' would be suggested by the above indication of Wroe's exasperation. Indeed, it

is scarcely likely that one who looked upon Wroe as merely temporary, who awaited impatiently a new dispensation, and who, from his education and learning, altogether apart from his powerful intellectuality and force of character, exercised a great influence upon the brethren, could patiently submit to the domination of this ignorant enthusiast. There is some evidence of another reason which seems to have coloured all his future life. He appears to have been so impressed with his 'discovery' of the oneness of God and devil, good and evil, virtue and vice, and the universalism that was its logical outcome, that he may for a time have believed himself, and spoken of himself, as the New Messiah. It is possible that this meant something very different to him from what it did to his hearers, but it is also possible that he may, under the extreme exaltation of spirit to which he alludes, aggravated by insufficient diet, have held for a time most exaggerated ideas of his mission! This is confirmed by an undated letter about this time, written by one who was clearly far above his ordinary Southcottian correspondents in education and capacity.

'I feel that you have quite mistaken the point I am made to reject. It is not the grand spiritual work wrought within your being, but your misappropriation of it to yourself in your explanation and spiritual advice to others. Unity by the Universal has inwardly revealed itself within you in a phenomenal manner that you might in a verbal manner refer all away from yourself, and direct by the Universal in them to the Unity, that the Universal might universally phenomenise them as it has phenomenised you. The new creation having been effected within your being by the Unity, all others must be directed to the same unity—the Creative Source—that the Unity in them may regenerate them in the same way by the same process it did to you.' His sense of individuality at this time seems to have raised up a certain amount of antagonism even amongst those who continued to sign themselves 'Yours in the truth.' The

second long, well-written letter adds a postscript, from which I extract:—‘I dare not mention you or your works in our family, so powerful is the feeling against them. The chief and principal of all they continually reject is the *Individualising* the Messiah in yourself—with this one error they condemn all that is Divine, and close themselves against even enquiry with bitter zeal. While I feel great love is given me for all that you put forth, with the exception of this one delusion.’

This particular note of personal interest in the individual, as distinct from the preacher, constantly arises in the correspondence; and it is clear that his remarkable personality had a most important influence on the body in Edinburgh, whom he had prevailed upon to follow ‘the doctrine of the woman.’ Dr James Napier seems to have been a sort of *locum tenens* for him in Edinburgh, and his letters at this time were full of strong expressions of feeling, while also giving an index to the condition of ‘the Body,’ as they always describe the followers of the doctrine in the Scottish capital.

16th June
1830.

‘I cannot express the joy I felt on receiving your letter, and the comfortable tidings it conveyed increased my happiness. Since your departure I have been lonely indeed; I felt as if I were a solitary being in an immense waste, and were it not the comfort I derive from the study of this delightful and important work I could hardly have borne it.’ He describes some ‘communications’ they had received at their meetings, and continues:—

‘Another communication was respecting the Fall, and it said that the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil was the Woman. Now I freely confess I am somewhat stumbled at this, for the command not to eat of the Tree was given to Adam before Eve was formed; and likewise it is said that the Woman ate of the Tree first and then gave it to Adam. I shall thank you to make it a little clear to me.’ A very simple matter for his fertile mind to do, but we

have not found his solution. The 'Woman' herself presented problems that were hard to solve:—'Miss J. called 16th June. on me that day I got your letter, but before it. She is certainly very anxious about the work, and understands it very well. We had a long conversation about Joanna's writings; the poetry was very hard to her, but she seems to be getting over it.' To many indeed, besides Miss J., 'the poetry was very hard!' But to those who were living in an atmosphere of imaginative analogies anything provided mental pabulum. 'You will recollect the short calculation I showed you respecting the number, a short time before your departure. I have enlarged it considerably, and shall send it to you if I can get an opportunity, as it occupies too much room for a letter. But I may here mention a trifling thing I have discovered, as it corroborates what you showed me about the time our Saviour was in the grave; that is, as $72:44 :: 3000:1833\frac{1}{2}$. Now what I mean is—when the angel visited Mary, Elizabeth was in the sixth month of pregnancy with John. Now, supposing she was $5\frac{1}{2}$ months gone (which is as near as we can come), I find that $5\frac{1}{2}$ bears the same proportion to 9 (the full time) that $1833\frac{1}{2}$ bears to 3000—or $5\frac{1}{2}:9 :: 44:72$. This is rather pretty. The time would end on the last day of April 1834, and perhaps the first of May may bring something.'

There is a child-like biblical simplicity about all this which explains much of the character of the great religious movements of that period—a period which just preceded the Oxford movement of 1833, which saved the Church of England from destruction. The religious excitement of the time took many forms, in many of which, however, the fascinating doctrine of the Woman cropped up:—

'He was newly come from Port-Glasgow,' says the same letter of his friend, 'where Miss Campbell was then sojourning. He told me that one afternoon, meeting a lady of his acquaintance, she said she had just passed a house where a number of Campbellites were assembled—having the

gift of tongues; a crowd was attracted about the house, but the languages seemed to be dead ones, as nobody understood them. Miss C. herself, however, spoke in her mother-tongue, and said, "If there be any present possessed of a devil, in the name of Christ let him come out!" It seemed there were none among them—at least the people observed nothing extraordinary occur, although they were, no doubt, rather alarmed lest Miss C. might consider them proper objects as receptacles for the legion, if such there were.' In another letter he writes:—"The Campbellites are not making much stir just now, but they say that they have got Satan bound; he is in the form of a mouse, and they keep him in a cage.' They were quick to see the follies of others, but apparently oblivious how silly their own appeared to strangers, without that 'key' to which they constantly alluded as necessary to explain their faith.

2nd Dec.
1830.

James' doctrine of 'Good and Evil' was hard for even his devoted friend Dr James Napier to accept, as he put it before him, and he thus advises on the subject:—

'I am now, my dear James, going to find fault with you, and that is concerning your doctrine of Good and Evil. Beautiful as it is, and true as I believe it, yet I do not altogether approve of your indiscriminate promulgation of it. Do not you think that it is rather strong meat for babes? Will not wickedness find a cloak—an excuse under it? To those who see the extent of its beauty, I allow this will not occur, but I doubt few will see it. They will catch a small part of it, and deaden their consciences that they may commit sin with impunity. These are the mischiefs I dread from it—perhaps I am wrong, very likely I am. You alone can judge of the effect it produces upon your hearers, and I have no doubt will act accordingly.'

I will anticipate by a few years, and quote the opinion of James Smith some years later, when he still seems to be enamoured of the feminine idea, although to him the

'Doctrine of the Woman' had become developed into what sounds more like a philosophy than a religion.

'It is with no small pleasure we reflect that the third volume of the *Shepherd* appears under the shadow of a woman's wing. We have always regarded woman as the representative of the moral department of Nature; as the end of progress, which finishes in the emancipation of her sex, and in the full development of her peculiar excellencies. These being cultivated by the male, and reflected upon him, at the same time elevate his character by his participation of the feminine virtues, which must ultimately put a check upon the horrid brawls of intellect, and the savage contentions of physical outrage and international warfare. This typical character is not a conceit; it is a principle of Nature. It was in following out this principle rather too eagerly ("He that believeth shall not make haste") that the St Simonians, under *Enfantin*, one of the most splendid doctrinists of the age, amused the French, and confounded themselves by looking out for what they called the Free woman, the representative of the aspect material of industry and production. They longed to find such a woman; the very existence of their doctrine and system depended on such a woman. They could not find her—a sad confutation of the prejudice of those who assert that imposters are easily found when a people is prepared to receive them. Here was a people—here was a vacant seat set apart for the purpose—but neither France nor England could furnish an occupant. To England they all looked for such a character. Their doctrine taught them that England must produce her. Nay, even the friends of Mr. Owen in Paris, who are now eager for his appearance in the French capital, and whom he has sadly disappointed by his indifference to their earnest invitation, look also to England for the personification of the female principle in a woman. Their mode of reasoning is different from that of the St Simonians, but the two facts are the same. Now, all England, the very government of

1st July
1837.
Her
Majesty's
Coronation.

England, is womanised. We are not augurs, neither do we regard omens—especially those on a small scale—when we are treating of great matters, but we like to trace analogies on a large scale when we are treating of large subjects; and now we say to both St Simonians and Owenians, Now is your time, seek out this woman, for the spirit of woman has now ascended the throne of England. Is there a woman in England who can represent her sex? If there be, let her come forth, for be assured that until she appears there is no salvation even for man. It is needless to reproach man for not doing woman's work. He cannot; he is not a woman. Woman has a work of her own to do. She has her own feelings—she only can express them; she has her own wrongs, she only can describe them. Man is waiting for woman—and actually fighting with man because woman does not intervene to terminate the quarrel. We have many clever women amongst us—but what are they? Gossips who can prate well, syrens who can sing well, and blue stockings who can write well on everything but salvation—women who write for personal fame, for money, or merely to give vent to their own vagaries. But there is scarcely a woman amongst them who writes for any great social purpose, in whom the selfish principle is absorbed in the social, and who seems willing to make a sacrifice of her fair fame for a time, that she may ameliorate the condition of her sex and species. They are either not conscious of their degradation, or they want the moral courage to assert their rights. Talent is not wanting. It is the faith in the moral progression and final destiny of the species that they lack.'

This would scarcely hold good to-day, when so many noble women have shown themselves capable of self-sacrifice for an idea.

CHAPTER VII.

LEAVING ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE—THE EDINBURGH BODY.

JAMES (LAADON) SMITH had evidently a great difficulty at this time in reconciling his intellectual and social position to himself and to the world—or rather, let us say, to the friends who still believed in him. He had followed a false prophet, they held, but yet he declared ‘the light that led astray was light from heaven,’ and refused to believe that the false prophet was not also a missionary in the pursuit of the divine purpose. This paradoxical position he explained by his *Doctrine of Good and Evil*, which his Edinburgh friends seem to have accepted to some extent; but the little coterie there was evidently divided between allegiance to him and to the Ashton prophet.

It may help to elucidate the condition of matters, if I follow the views of this section of the followers of the Doctrine of the Woman in the correspondence from James Napier, who remained in charge of the Edinburgh party, and retained them so far in allegiance to James Smith. But, *more Scotice*, they were at variance from the very first on some hair-splitting questions that the perverse logic of the national intellect had not been slow to raise. The young medical writes:—‘I daresay you would be very much surprised to hear that I was attempting to preach; yet so it is. I felt myself stirred up to do it, and I have now spoken four times. . . . There is a great deal of jealousy existing in the body here. There are some of them, with Isabella at their head, who think that whenever they hear a report of any law existing at Ashton, it should be immediately adopted

20th Sept.
1830.

here without any enquiry. The Committee think they have no right to introduce any unless they receive them as laws from Ashton, and I join with them. This causes contention, and the body think the Committee exercising their power with a high hand. But what can stop them from grumbling. There are two parties, and even the Committee is divided. This is very disagreeable, but I can look for nothing else.'

By this time evidently James Smith had decided that the prophet was false, and Wroe having left the district, they were on the outlook for a successor, and earnestly watching for some reliable manifestations of the Spirit. Along with this some very questionable financial operations had destroyed the faith of the Edinburgh party in the brethren, but not in their friend.

'Your long-looked for and very welcome letter reached me on Tuesday, and I immediately read it to those of us who believe what you say, and I can assure you they were delighted with it; in fact, we would wish one every week if it were possible, so much satisfaction do they give us, as showing the true state of things; whereas I believe if you had not been where you are we would have been left to walk in darkness. The visitation of George Armitage, I think, deserves to be carefully examined and looked after, and you will now be a pretty good judge of what's what. I intend going out to Cousland Park to-morrow to let Miss Walker know the news. She joins with us, and of course is as black as black can be with the other party. I like to give everyone that is willing to see all the light I can to comfort them. Miss W. had sent up some money to the shop for several articles, which she will not now require; and she desires me to say that her request is that you get the money, and keep it till an opportunity occurs of sending it, or perhaps you may come in person. I am requested by some of our friends to make some enquiry about the ornaments which were sent to Ashton—rings, ear-

2nd Dec.
1830.
James
Napier.

rings, pins, &c. They all understood that they were to have value for them. Can you do anything in this, or can you tell us anything about them; if so, it would satisfy them.'

'I have to say some little more concerning the jewels. ^{21st Dec. 1830.} The communication says they were to receive a change of dress, and to be returned. Now, perhaps, you do not like to do anything in this, but we here are determined to follow it out, and if they do not deliver them up to indict them as swindlers! and *Mr. Robert Blackwell* will soon be caught neck and heels. Perhaps you may think us hasty, but we are firmly persuaded that it has all been a scheme to get money, and, for my part, I doubt much if John Wroe has ever been visited; but I am inclined to suspect that he has built entirely on Joanna.' At Ashton.

James Smith, however, writes apparently in support of Wroe to an extent, as in Napier's next letter, after explaining that he had been thrown from his horse, but had recovered, he continues:—'As for John Wroe's visitation, a very great deal may be said on both sides. He himself said in Croftan-righ that there never would be peace with the *Turks*, else the Lord had *not spoken* by him. By his own mouth, then, I might condemn him.' 11th Jan. 1831.

Many different facts point the way to weaken the faith of those in Edinburgh:—

'I am very surprised at the character you gave of Robert Blackwell; it is so different from what I am led to think from some little things which I know. What made me suppose a confederacy between him and John Wroe was—First, John Wroe gave out that all the money was to be sent to Robert Blackwell; and, second, a few days before your first letter about Wroe's affair reached me, Robert Blackwell wrote the Committee here to send *immediately* all the money they could, without mentioning a syllable about any misunderstanding at Ashton. About £9 was sent him, and he never cared more about us. You must allow that this was

as fair a swindling business as ever was committed. Let him clear it if he can.'

21st Feb.
1831.

A list of articles of jewellery sent, and which are demanded back, follows—no blame being attached to James Smith, or regret expressed at joining a movement which had given him 'great peace.'

More
suspicious
as to
Blackwell.

'Can you tell anything about Robert Stewart. His father wrote for him to come home, but he has never answered the letter. There was some money in the letter, and it was addressed to Robert Blackwell.

'I should like much to hear of the Shiloh, although I cannot think him *anything great*. No doubt he has his part to do. I rather think there will be many Shilohs, but when the true one comes, it will be in a very different way, and I doubt not we shall hear of it: with you, I think it will not be before 1832.'

The friction between the parties in Edinburgh was meantime becoming stronger.

29th Mar.
1831.

'Don't say I forget you; never a day passes over my head but I think oft on you, but the reason of my delay at this time is a curious fracas that has happened with us. The other party, who still adhere to J. Wroe, with James Bruce and George Spalding at their head, wanted us to deliver up to them all the writings and also the books (*Lives of J. Wroe and J. Southcott*) which are here for sale. Of course this was refused. Well, last week, the four of the old Committee who are with us received summonses to the Justice of Peace Court, which they attended yesterday, and a laughable scene took place in Court, which ended in the parties dismissal *in statu quo*. The Committee are exceedingly anxious to get these pamphlets off their hands, and accounts adjusted. . . . We meet, twelve of us in all, in my back shop, twice a week, and discourse on the subject which at present is of most importance to us. Your letters, so much of them as I can properly read to them, always afford great pleasure. Catherine Walker says that if she receives

Medical
Dispensary.

(here follows a list of jewellery) she is willing to give up everything else. At any rate, she is willing to take what she can get, but does not wish to pay any money, &c. You will not allow me to say that they are not all *honourable men* about Ashton, but you have not had such an opportunity of knowing them as we have had here. To go no further than that shop, the goods sent down to *the Friends* here are the very offscourings of a draper's shop. I think they are a bad lot in that shop. I sent up 5s. nearly a year ago to purchase a girdle, and I have never seen it yet. Not that I value it, but I want to let you know that my opinion of them is not formed hastily, but on good grounds. But to dismiss these trifling disagreeable subjects, I come to one of more moment'—namely, a discussion of the character and evidence of the latest *Shiloh*, whom he condemns for talking about 'quack doctors in religion'—'it is rather low!'

His correspondent seems to have been rather touchy over the suggestion of *mala fides*, and to have written with his customary asperity. In reply, Dr. James sent a partly explanatory, partly expostulatory letter:—

10th April
1831.
Dr. James
Napier.

'Robert Stewart came in to-day when we were met together as usual, and on reading your letter I cannot refrain from replying immediately to set you right, as you have totally mistaken my meaning in various things. You seem to think that my reflections against some of the Ashton folks in my last were made to prove that it must have been all a got-up affair together, but you misunderstood me completely. I only mentioned it to show you how hardly they dealt with us in Scotland. True, they did not get much from us, but that was not their fault. Now I never dreamed that you would imagine from this that I meant to throw discredit on John Wroe's visitation, as if he was responsible for the conduct of his followers. By no means; neither did I mean you to think from that that I regretted anything that has passed; I do not. What, in my letter, could

Referred to
above.

lead you to believe that we were quarrelling with the other party here. The fact is, by strict injunctions from headquarters, they were not allowed to speak to one of us, and no communication existed betwixt us. This state would most likely have continued to this day, were it not that James Bruce refused to pay William Christie for a suit of clothes which he had got, unless the books, &c., were delivered up to them. Of course Mr. Christie summoned him, and Bruce gave this reason in court, but it was not taken, and next week George Spalding summoned the Committee as I told you. Their law book was handed up to the magistrates (which I am sure is contrary to their laws), and occasioned great sport to them. One of them threw it from him, and declared that it was no wonder they left, as he had never seen such absurd nonsense. Now I regret this, but what could we do; it was all their own doing. Instead of us being bitter against them, it has all along been the very opposite—here, at least, the bitterness is on their side.’

He then goes on to discuss the new Shiloh, which James Smith was endeavouring to introduce to their notice, but ‘once bitten twice shy,’ and the queries were numerous and complicated. He adds as a postscript:—

‘Don’t be afraid of sending me good strong meat, none has come as yet that is too strong—that is not the stumbling-stone.’

It is unfortunate for our purpose that none of James Smith’s letters at this time are to the fore, but the replies of his friend give an idea of the correspondence passing. He seems to have been in an irritable state and one of mental transition, still holding on to the hope of a Shiloh, and endeavouring to explain his inexplicable position to others and himself. The difficulty of conducting a metaphysical and philosophical, as well as exculpatory and inculpatory correspondence, made misunderstandings of all kinds rife.

‘Your last letter was a welcome treat, as all your epistles are; still, I must candidly confess, I am not satisfied. I do

not object to what you say—viz., that you prefer giving new ideas to an old term, to that of changing the word, but surely it is necessary, when you use a word in a sense different from its common acceptation, to explain the meaning you attach to it, else you never can be understood. You might as well talk in an unknown language. Had you distinctly explained what you meant by the word death, when you first used it, I would have agreed with you at once, and much unnecessary trouble saved; but if you don't think it labour lost, I do not. You say that the perfection of the doctrine (his latest!) consists in contradictions. So far as I comprehend it, I agree that it does consist in riddles or *apparent* contradictions, but not in *real direct* ones.'

He blames his friend for writing severe letters on unfounded reports to some of the ladies of the 'Body,' adding:—
 'You speak of charity, but although you have plenty of it to them, you have none to us. I do blame you for being so hasty, but only in charity and love.' Again in same letter:—

'Your father was here lately; he said nothing to me, but when calling on Miss Houston, I learned that he and Micaiah had been there asking all about you, and no doubt you were prettily represented by her. She gave Micaiah a newspaper in which the whole story was contradicted, signed by John Stanley. Wroe's party here are flourishing this about in great style—you are a million times worse than Judas. By the bye, you have somewhat to tell me about your being Judas.'

'I now see that I have all along completely misunderstood you. What you call strong meat I eat like a penny loaf; the fact is, that was the strong meat to me which now I see to be no meat at all—like the dream of a hungry man. . . . I am so delighted that I cannot rest till I answer you. Your letter recalls to my recollection the delightful conversations we used to have, which the clouds and smoke of visitations have so long covered, but which, when the

Letter to
Miss Walker,

Isabella

16th May
1831.

dirty is removed, seem purer than ever. Whatever has been strong meat to me is what concerns these visitations. I have always thought that you believed that we were implicitly to rely on all they said, but now I know your meaning, I entirely agree with you. I believe they have all been visited, but they have all—Joanna herself as much as any one—mixed up a great deal of trumpery with the truth. I am persuaded that the prophets and apostles did the same. I do not dispute your reasoning on the Bible; it is certainly nothing, in the way you view it. Like electricity, which may be either positive, or negative, or neutral in a body; like a magnet which has one kind of polarity at the one end, a different kind at the other, and intermediate it is neutral, or is nothing, as there it is no magnet. Like the rays of light, too, which can be decomposed into different colours, but taken together they are white, and that is no colour at all—in short, like words which are literally nothing.'

We have only incidental information as to the 'Body' in Edinburgh, but some of them continued his most assiduous correspondents throughout his life, and evinced much attachment to him, uninfluenced against him by the strange dance he had led them.

On July 21, 1830 :—' We are now removed to a meeting-house at Stockbridge, a cleaner place, but close to the street, and we are much annoyed; there is no help for it yet.' Later, we find a dozen of them meeting in his dispensary or 'back shop.' Amongst those mentioned we find :—

'Miss Foster was perfectly correct in her statement. John Stanley distinctly stated to me, in the presence of Isabella Houston, that Samuel Lees said he himself was the Father.' He says further on :—' I must say that Stanley is a real rascal; he has no soul. In Miss Houston's kitchen, where all the Friends, as they are called, were assembled, he told them in my presence that you were very poor—exceedingly poor—and seemed to insinuate that it was a judgment on you for your conduct, and all the Friends cordially joined

James
Napier.

21st Dec.
1830.

with him. My dear James, if all the Ashton folks are like those whom we have seen, they are not much worth; and unless there is something very particular to keep you among them, leave them and come here, where you will be welcome.'

'Those of us who have seceded still keep together. There are twelve of us in all, and we meet on Thursday evenings and Sunday forenoons in my back shop, and read the Scriptures. None of us, I believe, will ever have the least relish for a *preaching*; at least, for my part, I would rather labour hard with a pick and shovel any hour than hear one of their drawling discourses on nothing.'

11th Jan.
1831.

We learn that the party who adhered to John Wroe had James Bruce and George Spalding at their head!

29th Mar.
1831.

Throughout, there is a steady faith in his friend on the part of Dr. Napier, which is very touching. There is evidence that he sent money. He frequently asks as to his friend's circumstances, and proffers aid to the extent of his power. 'Write me soon again. I never weary of hearing from you, but often when I do not hear from you.'

16th May
1831.

The following month James Smith left Ashton to face his friends, and shortly afterwards appeared in Edinburgh. A letter from Dr. Napier, addressed to him at Perth, where he was on a visit to my father, seems to point to a finish-up of their connection with Ashton. The doctor's health having broken down, he had left Edinburgh.

But although Dr. Napier continued to take a keen interest in the subject for a time:—'You may be sure I feel very lonely—no one to converse with on the subject so near my heart; for the *doctrines of truth* are laughed at by all *who don't know them*. Some of your pamphlets have found their way to this place—I mean Straven—sent to Mr. French, I believe, and of course have excited *horror* in the bosoms of the *pious*! What fools! but the day, I trust, is fast approaching when such infants shall be whipped into knowledge; when the schoolmaster will go through every village

20th July
1833.
Glasgow.

and teach the knowledge of good and evil.' But his credulity has been too sorely taxed for his common sense; and in his last letter he describes the views of Dr. Tytler, who was apparently claiming a 'visitation' in Edinburgh, as full of fancies and 'pretty coincidencies.' 'He seems to me to resemble Zion more in another respect—that is, he is totally independent of what has gone before. He professes to know no other doctrine than his own, and least of all does he wish to know; from this circumstance I set him down in my own mind as an anomalous instance of the sportive propensity in the Divine mind—his appearance being calculated to rouse the wonder merely, not to instruct the minds of those who come in contact with him. From your letter, I imagine there are a number of his *kidney* about London—perhaps in other places also—both males and females; and, perhaps, their appearance may be intended to show that the natural mind, assisted solely by its own inherent powers and faculties, is perfectly qualified to work its own regeneration; as those who are thus divinely gifted are in reality not much better, taken as a whole, than idiots!'

Although this is signed 'Yours ever affectionately,' we know that the correspondence abruptly closed, and was never again renewed—Dr. James Napier dying at Latham Cottage in 1844. The cause of the breaking of a friendship which had stood such severe strains is not on record, but the probability is that, away from the immediate influence of James Smith's enthusiasm, and under my grandmother's strong common sense, his more practical scientific friend returned to more orthodox studies, and to the practice of a profession sufficiently arduous in itself, to a delicate man.

18th Dec.
1833.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE EASEL, THE PULPIT, OR THE PEN?



N being thrown free from his Ashton-under-Lyne labours, although not yet by any means freed from the connection, James Smith was at a loss what to turn to as a means of livelihood. He had one gift which, to the end of his life, was a source of pleasure and a solace to him, and to it he now turned, in the hope that it might prove a staff to lean upon. But there is no singleness of purpose in his pursuit of Art. His letters are as full as ever of Theology. Had he emancipated his mind from its extreme religious bent, and made a god of Art, as so many do in the present day, there is little doubt that he would have taken a very high place amongst his contemporaries as a master of his brush. Dilettante as he proved to be in this connection, he yet left much work of very high excellence, and with great originality of expression.

'I scrawl you a few lines by Miss Napier. . . . I am throng drawing and collecting specimens, &c. Have sold a few, and got £10 for the lot. I expect to make a little more, so that it will at least cover my expenses, and enable me to prepare for teaching, if such is to be my lot. Cholera is coming on fast, being at Haddington. The *doctor* here is appointed to one of the wards to wait its approach. You must take care and not be too genial on Saturday evening, as it is said to have a very great predilection for such kimmers as you at

30th Dec.
1831.
James to
John.

Jas. Napier.

Perth, who never think they have been hospitably treated unless they get home they know not how, whether on the back of a police officer or of a fiery dragon. We are just all here preparing to receive it, and good execution, no doubt, it will do if once it gets into some of the quagmires of this dirty metropolis. . . . Archie is blethering away as usual. . . . He doubts many things—almost everything; but he'll take the oaths—any oath—that the Reverend Fathers prescribe. All's right that comes from them. . . . They asked him if he could justify God in inflicting pain on children. Says Archie:—"I laid all the blame on Adam, because he was not there to retort; they could not refuse this. I put it down their throats with a ramrod." There is nothing so easy as being orthodox, for absurdity passes for wisdom.'

'Both of your favours are to hand. The drawings have also arrived safe, and are now getting ready for the Exhibition. I have shown them to two friends of mine well qualified to judge in such matters, and they have expressed their approbation of the works. They, however, seem to think you have placed rather high prices on them—not that the prices are above the merits of the drawings, but rather that it has been hitherto found a difficult matter to get purchasers for water-coloured drawings at high prices. My own experience coincides with this view, and I think it an important end gained when we can sell your pictures at even very low prices, as your reputation and name is thereby spread. I was unwilling to alter your instructions till I again heard from you on the subject, which I beg to do *in course*. The picture for the frame of Straven Castle is hardly big enough, and in this respect I am at a loss how to do. Tell me your candid opinion of the relative merits of these two—Head of Holy Loch and Straven Castle. If it be favourable to the latter, I shall put it in the Exhibition in place of the former. Do not be fastidious on the score of being unwilling to make such a use of a picture which has hung in my house, for I assure you I am much more anxious for the favourable

James
Thomson,
20th June
1832.
Edinburgh.

reception by the public of your works than for the gratification of any feeling of my own.

'I shall put in the Old Cross of Scone, Edinburgh Castle, and Loch Leven Castle, besides whichever of the other two you wish. The Old Cross appears to me to be patchy, and probably wants depth of shading at the roots of the trees, but possesses good breadth of effect. Edinburgh Castle possesses all I could wish had the sky harmonised with the warm sunny foreground, which it does not, for it is cold and bleak. Loch Leven is brilliant in colour, and reminds me of Turner. The scene is one seldom met with, and, instead of sunrise, I should call it sunset, as approaching nearer in effect to the warm glow of a summer evening. As this meets your eye alone, I have no hesitation of expressing my ideas, however crude they be. . . . I am proposing, in my own mind, to name the prices as follows :—

The large one at six guineas, } including the frames.
The rest at four guineas,

Should none of them sell, I can supply you with the needful. Have no hesitation in availing yourself of this offer; you can pay me a hundred years hence, if not sooner.'

'Your last favour is received, and as you say the principal object you have in effecting a sale of your drawings is to raise wherewith to take you to the metropolis, allow me to say, once for all, that £20, or any sum under it, is entirely at your service, and you have only to let me know when you would have it.

5th July
1832.
Glasgow.
James
Thomson to
James
Smith.

'The Institution Rooms don't open till 1st August. In the meantime, your pictures are all in frame—quite in apple-pie order, and hanging in my dining-room till that date. If, before then, you do any of the same sizes which are more to your mind, I can easily change them.

'My father and mother have been married fifty years to-day. All their children assemble under their roof to dinner to-day to hold a jubilee. When there I shall stay a few

To Strath-
aven.

days. I am just setting off. I shall see James Napier.'

With the money received for his pictures he seems to have proceeded to London, where he took up his abode with a friend he had been intimately acquainted with at Ashton-under-Lyne, and who had there suffered severely for his connection with the 'Prophet'—even to imprisonment. His primary object was to improve himself in drawing.

'My address is at Mr. John Garland's, 81 Pearson Street, Kingsland Road. I have received some very valuable information in drawing since I came here from an artist who has been very free in communicating to me what he knew, and who did a drawing before me to show me some modes of working. From him I have got some little recipes and secrets which will enable me to produce quite new and very beautiful effects. I am better pleased with London than I expected. 'Tis a very fine place, clean and beautiful upon the whole, considering the quantity of paupers, &c., in it; and many of the plastered brick houses have a much finer effect than the real stone of Edinburgh. It is, however, most oppressively large. 'Tis half a day's walk to go to any of the extremities and back again. 'Tis by far too large a place. It would make three or four very fine cities, and I believe they will soon resort to some method of diminishing the size of it by removing the Court altogether, or at times, to some other city or cities, which will divide the honours and profits with it. I think, upon the whole, I have got as much as I can get of mere instruction as to modes of working, and that I regard as very valuable, for it will enable me to produce, in the tenth part of the time, a much finer effect than before—more especially in foregrounds, which I can make as bold and clear as I choose with very little trouble. There is great advantage to a painter in a knowledge of chemistry, for the beauty and smoothness of colouring is more indebted to the operation of chemical agency than to the mere manner of laying on. No doubt, light and

9th Sept.
1832,
London.
James to
John

shade and choice of colours are wholly intellectual; but if the mind is any way disconcerted by the colours not uniting well, or changing or muddying, it is obliged to leave off the main subject of consideration for the purpose of curing these evils, which, in failing to accomplish, despair and inactivity are the infallible consequences.'

We now first hear of Robert Owen, with whom he came to be so mixed up, and, strange to say, in conjunction with Irving, for whom he still felt a great regard.

'I may mention what, perhaps, you won't hear from the Owen newspapers, that Mr Owen's co-operation system was set agoing here on Monday last; it is a very large establishment; I was quite surprised when I saw it. Irving preaches on Irving. Sunday in the great hall belonging to it—a most superb room. In this hall Owen lectures two or three times a week, and sometimes collects 1300 people. A gentleman told me he believed his lectures were worth £15 or £20 a week to him. As the system is much more popular among the working classes than I had any idea of before I came here, and likely to be adopted to a considerable extent, I may give you some idea of it. It is a kind of bank called an Equitable or Exchange Bank, which gives what is called notes of labour. A workman brings his work to the bank, and he receives in exchange, not money, but a labour note to the amount. With this labour note, wherever it is current, he purchases whatever he wants; and when it returns into the bank it then ceases to circulate, for the bank has already received its value in labour. The bank, of course, is the place where all productions are brought, and whence they are all distributed; and by this system they contemplate the total abolition of all gold and silver currency and accumulated wealth—the root of all evil. And this they call the millennium. A great many of them are Atheists. Atheism is quite common in London—pure Atheism. A gentleman, a clever man and a man of learning, lately told me that Atheism, in his opinion, was the most rational system he

INTEGRITY.

INDUSTRY.

NATIONAL EQUITABLE LABOR EXCHANGE

INSTITUTION
OF THE INDUSTRIAL CLASSES
ROBERT OWEN,
PATRON.
TO THE STOREKEEPER OF THE EXCHANGE

No 105Z 22nd July 1833 22nd July 1833 N^o 105Z

Deliver to the Bearer Exchange
Stores to the Value of **ONE HOUR** *by Order of*

W. Howe Superintendent
J. Dixon Secretary

ONE

CHARLOTTE STREET, RATHBONE PLACE, LONDON.

INTEGRITY.

NATIONAL EQUITABLE LABOR EXCHANGE



 INSTITUTION OF THE INDUSTRIOUS CLASSES

 ROBERT OWEN, PATRON.

 To the STOREKEEPER of the EXCHANGE

N° 1303 22nd July 1833 22nd July 1833 N° 1303

Deliver to the Bearer Exchange

 Stores to the Value of **TWO HOURS** by Order of

TWO HOURS

Wm. Owen, Superintendent

Wm. Owen, Secretary

INDUSTRY.

CHARLOTTE STREET, RATHBONE PLACE, LONDON.

met with. He said he was quite afraid to be a Christian—Christianity drew such a horrible picture of God and the prospects of the human race. “Yet,” says he, “I was once a very good, pious Christian, but had less peace of mind then than now.” ’Tis a horrible doctrine, Atheism, yet I question if it would do half so much harm to the world as religion has done. There is a lady in London gives public lectures on Atheism, but the open avowal of it is principally confined to the working classes. . . . One may live very cheap here in Holborn, where there are several excellent eating-houses where you get a basin of soup with meat in it and a piece of bread for 2d., a dinner—which is a plate of meat and bread—for 3d. I have not yet made a trial of them, but in passing I see the places crowded with hungry customers, and the waiters busy serving. Other places, that make no pretensions to cheapness, are, in my opinion, fully dearer than in Edinburgh. I have only twice got my dinner that way. I paid once 8d., and another time 10d., for a plate of beef. There are very few potatoes used here, but every man has his pint of beer or porter. On Sundays, before and after service, there is not so much traffic as I have been told. ’Tis only a shop here and there—chiefly provision shops—that are kept open.’

Before he left Ashton he had written his friend, Peter Borthwick, to see if he could aid him to a means of livelihood at Cambridge, where his friend was at that time a student.

‘I fear I have very little power to obtain a situation here for you; yet if you will give me a little more particular account of what sort of one would suit you, you may rely on every exertion which I can make. David Pollok, our old friend, I recommended to a very excellent situation, and he so teased and tormented the patrons by ridiculous delays that my credit is quite lost in that quarter. Yet pray let me hear all particulars, that I may do what I can.’

Later on, when Borthwick had drifted to the metropolis,

where he was afterwards to gain a prominent place, he is again in communication with Smith:—

‘The period which you allowed me to answer your last letter has so long gone by that I do not know any other way by which I can satisfactorily commend myself to your forgiveness than by detailing to you the whole course of my history since it came, and this were tedious beyond my time and space—painful, perhaps, beyond your patience. I scarcely knew where you were, and should not know how to direct this letter but for the kindness of Miss Stenhouse, who proposes to forward it through some of her friends. Miss Stenhouse tells me that you have some idea of coming to London. I hope you will. I should like very much to know what are your intentions in this matter; perhaps I might be of some use to you, and if I can, I implore you to believe that to the utmost I will. You perhaps will hardly believe this, because I have not written for so long, but before you judge so give me my trial, and I can bring very many witnesses to prove that I have not been unmindful nor inactive though I have been silent. If you can let me know how you are, and what are your intentions, at all events you will confer on me a great kindness, for, believe me, there is not one of all my friends whom I should so grieve to lose as yourself. I am now resident in London, and, for anything which appears just now on the horizon of possibility, am like to remain so for twelve months at least.’

‘I the rather hasten to write to you (though I have very little time to say as much as I could wish) that you are so soon to leave Edinburgh. My first object in writing to you is to speak of “a journey to London,” which, if I at all rightly understand your position, I would recommend to you. I think there are at least two sources of emolument in London which you could teach to flow—the one in giving instruction in languages, drawing, &c., and the other in painting itself. You remember, perhaps, giving me a picture in water-colours when we parted in Edinburgh. It is very

21st Feb.
1832.
London.

much admired by artists and amateurs both at Cambridge and in this centre of excellence in such things, and I am sure that, with your talents and acquirements in Literature and Arts, you could command the Mammon to yield enough, or more than enough, for the times' need. If you would write to me by return of post I might have it in my power to do something by way of making an opening for you.

'I am myself in the very midst of uncertainty as it regards my future destination. . . . I have only to say that, while I have bread or the means of getting it, it will be my delight to share the one and the other with you.'

It says much for both men that, while intellectually they kept steadily travelling towards opposite poles, their friendship remained unbroken to the end; and it is evident from Borthwick's letters that he showed great sympathy for the intellectual vagaries of his friend, and endeavoured to evince an interest in whatever was of vital importance to him. This is observable as we read between the lines, and while James Smith is in an irritable state at Ashton, and ready to carp at his acquaintances and former associates, in the belief that they shun his present companionship, his strictures and complaints are met with tact and good feeling, and a profession of friendship which time did not belie.

'My wife desires her kindest remembrances to you, and joins me in earnest request that you will write to us. If you come to London, while we have a roof and food we need not say you are welcome heartily to the one and the other.'

Thus encouraged, we have seen he had gone to London, probably with a view to Art mainly as a means of livelihood, but with his mind full of his doctrine of 'good and evil,' with which he was going to revolutionise the world. He is exuberant over his first success.

'I have taken a chapel for lectures, and gave my first last Sunday evening, when I was received with most enthusiastic cheering, and gratified with the hopes—I may say certainty—

26th Sept.
1832.
London.
James to
John.

of success. My doctrines, which have been coolly received by a parcel of blinded fools elsewhere, are here likely to prevail. I have got many friends already, and every day, I believe, will increase them. Providence has just sent me in the nick of time ; if I had gone when I first proposed it would not have done. I charge one penny only for admission to my lectures, and I believe I will fill the chapel, which holds 500, and perhaps I may give another during the week ; at any rate, I will easily support myself. There are vast numbers of people here ready to receive what I can give them. The church is evidently on its last legs ; several of the clergy have lately petitioned the King to call a general convocation to devise some method of saving it. It would have surprised you to have seen the warm greetings, the clapping of hands with which I was received, whilst at the same time they paid the utmost attention to every sentence of my discourse. I never had such an attentive audience. If I succeed in London, I shall get known in other places, and may take a tour through the provinces, and soon you will see plenty following in the same footsteps ; and if the church can support itself with nothing but bludgeons, it will fall immediately. . . . I thought you would be anxious to hear about me, and therefore I have written sooner than I would otherwise have done ; but I will write you in a week or two again, and give you further information of my proceedings. What you say of Irving I do not fully understand. Irving is as well off as ever, and has a splendid congregation. The hall he preaches in will hold about 1500, and is crammed full of his own people.

‘I have not yet seen Borthwick ; he is travelling about advocating the cause of West India slavery ; I expect him in town soon. I am very comfortable here—have a fine bedroom, finely papered, a clean and soft feather-bed, and a comfortable parlour to sit in. My old landlady, Mrs. G., is on a visit to us at present, so that we are all as we were at Ashton. They all treat me as if I were of the family—mind

everything I want before I see it myself, &c., so that you need be under no concern about me. See and push the rest on, and I will drive my way, and if possible assist the rest too.

Copley
Fielding.

'C. Fielding is out of town, but his brother, Thales Fielding, received me very frankly, and showed me his own and his brother's portfolios, where there were some splendid drawings. He also introduced me to Robson. I was dazzled with Robson's drawings at first, but when I began to examine them my admiration gave way; they are very tawdry, stiff, and unnatural; however, the general effect is capital—the trees of his distant wood are all as we used to make them at school, like parasols standing on top of each other, uncommonly stiff. The finest collection of small cabinet drawings I have seen is that of an artist called Baynes, who lives beside Fielding; he wants the genius of Fielding, certainly, for effect and splendour of design, but what he does is far more easy and natural. I was recommended to him by an architect here, who thought him the foremost of all, but very modest and reserved. There are a number of artists very inferior; there is one Purser, who paints beautifully in water-colours.'

He is still, however, relying on his 'mission.'

London,
20th Nov.
1832.
James to
John.

'I am succeeding as well as ever as yet. How long it may continue I can't say. I meet with opposition both from Christians and Infidels. Last Sunday evening I had two Atheists to oppose me. One of them, quite a gentleman (in fact they were both so), pretended to understand perfectly how animals could be formed without a God; if you examine an egg you will find a little spot in it, &c., &c. Nothing could be more simple, he said, and if men would but make use of their eyes as they ought to do they would find no difficulties in anything. One old gentleman asked him which was first, the hen or the egg; the hen, he replied, although he had previously averred that every animal had been eternal. We had some good fun with him, for he was

very humorous, and went away laughing, saying he was willing to give me the appearance of victory, for I was a useful character in many respects, but cautioned the people to beware of believing in a future state. There are great lots of Atheists here, and their principal argument is the existence of evil. The church doctrine, of course, confirms them, and they scorn the very idea of such a monster as the Christian God, or rather devil. Atheists.

'I have not seen many of the curiosities of London, for want of money to spend upon such things. I have been at one or two of the theatres. You may get into the small theatres, most of which are as good as Edinburgh and Glasgow, for 1s. in the pit. Drury Lane and Covent Garden are 3s. 6d., but they are talking of reducing them to 2s. 6d. I went to Drury Lane one evening; it did not appear to be much larger than our old Glasgow theatres. Sheridan Knowles is playing at Covent Garden, but does not take as an actor. I saw his name advertised to-night in his own play of the *Hunchback*, which has a good run. Borthwick is getting on rarely. He is likely to flourish, but he is in the Tory interest, and that is a sinking cause. I told you in the letter I wrote per Mr. Brown that a parcel could be conveyed cheap to and from London; but remember this—that when they arrive here they are sent in carts to their respective directions, and these carts will charge as much as the whole freight. They would charge 2s. 6d. for bringing one to me from the shipping, and I could get the parcel itself for perhaps 2s. A pretty large parcel, as big as a family Bible, would cost about 2s., but if you write on the back, "to be left till called for," they will send me a two-penny post letter to advertise me of it, and I can fetch it.'

' This monstrous smoke-hole of a place is so large that I cannot go into town without spending several hours in walking. I have still been able to live by my preaching, and I have little doubt that it may and will by and bye turn out a good and most respectable cause. Last Sunday I cleared

6th March
1833.
James to
John.

25s., the Sunday before 33s.; however, on a wet day it is not so good. Three Sundays ago I had only a remnant of 10s. after paying all my expenses. I pay my rent, &c., every Sunday before I come home, and at present I am free of all debt whatsoever in London, with 30s. in my pocket. So you see I am not yet reduced to my last shilling.'

London was still a wonder to him, and he desires his brother to spend his vacation seeing it. It is interesting to note that both *cabs*—vulgarised from *cabriolet*, as he tells us—and omnibuses were novelties to him!

1833. 'For the accommodation of passengers in the town there are vehicles called omnibuses, running along the street every two minutes. They run four or five miles, and take you all that way at a carriage trot for sixpence, doubling it at eleven o'clock at night; they are most convenient things, and always at hand. I often spend a sixpence that way, which is a great saving both to legs and shoes.'

He was evidently not accustomed to have money in his pocket, and was further divided between his desire to appear respectable before his more orthodox brother, and to still feel himself under the direct care of Providence. It is probable that his letters have to be read partially in the light of those to whom they were addressed, and whose susceptibilities he almost unconsciously considered.

'I have got a few acquaintances now, both Scotch and English. Last night I drank tea with a Mrs. Wheeler, a woman of great talent, quite a high-bred aristocrat. She is a regular hearer of mine; she comes with a daughter of General B——, whom I saw home last evening to a very fine residence—so that you see I am not so very degraded as you suspected; the most of my congregation, however, are decent tradesmen. I had a French Catholic priest hearing me on Sunday last. To-day he bought several of my lectures, which I have published at 3d. a piece. It is scarcely time for them to pay yet, but I have sold several hundreds of each. The doctrine will most assuredly flourish like the

green bay-tree. Providence is evidently in its favour, and I have seen many special interferences in my own behalf. Once since I came here I was reduced to my last sixpence; it was the dead of winter, and I was in straits of many kinds. I especially wanted £2 to pay an account. I had nothing. In the very nick of time I received a letter from ——, saying he had come to London and wanted to see me. I called that evening, and without me ever asking it, he put two sovereigns into my hand as I was coming off. I had lent him two five years ago, and he had never paid them; they were just reserved for the time of need. Since I first left Edinburgh I have had five or six deliverances as remarkable as that. I was to have stayed with Borthwick when I came here, but a fortnight before I came he was engaged by the West Indian Committee to advocate their cause through the country. He is now in Scotland making a figure as an orator. He stood for member of Parliament at Evesham, but was cast. Sir Bethal Codrington laid down on the election table one thousand sovereigns to pay his expenses, and told him he might have as much more if he required it, but he failed. I have no doubt he will get into next Parliament. If I had come to London any sooner I would have failed too, and I just left Scotland the very day that Shiloh was put in jail, and now I am preaching in his chapel, but not preaching his doctrine; he will be in jail twelve months yet, according to the sentence, and according to my ways of reckoning I ought to be in difficulties all that while. Trade is very bad here, and the people are quite furious. The unstamped penny newspapers are numerous; their circulation is immense, and they cannot be put down; they will put out the others by degrees if the duty is not taken off.'

He is still amazed at London and its wonders, which he describes to his brother with the usual light and shade. The splendour of the best shops, and the number of men employed, with the difficulty of getting money, and the

8th June
1833.

necessity to keep up an appearance at any cost on the part of tradesmen and the commercial classes, with all the attendant misery. 'I never, till I came to London, heard people deliberately speak of destroying themselves, but here I have met with several.' He then describes with satisfaction a new preparation for reviving black clothes, which he had used with success, and is evidently as simple-minded and uninfluenced by the world as when, full of ancient lore and ignorant of life, he rushed off to Ashton to hurry on the millennium. A brilliant graduate at seventeen, he was still at thirty-two unable to accommodate himself to a world that required to be cajoled and petted: he was prepared to suffer the penalty of those who see the beam in the eye of the world, and are constrained to act as oculists regardless of fees.

19th Nov.
1833,
James to
John.

'It is not by pampering the prejudices of the public that any good is to be done, for in that case you would never have any improvement. There is a necessity for some going in advance of the age. You need not be afraid of my going too far. There are fifty thousand in London ready to defend any man, go what length he may; and as for the Government, they will never look after me. That sort of persecution is all over. As for what you say of God, it looks very ridiculous to me. I have more respect to God than you have, and obey Him more. You pretend to follow old revelation; I follow the Spirit whithersoever he goeth. You don't follow him at all; he is far in advance of you. He is teaching doctrines as far before St. Paul's as St. Paul was before Moses, but you think you are safe with St. Paul; and has not the Jew as good a right to think himself safe with Moses. And as for evidence, I have quite enough to convince me—and that is as much as you have. If the Apostles wrought miracles you did not see them, and though you did see them, they are no evidence; for God says he works miracles to deceive. The fact is that God is in everything, and if he has shown himself in a peculiar way in

religion, we are not to infer from that that he has deserted everything else. Religion is merely a department for manifestations by signs, and it is a department for mystery, riddle, parable, and superstition ; but you mistake its meaning sadly if you think that there is any superior sanctity or cleverness in it ; in fact, it is the sphere of darkness, and all revelation comes from the spirit of mystery and darkness.' He continues characteristically :—

'But you may follow your own mind on the subject. I shall never reproach you for it. Do not, however, attribute more respect for God to yourself than you possess, nor judge merely by the words of your mouth. Words have many meanings, and, as Dean Swift says, are mere "wind." An old tar, meeting another on the pavement, says :—"D— you, you b——, how are you? I am glad to see you." The other returns the compliment in a similar style. They mean well, however rough and uncouth their language may seem. So do I, and if I sometimes use language which is disrespectful to God, it is only in appearance. You may ask me what is the use of this appearance. It is quite necessary to correct old errors, for if God be all in all—author of good and evil—devil and God—then all sorts of words and epithets apply to him—good and bad. . . . It is only your false ideas of omnipresence that makes you talk and think as you do, and you imagine you speak very reverentially of God when you call him pure, clean, and holy, and would think it blasphemy to talk of God living in dung. If so, then I say you have yet to "know the Lord." The world does not yet know Him, and the only way by which it can come to the knowledge of Him is by "blasphemy." The age of blasphemy is coming, and that will put an end to all schism in religion—for it will show men that God is all in all, and that words are mere wind. There will be a most furious resistance to the Church. Infidelity will triumph. I shall take no hand in it. I don't expect to be long amongst them. The Infidels have a work of their own and

Popular
feeling in
1833.

I have another. I have never joined with infidelity, and never will; but you may depend upon it, it will turn the Church upside down. The hostility against the Church is dreadful. I never see a clergyman in his canonicals on the street. They dress like other men, and pass unnoticed. There is judgment coming on them, and if any deserve judgment they do; for they have egregiously departed from the spirit of Christianity, whatever their pretences be. What you say of judgment and providence is ludicrous enough. You say:—"May not God have hardened my heart for holding such opinions?" This is most unmeaning cant. Were I in adversity, you would call it a judgment; were I in prosperity, you would call it hardening: whereas the adversity of another man you would call the chastening of the Lord; his prosperity you would call a reward. Your reasoning won't do, and your conjectures are absurd. The Bible says:—"All things happen alike to all—to him that sacrificeth and to him that sacrificeth not. If God sends judgments, they are merely for signs, and are known when they come."

CHAPTER IX.

A CHANGE OF FRONT—THE 'CRISIS' AND 'PIONEER.'

ALTHOUGH still seeking to move the religious world by his tongue, the burst of enthusiasm over the 'discovery' of the 'doctrine of good and evil' was beginning to wane, and Smith was beginning to be influenced by the socialism of the time. At no time had the various socialistic theories and systems so great a hold upon the London world—Owenism, St. Simonism, and Fourierism all being firmly footed in popular opinion, and having their share of enthusiastic followers.

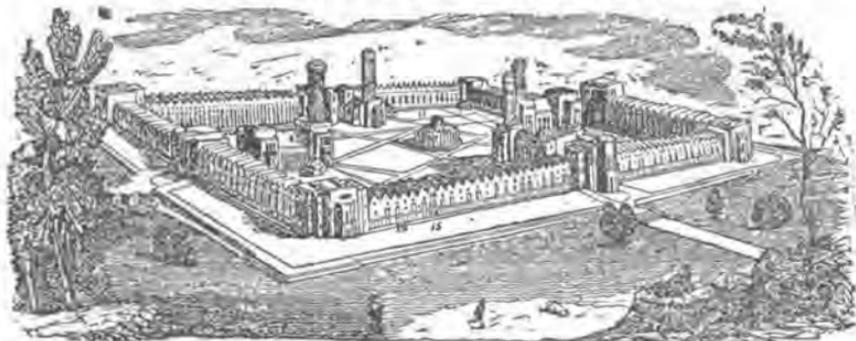
'I am very glad to see the popular side carry, although it will not make the Church a whit more pure. The Dissenters are, in my opinion, the worst of the whole clerical fraternity. However, it is a step in progress to the total overthrow of old Christianity, or rather Antichrist, the church of division and strife. *Men will never be made better by preaching.* It is only by improving their circumstances by an equal distribution of the produce of labour, and by setting all men to work at some useful occupation. About one-half of the present generation do nothing at all. The rich merely live on the sweat of the poor man's brow. If they were to divide the labour, and take advantage of all the mechanical power in the country, every man might be well provided for. There would be no moral crime if there were no competition in trade, if men constituted one family, and lived upon our public stock. All trading in food, clothing, and lodging (these three) must be abolished. The trading must be confined to the fine arts and literature, &c., which will supply

28th March
1834.
James to
John.

sufficient stimulus to action as soon as the people are all well educated; and this will be a species of competition which shall for ever prevent poverty from once more devastating the earth with crime. For if the successes of competitors cannot provide them with more food, or put it in their power to deprive the poor man of his share, they can never be productive of much mischief. It is all vain to talk about the scriptural forms of government for the Church as long as there is such an unjust system of distribution of wealth practised. God works materially and spiritually, and his grace will never produce much consolation in a hungry belly. The kingdom of heaven is within *us*, not within our heads or hearts only. The *Revolt of the Bees* was written by a Mr. Morgan, a stationer or paper manufacturer on a large scale, and a man of considerable property. You might have seen his name in the papers lately, when he was said to have offered to endow a professorship in King's College, provided they would submit to certain conditions, and teach such doctrines as the *Revolt of the Bees* contains. . . . He is a very quiet, inoffensive, mild man, about fifty-five or nearer sixty, and may be very useful among such timid personages as you, who have not the courage to deny the reigning system of evil. But it is a very lucky thing that God Almighty has not made us all alike, for then there would never be any reformation whatsoever. Were we merely to wait till all men were convinced by reason, we should wait to eternity. There is a necessity for some to lead the van and break down the old prejudices and corruptions. I do not ask you to do—I don't want you to do—it; it is generally attended with a sacrifice, but all those must do it whose minds are prepared by Providence on purpose, who are impelled by strong convictions, and whose chief pleasure consists in exposing the old and commending the new mode of political and social intercourse. And though the opinions and systems of reformers and innovators should not be perfect, what of that? Did you ever see anything perfect? Is the

THE CRISIS,

OR THE CHANGE FROM ERROR AND MISERY TO TRUTH AND HAPPINESS.



Design of a Community of 3,000 Persons, founded upon a principle, commended by Plato, Lord Bacon, Sir T. More, and Robert Owen.

IT IS OF ALL TRUTHS THE MOST IMPORTANT, THAT THE CHARACTER OF MAN IS FORMED FOR—NOT BY HIMSELF.

Vol. II. No. 5.] SATURDAY, FEB. 9, 1833.—EDITED BY ROBERT OWEN AND ROBERT DALE OWEN. [Price 2d.

DESIGN FOR A COMMUNITY.

THE above plate which now replaces that of the Gray's Inn Flood Institution, represents a design of a square building, for the accommodation of a Society of one thousand persons, combining on the principle of common property, joint-labour, and united expenditure. The area of ground occupied by the buildings, promenades, and gardens of the establishment would be about thirty-three acres; that of the enclosed quadrangle twenty-two acres; nearly three times as large as Russell Square.

The general plan is one with which our readers are well acquainted. It is calculated to afford to the inmates the advantages at once of society and retirement, of town and of a country residence.

Various modifications of the plan have been, from time to time, suggested. Instead of a community of common property some have proposed, as a first step at least, a society of united expenditure only, to be formed by families or individuals of moderate but certain incomes. It has been estimated by those who have given much attention to the subject, that if four hundred families, each having at command an income of £100 a year, would unite their means, the result to each would be the possession of social and domestic advantages such as cannot, under the individual system, be obtained for less than £600 a-year; and that, if we suppose families with £500 a-year uniting their incomes, the result to each would be advantages equal to those of an individual establishment of £5,000 a-year.

No doubt there are many modifications under which the plan might be advantageously attempted; and, in the progress of human eras, one or other of these must soon be tried.

The numbers on the plate refer to its separate parts, and will be understood by the following explanation—

EXPLANATION OF THE PARTS NUMBERED ON THE PLATE.

- 1 Gymnasiums or covered places for exercise, attached to the Schools and Infirmary.
- 2 Conservatory, in the midst of Gardens, botanically arranged.
- 3 Baths, warm and cold, of which there are four for the Males, and four for the Females.
- 4 Dining Halls, with Kitchens, &c. beneath them.
- 5 Angle Buildings, occupied by the Schools for Infants, Children, and Youths, and the Infirmary; on the ground floors are Conversation-rooms for Adults.
- 6 Library. Detached Reading Rooms. Bookbinder, Printing Office, &c.
- 7 Ball room and Music rooms.
- 8 Theatre for Lectures, Exhibitions, Discussions, &c. with Laboratory, Small Library, &c.
- 9 Museum, with Library of Description and Reference, Rooms for preparing Specimens, &c.
- 10 The Brew-houses, Bake-houses, Wash-houses, Laundries, &c. arranged round the Bases of the Towers.
- 11 The Refectories for the infants and children are on each side of the Vestibules of the Dining Halls.
- 12 The Illuminators of the Establishment, Clock-towers, and Observatories, and from the elevated summits of which all the smoke and vitiated air of the buildings is discharged into the atmosphere.
- 13 Suites of adult sitting-rooms and chambers.
- 14 Suites of Chambers, which may be easily and quickly made of any dimensions required; Dormitories for the Unmarried and Children.
- 15 Esplanade one hundred feet wide, about twelve feet above the natural surface.
- 16 Paved Footpath.
- 17 The Arcade and its Terrace, giving both a covered and an open communication with every part of the building.
- 18 Sub-way leading to the Kitchen, &c. and along which meat, vegetables, coals, &c. are conveyed to the Stores, and dust and refuse brought out.

law of Moses perfect—would it do for the present age—was it very agreeable, just, or moral for any age? Why, then, should you expect perfection in anything else.

Pioneer.

'The *Pioneer* belongs to a Mr. Morrison—a young man from Birmingham. It was the first paper that took the cause of Derby¹ in hand, and from that and the spirit of the writing, it has taken the lead of all the unstamped. It has now increased to 30,000—the greatest circulation of any paper in the kingdom, excepting the *Penny Magazine*. The article you allude to respecting Blackwood was concocted by Morrison and myself, but written by him. He generally writes in blank verse—rather an original style. I have always one and sometimes two articles in the *Pioneer*, but have no share in the paper. I get £1 per week for what I write. The paper is not yet firmly established, but we have some hope of making it standard, and then I think I shall be able to make something more of it. . . . My lectures go on as usual. We are trying in the *Pioneer* to bring in the religious world, and we are catching them fast.'

In a letter at this time we get a peep at the desperation of the effort made by the brothers to maintain an appearance of 'respectability,' and yet the real poverty and distress that permeated the large family that the want of worldly capacity of the father had thrown on the elder brother's hands, without stamina or proper training for the labour of life.

15th May
1834.

'I received yours only yesterday. I have been at Gravesend for a few days, just for my health, which is very bad. I have been troubled with a nervous fever, brought on by exertion and anxiety, for this is a most distressing time, and I can assure you I was none the better of the news you sent me. I am sorry for Thomas, but at present I can only see one way for him if he is willing to take it, and that is to learn what we call composition or compositing—that is type-setting. Were he a compositor, I could secure employment to him whether I was employed myself or not, but it will

¹ The Derby operatives' turn-out.

take him two or three months to learn, and the question is how is he to learn. It would do me an immense deal of mischief if he were coming here at present, for my situation is becoming every day more precarious, and a storm is gathering around me, and all the money I can gather is at present in request, though I live in a little bedroom. Were you to take him for the summer, and merely get him initiated into the art at one of the printing offices in Perth—such as Dewar's—you might put a very good face upon the thing, and say that he merely wanted to learn the art, expecting to be of use to me in London, &c. This would relieve me of what at present I cannot bear, and prevent me from removing and taking more expensive lodgings, for I must have a room to myself or go to wreck instantly. A quick compositor can make £2 a week, and a guinea a week can be made with great ease; and if he be sober he is sure to succeed, and having some slight knowledge of languages may become what is called a reader—that is, a corrector of the press—or a reporter, &c. I am certain that Thomas, were he merely sober, would never more feel want. But I should not suffer him to come and learn here—it would do me harm. There is a respect paid me on account of my education and my unknown origin, relationships, &c., which in my present predicament it would be better to keep up. Owen's Institution is nearly down—I am not expecting it to live out this month. The *Pioneer* is attacked by formidable enemies, who are resolved to crush it, and Lord Althorpe has publicly declared in the House on Monday night that he is determined to suppress the unstamped. We are all here as grave as seniors—Morrison, poor soul, is quite sad, and talking of the crisis approaching, but determined to brave it out. As for me, all my strength seems to be in my weakness, which makes me somewhat indifferent to consequences. I attacked the leaders of the Consolidated Union a few weeks ago, and this week I have assailed one of them again. The first caused Owen and me nearly to quarrel, and this I have

In low water.

Owen.

not yet sent forth from the composers' hands. I am obliged to do it. Morrison and I are objects of attack and private malice with them, and we are forced, in defence, to make reprisals. Owen's charity is for bearing with everything, and yet it won't bear with me in defending myself.'

Although this is the first notice in his private correspondence of his connection with Owen, he has been really in close touch with him since the beginning of 1833, when the *Crisis*, at that time edited by Robert Owen and his son Robert Dale Owen, jointly, was taken in hand by B. D. Cousins. This was the publisher with whom Smith remained in close friendship through many ventures. His lectures were delivered on Sundays in the Charlotte Street Institution, and were afterwards republished in the *Crisis*. The first of which we have a note was delivered on 2nd June 1833, and entitled 'Community.' It is advertised in the *Crisis* (which has now been changed to 'under the patronage of Robert Owen') as 'delivered at the Surrey Institution, and at the Charlotte Street Institution,' and also as 'printed uniform with the *Antichrist*.' The latter, formerly described as published in parts, has now reached the dignity of a volume: price 4s. 6d., boards, or in 16 numbers, 3d. each. 'Antichrist, or Christianity Reformed, being a series of discourses written and delivered by the Rev. J. E. Smith, M.A., in which is demonstrated from the Scriptures, in opposition to the prevailing opinion of the whole religious world, that evil and good are from one source; Devil and God one Spirit; and that the one is merely manifested to make perfect the other.'

Antichrist.

It is right to say that he may have outlived these as most other of his opinions, for we learn from his brother at his death:—'The *Crisis* and the *Antichrist* are no more, unless Mrs. G—— has retained some copies, but James told her and Cousins to destroy all the remaining copies.' At the same time, it is probable he merely considered his peculiar expression of opinion as unsuited to the many, and dangerous

in their hands. His addresses at the Institution were on such practical subjects as 'Education,' and if he did also speak on 'Prophecy,' it was with the practical common sense that came like a breath of fresh air through his most paradoxical utterances. That he had obtained a considerable influence over Robert Owen at this time is apparent from the letter dated Manchester, 22nd August 1833, to the Secretary of the Exchange. After detailing his success:—'I cannot be with you on Sunday, but Mr. Smith will do all that is necessary in London; and I am much more beneficially occupied for the great events before us in this district for the present. I hope to be with you on the Sunday following.' Lectures at other times appeared to be delivered alternately, morning and evening, by Owen and Smith. This appears to have been the point of departure in the *Crisis* however. For some considerable time the striking heading of a 'Design for a community of 2000 persons, founded upon a principle commended by Plato, Lord Bacon, Sir T. More, and R. Owen,' with the bold sub-title to the *Crisis*, 'Or the change from error and misery to truth and happiness,' had disappeared in favour of a plain bold type, with the sub-title, 'And National Co-operative Trades' Union and Equitable Labour Exchange Gazette.' And now, immediately following, on 7th September 1833, the first number of vol. iii. appears, which was under the editorship of Smith. The heading represents the rational and irrational arrangements of society, and was probably from the same graver as afterwards produced the headings for the *Family Herald*—Smith's own. The friction to which he alludes, with the Executive of the Consolidated Union, was caused by an article in the *True Sun*, which cast reflections on those who raised subscriptions for the Derby operatives outside their own Union. In reply, he says:—'Did we permit such an article as this to pass our notice, we would be doing an act of injustice to the parties upon whom the aspersion is cast; and we should also be encouraging the *True Sun* in the publication of matter which

Grand
National
Consolidated
Trades' Union
of Great
Britain and
Ireland.
17th May
1834.
Crisis.

is calculated to sow divisions among the people, and ultimately to injure its own character for truth and impartiality.' The *True Sun* handsomely referred to the article in the *Pioneer*, and made the necessary explanations.

While taking a prominent part in socialistic movements, and deeply interested in their prosperity as a means of raising the poor, James Smith had yet no intellectual or moral sympathy with the multitude—whom he looked upon as partially developed animals to be enlightened—and still less with the materialistic side of the Owenite creed. He had translated a volume of St. Simon, which we find thus advertised in the *Crisis* of 11th January 1834:—'New Christianity, by St. Simon. Illustrated with a coloured engraving representing a female in the St. Simonian costume. Translated into English by the Rev. J. E. Smith, M.A.' On the 25th January he gives an account in the *Crisis* of a discussion between representatives of the two systems.

See else-
where

'On Friday the 17th, a meeting took place at the Burton Rooms for the purpose of comparing the St. Simonian and Owenian systems. *Dr. Prati* and Mr. Owen both gave a development of their peculiar views; but we were rather disappointed at the result, as neither the resemblances nor the differences were laid distinctly before the meeting. The two parties are decidedly opposed upon one department, and that is the doctrinal—for the one is the extreme of faith, the other the opposite extreme. The faith of the St. Simonians, however, is not confined to Christianity. Upon this department it is desirable that the public were informed; for the one might engage the religious world, whilst the other engages the infidel world.' He suggests their filling up their mutual deficiencies by amalgamation.

He had been introduced to St. Simonism by Mrs. Wheeler, the mother of Rosina, Lady Lytton, who writes a letter also to the *Crisis* on 9th June 1833, sending a translation of an 'Extract from a weekly journal, edited by women at Paris —"The Women of the Future."'

It is clear that while thus editing an Owenite journal, he took considerable liberty with its views, and valued it not unless it could fight all comers in the open field. At the same time his judicial and paradoxical mind found that he was always absolutely consistent with *himself*, no matter what position he took up.

‘Your advice, I daresay, is all well meant, but all in vain. I must just do what I feel impelled to do. It will tend to good at last. If some must suffer for truth, why should I be exempted more than another. You seem to be entirely ignorant of me and my opinions, and I am now tired explaining them to any one. I have considered all the views of things you point out to me, and have not overlooked the character of the Whigs nor the present times. In my lectures you will find your own remarks upon the practical talents of the Tories. But if you imagine that Old Toryism will return again, I can tell you at once you are mistaken. The Whig and the Tory may agree and form a new party, but that will only increase the number and power of the Radicals, who are the least practical of all, and quite unfit to conduct the Government for a week. They are merely levellers, and are now in their element. They will force the other two on to more liberal measures, and then, perhaps, all three may agree against the new world. But I am certain that an entirely new system is necessary, and will come; but it cannot come until the people are taught it, and we only want a Liberal Government to permit us to teach. I am not afraid of Lord Althorpe nor the Whigs. I am quite safe as a writer. The publisher is the one who runs the risk. It is as a lecturer, principally, that I run a risk; but this blow-up of the Cabinet will give us all a lift. The Union must divide—at present they are composed of two great parties, believers and infidels—and I conceive that Owen and I must separate to provide fuel for each. We shall cause considerable stir for a few months, and, perhaps, a more close union will be the consequence. But at present

James to
John.
30th May
1834.

Owen in
disrepute.

he thinks he can lead the people—he is not aware of the odium which attaches itself to his name. He is too full of himself to see it, and we have always been suppressing his name and his articles as much as possible. He cannot brook this any longer, and seeing that he cannot get everything his own way, he is going to start a new paper under the name of the *Union Gazette*, which he expects will swallow up all others. He means to work behind the curtain, and yet to be dictator. Now our move is to prevent this dictatorship, for we know it cannot be tolerated. Of course we shall be obliged to let out the secret, and, when let out, all the provinces will become discontented, and the greater part of the city. In doing so we shall have all the religious portion of the Unions, and a great proportion of the Infidel portion, along with us, and may effect a reconciliation, for Owen, although he has done an immense deal of good, is causing division by intermeddling with the Union, which would go on better without him—but all things are, no doubt, ordered well. Whatever you may think of the Unions, it is my opinion that they will entirely change the Government and trade of the country; but children must creep before they walk; the people must learn by experience, and by reading and thinking. They are evidently improving every day, and will shortly be able to (do) many things in a very dexterous manner. Every strike, every failure is teaching them wisdom. It is owing to this particular crisis in which I am placed that I shall be very sorry to be burdened with more on my mind at present, for I have an inward hope that I shall weather the storm, and be the better for it ever after. Yet my anxiety is great, because I do not know how low I may be brought before I rise again. . . . In the course of one month I think I shall be able to tell pretty well whether any new opening is likely to be made for me. The new *Gazette* comes out next Saturday, and we shall soon tell what is to be its fate. It will stun us for a while, no doubt, but we shall try to recover.

The Unions.

'On Wednesday I received a letter from the "Society of Civilisation and Progress" in Paris, constituting me its corresponding member in London. It is one of the finest societies in Paris, has daily lectures on all scientific subjects, and publishes a weekly journal and a monthly review. I was not a little pleased, I assure you, at the honour.'

The breach with Owen, thus pointed to, kept widening, and was fomented from outside. An article in the *Pioneer* called forth a protest from 'Three Opponents of Division,' and demanded a reply in the *Crisis*. As an 'opponent of division' he thought it better not to insert the letter, although he replies to it. The article was an expression of the editor's religious views, and the *Crisis* remarks:—'The evil of controversy does not lie in the act of controversy itself, but in the manner. . . . Probably the greater proportion of the readers of the *Pioneer* were pleased with the declaration; probably it was necessary that the editor's mind should be known upon that subject. He has much correspondence amongst the religious class of Unionists, and a declaration of that nature may tend to allay their prejudices, and reconcile them to act in concert with the Union at large, when they find in it men who have some sympathy with their dearest and best-cherished feelings. . . . A liberal-minded man can bear contradiction, and we have no doubt that Mr. Owen views with perfect complacency the article in question. . . . He himself has publicly avowed his own religious creed; why should not the editor of the *Pioneer* avow his.'

The next step was an article in the *Crisis* of 12th July 1834, attacking the Executive of the Grand Consolidated. It refers to the warning issued months before to them to improve their mode of transacting business, and points out that if such counsel had been taken, the malversations discovered on the part of one of the Executive, who had bolted with a large sum of money to New South Wales, could not have occurred. In this article—which is most characteristic—reference is made to the man's moral character, and a

claim is entered which is commonly denied in the present day:—'A private character may do as he has a mind; he may drink, debauch, and satiate his soul with every species of surfeit; he is responsible only to himself, and we shall not reproach him; we shall only avoid the company of the wretch, and leave him to find the level of his own moral rank; but the vices of a public character ought never to be overlooked; he is not his own master; neither his body, his mind, nor his time is his own; he is the servant of the public, who have the same right to criticise his private morals that a wife has to investigate the amorous intrigues of her husband.'

19th July
1834.
Crisis.

The character of this article called forth a severe rebuke from Robert Owen; and, indeed, the pages in which his letter and the editor's rejoinder appear together point to a wholly different view of the principles they were jointly advocating. Owen observes:—'You have done great injury to that paper by allowing sentiments to appear in it altogether in opposition to the principles on which it was established. . . . The principles are in direct opposition to all the systems of fraud, deception, and violence which have hitherto kept the human race ignorant, poor, disunited, uncharitable, and miserable; but principles of genuine kindness and charity for all individuals, because they have been necessarily made the victims of these ignorant and vicious systems, and therefore, under all circumstances, objects of pity and commiseration only, and never of anger and uncharitable invective. The individuals of the Executive who may have erred have done so from ignorance, which ignorance the Government of the country in which they were born and educated ought, if any parties ought, to be responsible for.' He continues to speak of the 'ignorant and vile language and insinuations,' and alludes to it as a 'thoughtless and vicious article.'

In reply, the editor says:—'We have been once more censured, and that severely, for reprehending the Executive.

We have been told that we are ignorant of human nature, and ignorant of the doctrines of the new system, &c. ; and we have also been told by some of our rational friends that it is inconsistent with the leading principle of our new views of society, namely, "that man is the creature of circumstances," to pass severe censures upon the public or private conduct of any individual. We believe there is no individual living more disposed to palliate the offences of our fellow-men than we ourselves are, or more willing to hear a justification of the accused, or more firmly convinced that man is the creature of the circumstances in which he is placed, or of the organisation and education with which he has been gifted. But, at the same time, we are also firmly decided in our preference of virtue to vice, truth to falsehood, and honesty to dishonesty, anxious to promote the growth of the one and the destruction of the other.

'Then how are we to proceed to destroy the latter? By encouraging the good and reprobating the bad ! If we do not express our abhorrence, our detestation of all immorality, falsehood, and knavery, pray what foundation can we have for the hope of an amelioration of the moral character of mankind ? We cannot place bad men in the circumstances of wealth to make them honest or respectable, therefore we must place them in the circumstances of censure, and censure is a very powerful circumstance with every spirited and honourable mind. Therefore, it is not we who depart from the doctrine of circumstances in reprobating the dishonesty of a convicted delinquent, but our censors, who ought to know, if they were acquainted with human nature, that if man be a creature of circumstances he is the creature of rebuke, which is a moral rod of chastisement for moral offences until they can be prevented by the amelioration of the external circumstances. Yet, in reprobating the conduct of the knave, we disavow all personality as much as the most charitable and indulgent. We condemn the principle only ; but how can we attack the principle

unless we attack the individual in whom it resides.' He proceeds with his usual analogical skill to enforce this view—asserts that 'What Mr. Owen's private opinions are it is impossible for us to say, for he has often told us that he has never yet found a man who understood them,' and then turns Owen's letter against himself with skilful and ruthless dexterity. 'There is as much abuse in branding the character of a man with ignorance as with error, if the two are merely cause and effect.' He justly continues:—'We have a serious struggle before us—a struggle which requires every species of virtue to encounter—and they who undertake the work of the public ought to combine, as much as possible, the moral and intellectual power from which we seek for deliverance.'

26th July
1834.
Crisis.

In the following number he returns to the charge in answer to great violence of language in the *Official Gazette* of the Union. 'We are sorry to be under the necessity of once more alluding to the unfortunate collision of principle which has taken place between ourselves and other instructors of the people; but as the solution of the question is a matter of some importance, in a moral and practical point of view, we must once more revert to the disagreeable subject of James Hall (the delinquent) and the Executive.' After again calling attention to their having stultified themselves in their reply, and in their attempt to hide the true state of matters, 'We conclude by saying, that if the Executive had kept their books in a business-like manner, and regularly published an account of the receipts and disbursements, they might have retained the confidence of the people; but their secrecy and want of method were their ruin. This is *their* fault; we do not blame the *colleagues* of Hall for *his* private roguery.'

On 9th August, in referring to a further notice in the *Official Gazette*, we get a further insight into his influence:—'We are *officially* informed in the *Official Gazette* that we are "the principal writer in the *Pioneer*; that we are paid for writing in the *Pioneer*, and, of course, write for the *Crisis* gratis;

that the *Crisis* and *Pioneer* are one and not two, and that that is the reason why they compliment each other." And what matters it, though we are not aware of its being true, and though we can positively assert that the editor of the *Pioneer* never wrote but one article, and that not an editorial one, in the *Crisis*, and that the articles in the *Crisis* and *Pioneer*, respecting the Executive, were not written by the same individual—what matters it, we say: here is an official notice to the contrary. They have now, however, the good sense to suppress this motto of *Truth without mystery*, with which they set out, and have adopted in its stead, *Workmen, stand by your Order*—that is, never expose the rogueries and immoralities of your own class, but merely show up the rulers and regulators to detestation for their love of power and their charitable concealment of corruption. Well, we wish them God-speed in all their charitable intents and purposes; and we trust that, in the exercise of that charity which throws the mantle of concealment on the iniquities of associates, they may not be throwing obstacles in the way of the advancement of honesty, which has no other hope of preferment but by the exposure of villainy.'

This was clearly not 'the beginning of the end,' but the end itself. On 23rd August Robert Owen published his valedictory address in the last number of the *Crisis*, to which Smith added a reply. The ending of the mutual labours of the two colleagues was not without bitterness; and as Owen could not be supposed to know that his comrade looked upon even his 'final' system as a transitional one, we cannot wonder at the great socialist leader looking upon James Smith as somewhat of a traitor in the camp. The same great restless brain that sucked the fruits of the new religions could not be expected to have more regard for the New Systems, when they had yielded up to him all that seemed useful. The same intellect that had divided the followers of John Wroe now proceeded to break up Owenism, in the very opposite plane of human thought.

Mr. Owen did not read the signs of the times as correctly as his quondam colleague and associate. He writes:—

23rd August
1834.
Crisis

'The great "crisis" of human nature will be this week passed. The system under which man has hitherto lived dies a natural death, and another assumes its place. The accursed system of the old world of ignorance, of poverty, of oppression, of fear, of crime, and of misery, this week—this memorable week in the annals of man's history—dies for ever. The delegates of the British and Foreign Association of Industry and Knowledge, called especially from all parts of the kingdom to this great council, held, during the last sixteen days in the metropolis of the most civilised nation of the earth, to consider in what manner the awful crisis in which industry and knowledge were involved should terminate, have, by their wisdom and firmness, now declared unanimously to all people that the change from this pandemonium of wickedness and lies shall not be by violence or by fraud, nor yet by any of the arts or weapons of the expiring old world, but that it shall be through a great moral revolution of the human mind, directed solely by truth, by charity, and by kindness. Men of all nations and colours rejoice with us in this *great event*, for the certain deliverance from all human wickedness and folly is near at hand! Regret not that this *Crisis* now expires, for it dies at its appointed period, to be succeeded by the *New Moral World*, in which truth, industry, and knowledge will for ever reign triumphant. For *truth* is above *virtue* and *religion*. The *Crisis* paper was established by me to develop the errors of the system under which all the transactions of mankind have been conducted, and to destroy the system. The *Crisis* has succeeded in effecting these objects. The *New Moral World* will supersede the *Crisis*, as was originally intended, as soon as the period of time required to advance from the old to the new world should be passed. As soon, therefore, as the arrangements can be completed, the *New Moral World* will

appear to take the place of the *Crisis*. The *Shepherd*, as appears by its announcement, will be a paper unconnected with the "social system," while the *New Moral World* is intended to be a paper in which one sentence shall not be in opposition to another. The fundamental principles upon which the *New Moral World* will be based being laws of nature, form a moral science which, like physical science, is at once destroyed by the admission of contradictions or inconsistencies.' Referring to this article the editor says:—

'We should, out of pure respect, have published it without any remarks, had it not contained some unkind allusions to ourselves and some false statements, which oblige us to say a few words in our own defence. We are very glad to hear that the object for which the *Crisis* was originally published is gained, and that the prospect which now presents itself before our worthy friend is so cheering; but when we are told that the circulation of the *Crisis* has diminished on account of the introduction of heterogeneous matter—sometimes in unison with, and sometimes opposed to, his views—we are told what is directly false in fact, and full of mystery withal. The *Crisis* never was better than it has been in our hands. It came to us a lean and haggard-looking starveling, and we reared it to manhood and respectability. When it came into Mr. Cousins' office, the circulation was about 1250. It had previously been conducted by Mr. Owen and his son; but it was dying so rapidly that Robert Dale Owen made a present of it to Mr. Cousins. At its first appearance in 1832 it made its *début* under very prosperous circumstances. But this was merely an illusion, and the readers, or subscribers, formed but a small fraction of the number of copies printed. The sale of the work was a regular descent from the first week downwards to the time that Mr. Cousins began to publish and Mr. Smith's lectures began to be introduced. Mr. Smith and Mr. Cousins began together; and since that time it has had a regular ascent until the failure of the Exchange and

Failure of
Exchange.

the late disorganisation of the unions ; and now the *Crisis* is left by us in better condition than we found it.' After more explanatory and personal matter, he concludes :—

'The little quibbles with Mr. Owen are not to be understood as personal ; we entertain the kindest feelings towards him. We have always received the greatest personal kindness from him, and hope to preserve the mutual friendship to the last. The petty riots we have sometimes kicked up have arisen wholly from the liberty we have taken of thinking for ourselves ; and we much doubt if Mr. Owen could find another editor who thinks for himself, and preserves a more respectful and friendly deportment towards him.'

Thus ended the public connection of James Smith with the great socialist, which he described, when proceeding, in the following letter to his brother, dated '1st August, the day of Negro emancipation' :—

1st August
1834.
James to
John.

'I this week sent in my resignation to Owen's party, and shall now be on the look-out for another place for preaching. It is probable I am now nearly done with the Infidels, and I have learned a good deal from them ; but, if I had learned nothing more, I have learned to look with complacency on all sects, finding quite as much virtue in one as another. I shall most probably be back to the Believing again. I have had a message sent me from the Lord lately to go to preach to the Jews, and to go to a Captain Woodley in London and tell him to provide a place for me. What may be the meaning of all this I can't say yet, but the same woman through whom it came was sent to me when I was preaching to the Infidels in the borough. She came into the chapel, mounted up into the pulpit, and said she was ordered to take possession of it, for the Lord would take that pulpit from me and I should not have another for some time. The next Sunday my congregation diminished one-half, and I soon after was obliged to give up the place, and I have not had a pulpit since. I don't expect the *Crisis* to stand above three weeks, and then I shall send you all the remainder. Owen is

falling off fast, but is as sanguine as ever—if he has no religious faith, he has got more than any other man of co-operative faith. He and I have been battling a little in the *Crisis*, but very good friends apparently for all that.'

It is pleasing to be able to add the following allusion to the *Shepherd* from the *New Moral World* of 13th January 1838 :—

'We invite the attention of our readers to an article on the "Religion of the *New Moral World*" by the able editor of the *Shepherd*. There is manifested throughout the paper such an air of sincere belief in the principles advocated, of disinterested devotion to the best interests of the human family, withal such a kindly spirit, that it well deserves the attentive perusal and thoughtful deliberation of our friends and readers. We promise it both on our own parts, and shall, so soon as our numerous avocations permit us leisure, revert to the subject. Mr. Smith is either right or wrong upon the subject at issue ; if right, *we* shall be benefited by the discussion ; if wrong, *he* will be benefited by it ; and, therefore, on both sides good grounds exist for its continuance. We take this opportunity of drawing the attention of our readers to the *Shepherd*, as a paper containing many strikingly original and useful papers, and calculated eminently to advance the best interests of man.'

CHAPTER X.

'THE SHEPHERD,' OR UNIVERSALISM.

WE now enter upon the most remarkable era in the life of Smith, when he started the periodical that was to embody his views of life, and death, and all things, and to give his philosophy 'a local habitation and a name.'

No doubt his 'System of Nature' developed as he proceeded; but he still started with very definite views, which were expanded as his mind rose to 'the height of his great argument,' and drew the then science, religion, and philosophy within the range of his intellect. In his third volume he describes his organ as 'conducted on the principles of Universal Analogy.' Further, he terms it 'a critico-theological, social, and miscellaneous periodical, conducted upon the principles of Universal Faith, or Pantheism.'

It was not until 9th Sept. 1837 that he changed the last name to *Universalism*, which it afterwards retained. A 'Pantheist,' properly speaking, he was not. At first reading over this exposition of his views, we are amazed at the extent as well as the accuracy of his knowledge. The mind that seemed to be wholly involved in biblical examination and abstruse calculations, was really in its normal condition a practical, keen, investigating intellect, with a strong grasp of the science of the time. Consequently, if his intellect was markedly analogical, it was not without abundant facts in all the fields of thought from which to draw his comparisons and illustrate his views. Perhaps this is the cause of the peculiar quaintness of his utterances, and the reason that his analogies might often be considered conceits—so widely apart are the fields from which they are drawn.

The first number of the *Shepherd* was published at the end of August 1834, for the purpose of giving publicity to the theories that had so long been seething in his brain. It was purely a labour of love, conducted gratis, as was the *Crisis*. Thus he says at end of the first volume:—

'We shall not thank our readers, as some editors do, for we are under no obligation to them, nor they to us. We have all followed the impulse of our own minds. We have conducted the *Shepherd* for one year without a farthing of remuneration; they have paid one penny a week for our labour. If they do not complain, we do not; and if we do not, they have no cause to murmur.'

We also learn in the introduction to the second volume that 'the first was brought forth under very unfavourable circumstances—chiefly bad health. These created a passivity of mind which made us less circumspect, discreet, and industrious, in respect to the contents, than we hope to prove in the present volume.'

Yet, with all allowances, we have a remarkable résumé of the science of the time from the fiery crucible where it had been melted down.

'Nature is one splendid unity—connected in all its parts—and although apparently at times in violent opposition to itself, yet this opposition is only local and always tends to the restoration of tranquility. If not, Nature would ultimately destroy itself, which is impossible. Hence it follows that Nature, as a whole, is in harmony with itself, and harmony is good. It follows, also, that no evil can last for ever—evil destroys itself—good only is eternal, and naturally arises into being after evil has exhausted itself. Thus the balance swings for a long time after the scales are filled, and then reposes in equilibrium and justice for ever. Nature is also infinite; she has no beginning—can have no end—and no boundary of existence. Nay, we may almost venture to say that the stars are infinite in number; for, if not, there would be an infinity of space beyond them in which nothing existed, and

those at the very border of creation would be attracted by those in the centre, and all would converge into one mass—unless we suppose them, like the planets, to whirl around one common centre.’

30th August
1834.

He soon gets astride of some analogy with which he becomes enamoured, but having plenty more forthcoming he seldom rides it to death. ‘Carbon may be called the body of Nature, and oxygen and hydrogen its two spirits. These two spirits have each a distinct character—the one may be called active, the other passive, or, if you will, male and female. This affinity is the cause of all the movements of Nature.’ Again:—‘Of the three substances, solid, liquid, and gas, the solid is in one sense the strongest, and in another the weakest—the gas is the weakest and yet the strongest. . . . It is the gas which causes the earth to shake, and rends the mountain into fragments. The gas acquires this power by its elasticity and motion. All active power resides in gas—the solid has only the passive power of resistance.’ After giving examples, he continues:—‘Thus the weakest is the strongest, and the strongest the weakest, and strength is made perfect by weakness. Let no man therefore despise the weakness of Nature, for therein its strength lies—and this beautiful truth displays itself in every department of Nature. Thus, for instance, in our own species, the man of mild and amiable deportment, and moderate abilities, will successfully accomplish his end, when the man of loud and presumptuous pretensions, obstinacy of disposition, and strength of mind, will meet with humiliation and disappointment. Metaphysics may be learned from physics, and physics from metaphysics; for such is the harmony of Nature, that if a law be found prevalent in the one, you may be sure to find its counterpart and equivalent in the other.’

From the first the author had his readers and scholars, many of whom had been educated up to his present standpoint by his previous labours.

‘I am very busily employed. I have two weekly papers

to conduct. The *Shepherd* costs me most time, because my name is to it, and it contains the fundamental principles of my doctrine. The other consults more the humour of the public, but still tends to the same result. The *Shepherd* is doing well—no paper of the kind is doing better—and I have no doubt that I am laying the foundation of a new church whose members will increase yearly. The difficulty is all at the present in getting it to take root. I have made a powerful impression on many, and Providence seems to be working curiously for me. Taylor is now banished for ever; he has gone to Paris, and scarcely can return again; his visit to England will cost him £300 or imprisonment for breach of promise of marriage. Carlile is in prison. Owen is losing ground. Detrosier, the most eloquent of all, is dead, and many are proposing to call me to “the Mechanics Hall of Science” in his stead. I won’t go to support Detrosier’s principles—although he was as good a creature as ever lived—but I have no objections to lecture occasionally or on Sunday evenings for them. I am determined now to make a bold stand against infidelity, and form a people for myself. I have many friends, but they are yet scattered. I have done more in two years than I could have expected. I am certain I have checked the progress of Atheism. Owen himself is now beginning to talk of the Spirit of the Universe, and the designs and plans of the great Spirit. This little is a great deal; I don’t like to see much at a time, but it is a favourable omen, and I have the same omen from all quarters. You will soon find that my system of doctrine will do more good than all the other doctrines combined. The printer says the *Shepherd* will soon be out of print—we print 3000 copies weekly. . . . I lecture now on Sunday evenings in my old hall in Castle Street, within half a gunshot of poor Irving’s chapel. His chapel looks straight into Castle Street. His is quite amongst the artists in Newman Street, very near Copley Fielding’s house; mine is a very handsome hall—very comfortable, with a blazing fire and a fine well-furnished

19th Dec.
1834.
James to
John.

parlour from which to enter, and in a most respectable part of the town. I have a tough battle to fight, but still I feel conscious of good intention and of doing good. I can't say that I am sorry for Aunt Lizzy's death. She is better gone from a world like this. The rising generation may hope for good things, but the old cannot, neither will the old be of much use. I had a very lively dream the other night which was very illustrative of this. I dreamed I was going to preach for Owen, and as I went into the pulpit I thought the congregation rose and went out. I felt hurt, but immediately a tremendous rush of boys and girls came in and filled the seats. The interpretation was given me in my dream by a man beside me, who told me that the old generation would abide by Owen, but the young would come to me. Last Sunday evening, a day or two after the dream, a Spaniard who heard me told me to address myself to the young, for they only were the minds whom Nature was preparing for me. He said I was the only man in England who had any idea of the systematic progress of Nature.'

He continues, that the Scotch papers are a century behind—the verdict might be reversed to-day—and complains greatly of bad health and the strength necessary to do all his work. In a P.S. he says:—'Irving is dead; he told my father that I was possessed of a devil!' which, no doubt, accounted for Borthwick's failing to move Irving in his favour. Meantime, he has been elaborating his system of Nature, and carrying his doctrine of 'good and evil' into the physical world. 'Good and evil, then, as applied to food and poison, are very improper terms, and greatly delude the ignorant. There is evil in none of the elements of Nature—all is good—the evil is merely relative to ourselves, and exists only in the ignorance or imprudence that makes an improper use of the different compounds that surround us.' Justice and injustice he declares to be equally necessary, as justice means equality, and this means stagna-

tion. 'The Unitarian and Trinitarian controversy resolves itself finally into a philosophical question, and both are true. Nature at rest is unity; Nature in action is a trinity,' which he exemplifies chemically by the ferment produced by two agents.

He next approaches Faith and Infidelity:—'There always 27th Sept. 1834. Shepherd. were two such parties in existence. Without infidelity, faith would not enquire; and without faith, infidelity would not enquire; but the two principles stimulating each other produce investigation, conflict of mind, discovery of facts, and demonstrations of elementary truths.'

With similar ingenuity he discusses Spiritualism and 2nd Oct. 1834. Materialism, 'which express in substance the same meaning as faith and infidelity. The one takes the side of God and the other the side of Nature.' Polytheism he held to be the infancy of Materialism, while the Jewish Church was, if not the source, the centre of pure Spiritualism, and the Jews were consequently reckoned Atheists by other nations.

'This people decidedly abjured the worship of matter, and maintained that Deity was Spirit. Thus the two parties stood when Jesus Christ, the representative of Deity or Nature, appeared; and he taught this new doctrine, that he, or in other words Deity, had two natures, divine and human—that is, spiritual and material. The Jews rejected this, for it was Materialism; and the Gentiles received it for the same reason, for their previous faith had prepared them to receive it.'

This is reasoned out with great skill and learning, simply put:—'That matter exists few can seriously dispute; and that there is a spiritual power within it, by which its movements are caused, is equally absurd to deny. Without the matter, the power could not act, for it has not a patient to act upon. Without the power, the matter could not act, for it has not a cause to produce an effect. Hence the only philosophy which is unassailable by objection of any kind is

that which combines Materialism and Spiritualism in one. Both extremes are wrong, as usual.'

Having shown the unity of the three kingdoms—animal, vegetable, and mineral—he proceeds to deal with the physical, intellectual, and moral; the moral being a combination of the other two extremes. This paper is particularly rich in sound reasoning, much of which has since become the common property of thinking men. 'Pain and pleasure are not two distinct perceptions, but one. We have not a nervous system for pain and another for pleasure, but one nervous system for both. The one is merely the concord, the other the discord of the nerve; and there are some sensations of which it is hard to say to which department they belong; tickling possesses the character of each—it makes us laugh and cry at the same time. Pain is merely an excess of sensation. We must eat of the tree of good and evil before we can become as gods. There can be no moral, no physical evil where wisdom is perfect, for it teaches the means of curing the evil; there can be no moral evil where there is no physical evil, for immorality is merely that species of conduct which creates evil. Falsehood and error always disorder society, and bring sorrow to some one; truth reveals the cause of the evil, which is removed as soon as men are convinced of it. Truth, then, is the great reformer.'

It is not enough that old religion and modern science should be ransacked to illustrate Smith's views of Nature, the occult sciences had always a keen interest for him, and he dragged from them much pabulum for his philosophy:—

'The numbers three and seven are the fundamental numbers which Nature employs in the composition of bodies, and a very few words will illustrate the truth of it. The two simplest, and consequently the two fundamental or primary figures, are a triangle and a circle—the one composed of a straight line, the other of a curved; every other figure is made up of parts of these. Now, supposing all Nature to

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Shepherd.

be composed of atoms, it is evident that the smallest number which can compose a regular figure is three. Take three sixpences, and place them on the table so as to touch each other, and you find that there is no possibility of making any other figure than a triangle. Then, again, take seven sixpences and place one in the centre and six around it, and you find that the seven form the figure of a circle, and no other number but seven will accomplish it.' Proceeding to add four (the square), as at least a primary figure, if not a fundamental one, seeing that although composed of two triangles these are unequal, he alludes to crystallography as a proof of the universality of these in Nature, and continues in a very typical paragraph, which we quote in full, as exemplifying alike the strength and weakness of his analogical style:—

'Wherever we cast our eyes upon Nature, whether we take the visible or intellectual world—the world of progress—or that of coexistent forms, institutions and systems, we find this everlasting law of the Trinity prevail. It is actually the beginning of every science, the first movement of Nature, and manifests itself from first to last in every imaginable variety of forms. The four and the seven are its first-born. Take an example very different from the subjects above treated of. We shall take the three original colours—blue, red, and yellow. This is the trinity of light. These are simple uncompounded colours. Then let us mix them, and we find that only four different mixtures can be made of them:—First, blue and red; second, red and yellow; third, blue and yellow; and last of all, blue, red, and yellow in one—in all seven. There are only three different ways in which they can exist:—First, in a single state, as *three* distinct colours; second, all the three mixed, making in all *four*; and third, with only two colours mixed, which makes three more—in all seven. In imitation of, or accordance with, this simple law, there are seven colours in the rainbow or prism, the indigo, as an exception to all the rest, being com-

posed of three; this is the deepest or blackest colour of the seven, the opposite extreme of white, which is also a mixture of three. Thus white and blue are the opposite extremes of light, and therefore the lights of heaven are set in blue. Green is the very central and most perfect of all the seven, therefore the earth is clothed in green.' Trinity he finds in politics as in light:—'Monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, each of which in all ages of the world has had its devoted partisans.' Nature is not only to him homogeneous, but unchangeable, and her laws everlasting, although apparently full of contradictions. They require his doctrine to explain them in all departments. 'Neither the infidel nor believer can redeem the world; they each want the uniting doctrine, the spirit of interpretation, to simplify all things, and bring order out of confusion.'

In another article he holds that, while acknowledging the sovereign power of the people, 'without individual control there is no order.' His further observations would come with tenfold more force to-day. 'No parliamentary legislation—it is the very excess of apostacy from order and good government. It is a foolish and extravagant wasting of the time of the nation, and a cockpit for country jockeys, wrangling lawyers, and invidious partisans of whims and theories concerning political and social order, to try their strength, and measure swords with each other.

Nothing can be more impolitic than to confer the legislative or sovereign power upon a debating society, which, in the very nature of things, must divide itself into two conflicting parties, whose judgments cannot fail to be perverted by the spirit of faction and the love of victory.'

Week after week he thus continued carrying his *system* into all departments of human thought, which circled around his religious principle, and was never far away from it:—'God and Devil are the two extremes of Nature, which it is now the business of men to regard as one mind.' But he goes to the Bible as the great fount of our religious know-

ledge, and while considering it inspired, minimises the admission :—‘No art of individual man could have done it; it is beyond all the craft and subtilty of the highest wisdom of an individual. It is a species of inspiration which is decidedly different from reason, but by no means superior to it, as the priests say. On the contrary, vision and prophecy are the lowest grades of mental inspiration, as they are not the result of individual knowledge and exercise of mind, but merely impressions, somewhat analogous to instinct in animals, caused by involuntary movements, such as the dreams and visions of sleep, which are not voluntary exercises of mind, but produced by a cause unsearchable. Religion arises from this visionary source; but it is the province of reason to judge and arrange the Sybil-leaves which are thus scattered in confusion from the wild shrubbery of Nature, hence it is written :—“Know ye not that ye shall judge angels?” Judgment is given to man; he is not to follow blindly, like a slave, but to think, like a Son. Evil reigns until man dares to be a *judge* of what he has hitherto feared to approach.’

For fear is a first rude lesson. ‘The *fear* of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom:’ there is no fear without evil to fear—*ergo*, ‘Take away the evil of pain, and the fear of pain, and the child would become a fool; it would run into the fire, it would tumble downstairs, it would leap out of the window. In fine, without evil, where could good be found? for good is nothing but a selection from *general* nature, of what suits our *particular* nature. Evil and good, therefore, or the law and the gospel, are the two teachers of mankind, the two extremes; the one acts by fear and the other by love.’

Having led up to this, he inculcated his principle of Universalism in a fine piece of reasoning, of which only a brief résumé can be given :—

‘We shall now proceed further in our analysis, everlastingly keeping in view this eternal and universal law of Nature—the

*Positive and Negative action.*¹ In answer to the question, What are the negative and positive doctrines of *Redemption*? he replies:—‘The positive doctrine of the old church is, “The elect, or a small number only, shall be saved.” The negative doctrine to this is, “All men shall be saved.” Then the query is, How are these two contrary propositions reconciled? Very easily—as easily as the positives and negatives of any other department of Nature. The one alludes to the person and the other to the principles, which are the positive and negative poles of our nature. When it is said that the wicked shall be destroyed, it means that all wicked principles shall be destroyed with eternal punishments; and this is a great blessing in which we shall all rejoice. When it is said that all men shall be saved, it means that whilst the principles are destroyed, the person shall be saved, but renewed; as St. Paul says, the man himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire. Eternal punishments are therefore a blessing; they mean nothing else than the destruction of evil. As she (Nature) has given the material world to the senses for us to analyse, so has she given the moral and spiritual world to the imagination. Sensible nature and revelation are the positive and negative elements of thought; both are equally unintelligible at first, and, in the progress of the human mind, the full and satisfactory dissection and demonstration of both come out together; so that at the very time when Faraday (this he did about a month ago) is declaring at the Royal Institution that the whole science of chemistry is about to be revolutionised, and established upon a new base, we are now laying

¹ See Laing, who has adopted this view:—‘And the great law seems to prevail universally throughout the material, as it does also throughout the moral world, that you cannot have a North without a South Pole, a positive without a negative, a right without a wrong; and that error consists mainly in what the poet calls “the falsehood of extremes”—that is, in allowing the attraction of one pole, or of one opinion, so to absorb us as to take no account of its opposite.’—*Modern Science and Modern Thought*.

a new foundation of spiritual and intellectual chemistry, exactly corresponding to his. His foundation is the positive and negative action of the electric power, which is now supposed to be the great ostensible *chemical* agent of Nature; we are, therefore, in the very van of progress, and are anticipating a new practical and theoretical universal philosophy.'

In considering *sacrifice for sin*, he shrewdly refers to the *Christian Materialism*.—'The foolish creatures of the present generation imagine that it is *the real material flesh and blood* which are the sacrifice for sin.' 'They adhere as faithfully to their human blood as the Jews did to their calves blood. And now it is a fair question between us and them, whether it is the blood of the body or the blood of the mind that requires to be shed at last. We say the blood of the mind—that is, of the old man or old world, namely, a false foundation of doctrine, which leads to a false superstructure in religion and politics. The priests and Christians, both clerical and lay, have *carnalised* the Word. They have worshipped flesh and blood, and yet so contemptuously doth the Word speak of this flesh and blood, that it says it cannot inherit the kingdom of God. Yet this very thing, which cannot inherit the kingdom of God, is declared by the priests to be the lamb without spot and blemish, which men must eat and drink before they can be saved! The Spirit must be preserved and glorified. This is the true and final sacrifice for sin.'

17th Jan.
1835.

A subtle paper on Inspiration, which treats of eternity, and is opposed to science, which treats of time, declares:—'Reason, therefore—hope—science itself—come all to the side of revelation at last, who is a helpmate to man in his insulated state of individual existence—a helpmate that shows him his connection with a sublime and eternal principle of life and power, to whom nothing but absolute absurdities are impossible, and in whom good must be superior to evil.'

30th Jan.
1835.

A letter to his brother, expostulatory and explanatory but *not* exculpatory, describes his private feelings at this time.

3rd Feb.
1835.
James to
John.

'I am now distinct from any party or individual whose name is infamous, and mean to continue so. I have a very respectable number of friends who come to hear me every Sunday evening, and I print 250 more of the *Shepherd* than I did when I last wrote you—which is one proof that it has not fallen off. I believe there is not a clergyman in England or Scotland doing more good than myself. What individual but myself can keep up a weekly paper on theological subjects; there is not a clergyman in Scotland would find readers, and I doubt if England could furnish as many as Scotland. My success with the *Shepherd* is greater than I expected. Owen's own paper, the *New Moral World*, only printed 2000 copies, about a fortnight ago, so that now he has a fair opportunity of proving whether it was himself or the editor of the *Crisis* that was the least popular of the two, and whether there was any truth in what *Tait's Magazine* said—that the *Crisis* had fallen since Owen gave up the conducting of it. When the *Shepherd* began, Owen said it would soon die—we will leave that to kill itself. Now we print a thousand more than he does, and I have broken up a vast deal of the materialism and infidelity of his party, and will do more yet, I hope.' We get a glimpse of his private affairs too; that is quite in accordance with his devotion to his mission. In sending something to his mother, he explains how he stands, frankly, to his brother:—'My lectures, after clearing all expenses (they are now 3d. each—ladies free, we learn), never render me more than 12s. as yet. This would not keep me, but I write a number of things for the press, which make up the deficiency. I never clear more than 30s. per week, and pay 8s. for my lodgings, besides coal and candle. I can assure you for some time past it has been all touch and go with me, and I have to want many things I stand in need of, especially books. I make up the latter deficiency the best way I can, by going to the library of the British Museum occasionally, for which I have a ticket.'

He explains in this letter that, while chiefly amongst the working classes, he has acquaintance with some of high rank, 'but of that it is not worth speaking,' except to show he is not disreputable! 'I don't regret anything I have published. The *Antichrist* was as necessary as the *Shepherd*, Antichrist. and will be more useful still—but people don't understand it. One party thinks it infidel, another blasphemous; they will soon be mistaken when once they see the Doctrine of Good and Evil. I have just now had a rector of the English Church calling on me—he and I are quite friends—and he thinks with me the Church must all be rectified.'

How it is to be done, he proceeds to show by his system. After explaining the resemblances of Christian and Jewish systems with those of the older systems of the East and Egypt, as being a proof of the universality of the Bible and the ideas it contains, being 'a gathering of the elements of the human mind,' he discusses the views of the Infidels, such as Volney and Depuis.

'But all these negative doctrines do good at last. They 7th Feb. 1835. first destroy the old exclusive system, and then themselves Shepherd. are destroyed by one still more comprehensive.'

His argument in connection with missionary enterprise is 14th Feb. 1835. most interesting. While attacking what he calls Carnal Shepherd. Christianity, he views its missions with satisfaction, because 'abroad they are the movement party—*innovators*; at home they are the stagnant party—supporters of error and corruption. The difference is infinite.'

In a curious comparison of Catholicism and Protestantism, we obtain an insight into his objection both to Romanism and the severe Protestantism under which he had suffered:—

'According to Catholicism, the sword of the Spirit is 28th Feb. 1835. superior to the sword of steel; according to Protestantism, the sword of steel is superior to the sword of the Spirit. But the sword of the Spirit may be either evil or good. In the old Catholic Church it was evil, therefore it was better to use the sword of steel against it, than to let it continue

to commit its spiritual depredations. So far, Protestantism was right; but when the sword of the Spirit changes its character, and works with fundamental truths instead of fundamental errors, then Protestantism becomes wrong—the sword of steel and all external compulsion ought to be abandoned; we must resume once more the sword of the Spirit, and this becomes ‘Catholicism reformed.’ He explains how the more spiritual Catholicism, through its Materialism, accelerated the progress of the fine arts; while Protestantism, which is Materialism, or the superiority of the magistrate, returned to first principles in faith, and abandoned all the improvements of art, prided itself in a purely spiritual religion, which had little or no connection with the flesh. To crown all, and to make this analysis of the Church more complete, the spiritual Roman Church maintained the doctrine of justification by works of the body; whilst the material Protestant Church maintained the opposite doctrine—of justification by faith only. The spiritual seeks the material, and the material seeks the spiritual. Hence it follows that man, who represents the spiritual, holds the material sword; but woman, representing the material, has the moral power, which will ultimately overcome the former. Woman is a refinement of man; her nature is posterior in its formation; she is therefore properly represented as last created; she is the end of the old world, and the new can only begin with her complete emancipation from the curse of the first.’

7th March
1835.

‘There is one peculiarity about the papacy which distinguishes it above all other systems, and that is its entire rejection of the system of hereditary nobility and hereditary legislation. This is quite in character with a spiritual system. Hereditary succession belongs to Materialism. The popes, in general, rose to the chair of St. Peter from the lowest grades of human society. This system was the natural consequence of the celibacy of the clergy. Had they been married men, with families of their own, no such laws would

ever have been framed. . . . Yet there never was an institution of greater corruption and cruelty than Catholicism. It exceeds in depravity everything which history has recorded, or romance invented. How, then, is it possible that there can be any good thing in that which has produced such evil fruit? How (we reply) can there be any good thing in the human race which has exceeded in cruelty and rapacity every other species of animal? . . . Protestantism is the purgatory of the Church. . . . Protestantism is not the Church; it is the furnace of the Church, to burn up the dross, and destroy the evil of its *first* character; it is the womb into which the Church returns in order that it may be born again. It follows, then, that Catholicism cannot bring forth the true and the final system. That system comes out of the purgatory of the Church—the womb of its second and great mother. . . . Protestantism is the mother of the new and universal Church, of the second Catholic system, having the original likeness of the old man, but purged of all his dross, his superstition, his exclusiveness, and his cruelty.'

He is always seeking to inculcate this 'religion of progress, which, like the spinal marrow, has run up the backbone of Time, and is now forming the brain and intellectual system of the new world.' But the puberty of society must first be reached:—'That puberty is approaching, by the rapid progression of science and art, by the aid of which mankind become fellow-labourers with God in renewing the face of Nature, and bringing into being the new creation. Revelation and mystery keep pace with this progression, in a state of hostility.'

All ideas are worked into the Mosaic of his system of Nature with shrewdness and sagacity:—

'The true gathering of the Jews is the gathering of all religions into one. Judaism is the beginning of progress, Universalism is the end. Universalism is only Judaism refined. The Jewish Church was only an emblem of the

Catholic or Universal Church. Its principle was unity—the unity of God, the unity of religion, the unity of the Temple. There was only one temple for the whole Jewish nation. Experience teaches fools wisdom, they say, but there are some exceptions; and as neither Jews nor Christians have ever yet found their prophecies fulfilled as they expected them, they ought to have been persuaded that their literal interpretation was not the right one. It is not Jews nor Greeks who are to be gathered; it is principles only. The gathering is spiritual or mental; it takes place in every man's mind.'

We learn at this time, through a casual notice to his readers, that he has for twelve months had his studies interfered with by deficient bodily health, and that he consequently was about to subject himself to tellurism or animal magnetism, at the hands of his contributor, De Prati (under the signature of 'The Alpine Philosopher'). He afterwards had grave cause to be suspicious of his friend, and as to the reliability of his communications.

See letter to
Lady Lytton.

4th April
1833.

In an inquiry into 'the Moral Law of God and Nature,' he explains that of all the institutions of Moses, the moral law is the only portion which has survived the wreck of spiritualisation—the rest have been metamorphosed into types and allegories, shadows, and such like visionary and temporary varieties; but the moral law of the ten commandments is an eternal and perfect law, and as long as the present system of society lasts, it ought to be enforced in its literal and most obvious sense. Whilst exclusiveness and individuality of property and interest continue, all the restrictions of the moral law are necessary to preserve order and keep up the spirit of industry in the world. Who is it that does not break the second commandment? Is it the Christian? He worships the image of God. Is it the Deist? He worships only the spirit of Nature—abstract from Nature itself. Is it the Infidel? He worships Nature alone—abstract from the spirit that gives it life, and

organises the universal fabric in whole or in part. It is the Universalist alone who keeps the second commandment; for he alone refrains from rending into separate parts the infinite and indivisible God.' He proceeds to claim a seventh day of rest, which he holds is broken by all masters and mistresses, but protests against Sabbatarianism. 'That which is actually the true method of keeping the Sabbath would be considered sacrilege and impiety by the Sabbath-bill gentlemen and the disciples of the old school of sanctification.' Their explaining away of the letter of the old law leads the *Shepherd* to a most characteristic attack on the 'pastors.'

'There is no obstacle too great for a priest, no troop too formidable, no wall too high. "By thee," says David, "I have run through a troop, and by my God I have leaped over a wall." David is but a sample of all the rest; they have all been admirable leapers. If the spirit of a commandment is any way troublesome to keep, or revolting to flesh and blood, they make a spring by the grace of God assisting them, and leap over it in a twinkling, and soothe their conscience by paying due deference to the letter of the commandment. If, however, the letter be troublesome, it requires only another spring, and over they go, their wit never failing them for a suitable excuse and a learned apology, from the *practice of the fathers, and the opinions of the most eminent divines*. They are at no loss for authorities; and the next generation will be much less so, inasmuch as it will have all the authority of the fathers as a primary foundation, and the authority of the present school of the saints in addition; and thus, if they continue to pursue this system of authorities, they will perpetuate the system of disobedience by dint of pure learning and faithful quotation. The teaching of the parsons is shamefully corrupt. The world has departed from the spirit of the moral law. . . . The morality of the Bible is infinitely superior to the morality of either churchman or dissenter.'

Still, he holds that there are general rules of morality as

11th April
1836.

eternal as the laws of Nature herself:—‘As the love of individual happiness is the fundamental and only law of individual morality, so the love of universal happiness is the only law of public morality. There is no occasion for any other fundamental principle of morals than this.’ He claims also that ‘Jesus Christ’s summary of the decalogue is better than the decalogue itself:—“Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.” This is “Universalism,” the divided law reduced to a single proposition.’

18th April
1836.

Political perfection is to be obtained when Individualism and Universalism are one:—‘At present we have got Individualism without Universalism we live in a land of tyrants, where every man is both master and slave to his neighbour. We may call it what we like, liberty or slavery, it matters not; both terms are equally appropriate, and equally in earnest. A species of refined slavery is the very perfection of society, in which all men are bound by a moral sense of duty to become the servants of one master. Nothing more is necessary to regenerate political and social life than a classification of the people and a strict system of registry for all their public movements and employments. It is a moral inquisition; and without a moral inquisition, save the world who can. We anticipate a system of universal amalgamation, in which men shall be ranked according to their pursuits in life, without any reference either to their talents or their property, and without any restrictions by which they shall be confined to any particular caste beyond the limits of their own good pleasure.’

See *Looking
Backwards,*
by Bellamy.25th April
1836.

He returns to this subject, and deals with it more spiritually, starting with a definition:—‘Universal being, or existence, naturally divides itself into two aspects, which we call matter and mind; the one gross, the other refined. We call that matter which can be seen, or felt, or measured, or weighed; and we call that mind which acts by will and intelligence; yet we cannot draw a line of distinction be-

tween them any more than we can distinguish bitter from sweet, or cold from heat.' As in the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, 'so also mind and matter are essentially distinct in their extremes, although indistinguishable at the line of separation.'

'The ten Jewish commandments are the basis of morality, but they have hitherto been grossly and carnally considered. The spirit of the commandment has always been overlooked. The spirit of almost any one of the ten might restore the whole of society to tranquillity. The spirit of the first and second, the ninth and tenth, is pure Universalism in faith and practice; and all the rest lend their subsidiary aid to establish the liberal, the social, and the eternal principles of good moral nature, which we advocate.'

The socialistic influence is still strongly present in his mind:—'Crime in the abstract or the aggregate is virtue. It is a necessary check upon the selfish principle; the revenge of Nature upon hoarders of wealth and appropriators of other men's wages. It helps to destroy the evil of monopoly by scattering the heaps of indolent and unproductive acquisitiveness. As long as there is such a thing as private property, there must be such an art as the art of abstracting that property from the individual who has appropriated it, and the beau-ideal of a state of perfect honesty is merely a state of perfect community: until we come to the latter, we can never come to the former. But perfect community is unattainable; it is merely a beau-ideal, a standard of perfection to which we ought to strive; and, if so, the art of abstraction, or thieving, must continue for ever, becoming more and more refined in its modes of operation, and farther removed from the rude and barbarous practice of personal assault, highway-robbery, and housebreaking. Stealing is now regarded as one of the fine arts, and is practised by men of all ranks and all grades of respectability.'

Perfect community an unattainable ideal.

He looked to woman for much, felt that she suffered cruelly under then existing laws and arrangements, and had

a very extensive correspondence with good women on the problems of life and immortality that equally concerned them. His mind rebelled against the carnality of life as the devil to be bound, and he sought to aid both sexes and every class in their struggle to maintain the higher expression of existence.

CHAPTER XI.

UNIVERSALISM—CONTINUED.

To James Smith the science of religion was the science of life—revelation was progressive; yet at this time we had not made the advances we have since made in Eastern study, and, although a Hebraist, he was not a Sanscrit scholar. But even whilst to him revelation, as he knew it, thus commenced with Abraham, he acknowledges that it had been in all ages and all countries.

‘This revelation has grown like every other natural pro-^{16th May}duction. It has been entrusted to the most progressive and ^{1836.} intelligent nations, in order to facilitate its progress towards Universalism; it has associated itself with the most powerful governments; it has employed in its service the greatest talents and the most profound researches of learning; it has collected around its own person a bodyguard of physical, intellectual, and moral strength, to which there is not, and cannot be, a rival found; and every people, every tribe and tongue, with a very few particular exceptions, are becoming partially acquainted with its antiquated dogmas; yet it seems to falter and fall in the very centre of its own vitality—to be withering and drying up at the very source from whence it issues forth its streams of missionary and tract instructions to the remotest corners of the earth. But this decay of religion is merely an illusion; it is a grand work of preparation for the universal gospel. The gospel of condemnation has had its reign; it is commensurate only with human ignorance, bigotry, and intolerance. When the Almighty, therefore, begins to destroy this temporary system of intel-

lectual infatuation, he simply raises up a *negative* to batter and destroy the old *positive*, and prepare the way for a *new* positive and *new* negative in friendly union. The negative is infidelity—God's battle-axe and weapon of war, with which he breaks down and destroys the old rotten system of Antichrist, and then throws the weapon aside as a piece of useless old iron, which has no life, action, or system within it. While this weapon is at work, however, battering, and besieging, and levelling the old Jerusalem of the Saints, and bringing all its doctrines, its forms, and ceremonies into public odium, the spirit of revelation is slowly and gradually rising out of the dead letter of the Word, and revealing the naked truth to a few minds who are in advance of the rest of the world, and prepared to lay the foundation of a new religion, which shall embrace all the hope, the glowing enthusiasm, and ardour of the old, along with the liberality and universal toleration which is advocated by the Infidel party, without the spirit to manifest it either in words or actions.'

23rd May
1836.

As he proceeds, he acknowledges that a 'system of Nature is only another name for religion. . . . Religion must be perfected some way or another. Not the religion of morals only; that is not sufficient, and quite incapable of being organised without the religion of opinion also. You may just as well try to make a statue of loose sand, as a religion, or system of morals, or social system, without a satisfactory view of the system of Providence in relation to the education, and discipline, and destiny of mankind. . . . Faith, or opinion, is the primary moving principle. . . . Yet this faith may be called no faith, inasmuch as it is not faith, but knowledge, reason, and analogy. Hence we have on former occasions spoken of the necessity of destroying faith—that is, mere faith without knowledge. The contradiction is only apparent, for the one sense is partial, the other universal. . . . The two are opposite extremes—the one, the leading spirit of the old world; the other, of the world to come. . . . Nor is it mere nominal, or

what has been called philosophical, faith alone that we build upon. It is a faith as strong, as active, as consoling as any religious faith in the history of man; a faith which dwells with repose and certainty upon all the promises of religion; a faith which trusts in Providence, both individual and universal; which looks forward with enthusiasm to the fulfilment of the hopes which the faithful in all ages have entertained; and a faith which is combined with the utmost degree of liberality and charity.'

In the same number in which this appears there is an interesting article on 'Witchcraft.' In this he remarks that he believes in an *individual* as well as a *universal* revelation, which have always been antipodes to each other. But since Christianity appeared they have gradually blended together, and continue so to this day. 'Thus we find that our modern wizards, sorcerers, and other students of the arts of diabolism, always invoke the name of Jesus Christ and the holy angels as the ministering patrons of their mysterious rites. But these persons, along with many striking things which they can tell and predict, have so much error, that it is impossible any intelligent mind can ever be directed or counselled by them. This is a wise provision of Nature, who follows the same law in this as in Universalism—that is, religion; she does it all in such a way as to throw us upon the resources of our own minds, and yet let out so much of the *wonderful* as to keep alive the faith of the spiritual world, which is necessary to the final settling of all metaphysical and theological questions. But it is an imposition blended with remarkable truths. If it were not blended with truth, how could it be kept up? And, if it were not an imposition, it would supersede the use of our reasoning faculties, and destroy the foresight, the industry, and the ingenuity of the human race.'¹ Answering a cor-

¹ At the same time, he desires freedom for occultism, and the removal of the penal laws against it, as soon as the shackles on the Jews are removed.

respondent at the same time, he emphasizes his view of Infidelity, which he has been so long allied with in Owenism, and seeks so strenuously to combat:—‘Infidelity is such an unsystematic, unintelligible negative, that it is only fit for man in that state of transition when he casts off the errors of vulgar superstition, but has not yet discovered the first principle of truth. . . . It requires no more knowledge to make an Infidel than to make a fanatic; he has only to swear and laugh at all priestcraft, damn the Bible as an invention of knaves or monks, and say No, no, to everything that treats of God or a future state. When he has advanced thus far, he is what some call a “Liberal”—quite finished.’

13th June
1835.

At this time he introduced his views by a remarkable paper, in which he analyses the religious ideas of the world, showing that all are both wrong and right. He proceeds ‘to take up some of the leading doctrines of theology, and points out the double meaning attachable to each, by the discovery of which they may all be reconciled. These two meanings are distinguished by the names of partial and universal. The partial or individual sense is the type of the other, and belongs to the old world; the universal sense is the alternate or liberal meaning, and belongs to the new world.’ The last definition will suffice as an example!

ATHEISM.

‘*True*, inasmuch as God and Nature are identical, and consequently Jehovah is universal being. To speak, then, of God making Nature, is to speak of God making himself. There is no author of Nature.

‘*False*, inasmuch as the Nature of the Atheist is a dead Nature, instead of the living God, eternal life and intelligence.’

Although his letters to my father are, no doubt, tinged with a desire to meet his practical views, and consequently cannot be looked upon as absolutely natural expressions of

opinion, yet he is too desperately in earnest to content himself long, and he generally breaks into free discussion shortly—out of the fulness of his heart his pen is directed.

‘I am still going on with the *Shepherd*, but mean to finish and make a volume of it in August, when I shall send you the whole bound up with the index. Whatever success I meet with, I do not repent coming to London; it was the best move I ever made. I have no doubt it will soon settle me in life, and at least it has given me an employment more congenial to my nature than any I ever before had; but I expect it to become more congenial still, as I bring round the Infidels, many of whom have already confessed themselves changed and converted by my doctrine. . . . On Sunday last I was visited by John Stanley, junior, who was for years the high priest of John Wroe’s visitation; his father built the Sanctuary at Ashton, which cost him between £7000 and £8000, and he gives it rent free to the people to meet in. But young John has left the cause, being induced to do so solèly by reading my writings, which he has regularly taken in from the first. They are also read by John Taylor, their regular preacher at Ashton, so that I have been playing some havoc amongst the Wroecites, to my knowledge, and probably a great deal more without my knowledge.

18th June
1835.
James to
John.

John
Stanley,
jun.

John Taylor.

‘I mean just to go on as I have been going, trusting to Providence for the result. I see that all the movements in Church and State are tending towards my own views, only I am far in advance, and therefore few of the public can sympathise with me—that is the simple fact, not that I am wrong, but I am in advance of them; but the best proof of their error is their progressive change.

‘The Dissenters are now getting the better of the Establishment, and the Dissenters will, in their turn, be themselves overthrown by men of a more liberal and charitable disposition than can ever be met with in any sectarian religious party. . . . I see from the papers they have also been

making a mighty fuss about the Sabbath, like the Pharisees of old. Jesus Christ was a Sabbath-breaker, and so are the mail-coaches, according to the Scotch priests; and Dr. Lee, poor soul, has thought proper to preach a sermon on the horrid sin of selling ginger-bread and milk on a Sunday morning. I wish he would think and question his own conscience on the sin of covetousness, for there is not a greedier dog in the Church than Dr. Lee. You need not be shocked at me giving such a title to a priest, when Isaiah has done it before me:—"Greedy dogs that never have enough;" and Saint Paul says, "Beware of dogs." He can't mean the four-footed dogs—that would be a silly and irreverent advice; he means such dogs as Lee and Proudfoot, who are always barking when one comes near their own bone, although they do not hesitate to steal and plunder bones from other dogs.

Sabbath.

'I have no doubt that both the Jewish and Christian Sabbath will ultimately be kept, and perhaps the Mahometan—that is, Friday; so that we shall have three Sabbaths a week, it being compulsory on every man to keep one; but business will never be suspended. It is one of the most foolish propositions in the world to attempt to stop national business on a Sunday. You may just as well insist upon a Sabbath for watchmen and police-officers, in which case you will give a holiday to thieves and housebreakers, and they will be much obliged to you. Why does not Dr. Lee petition the magistrates of Edinburgh to dispense with the night-watch on Sunday evening and morning? I believe he might safely do so, for the thieves are so honourable that out of pure gratitude they would preserve his property to him while he lived.'

The idea that he is pandering in any way to the multitude by his 'mediatorial doctrine' annoys him greatly; and he assures his readers:—"We speak from conviction, and have never addressed ourselves to the feelings in preference to the judgment." Indeed, although he claims to be 'dis-

creech,' his language is plain enough for that age and time. 'Nor is Providence a whit less kind to the savage than to ^{Hell,} the civilian. The gentlemen of the Tract Society, we know, differ from us in this particular, for they send all the savages to hell. So do we; but the tract gentlemen think hell a very bad place. We do not; *it is the place where evil is destroyed.*' Again:—'Society is now quickly ripening for a system of universal pardon. . . . Public opinion is omnipresent; it searches out the sinner in the darkest and most secret lurking-places of iniquity; it follows him from country to country; it haunts him in every city and hamlet, till he repents at last of the rashness which prompted him to sin against a judge who is omnipresent, stern in justice, and will by no means clear the guilty. The power of this influence is rapidly growing, and men are becoming polished in proportion to its growth. Hell-fire is now of no use, and in a few years we believe it will have suffered a considerable diminution in its temperature. It was an admirable substitute for public opinion, but far inferior in influence, as the result has testified.'

While hell was thus the necessary result of contracted communities, the appropriation of heaven was equally so:—
 'It is curious to observe with what certainty every individual nation, tribe, or sect, appropriates to itself the monopoly of moral and religious rectitude, and the approbation of heaven.
 \ All history is full of this curious fact.'

'In no other city but London could such a work as the *Shepherd* have made its appearance. We have attempted to introduce our doctrine to the public both in Edinburgh and Manchester, without success. Even the press of the *Voice of the People* refused to print a discourse which contained nothing more obnoxious than is to be found in the columns of the *Shepherd*. We were advised to send it to Mr. Carlile,¹ in London. And pray why go to London, the seat

¹ Carlile, Richard, author of a 'Letter to Sir Robert Peel on Church Reformers.' 'Mr. Carlile is well known to the British public

of government, to propagate doctrines subversive of the faith of the country, and consequently subjecting the writer and the publisher to legal persecution? Merely because here there is a greater proportion of liberalised or emancipated minds to extinguish the moral odium of the publication, and consequently to divert the attention of the public and the magistracy from its contents. But what is there, the reader may ask, in the *Shepherd* to offend the laws of the country? Only this: it teaches the *Unity* of God and Devil, and that is blasphemy. Ten or twelve years ago we should have been prosecuted for our doctrine; but, thanks to Carline, Taylor, and Owen, we are now perfectly safe, and have no other fear upon us than the bigotry of the people.'

It is specially characteristic of James Smith's catholicity of mind that he enters into the spirit of, and even reasons in favour of, his opponents. He expects no immediately striking results from his system on this very account, but he continues to sow the seed that will one day mature. 'There is no additional happiness acquired by outmarching public opinion. He who increaseth knowledge only increaseth sorrow to himself, if that knowledge is in discord with the public opinion which surrounds him. He loses his good name. He is called mad, blasphemers, infidel, or any other title expressive of abhorrence. . . . It is a very dangerous thing, and requires much prudence and moral courage, to transgress against the spirit of the society which surrounds us. Many, destitute of these qualities, and allured by the delusive paintings of enthusiastic hope and immatured opinions, have foolishly done violence to the spirit of society, treated everything venerated by other men with outrageous contempt, suffered corresponding degradation in their good opinion, lost their influence, their respectability, their friends, and ultimately sunk into the very sediment of society, as the champion of Infidelity and Atheism, which he has defended with great zeal, and at a considerable sacrifice of personal liberty and property for many years past.'—*Shepherd*, 4th April 1835.

beyond all hope of recovery. The same law prevails upon a large scale with the intercourse of nations.' This being the case, the adoption of extreme liberal measures by one nation, before others were in accord, would only result in injury to that nation. He consequently—although Progress is the watchword of the Universalists and the spirit by which he is actuated—advocates moderation in the movement of society:—'That movement necessarily changes as it progresses, and cannot fail to become more and more universal in its views as it draws within its circle a greater amount of the heterogeneous mass of mind which society contains. If the movement appears too rash, and in need of a check to prevent a fatal catastrophe to its career, his own judgment will direct him to stand forth as the advocate of the stagnant or retrogressive principle.'

At the same time, as the political principles adopted by most men depend so much upon their birth and condition, 'with such men reason is of very little use; they are led by impulse. They will always prefer an address to the passions to one which is addressed to the judgment.' Even this he does not consider objectionable. 'The majority of a party do not *think*, they *feel*; and it is well that it is so. *Feeling* is the life of the individual and of society. Thought is merely its servant, or its prime minister. Passion always is, and always must be, stronger than reason. As there is a greater amount of passion than of reason in the individual, so there is also a corresponding greater amount of passion (or feeling) than reason in the public at large; and the few who do think and reason intensely are only of use to direct the public feeling towards a right channel. All this is wisely ordered by Nature. But in teaching a new doctrine the reason must always be preferred to the feelings, in order to present a definite object for the latter to aim at.'

The fact of the power of feeling constitutes the power of woman, as he enunciates in another paper, where he seeks to

show that a gathering of facts—or knowledge—is not necessarily a grasp of truth.

'Facts we know as the foundation of universal principles; and therefore the cavillist may say we ought to treat of insulated facts alone, as in these alone consists eternal truth. We reply, "There is no truth in a fact." What is a fact but merely a guide to the discovery of truth? Truth is a principle, and if we do not attain the knowledge, the inward perception, comprehension, and incorporation of that principle, facts are not of the slightest use to us. . . . We maintain that very few facts are necessary to know the truth. . . . Of those facts the most important are the fundamental facts of all science. Now the very first and only fundamental facts of all human knowledge are what we call the *positive* and *negative* forces, but a thousand other names, such as active and passive, male and female, &c., may do quite as well. We maintain that universal nature resolves itself into these two, in all conceivable circumstances, without a single exception. These, therefore, are the pillars of truth.'

After summarising his system, he closes his first volume and takes leave of his 'flock,' 'with the satisfaction of thinking that we have not done so because of their desertion.' He again reiterates the necessity for universal principles as a spiritual basis for all practical measures, and hopes to meet his readers again, if permitted! 'We shall do the work that the universal Spirit has designed for us, and we do not desire to do more. We have so much faith in His wisdom and ultimate mercy, that we willingly consign ourselves to His providence. There is a pleasure in dependence which none but dependents know. In life we shall cherish it, because it is consoling; and at last we shall die, not without fear and without hope—a double negative—but with hope and without fear, the positive and negative, in comfortable union. This is our philosophy. We begrudge not the sectarian believer or infidel his horrific notions of God and of Nature.'

22nd August
1835.
Shepherd.

'I have now finished the *Shepherd*, to the great regret of many, and have received many flattering letters respecting it. One I received lately, with a gentleman's crest upon the seal, and written in a very superior style, thanks me for the fifty-two numbers of the *Shepherd*, "the most important and original work the world has seen for a long time," and shows a very correct knowledge of the doctrine in a long dissertation on the subject, extending to eight pages. Of course I know nothing of the writers of such letters, but I can judge, by the style and appearance of them, what value ought to be attached to them.' After referring to the political situation, he continues:—'But Whigs and Tories are both alike in my eyes. I like to see them badgering each other.'

5th Sept.
1835.
James to
John.

The completion of this first volume of the *Shepherd* marked an era in his life; and as sixteen months passed before he was able to continue it, the further volumes were naturally influenced in their character by the studies and labours of the intervening period.

Throughout the volume the subsidiary papers are all of an instructive and progressive character; and when he deals with science, as in giving an account of the principles of astronomy, at the request of a correspondent, he does so with clearness and lucidity, and that analogical freshness and novelty which was a marked characteristic of his style. The volume of the *Shepherd*, therefore, contained an epitome of the most progressive thought of the time.

CHAPTER XII.

AN INTERLUDE—THE 'WEEKLY HERALD.'

THE *Shepherd* in abeyance, the power of its editor was for a time dissipated over many varied labours. In his letters at this time we get glimpses of his character that have not hitherto been forthcoming, and it is clear that he is becoming more and more one of that irritable fraternity of scribblers whose nervous system is overworked, whose digestion is impaired, and whose mentality is seriously affected by the ill-used garment of the spirit.

No doubt he has reason to be irritated. His father had not only aggravated his artistic temperament by his Calvinistic training and severity, and by thrusting him, *volens volens*, into the ministry; but continued to do so by sending relays of sons, still more deficient in all worldly capabilities, to London to torment him; some deficient, too, in that charity that covereth a multitude of sins, which to him was a fundamental point of doctrine. His letters are not, therefore, at this time very pleasant reading, for he is dragged down from the empyrean where he seeks to dwell, and which he has made such efforts to reach.

'To-day I have heard from Micaiah for the first time; he seems very comfortable where he is, and I have no doubt will be so. You have no idea of the happiness experienced in following a visitation of the Spirit. He has probably more good cause to pity you than you have to pity him; whether it proves a delusion or not, it is always comfortable at the time, if there be faith accompanying the profession of faith. I have no doubt of the visitation, but having more

6th Jan.
1836.
James to
John.

experience of these visitations than he or the rest of the family, I do not rely on any individual visitation. The judge is within a man's own mind; but as a man cannot judge without materials, and materials are only to be acquired by hearing all things, so those who hear not and know not have no means of judging, and their judgment is perfectly useless. The judgment of every man upon theology is foolish, but the more universal the more charitable, so the more true that judgment is. The world, as yet, knows nothing of God. Christianity is a mere branch of theology. The heathen temples could never have been kept up and revered as they were without some splendid manifestation of spiritual power; the Oracles of Apollo and Trophonius, &c., were actual visitations of the great Spirit of Nature, who has thus intentionally divided the minds of men upon religion, as he divided their tongues in the intercourse of speech. It is Babel which he is building, and it will be overthrown by its own confusion. But none but those who have come out of the old fudge of the Church can be aware of the silliness and stupidity which it presents to a student of universal theology, or even of such as, like Mic. and others, have imbibed the faith of a modern revelation. It is almost impossible ever to return to it—it is such a deliverance to get out of it. There is comfort in following a visitation, and there is comfort in regarding them all as Babel; but there is very little comfort in the old jog-trot of Protestantism, and it is now so sorely beset that there can be no doubt it will die daily. . . . I am always writing every week in some of the Liberal papers, without my name, and I have a private share in an unstamped paper, but I say nothing about it. This has given me a sort of rest during my late illness, without which I should probably never have recovered; and it is partly a fear of a relapse . . . which prevents me from lecturing again, also a difficulty in finding a place, as I have lost my old room, which was also too small, though very respectable. I had

*London
Free Press!*

even an LL.D., dressed as well as any Scotch parson, to stand at the door (as elder?) to receive tickets, and agents of government have also come to see, and expressed themselves satisfied. They were a very decent set of people who came, though not very numerous. As for notoriety, I have none of it, and don't want it; and in a place like London it is the very thing to play the very devil with a man unless he is an agitator and a bully like O'Connell, and cares for nobody. Mic. is quite right.

‘There is no Mr. Baines of the *Morning Chronicle*. There is a Mr. Baines, M.P., proprietor of a Leeds paper. Mr. Black is proprietor and editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. He has twice inserted an article of mine in his paper. You ought to take in a London weekly paper. The provincial papers are so far behind the age, that unless you read the London papers you cannot tell the state of the country. The *Spectator* would be a very nice paper for you, or the *Examiner*. You would then see how society was directing its course. A provincial editor cannot be independent; he is a mere creature of the petty prejudices of the narrow-minded cattle that he caters for. I read always two daily papers daily—a Whig and a Tory.’ The foremost provincial papers are very different to-day.

Open-
minded.

Bulwer.

‘I have never read any of Bulwer's works yet that you once spoke of in your letter, but I know Mrs. Wheeler, his mother-in-law, very well, and have met Mrs. Bulwer at her mother's house. She is a very handsome woman. So is Mrs. Wheeler—one of the most noble women I ever knew. I generally call once a fortnight. I used to call once a week, when I was nearer. She is sister to Sir John Doyle, and niece of the late Sir John Doyle who died last year. I saw the old gentleman a few weeks before he died, and helped him to drink a bottle of Madeira. I never met Bulwer, and Mrs. Wheeler seldom mentions his name. I believe she does not like him much; he gets the name of being somewhat of a coxcomb, and writing all his Parlia-

mentary speeches, but he is one of the most popular writers of the day, and makes a good deal of money by his pen. Mrs. Wheeler is a confounded Radical, and has both published books and written in periodicals frequently. She writes always on one subject—the present condition of women and their rights as members of society and the equals of men. . . . Hitherto I have been well enough provided for, but how long it may be so God only knows; but I am more tranquil in mind than ever I was in Scotland, and should be very sorry to leave London now that I am naturalised in it.’

‘ I received yours per Robert, who arrived here on Tuesday evening, and is still in town (Monday), but has been staying with Mic. since Saturday morning at a Mr. Gordon’s, one of the elect lambs of Irvingism. Mic. would not call upon me. He said he did not approve of the principles of the people I stayed with! Holy man! It shows very little confidence in his principles, or in the spirit of the true Church, or in his own calling and election, when such nervous fears get the mastery over him. So, as I was less afraid of Mr. Gordon than he was of Mr. Garland, I went to see him. He is out of employment, but quite easy about it, looking a great deal better, fresh, plump, and fairer in complexion than ever. But I could get little information from him. He said he would remain where he was for some time; he did not know how long. He is waiting, no doubt, for a command or an appointment from the Spirit; and most probably they will appoint him to some small chapel or other.’ He then mentions other acquaintances in the same position, but proceeds to a severe criticism of the Irvingite Church, mainly because ‘ the male character of Irvingism is so notorious—that woman lies under the whole force of the original curse amongst them.’ After comparing it with the Southcottians, he continues:—‘ I therefore look with interest on Irvingism, without even the shadow of a suspicion that such horrible fanaticism as it now teaches can ever possibly be the final truth.’

20th May
1836.
Dr. Robert
Angus
Smith.

This Irvingism, to which he had himself introduced them in its early stage, now took possession of the family at home entirely:—

‘My father, I understand, has turned preacher; it is all very curious, but all for the best, I have no doubt. It may prove the means of extricating them all from the difficulties of their situation, and of comforting their minds in the midst of trials. It is a comfortable thing to live in a visitation of the Spirit. I know it from experience. It is a sort of romance, and those who are once in it seldom desire to come out.’

He had hitherto lived in rooms in London, but now—‘I have been for several days past looking out for a house, but find it very difficult to get one. I am thinking of taking one in my own name, that I may become a householder, and letting part to Garlands. I went to take a very beautiful house to-day—£26—six rooms and kitchen, beautifully papered all over, the paper quite new without a soil—but it had just been taken; the good bargains are speedily picked up. It is no joke looking for a house in London, and there are really very few to let. Apartments furnished and unfurnished are to be found everywhere, but empty houses are very rare, considering the size of the place. I am thinking of attempting a stamped paper under the new Act, and would be the better of being a householder.’ How Londoners of to-day must envy this halcyon time!

Dr. R. Angus
Smith.

‘Poor Robert seems to have been brought up in a balloon or a coal-pit, or some place out of the world altogether. I advised him to endeavour to pick him a little more information respecting the daily occurrences of society, but whether he follows my advice or not I know not. Perhaps it is a part of the wisdom of the party to which he belongs, not to belong to the age in which we live, but to form our minds from the vague and imaginative notions of former times.’ After a liberal comparison between the Roman Catholics and Protestants, as persecutors and otherwise—not to the

advantage of the latter—he continues:—‘It is my opinion that the Protestants are injuring their cause sadly by their wild attempts to prejudice the public mind against their religious opponents. But one good is evidently resulting from it—it is bringing on a religious controversy between the two churches. Dr. Wiseman, one of the brightest lights of the Catholic Church, has been lecturing here in defence of Catholicism. . . . I have read the first ten, and admire them much. I do not agree with him, indeed, but I am convinced that the Protestants will find it impossible to confute him. I see he has also advertised a work on the relationship between Science and Religion—a subject which the Protestants have never yet been able to handle. How he will manage it I know not, but he cannot do it worse than Dr. M’Gill, who told us that the reason why the sun is said to have been created on the fourth day, is that it only shone through the clouds that day for the first time—having been created before—so that it was not created on the fourth day at all—and if not, what proof is there that anything else was created on the day specified; or than Dr. Ure, who, to please the clergy of England and Scotland, maintains that the account of the Creation is literal, in spite of the indisputable evidences of geology, which demonstrate that the world has existed for innumerable thousands of years. . . . In fact, the clergy are a drag upon the wheels of general knowledge. The principal use they seem to be of is to prevent the world from acquiring knowledge too quickly and too slovenly. . . . Scotland seems to me like a country in a mist, and all churches and chapels like the reeky huts of the Highland clans—in whose eyes all perfection is concentrated in their own little selfish family.’

He has now started his paper formerly proposed:—‘I do not know how I shall get on with my paper. You may have seen a specimen of it in Glasgow already. It is called the *London Free Press* at present, and we have sometimes sent a thousand a week to Glasgow; . . . we send

eighty dozen to Manchester, and about the same number to Birmingham. I have always more to do than I can well accomplish, and have plenty of crosses. Still, I am always helping to do some good in demolishing old systems and preparing the way for better.'

He still continues a voluminous correspondence with the cultivated women who formed the main body of his 'party' in Edinburgh. Personal regard and admiration had first led them to accept his views, and some of them followed him through all the windings of his awakening creed. Others threw off the spell and regained their common-sense, acknowledging at the same time that they were happier and more satisfied under the 'visitation.' Their letters show them to have been of marked character, thrown free from the trammels of orthodoxy, and unprovided at this time with a satisfactory substitute.

Catherine Walker writes, after a somewhat strong-minded criticism:—'I have ever believed in a future state, but from what authority I do not know; it must be a hope implanted in my mind by nature, but who (*sic*) or where it is to be realised often puzzles and perplexes me.' In this letter she gives us an insight into another correspondent to whom her companions had evidently 'allocated' James Smith. The reference to her is apparently intended as a friendly hint:—'Miss Forster does not seem at all satisfied with her situation, but it is no wonder; it is a state of slavery. I am always telling her I wish I saw her well married, and there is not much time to lose; it is a *pity* that anyone so fitted to adorn society as Miss Forster should be confined to a schoolroom, subjected to the dominion of a haughty aristocrat, and go twice every Sunday and listen to old Dr. Ritchie and Grant.'

We get a glimpse of a time when the Modern Athens seems to have 'drawn back for a better spring:—'I am told Edinburgh is falling back in point of wealth. The law has hitherto been its principal support, and it is very much

on the decline. They are talking of erecting manufactories, and I understand the magistrates have granted a site of ground for the purpose; but the inhabitants don't like the idea of our fine city being made a manufacturing town.'

Letters from the members of the scattered flock of Ashton-¹⁸³⁶ under-Lyne still reach him in varied strains, but they point to a comparatively uneducated class of investigators. One who has been turned out of his situation because he was a *Unionist*, had been chosen as a delegate on various occasions. He writes:—'I shall be glead to see you at Ashton. You shall be made welkem to my cottage; you shall have half what I have got. I am still a unchangeable frind and brother; how glead was I when I hard that you wished my adress; I feell a brother love for you, and always shall.'

But although he is receiving letters full of affection, and writing letters which his friends find 'amusing and interesting,' the reader feels he is in the centre of a vortex of intellectual dissatisfaction:—

'What you say of not feeling yourself suitable for society, is what we all feel in consequence of our faith,' writes Miss Walker; but he had other causes, hereditary and personal. He has now three brothers in London, but sees little of them. Micaiah, the Irvingite preacher, he finds intolerable as usual, from his spiritual pride and claim to be a 'Messenger of God.' After giving some flagrant instances of this to his elder brother, he continues:—'They are infinitely worse than the Southcottians. The latter are liberality itself, compared to such spiritual pride and Pharisaical impudence. I have never quarrelled with a Southcottian yet, although I have opposed and abused them all; but I have never met with an Irvingite who did not seem to be a melancholy, bewildered fanatic.' He then proceeds to give exceptions, and to throw the blame on Micaiah's own mind. 'Robert is not yet spoiled in a religious point of view, but they have all been shamefully neglected in speech and

27th October
1836.
James to
John.

behaviour. If they had been sent to a chandler's shop to serve at the counter for a year or two, it would have been more valuable than three sessions at Glasgow College. Joseph might have then been able to find his way round the blind asylum.'

But how could lads to whom the world was a 'passing show,' and the 'problem of existence' infinitely more important than the 'struggle for existence' be fitted to wrestle in the arena of life? Even James himself is too deep in these religious philosophisings to be able to grapple with affairs with the customary astuteness of his countrymen. 'I shall not be able to make the paper pay without a little capital, and that is not easy to get. I could easily get £1000 to lay out on machinery or type, which becomes its own security, but ready money to throw away, as it were, on advertisements, posting, billing, &c., is not so easily got. I am trying to sell it; we have about 9000 subscribers. They would pay at 4d., but not at 3½d.'

In a further letter, in which the sale of the paper is announced, we get an idea of his struggles, and an evident suggestion that he was still providentially provided for in his 'mission.'

'I have now disposed of the *Weekly Herald* to Mr. Cobbett's sons, who published a paper called the *Champion*, but now called the *Champion and Weekly Herald*, a copy of which I have sent you. We got about £430 for it. But we had a good deal of debt on our heads. More than that, in fact. But I shall still get hold of as much as will relieve me of my present difficulties, and enable me to commence some other move. It was a sad bother. But had we had £1000 to play with we might have done wonders. I shall be able to send my sisters a present of £5, and if I soon get into another way of drawing a regular wage I shall double it. For some time past I have been living upon credit. About three weeks ago I was sadly pinched; I owed £12 or £14 for living and lodging. The

paper swallowed up everything, and one day I received a parcel directed by an unknown hand, containing a small book and ten sovereigns. The person said he would not miss them, and they might be of use to me. I had never written a letter to him, nor he to me, and the one he sent with the parcel was written with a pencil. I received £5 in a similar way about two years ago, when I began the *Shepherd*; £5 at another equally critical time; £2 at another critical time; and £3 once when I do not exactly remember whether I wanted it or no! I have thus been carried along with scarcely ever more than £5 in my possession, and am at present, as far as London is concerned, quite solvent. I have had many trials, but it is comfortable to think that I have not been living on credit. I have only borrowed £1 since I came to London, and that single pound was the cause of a coldness between me and the person who lent it me.'

There is an amusing letter on the 'Young Shiloh of Beaumont Square,' with a copy one from the father, showing a distinct aberration of the usual wild character. The correspondent, J. Goslin, is evidently a 'ruthless iconoclast,' and replies to the father, who claims to be King David, in the following strain:—

'I, as a Republican Equalist, must decline the honour of attending any meeting, either public or private, which has for its object the support of a throne—being compelled by necessity, with my fellow-workmen of this country, to labour hard to support a throne, to the tune of half a million annually; while the same governing work is done, and infinitely better, in America for only five thousand. I feel my belly quite full of throne-supporting, so that there is no room left for me to support either Solomons, Davids, or any other moonshine thrones which may spring from the "crack skulled" reveries of a disordered brain.' The letter throughout is shrewd and practical, and one wonders how he came into that galley among the other rowers.

Ipswich,
9th August
1836.

I have been unable to trace his literary work at this time. He writes:—'I have picked up a few of my pamphlets, and made a parcel for you. The most of them are eccentricities, and more calculated to give an insight into the vagaries of the human mind than to communicate real knowledge. But after all, what is real knowledge and what is its value. It is of very little value to many who have much of it, and of much value to many who have little of it.'

27th Jan.
1837.
James to
John.

CHAPTER XIII

ENGRAVING AND THE 'PENNY SATIRIST.'

IN the same letter in which he announced the sale of the *Weekly Herald*, James Smith notified to his brother the resumption of the *Shepherd*:—‘I have announced a second volume of the *Shepherd*, to begin on New Year's day, price 3d., fine paper, with a cover and a device of a shepherd and his sheep on the cover. . . . I have got the Librarian of the Royal Asiatic Society to help me with the *Shepherd* in Oriental subjects; I think we shall make it much better than last.’ In the following letter he is not sanguine about it:—‘I have advertised the *Shepherd* in half a dozen papers. I shall inquire immediately after Dewar's¹ parcel, and send you three numbers. I do not think it will pay.’

23rd Nov.
1836.

His elder brother, as virtual head of the family, has been writing as to the younger brethren, but the subject is not such as to increase his equanimity:—‘I am sorry to hear of Joseph's removal, but I am not surprised at it. The spirit of the whole of our family has been killed by all being brought up to the same trade, and driven into it without preparation, instruction, or experience. It is a profession which anybody may follow, in fact, without experience, and therefore a poor one. . . . Moreover, Joseph is evidently a boy who must be pushed through the world.’ In this irritable condition, he continues:—‘What makes you esquire me in addressing my letters. I don't want such titles. I am not entitled to the appellation at anyrate; and suppose I were, I think it so very insignificant that I

23rd Jan.
1837.
James to
John.

¹ Bookseller, Perth.

prefer my plain name. What was an esquire? a knight's attendant—the fellow who acted as a sort of valet to a rambling freebooter or licensed murderer—Robin Hood and Little John were knight and esquire. It is a species of genteel flunkey to a landed proprietor. I would rather be a plain citizen; the sober and peaceful inhabitants of towns and cities have nothing to do with such titles. The Republican Americans sport them, I see. Their laws prohibit them from going beyond esquire, but they show their propensity for names of *éclat* by going as far as the laws permit. But how ridiculous it is, after all, that there should be a nation of *squires*, and not a knight amongst them. When the age of chivalry revives, the knights-errant will not be at a loss for attendants.'

Meanwhile, he himself, a modern knight-errant, proceeds with the *Shepherd* 'upon the same general principles as before. The analysis of religious opinions will be our chief employment. . . . Our principal object will be the correction of the errors, abuses, and illiberal prejudices which belong to the three great classes of Theologians, Deists, and Atheists—the Tories, the Whigs, and the Destructives of Religion. We shall set our faces against all these, upon the principles of Pantheism, adopted by the wise and the good in all ages, but hitherto rejected by sectarians and fanatics. In doing so, we take no man, no books as our standard, except the Old and New Testaments of Nature and Providence. The first treats of divine nature as revealed in *Space*, the other in *Time*. The first includes all the demonstrable and experimental sciences; the second devotes itself to the subordinate but most vital consideration of the history of human nature and of social experience.' The influence of the 'Librarian of the Royal Asiatic Society,' or the studies that have led Smith towards him, are manifest in the earliest numbers. The probable common origin of all languages, then looming upon the world through the Sanscrit revival; Mr Jervis' claim to a common origin of all weights

1st Jan.
1837.
Shepherd.

and measures, the original standard being a pendulum vibrating seconds at the mid-latitude of 45 degrees; the fact that 'the industry of human learning is yearly discovering some new features of common relationship amongst all the religions of the world'—since then so lucidly handled by Max Müller—are all worked into his system of Nature. He holds that whereas anciently God and Nature, the male and female, were studied and worshipped together, now—'The study of Nature, or Science, is in vehement opposition to the study of God or Theology; they ought to be in harmony; the two together constitute Truth; Truth is to be got from neither; the Lingam and the Yoni are equally defective apart. The Fanatic, the Sectarian, the Vulgar Christian, is a follower of the Lingam; the Materialist, the Infidel, the Deist, the Atheist, is a follower of the Yoni, to use the Oriental style of speech. The Pantheist is a follower of both. Nature is now more than ever asserting her rights. The time of the emancipation of the female is at hand.' 'The seed of the woman (Nature) shall bruise the head of the serpent (superstition).'

He has retained all his old boldness of investigation and subtlety of argument. In discussing the 'folly of the controversy between believers and infidels,' he holds that miracles have nothing to do with the truth of doctrine. 'For if it be an established custom with God and Nature to present fallacies to the senses, to exercise our reasoning faculties, as we find to be the case in the infancy of every science, why should not the same law be observed in Revelation, which, like the rising and setting of the sun, is first presented as a delusion, and left to human ingenuity to unveil. We most decidedly reject the authority of miracles or any other such works, however wonderful, as evidence in behalf of abstract religious opinions.' A miracle 'is an outward sign, and is inferior in authority to a mental impression. For of what use can an outward miracle, addressed to the senses and the faith, *and not to the*

16th Jan.
1837.
Shepherd.

understanding, be, but to impose upon the mind an illegitimate conviction.'

He is at this time recognising the fact that he is not the only worker in the field he has chosen, and in his *Gallery of Pantheism* he begins with Giordano Bruno, 'not because he has been the first among the modern philosophers to profess Pantheism, but because his writings have been the mine which has offered the German philosophers a world of riches, and because his opinions are, in many respects, analogous to those professed in the *Shepherd*.'

In the following number he formulates the principles of the *Shepherd* as a heading. They 'may be called Pantheism, Universalism, or Catholicism, or by any other word which expresses universality. Pantheism implies that everything, great or small, good or evil, wise or foolish, is the result of the active and conscious operation of the universal male (spirit) in co-operation with the universal female (matter). Consequently, all doctrines, systems, customs, and morals *positively* originate in God and Nature (jointly), and form component parts of a system of progressive training for mankind. But the only true religion is the acknowledgment of this fact, and the retirement of faith and worship within the true sanctuary of the heart and mind. It is chiefly in the western world that they have adopted the scientific mode of ascending through Nature to Nature's God. Nature is veiled in the East and so is woman, her image and representative. She is crippled in China, concealed and imprisoned in Persia and Turkey, and regarded as chattel, or private property, in every country in the world. But her veil is partly removed in Europe, for there the secrets of Nature are being discovered—there the Mother God is beginning to reveal herself, as alone she can be revealed, in the demonstrations of physical science.'

1st Feb.
1837.
Shepherd.

15th Feb.
1837.
Shepherd.

The appreciation of science does not blind him to its defects, however:—'It is not knowledge but moral feeling which is the immediate cause of virtue and happiness. . . .

Science will never supersede religion in Sunday popular instruction. Science is too limited in its sphere of thought; it addresses the intellect only. It ought to be *associated* with religion. It is a sieve through which nothing will pass but that which is in harmony with Nature's laws, and though it cannot supply the place of religion, nor satisfy the religious feeling, it is well calculated to put false religion to the test, and bring to light the hidden mysteries of Providence. As for the common class of Infidels, they are as infinitely diversified as the Christian sects. And yet they seem all to agree in this, that science can satisfy every rational mind. For heaven's sake let us have a little common sense along with it. Common sense without science will be more socially and morally useful than science without common sense.'¹

Delusions of Science.

Yet he will not admit the ruder explanations of Revelation:—'In the whole list of arguments ever employed by controversialists, or devised by logicians, there are not two of more unmeaning, ungenerous, and inconclusive a nature than those two of "Imagination" and "Imposture." They are pitiful resources of the religious world, on the one hand, to get rid of the ascription of the authorship of evil to God, and of the atheistical world, on the other, to account for a class of phenomena which puzzles its chemical philosophy. And what can science do to settle such dispute? Science never can satisfy the inquiring mind—the higher he goes, the nearer he approaches the religious principle, and unless he dips his head into this empyreal cap, his science is nothing more than a body without a head, a collection of imperfect causes without a bond of union. The head of science is religion.'

1st March 1837. Shepherd.

In a further exposition, with Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater

¹ Many of his readers will wonder where his common sense comes in, and yet it is omnipresent once you accept his premises. He has also begun giving those 'replies to correspondents,' whose shrewd humour and sound sense made them afterwards so famous.

15th March
1837.
Shepherd.

treatise on 'Geology and Mineralogy' as a text, he proceeds:—'The grand hyperbole of hell-fire may be merely an intellectual fable, disguising a simple moral truth. All this we believe. But does the Doctor believe it? No! Even while the walls of ancient Catholicism and Protestantism are crumbling around him—even while he himself is committing to paper that it is "*moral, not intellectual truths,*" which are conveyed by Revelation, he belies his own principle by upholding the barbarous theology of an unscientific and illiterate age of the world's minority!'

Revelation he holds to be smoke that science must blow away:—'God speaks truth and falsehood in one breath, and makes it the task of man to sift the compound. This we regard as the royal prerogative of Deity. It is an act of wisdom and of goodness on His part to us. The search of truth is *our trade*, as rational beings. We have no right to expect it unveiled by Revelation.'

In reply to a correspondent who claims the 'materiality of the Deity,' he writes:—'We have not the slightest objection to God's materiality. In fact, there is nothing material but God, who is the very basis or substratum of matter. But we are equally in love with the spirituality of God, because we know it to be impossible to distinguish between the two modes of being. Spirit and matter are one, but double only in respect to modality or manner of existence.' It is curious to note his instinctive contempt for the ignorant multitude, combined with his hope of a *future* universal suffrage. But he insists upon their prior education, not in *knowledge*, but in the first principles of religion and morality:—'Justice! the people want justice! What sort of justice do they want—natural or unnatural? If they want natural justice, where can they procure it? Agitation may be a very useful thing, but it is merely the howling of wolves after all. . . . There is a want of sound philosophy at the bottom of all the gibberish of politics.' His beau-ideal of government, or Utopia, is then succinctly defined, and the second volume

31st March
1847.
Shepherd.
Justice!

of the *Shepherd* ends, explained by the simple fact that 'there is a considerable loss weekly, in its publication, which at present I cannot afford. . . . Perhaps the world uses me quite as respectfully as I use it. I do not much admire it. There is something in every corner of it I respect, but something also in every corner which I despise. I admire the learning of the Church, but I despise its metaphysical and moral philosophy or theology. I admire the good intentions of the people, but I dislike their intolerance, their ignorance, and their illiberality. I am partially connected with all parties, but fully sympathise with none. Under such circumstances, I even wonder at my own success. But I shall succeed still better—that is, the fundamental principles of Universalism will take root in the public mind. . . . They are not mine. Truth belongs to no man; it is divine property. The error or imperfection with which it is mixed up belongs to me, as the individual; the truth to God, as the universal. By passing through other minds it will be purified and refined, illustrated, and confirmed. It will lose its Smithism; but the basis of the doctrine taught in the *Shepherd* must be everlasting as the sun in the heavens. It is not founded on any one aspect of Nature, but upon universal nature and universal Providence.'

He addresses his readers with peculiar directness and simplicity, taking them wholly into his confidence:—'In the meanwhile, I am amusing myself two or three hours a day in collecting other materials, some of which I have already begun to publish in a little penny weekly production, called *Legends and Miracles*, in which a number of interesting questions in history are brought together in a manner not to be found, as far as I am informed, in any other work. I give them without comment and without passing any judgment upon the testimony, which I have taken care to record; but they are curious documents, which will at least, if properly used, teach us all to form our opinions with extreme caution, and suspend our judgments upon many opinions

*Legends and
Miracles.*

which pass current for what are called facts, in the cant phrase of the day.'

During this interregnum he translated *Zadig*, from the French of Voltaire, publishing it with Parnell's *Hermit* as an appendix. In explanation, he says:—'The episode of the Angel Jefrad, however, is evidently borrowed from Parnell's *Hermit*. The story is originally Oriental, according to Dr. Goldsmith, and is found in *More's Dialogues* and *Howell's Letters*. It is a beautiful illustration of the universal truth that "God is the author of evil as well as of good." We also find from his letters that he had been busily engaged otherwise:—'I have sent you a large sheet called *England at One View*, which I got up in the month of January, and in six weeks it cleared all its expenses, and is now paying very well. I am getting up a similar sheet of the *History of England*, with a woodcut. I am even drawing and cutting the engraving myself, for I have added that of wood-engraver to my other occupations. I tried it one day for my amusement; found I could handle the tools very easily. I did one little engraving for an edition of the *Forty Thieves*, for a trial. I made a horrible-looking piece of work of it, but still, better than many of the woodcuts you see in frontispieces of penny and twopenny books; but in doing it I got experience, and I find I am getting on with a large block of the murder of the two princes in the Tower tolerably well. I am hacking away at it every evening after tea till eleven or twelve at night. I want to learn it; that is my principal motive, and I am provided with all the necessary apparatus. Since I came to London I have drawn, I believe, fifty or sixty sketches for woodcuts. It is a good trade. I wish Joseph had learned it. I believe I could soon make 10s. a day at it. Should other things fail me it may prove a resource. It is a good thing to be able to undertake such things. . . . There was a tremendous demand last week for some papers. . . . The *Weekly Chronicle* office was literally besieged, and a gentleman told me that he saw

4th April
1837.
James to
John.

Holt, its manager, give a policeman 5s. to drive away the customers from the door; he could not serve them. This Holt is a most extraordinary fellow; always in prison and always out of it—a very devil for scheming. In setting up the *Chronicle* he even made a procession through the town with all sorts of musical instruments, flags, &c., and raised a mob, and got a report in all the papers, which was a universal advertisement; got into debt with half a dozen stationers, the last of which seized the paper, and now keeps it, but is obliged to keep Holt on it at the rate of £8 a week, for he knows that Holt would and could bring it to nothing in a twinkling. For some time in his trouble we gave Holt 10s. a week for writing little paragraphs. It is a horrible competition to drive. I am very glad I am out of it. I never wish to have to do with a paper again.' By this he means, as a commercial transaction, and a stamped article, no doubt; for his next letter is full of his periodicals, existing and prospective. He had proposed to resume the *Shepherd*, if there were a hundred readers who were willing to subscribe a guinea each in advance:—

'I have announced the revival of the *Shepherd* here at 1½d. A friend in the country (Gloucestershire) has offered me £100 to carry it on. He or she has already sent me £30, exclusive of the £100 promised to be paid quarterly, with £5 additional for advertising it—in all £135. By this means I shall be able to proceed. There is no name given, and in answering the letters sent me I give no address, but merely say, *to be left till called for at the Gloucester Post-office*. I was told some time ago of some families of rank that read the *Shepherd* in that quarter. I have no doubt it is the same party; there are more than one. If I am correct, one of the parties is a lady of title. They have also offered me *any book* I require. Under these auspices I am once more on the waters, with what success I cannot divine. I have an anonymous thing called the *Penny Satirist* flying about at present, and selling about 15,000 a

8th June
1837.
James to
John.

Shepherd.

*Penny
Satirist.*

week. It is paying just now, but the sportsmen may soon bring it down. It is ticklish work. It is an original, and seems to be a tolerable good hit—no news nor politics, but as near them as possible, so that it is better liked by many than a newspaper. One week I gave the proceedings of the House of Pismires—an imaginary parliament—which was well liked. This week there is a report of a great public meeting of servant girls at the “Maid and Magpie.” Of course all stuff, and I won't acknowledge it. It is quite innocent, however. A week or two ago a correspondent wrote us a letter commenting on something we had said. We told him in reply next number that we were not responsible one week for what we said the last, for our opinions were changing every day, and sometimes three or four times a day—that that very day we were Radicals before dinner, Whigs during dinner, and Tories after it—and that no man's opinion was worth a rush on any subject until he had turned his coat, dyed it all colours, and worn it threadbare on both sides. But the principal use of such papers is for opening the trade. They are actually writing from Belfast for the *Penny Satirist*. I wish we had an agent in Dundee; he might sell five or six hundred a week. We have fellows who clear 10s. a day by selling them in the street, but the brutes go idle the rest of the week. Holt—that I spoke of in my last as having raised the *Weekly Chronicle* to a circulation of 100,000 for several weeks—was cashiered two or three weeks ago, and the circulation is decreasing by thousands. He immediately started against us, but we have fairly beat him this time. He is an amazingly active fellow, but he has lost his character for honesty. The fact is, however, he merely squanders money profusely, whether it be his own or other people's; he secretes nothing. There is no weekly organ of the ministry; in fact, I may say there is scarcely a daily one. Papers are now ashamed of being thought dependent on a ministry, and it is only an evening paper that will descend so low. The morning papers are

supposed to be more independent than the government itself. The Radicals cannot support a daily paper. The *Constitutional* does not sell 1000, and it is nearly £10,000 in debt already. The *True Sun* is also a losing concern. The Tory papers are the richest. The *Times* and the *Morning Herald* are the finest newspaper property in the world. The new stamp-law has produced little or no effect on the daily press. It has only created one newspaper (the *Constitutional*), which would have been better had it never been born.'

'The *Penny Satirist* has been above 40,000 a week, but several scamps have tried to put us down—some by stealing our name, and others by a rival publication and underselling. We have been obliged to lower our prices to put the latter down, otherwise it would be a fine property. It has a fine circulation, and is read by all classes.'¹ He seeks, as usual, to impress his 'respectable' elder brother with the fact that he is not pandering to the mob, so continues:—'I was told by a gentleman, who is intimate with some of the foreign embassies, that in dining at Buckingham Palace this ambassador said he saw the Countess of Leiningen, the Queen's sister-in-law, with the *Penny Satirist* in her hand. This same gentleman sends regularly a copy to the Duchess of Somerset, and this morning the gentleman who machines

3rd Nov.
1837.
James to
John.

¹ Mr. Newton Crosland writes, 17th April 1892:—'I cannot tell you much about the *Penny Satirist*, and I do not imagine that the authorities would find room in the museum for such a publication. Of course, fifty-four years ago a penny paper was a much rougher article than what we should expect to get for the same money nowadays. The *Penny Satirist* was one sheet (4 pages), the size of an ordinary newspaper; but it was not a newspaper in the ordinary acceptance of the term, as it was exempt from the newspaper stamp, and it did not live on advertisements. The type was worn, the paper common, the woodcuts coarse, and its whole appearance vulgar and disreputable from an artistic point of view; but under Mr. Smith's superintendence nothing was allowed to appear in its columns of a demoralising character. He managed to make its contents respectable.'

the paper—a large printer in London, who is worth considerable property—told me that, in calling on a barrister of good practice in town, he saw the *Penny Satirist*, with other papers, lying on his drawing-room table. The circulation of the paper, therefore, is not confined to the poor, although they are our best patrons. We have every reason to believe that the Queen herself has frequently read it. We have always a moral end in view, however we may disguise it. We are thus engaged in propagating certain ideas throughout the whole kingdom when our apparent object is only to amuse others and benefit ourselves. It is impossible to calculate the impression we have made, but it must be considerable. For the last four years I have, every week almost, in some shape or another, addressed twice as many people as any clergyman in the country, and at present I may even reckon my weekly congregation to be 100,000 more than the whole adult population of Glasgow; and though there is a lightness in the manner in which they are addressed, there is so very little to teach them, so very little that we want to impress upon them, that we can scarcely fail to hammer it into the most of them. The principal thing that I want to teach is, that morals are not to be taught by mere precept, or by preaching and praying, but by the conditions in which men are placed, and that the best way to Christianise mankind is to arrange society in such a manner as will develop the good and not the evil in human nature. . . . Morality can never grow in poverty, ignorance, and filth, and what means are taken to remove this poverty, ignorance, and filth? Does the government enforce cleanliness, or the education of children, or does it provide schools of industry? No. Children are born by chance, educated by chance, and put to a trade, or no trade, by chance. Those who have no trade (and it is not their fault), if they have any spirit, steal; if they have no spirit, beg, and are taken up as vagrants and punished as thieves; they meet with thieves in prison; they there learn that they may just as well steal when they come out; and

His object.

thus the very punishment they receive confirms them in crime. There are thousands in London who are sensible of this, hundreds in the legislature who are sensible of it, but it is no easy matter to change a system. The outcry must be very loud, apparently, before they venture to change it. But it is the era of change, and every year must bring some innovation, or some energetic attempt to enforce one.'

'Irvingism here is never heard of. I have not heard it mentioned or seen it alluded to in print for a long time. I suppose they are pursuing the even tenor of their way as usual.' The leading article, he tells us elsewhere, is the only portion of the *Satirist* that he personally writes, and he is full of other work at this time also. 'I am making preparations for writing a history of Modern Prophecy. I have been urged to do it by one of the editors of *Fraser's Magazine*.' We do not know that this ever went beyond the phase of 'materials.'

CHAPTER XIV.

'THE SHEPHERD REDIVIVUS.'

'OUR doctrine is more a revelation of what is taught us by our universal Mother Nature, than a scheme or plan of our own. No plan will stand but the ultimate, which is guarded and supported by all the laws of our physical, moral, and intellectual nature ; but mankind may be obliged to make many unsuccessful attempts before they arrive at this ultimate, if, indeed, it can be attained. Acting upon these principles, we are not political bigots, and cannot quarrel with other men upon financial, commercial, or jurisprudential speculations.'

1st July
1887.
Shepherd.

In this first number of the third volume of the *Shepherd*, he explains that no political agitator has reverted to first principles except Mr. Owen and himself :—'Our principal objection to Mr. Owen is that he has materialised society, or rather, that he *would*, if he could, materialise it. Mr. Owen has a moral end in view, and a very good and benevolent end. He has based his system upon an abstract principle, viz., the principle of moral necessity in the formation of character. But this is not an ultimate principle, nor an intelligent principle, nor an intelligible principle ; it is a walking spectre—the great power of Nature, which confers all life and consciousness, and yet seems to have none. Creatures of Circumstances! Anything but life in the Creator! What extreme caution is employed to exclude the principle of universal *vitality* from the system! Sometimes it is *necessity*, sometimes *circumstances*, or a *combination* of circumstances—but never, never, never is the principle of

universal life adopted as a basis.¹ Upon this latter principle we take our stand. It is for want of this *principle of universal life* that Owenism cannot live.'

In this new confession of his faith, in which he tries conclusions with his old coadjutor Owen, he does so with all regard, but considers that Owen's training has been such as to prevent him infusing this principle of *life* into Owenism, of which it is susceptible, but which it lacks. 'Owen has many friends who abjure infidelity as a principle of action.' Mr. Finch has sought unsuccessfully to graft it on Christianity. 'But we shall, in an especial manner, come into contact, sometimes collision, with Owenism; and the principle upon which we shall be guided in treating of this system is—the most fervent respect for Mr. Owen as a man—respect, also, for his system, as a beau-ideal of social, mechanical morality; but in respect to imagination, and all its charming offspring, we must treat the system as a vacuum, which Nature abhors, and which must be filled up. Imagination is too strong to be put down. It is the strongest power in Nature. It is the very essence of living being. If it is not a reality, as some people choose to express themselves, it is at least the father, the creator of realities, and therefore above, beyond, greater than a reality. All progress is moved by it, all being is elevated by it, rudeness is polished by it; it beautifies deformity, and makes beauty more enchanting; it illuminates darkness, and makes light itself more visible; it alleviates pain and enhances pleasure; and wherever it is actively engaged, either in productive industry or in the cultivation of the fine arts, or in the working out of the inspirations of a universal faith, it is sure to be productive of pleasurable sensations, both to ourselves and others.'

¹ He elsewhere observes, with reference to Falloppio's theory as to fossils, that they were formed by '*the tumultuary movements of terrestrial exhalations*'—this is quite as good a reason as 'circumstances,' or 'combination of circumstances,' for life and organisation.

Proclama-
tion.

An abstract of all the principal social systems is given in the volume, as well as a 'History of Socialism,' peculiarly interesting at the present time, and he is greatly pleased to commence the volume with Her Majesty's accession, as a symbol of that female principle and female emancipation he considered so vital. This does not prevent him criticising the first proclamation of her Majesty, which 'was one of a peculiarly moral character.' It included this sentence, which he treats with his customary keen logic:—'We do hereby require and command them (that is, her subjects), and every of them, decently and reverently to attend the worship of God on every Lord's day, on pain of our highest displeasure, and of being proceeded against with the utmost rigour that may be by law.' He continues:—'The Queen, notwithstanding her excellent education, has evidently not learned the mode of making men and women religious; and the Bishops, her councillors in pious affairs, are so screwed down by oaths, and articles, and creeds, and constitutions, and old forms, and private interests, that it is quite impossible for them to adopt any other means than those which have been employed from time immemorial, and which time immemorial has declared to be ineffectual.'

Hitherto he has been dealing with Universalism as a principle. 'Some people have said that the *Shepherd* is not practical, it has not a practical tendency. We shall bring such people to the test, and try whether they or we best understand the principles of a practical system.' With this view he proceeds to compare the systems—as working systems—of Owen, the Protestants, and the Jesuits; concluding that the Society of Jesus is the most perfect model of organisation which has ever yet been tested by experience. 'Protestantism has rejected the visible head; Owenism rejects visible and invisible; Catholicism employs both. . . . There is no other system but the Catholic; the others are not systems at all. . . . How very simple and beautiful are the fundamental practical principles of life

—unity, subordination, zeal; and how strange the infatuation that will lead men away from them, to entertain the hope of organizing a practical system without them!’ After showing that Owen can neither create zeal, subordination, nor unity, he returns to the ‘splendid unity’ of the Jesuits, holding that they were individually free, and that ‘there is no slavery equal to that of unruly members which despise the head and its authority. It is well known that the Jesuits were the most free and most devoted of all the Catholic orders! The head was chosen by the members, and voluntarily invested with authority; but, when chosen, he was a head in deed, and not in name only. It was the voluntary principle choosing one master to escape from many.’

In this article there is one of those comparisons which were so peculiarly his own, and so characteristic of his analogical intellect. He refers to Protestantism. ‘It is a miserable, sickly system, a mule begotten by Catholicism upon the mare, or she-ass, of democracy, but quite unable to propagate its own likeness, for want of the principle of germination.’

After a liberal and able comparison of the success of the Jesuits in Paraguay and elsewhere, wherever they had power, with that of other religions or systems, he adds:—‘Where do you imagine all this superiority on one side lies? In discipline,’ and in zeal. He is, of course, not blind to their failings:—‘Their religious principles being defective, they found themselves paralysed, and obliged to employ tactics to confront their adversaries. These tactics were very loose and immoral, but the opposition of their adversaries was by no means more conducive to virtue. We must judge them by comparison,’ and the comparison *in morals* is to their advantage. In explaining their exclusive system in Paraguay, he adds a pregnant note:—‘We have no doubt that this severity on the part of the Jesuits was necessary to preserve their community. The corruption of morals that prevailed

Free trade.

around them was too powerful for the resistance of a small society. It is only when such a social system becomes almost *universal*, that what is generally called freedom can begin, just as *Free Trade* cannot be established in one country without being established in all. So that it is evident that, without a general congress of nations, none of those great social objects for which philanthropists are striving can be attained.'

22nd July
1837.
Shepherd.

But how about Authority? Pedigree has much to do with it, he thinks. 'A mere novelty is always despised. Jesus Christ told the Jews that He did not come to destroy the law and the prophets, but to *fulfil* them. Christianity runs back as far as we can see. Hence we *calculate*, as the Yankees cautiously express themselves, that in the progress of society the same system of grafting hitherto practised must be kept up, and the *Authority* of the old combined with the liberality and reasonableness of the new.' In fact he is afraid of subversive measures. 'The just are more outrageous in their disagreement than the unjust. Their zeal infuriates them,' and consequently agreement is impossible. A President to please a hundred is an impractical machine. 'It is imagined that if representatives were chosen by the whole population "all would be well." Now this is a system without a head at all,' because the president is merely the chairman with a *veto*, in place of the ruler upon whose conduct the people have a *veto*. 'If a ruler's modes of action are in conformity with the people's notions of right and wrong, the ruler is, by that very fact, invested with power supreme. He receives it from the will of the people. This is the beau-ideal of liberty. Moreover, it is *monarchy*. It is also democracy. It is *democratical monarchy*.' Indeed, he indicates nothing superior to our own constitution, with representatives from an educated and moral community, and consequently less gabble in parliament and more real power in the ruling head, so long as it was wisely administered.

In this number there is a curious example of the 'consuming zeal' of *Joseph Wolff, Apostle of Jesus Christ*, as he signs himself in a bold scrawl some seven years previous, addressed to the Sardinian Consul-General for Syria. His brutal bigotry in connection with the St. Simonians brings down a strong rebuke, only too well-deserved, while the 'force of spirit' of the young convert appeals to Smith's sympathy. In every department he seeks to take a charitable view, and yet a bold and original one. In answer to inquiries about the Koran:—'As a prophet we regard Mahomet as a true messenger; as a historian, we regard him as a notorious, but not a wilful, liar. The same may be said of the Hindoo books. The great superiority of the Bible over all other books of the kind lies in this, that its historical records are not revelations. . . . The historical Bible will stand, because it is human. The historical Koran will fall, because it is divine. The historical trumperies of the Hindoos will also fall. But that peculiar portion of revelation in each, which does not contain a confusion of revelation with human science, will stand; and that portion, we say, will be found to be the same in all—and future generations, when they have separated the wheat from the chaff, will find, to their astonishment, that the wheat of all religions was the same, and that men were only quarrelling about the chaff.' It is no doubt this feeling that induces him to think that if the religion of Christ in its original simplicity were organised on *universal* principles, it would best realise his ideal. He has early grasped the fact that true Christianity is the great leveller, the true democracy, the philosophy and the politics as well as the religion of the multitude.

29th July
1837.
Shepherd

Again, as to God and Devil:—'Perhaps the prologue to *Job* is the closest approximation to a correct drama of God and Devil that the spirit of poetry has on record. It is astonishing that the epic genius has not pursued the idea. It can only be accounted for by the corruption of the schools

of theology and the public taste. The Satan of Job is neither a liar nor a fiend; he tries Job, to see if he would curse God in poverty. The victory is fairly divided between Satan and God.'

26th Aug.
1837.
Shepherd.

In an article entitled 'Messiah's Kingdom,' we have a bit of autobiography. He acknowledges having been captivated by the idea of the Messiah's personal reign upon earth, ere he, before the close of the year 1828, 'overcame this difficulty, or rather this absurdity, by the discovery that the true Messiah was a divine principle, or, in other words, the Spirit of God manifested in the adoption of a beneficent ruling principle by human society. It is a dreamy doctrine, and very well calculated for creating spiritual intoxication. We know what it is from experience. . . . The change which has taken place in our mind has merely been an opening of the original idea. When we belonged to the church political, we entertained the common undefined ideas of a millennium which are peculiar to the Christian world—such ideas as are to be found delineated, in forcible and luxuriant language, in the popular and successful poem of "The Course of Time," by Pollock, with whom we were intimate during the time of its composition, and to whom we suggested several ideas now embodied in the work. We remember especially suggesting to the poet the idea of painting in heaven. He was highly pleased with the thought; but his fine poetic taste could not tolerate the idea of an angel's using a painter's brush, or hog's-hair pencil. He therefore makes the angels use their fingers only:—

Pollock.

"And dip their hands in colours' native well,
And on the everlasting canvas dash
Figures of glory, imagery divine."

'The idea opened upon us by the discussion of the millenarian question, by Irving, in the year 1828.' He further states:—'It was this very idea that first drew us out of the Established Church, and launched us into a sea of interesting inquiry, which has ultimately landed us in the haven of

Universalism.' Now, 'our idea of the millennium is even more sublime than that of the Millenarians themselves. We make every man Christ, who is imbued with Christ's standard principles. The whole mass of men thus united is the great Christ, and the chosen individual who presides over them is the personal Christ. An association composed in this manner is Christ's kingdom upon earth.'

There is a distinct lack of evidence of James' close connection with Irving, and yet from a passage in a letter from his lifelong friend, Peter Borthwick, they must at one time have been intimate.

'I have not been unmindful of you, as Irving can bear me witness. I wrote to Irving of your circumstances, and begged him to do something for you; he promised and talked, and from time to time I have expected his letter, but it has never come, and I must say, both to you and to me, he has not made the returns which our friendship called for. Yet it must be said, in extenuation of his neglect, that he also has had his difficulties—brought on, as I think, by his preaching rather against men than things—by a magnifying of the natural man, and a resting rather in self-complacency than in the humble and self-crucifying spirit of a true minister. I believe that much of his error arises out of his disobedience to authority which he ought to have respected.'

'I did not neglect at the time the request of your letter. I sent it (the request), accompanied by my own most earnest entreaties, to Irving and some other friends, but I could effect nothing; had I been able to do so, you would have heard in course.'

Borthwick had been one of the earnest young men in Edinburgh who had refused to accept blindly without understanding, and had sought anxiously for the 'truth' that was to satisfy them. But while apparently greatly interested in this eloquent and magnetic divine, Borthwick was naturally too orthodox, and had too much common sense, to be led off his feet as his friend had been.

'We seldom go to Irving or his church, and never of a Sunday. He has now ladies who speak in the unknown tongues, and in the church. Miss Mary Campbell, now Mrs Keird, is residing with him; of the truth or falsehood of their claims, I am not able yet to make a decision. I know two of the ladies who have "received the gifts" (so they phrase it), and they are very reliable and intelligent persons—one of them is young, the other married; but I must say—there appears a very great number of things about them very unlike the descriptions of "gifts of tongues" in the New Testament. One of their doctrines is, that the receiving of these gifts is the sealing of the 144,000 mentioned in the Apocalypse, and that those who receive them not are excluded. This certainly agrees ill with our Lord's assertion, that at the judgment-day many shall say, "we have cast out devils and done miracles in thy name," who shall not the less perish.'

The fact that he had disavowed a belief in a personal Messiah in 1828, if it is a fact, and not an error of memory, would account for Irving looking upon him as a backslider, with whom and for whom he could do nothing.

2nd Sept.
1837.
Shepherd.

An interesting enquiry into 'Two Gods' follows:—'God may be represented in a twofold light—theoretical and practical, or universal and particular. The first, according to Scripture, is the Father; the second, is the Son. . . . The one is the God of *Nature*, and the other the God of *Human Nature*. The latter is "the Son." The other won't speak to us. He

" Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees."

We live in him, breathe in him, move in him, but it is only as man that we know him, and by the social intellect only that we know him as man. But still the intellect is not the final resting-place. Love is the end social love, the love of one another. . . . These two are one, and that

one is merely the universal God manifested in Human Nature; being one, two, three, seven, or as many as you can imagine, Monotheism, Tritheism, or Polytheism, according as you please to view the "*All and in all.*"

Having decided that 'the worship of this Son is the duty we owe to society,' he proceeds to argue, in 'Forms of Worship,' that 'the forms of worship of this Son are the forms of social intercourse by which we endeavour to render each other happy.' The article is particularly suggestive and somewhat sarcastic, 'Oh, Satan! what a wag thou art!' and ends:—'The best form of worship then, in our opinion, is that by which the Church is formed after the image of a perfect man, whose members are knit together by a living principle of sympathy, which causes each to rejoice in the joy and grieve in the sufferings of its fellow, and self to dispense with all beyond the narrow limits of its own reasonable wants.'

9th Sept.
1837.
Shepherd.

There are some humorous interludes amid the graver papers, as when we find a keenly amusing notice that the *Evangelical Magazine* had made an *excessive* charge for an advertisement of the *Shepherd* one week, and made a formal apology for its insertion the next! He wishes to know if the editor's conscience is justified. 'Is the editor of the *Evangelical* less conscientious than the betrayer of his Master? We shall be satisfied if the money be given for some public and benevolent purpose; but as "the wages of a harlot and the price of a dog" are rejected by the Lord, it would be advisable not to bestow it upon a religious institution.' He also, 'at the suggestion of a very intelligent friend,' removes the offensive word Pantheism from the title. 'In doing so, however, we protest against the prejudice which exists against the word. We used it in the Apostolic sense, "*All and in all.*" TO PAN is applied by St. Paul to God himself.' In an article on 'The Messenger of the Messiah distinguished from the Messiah,' he returns to a curious biblical discussion, which, to those who take it literally, must come as a partial retrogression. But

16th Sept.
1837.
Shepherd

he never seems really to have shaken himself free from the strict letter of the Scriptures, which exercised a strong influence upon his imagination, while his common sense went straight to the mark in the midst of it all. 'Even supposing our pious missionaries to succeed in diffusing *their* knowledge of the *truth* throughout the earth, what would be the consequence? If the empire of China, and the neighbouring islands of Japan and Corea, and all the wilderness of Tartary, and the plains of Hindostan, &c., &c., &c., were peopled by such Christians as our Churchmen and Dissenters, where, in the name of truth and righteousness, would be your cause for rejoicing? Is it not all a mockery from beginning to end, a mere type, a mere shadow, with no more reality of social love than Moses and his goats of atonement for sin?' Although influenced by it, he yet repeatedly protests against the letter:—'The letter of the Word, the, faith and reception of which we condemn by the authority of the Book itself which condemns it, is the letter of prophecy and revealed doctrine, not of sacred history, which is not a revelation, but merely a *social* testimony.'

23rd Sept.
1837.
Shepherd.

A fresh comparison of the Catholic and Protestant principles brings out their distinctions, and the faults of both. But he always sympathises with the capacity for unity and organisation of the Catholic principle, or acknowledgment of supreme authority of the Church in contradistinction to private judgment. He prefers a system 'in which the voice of the Church (a moral government) is supreme, and the voice of individuals is allowed the utmost liberty of critical comment for the sake of public instruction and universal and contemporaneous progression. . . . Protestantism is not a Church, it is a system of confusion. . . . There was much of this Protestant spirit in the old Catholic Church. The monks were all Protestants; they were even exempted from episcopal jurisdiction more than a thousand years ago.' The principal constitutional defects of the Catholic Church at present, he writes, 'is the want of

popular influence, which destroys its progressive influence, and creates an anachronism of Church discipline and doctrine, which can only be removed by a system of mutation and progression, in concurrence with the modifications which are ever taking place in the social habits and intellectual exercises of mankind.' He would scarcely have accepted the papal infallibility doctrine as a popular advance, unless the papacy had been popularly elective, and the electorate the moral and refined mass of mankind he desiderates!

Under 'The Confessional' the *Shepherd* endeavours to explain the cause of misunderstandings between himself and readers, and the difficulty of conveying his exact meaning to the minds of all, as well as the objection to taking partial statements in place of following his whole system of Nature.

'We have often asserted that injustice is a property of justice. We are not understood. But we challenge any man to define justice without including injustice at its negative pole, not as a thing distinct or separate from justice, but really as a living part of it. We would illustrate the principle of eternal justice thus:—

7th Oct.
1837.

Justice absolute
(including Injustice relative).

P.	Equality.	_____	Inequality.	N.
	Impartiality, &c.		Partiality, &c.	

The line represents the principle of justice. Equality is the positive pole of justice, inequality is its negative. Were God to make all beings equal in power, beauty, virtue, &c., He would deform creation by destroying its interesting variety. His wisdom, therefore, has made all things unequal in power, beauty, virtue, &c. But perfect wisdom and perfect justice are in perfect harmony. This inequality, therefore, is justice. But yet, who can or will deny that inequality of favour and distribution is the very essence of injustice? The whole of this paper is shrewd and effective. Having explained his moving principle long ago, he is now at work

14th Oct.
1837.

translating it into everyday practice. '*Religion, active and passive,*' which is to be followed? Faith and works. 'The one believes, relies, and trusts in God; the other employs, actively and energetically, the powers which God has given him. The line of duty which God has prescribed for man in this life is twofold—one for himself of passivity, and another for his neighbour of activity. To balance these two duties, so that the one shall not prevent the other, is our beau-ideal of moral virtue.' This is skilfully worked out and elucidated.

There is an occasional very characteristic touch in his correspondence column:—'We certainly did take offence at a Universalist calling our doctrine *Omnibusalism*; moreover, we had a good laugh over it, but, since he disclaims any intention to offend, we are perfectly reconciled.' He had a good laugh over it! even although he were offended.

21st Oct.
1837.
Shepherd.

'What has Religion done for Society?' is a specially practical treatise. He sums up thus:—'*Clerical* religion has done good individually by administering private spiritual consolation in distress, and in the prospect of death, and in solitary moods and conditions. *Clerical* religion has done evil *socially* by allying itself with the unsocial system of accumulation and covetousness, and spreading a false notion in the popular mind that religion is compatible with the hoarding of private gains. The social evil far outweighs the private good.' In the same number in which this appears we learn that he sent to the *Watchman* newspaper, the organ of the Wesleyan Methodists, an advertisement, prepaid: 'The *Shepherd*, now publishing weekly, price 1½d. The pages of the *Shepherd* are devoted to the social aspect of Christianity, the general apostacy of the Christian Church, and its re-union upon social principles.' A council sat upon it, and rejected it 'because it was anti-Christian.' And yet he is surprised! and appeals to Christ, the founder of Christianity. But surely he was anti-their-Christianity! which was all the Christianity they could be expected to

consider. He could expect no more consideration from scientists, for—'Science, as now cultivated, creates as much evil as it removes; there is not a new discovery of importance in mechanics which does not slay its thousands. What is the cause of this? *The sciences are not yet socialised.*'

The influence of religion to Smith must be shown externally, or he would not believe in it. In 'What might Religion do for Mankind?' he again returns to the subject, points out its financial power—which is all wasted:—'the ministers and the printers receive all the money, and the people only receive the words and the paper,' and suggests social experiments. 'Several noblemen have already tried, and now powerfully recommend, the land-allotment system as a remedy for moral depravity,' but he does not accept their conclusions. 'What is the use of experience to the individual, if the experience of the species is thus to be thrown away, and men are to be sent back, like savages, to the mere guidance of instinct and brute labour in the cultivation of the ground?' After suggesting more practical and business-like arrangements, he acknowledges that, while all this social amelioration could be done without religion, yet, had the spirit of religion been abroad, it would have been done long ago. While advocating intelligent co-operation in this and other directions, he also discusses the possibility of 'community of property.' 'Attempts have been made to revive the primitive Christian practice of common property, but they have always proved remarkable failures. In modern times, these attempts have generally originated with stern fanatics, destitute of common prudence, and trusting blindly to the extraordinary manifestation of the Spirit, and they have always been connected with the idea that political institutions and magisterial authorities were unnecessary to preserve the order and subordination of society. . . . Had it not been for the marriage question, community would have been established in the world long ago. . . . Our idea of community is not absolute.'

4th Nov.
1837.
Shepherd.

Co-operation.

11th Nov.
1837.
Shepherd.

Community
of property.

See *Looking
Backward.*

Absolute community would produce tameness and monotony, and destroy the spirit of society. But agricultural community would preserve the individual rights of all, be an ample security against the fear of want, and be a most successful instrument of moral regeneration for the people, whilst movable property would afford ample scope for the exercise of ingenuity, the stimulus of emulation, and all its energetic and kindred impulses.'

18th Nov.
1837.
Shepherd.

Paradoxes at all times exercised a fascination on James Smith; they enabled him to *whumle* a question, and see the other side better. 'Who are the Faithful—Christians or Infidels?' gives rise to a fine piece of analysis, in which he carefully differentiates the Christ and Jesus of Nazareth. 'The universality of the belief in a general restoration of human society is one of the most remarkable features of the history of man. . . . It belongs to all progressive nations. . . . We regard the good moral Infidel, who believes in the regeneration of society, and adopts the foregoing system of practical moral education, as a better Christian, both in faith and practice, than the praying, church-going, hymn and psalm singing *believer* (!). Notwithstanding, we do not consider his state of mind as *reasonable*. . . . Revelation is a vineyard, and man is put into the garden to dress it. Infidelity thrusts him out. Old faith refuses to touch the tree of the Lord's planting. Both extremes are foolish. We would merely put the pruning-knife into the gardener's hand and tell him to use it freely, for the vine will not bear good fruit otherwise. Christianity wants pruning. The Christian has not spirit to do it. The Infidel thinks it not worth doing. Hence both are inefficient. We must have patience till wiser men appear.'

It is impossible to give an adequate conception of the grasp and subtlety of these *Shepherd* articles from isolated paragraphs or epitomes of them. They are full of solid analysis and sound thinking, and more especially suggestive; while at the same time they surprise the reader with their

common sense and wholesome character. There is a breezy air of the mountain top about them. He shows us the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them to be possessed if we would but fall down and worship this 'Satan' (opponent!) —the selfish spirit of individualism. He can hold no communion either with 'evangelicals or moralists.' 'The evangelicals would regard us as impious heretics; we regard them as wild rhapsodists, who create confusion in society, and are only of use in keeping down the moralists, and preventing them from securing the pillars of political tyranny and ecclesiastical apostacy.'

9th Dec.
1837.
Shepherd.

As to being a visionary :—'There is nothing more visionary than the system which is actually in being. When you are told that nearly two millions' of property is annually stolen in the metropolis, it is somewhat ridiculous, surely, to call it a practical system. When we are told that the annual plunder at the docks, in such articles as old iron, &c., &c., by the purchase of which many thousands of people make a comfortable and pretty safe living, amounts nearly to a million sterling, do you call this a practical system? When we are told that thousands of streets and lanes in London are in such a state of corruption, so infested with malaria, and the accumulated filth of ages, that the most fearful and unheard-of diseases are incessantly being engendered in them, which are never heard of among people who enjoy clean homes and cleanly persons; when you are actually told by physicians that a very large proportion of the young men of London are impotent with debauchery and disease, and as feeble in body as old peasants of 80 or 90; when you are told that the superintendence of such diseases is one of the most lucrative, and the very busiest department of the medical art, that domestic peace is spoiled, young love disappointed, jealousies aroused, and hatreds insuperable engendered by them, surely you cannot have the impudence to call all this a practical or a religious system? It is the reign of Chaos. They are madmen who support it, they are

fools who preach in it, and the only wise men are they who try to destroy it.'

23rd Dec.
1887.
Shepherd.

In claiming 'a moral government,' the *Shepherd* specially disclaims a *clerical* government. 'It can never form the basis of a good government, because it proceeds upon the principle of binding the intellect, which is free by nature, and thus it becomes an obstacle to all progressive improvement.'

Although led to discuss the application of his views in various directions, 'we do not mean to interfere with outward arrangements. We may talk or chat a little about better and worse, and give various views, but this is our plan—to Christianise the social system, or to sanctify it—to consecrate it to God, to faith, hope, and charity. This is our object—our only object. This is all our ambition. We are merely a disembodied spirit seeking a body, hovering over the surface of the waters, like Noah's dove, looking for a place of rest.'

Again, he says:—'Our principle has always been that the positive acknowledgment of God is the first axiom of philosophy. All philosophy without this is delirious.'

27th Jan.
1888.
Shepherd.

The Theosophical idea, of the re-absorption into the great first-principle, does not appeal to the *Shepherd*. His objection is to *selfish* individualism, not to a living sense of individuality *per se*. 'In our present terrestrial state our individual condition is always of the first importance. We are all anxious after happiness. We love domestic comfort, ease, and independence. But our fate is partly sealed by birth. We have, in fact, become familiar with it, and in general we can forecast the general outline of our destiny—that is, our future rank in society. Not so with our after-being; that is a complete mystery. We are not yet born into that world. Does the nature of that new birth depend on our spiritual and moral being in this life? If so, how important to all of us is the individual relationship which we bear to the author of our being, or, in other words, the

standard of moral good. As we rise here, we shall rise hereafter. We know nothing more ennobling to the human mind than this consideration. It belongs always to the noblest and the finest spirits. The sublime in virtue can never be attained without it.'

'External circumstances act upon the individual, and help to form his character. Internal circumstances arise in the individual, and are also instrumental in giving a direction to his principles of action. Every man's own imagination makes a world within him, and that imaginary world influences his thoughts, words, and actions as positively and directly as the outward world itself. The highest order of minds have this imaginary world most strongly outlined and coloured. They are, therefore, most powerfully acted upon from within, and, in this sense of the word, are most individualised. They have the greatest originality of mind.'

Smith's struggle to infuse a belief in Divine Providence into Owenism was continued and sincere. 'The present is the offspring of the past, the future is the offspring of the present—the link of relationship runs down the course of time; and where is the man who has power to snap it? We dislike as much as any Infidel in christendom or heathendom the cant of sectarianism in the use of the name of God as an individual judge or partisan in the relationships of life; and it is not for the employment of the religious feeling in this exclusive and selfish and belligerent style that we insist upon the recognition of our fundamental fact. We seek it only as a fundamental basis of social organisation.' Upon this he enlarges with great breadth and insight.

One of the principal subjects for which the *Shepherd* was started he returns to in one of the last numbers, the 'Justification of the Divine Nature as the Source of Good and Evil.' ' The sectarian god and devil are divine fictions for creating a system of terrorism, and for fettering the

3rd Feb.
1838.
Shepherd.

17th Feb.
1838.

10th Mar.
1838.
Shepherd.

mind. The union of these two principles simply removes the terror, and sets the mind at liberty. . . . Did this fiction circulate merely as a poetical figure, it would be useful and beautiful; but at present it is plain, dull prose, of very rude and portentous aspect. We admire it as poetry, and believe it must for ever be preserved in its poetic sense; but in its prosaic sense it must gradually die away, till at last it be recorded amongst the myths of antiquity.'

It has happily reached that bourne already, no doubt greatly aided by his powerful advocacy over so many years.

An analytical chart of universal Justice, Truth, and Peace, from which Smith expected much, sums up his 'system.' 'A boy of fourteen may understand it, and when once understood we should have very little fear of that boy ever being perverted in mind by any species of bigotry, either infidel or religious.' This is followed by an admirable history of socialism, which he considers has a *quicken*ing to encounter before it can prosper. Even Owen's *New Moral World* demands this. 'But no prosperity can attend it, and no beauty can ever recommend it, until its terraqueous materialism be clothed, and its nakedness concealed from the aspiring soul of man.'

The great principle that guided him was always clear to his mind; and although he acknowledges he can never read a page of the *Shepherd* himself without severely criticising it,— 'In doing so, I do not correct the original principles on which it is based, but merely the manner in which I have endeavoured to convey those principles to the understanding of the reader. . . . I have no hesitation in saying that I have laid down in the *Shepherd* the fundamental principles of the science of universal analogy in a more definite and intelligible form than has ever before been done. I have had no precursor to render me the slightest assistance—to supply me with terms, and aid me in the choice of expressions. Neither theologian nor *savant* has plowed the field before me, or even removed the stones to smooth the progress

of the ploughshare. I never read a single author who took so broad, so high, and so low a view of universal nature as I. This will account for many of my faults, inasmuch as my efforts are merely the incipient efforts of an infantine science. I firmly adhere to the bipolar view of truth with which I set out. I cannot conceive another.' Neither Materialist nor Spiritualist will he accept. 'I can imagine a spiritual being creating a world for itself, as the mind does in a dream, but that world is external to it as soon as it is created. The mind sees, hears, and feels the creation of its own fancy. But life without perception is an absurdity.'

In his conclusion he acknowledges that he has been accused of contradicting himself, and confesses—'That my habits of thinking necessarily lead me into this apparent contradiction, because I find it impossible to obtain a full front view of the face of truth by any other method. I do not like profiles. Now, all doctrines hitherto taught are mere profiles of truth; and so much accustomed are men and women to the representation of truth with one eye, one ear, one cheek, and one nostril, that when any one presumes to draw her with two of each they roar out contradiction.'

He does not end the *Shepherd* without a wail from many of the friends who had gathered round him in a little 'flock,' and come to look to him as indeed a 'shepherd.'

CHAPTER XV.

A CONTINENTAL HOLIDAY.

June 1837

WE have dwelt at length upon the *Shepherd* as representing in the fullest degree his higher life, and containing what he undoubtedly considered his *mission* to mankind. The lady, or ladies, who supported him with means to carry out the *Shepherd* he seems afterwards to have become acquainted with. The mouthpiece writes with some stiffness, more from self-contained habit than want of friendliness:—'Our proposal does not confer any personal obligation upon yourself, although it is needful at this crisis, like grease upon the wheels, to set the machine agoing, yet it is the least valuable material in the concern. Mr. Cousins does more in carrying out the executive part of it; and where could the outflowings of mental treasure be bought, or how created? This current supply is our freewill offering of what we have to throw into the treasury in aid of the righteous cause of goodness and truth, and it is given with and from the heart. The manner in which you have acknowledged it is perfectly satisfactory, and I may say highly pleasing to us.' The writer goes on to give an account of their surroundings, which is an interesting glimpse into the England of that day, the year of Her Majesty's coronation:—'Within two miles' distance on one side of us is a manufacturing population of many hundreds, dependent on the master of the factory and a few petty shopkeepers, who, as is usual, retail inferior articles, give short weight, and charge a higher price than they can be obtained for in towns. Since the legislative Act of October 1830, licensing beer-houses, ten of these and

two public-houses have been opened in this village (not one having previously existed), which are rapidly contributing to the demoralisation of our neighbours. No gentry live in or near the village, and a clergyman of the Church of England, an Ultra-Calvinist, preaches to the saints, leaving the sinners to their predestined doom; these are invited by Baptists and Wesleyans, who succeed in getting large congregations; still, vice and wretchedness increase amongst them. On the other side of us, within a few miles, is a population of a few hundreds, chiefly agricultural labourers, in whose parish neither clergy nor gentry reside; and the people are lawless, doing that which is right in their own eyes, with little moral interruption. Several beer-shops are opened here also, and aid in degenerating its inhabitants. Eleven years ago we sedulously began to set on foot schemes of instruction, but we were opposed directly by the clergy, limited, baffled, defeated, and finally obliged, with deep regret, to quit the field. The last three years we have endeavoured to circulate better and more liberal ideas than those generally prevailing around us, by lending and giving such books as Combe's *Constitution of Man*, &c.; but here, again, the clergy oppose us, and in too many instances succeed in warning persons against reading any works we would put into their hands. This bigoted ignorance we have found equally ruling amongst the clergy and the professedly religious of the Church of England and Dissenters.'

Against this creed of 'keep the multitude ignorant,' James Smith had always fought manfully, although it was more from moral than purely intellectual education that he expected amelioration to come. So far as we can learn, the names of the ladies who provided the sinews of war were Mrs. Chichester and Mrs G. F. Welsh, and they did not stop their aid with the stoppage of the *Shepherd*. Although without direct evidence, it is apparently from this quarter that the aid came to enable him to take the one great holiday of his busy life.

7th Feb.
1838.
James to
John.

'It is my present intention, should health permit, to go direct to Paris and stay there a month or six weeks. I shall then take a run up to Geneva, cross the Alps, and probably drive down to the Eternal City, come back by Venice, and return by the German States. Whether I can accomplish all this or not I cannot determine. But a friend has offered me £50 to spend in that way, and by adding a few pounds of my own, what I would spend at home at anyrate, I think I may accomplish it all.' He especially desired to see the Eternal City. 'When I return I mean to commence lecturing on an improved principle. Formerly I was obliged to charge admission-money to pay my expenses. I have now obtained £150 per annum to pay the room and support myself, £70 being supposed to pay the room. But experience has taught me not to be over-sanguine, and I was so far from being rejoiced at this circumstance that I felt rather loaded with the responsibility. It is a hard matter contending with prejudices; so hard that perhaps there is no other place but London in which it can effectually be done. I am sorry to hear of the Doctor's illness (Dr. James Napier). We have completely set up one Doctor (by our *Satirist*), who gives medical advice to correspondents. Had Napier been here I could have got him a most respectable living by such means.' Surely this was the beginning of a system which has so greatly expanded! The *Satirist* seems to have had an important circulation, and he is to continue the leaders for it during his absence. 'Payne, that I spoke to you of, has ordered 50 quire of the *Satirist* this week for Bristol. I will be able to send you a letter from any place I go to at the expense of a London postage. I have the privilege of sending through the Foreign Office. I will send the leaders of the *Satirist* in that way. Little do the Government suspect it! Travelling to Paris is much cheaper this year. I can go all the way—first-cabin in the steamer, and inside of the new English coaches—to Paris for 28s. 6d. If you take the outside you may go for

April 1838.
James to
John.

one pound. I believe it will be much cheaper yet before the summer is over. It was only 5s. last year to Boulogne in the first cabin for a month or two. The 28s. 6d. does not include expenses by the way, such as a night's lodging in Calais or Boulogne, provision, and some other little matters to postillions, but still it is very cheap compared to what it used to be, when one was hard pressed to get to Paris for £5.'

We catch a glimpse again here of his distinguished youngest brother, afterwards Dr Robert Angus Smith:—'I had a letter from Robert a few weeks ago. He is throng (*sic*) studying Greek, and knows nothing about the world and its concerns. He is living in the first or second century, with a sort of prophetic glimpse into the nineteenth. But if it do him no harm in a pecuniary point of view, he is quite as happy in one century as another.' 'Holt that used to conduct the *Weekly Chronicle*, and raised it to 100,000, has been dismissed, become bankrupt, been in prison, and set up a splendid paper called the *Weekly Herald*, which is playing the deuce with the *Chronicle*. He set the new paper agoing when he was in prison, going through the bankrupt court. He has a curious way of treating a landlord. He sometimes makes the landlord pay rent to him instead of paying to the landlord. He takes a house, pays no rent, won't go out, defies the landlord to put him out, but proposes to go out if the landlord will give him £10, or any other sum. The landlord d—s and swears. Holt takes it very coolly. At last the landlord offers him £5. Holt gives up the key and looks for another house. He is the *Printer's*, or rather the *Publisher's Devil*.'

And now he has a holiday! The first, if not the only, real holiday of his working life, and we are tempted to reproduce some of his impressions of a period that must appear as the 'youth of the world' to the present generation, more especially as he enters into details on points of domestic economy.

3rd May
1838.
Paris before
Haussman.

Paris.—‘It is very far inferior to London in magnificence and outward beauty, as well as in size. The river is very little if any larger than the Clyde at Glasgow, and the bridges are very paltry. But the view from the river is much superior to that at Glasgow. . . . The principal feature of Paris, and that which makes it so very attractive, is the mode of living. The best parts of the town are crowded with *Restaurants* and *Cafés*.’ And so novel were these to him both in name and character that he proceeds to explain what they are, and how a dinner can be ordered from a *carte* without speaking. After explaining the outdoor life, he proceeds:—‘There is nothing like it in England. It is (?) a social appearance. But the appearance is deceitful, for the whole mass is made up of small parties who hold no intercourse with each other. . . . The life of Paris is the life of the middle classes. But London is much better both for the *very* rich and the *very* poor gentleman. A London dinner is cheaper, and a cheap London dinner is much better than a cheap Parisian one. You may dine comfortably in London and read the journals for a shilling; but although in Paris you may dine for a shilling, there is not the same satisfaction.’ He considers the ordinary wine ‘not so good as cider, and much worse than ale.’ ‘But in some of the most splendid houses you may order one dish and a bottle of ale, and dine tolerably well. A plain dish of meat cannot cost less than 8d., or ten sous; the beer half a franc, or 5d.; the bread 1d. = 14d., and a penny to the waiter. In London the same quantity of porter would cost 2d., thus reducing the dinner to 1s. Upon the whole, London is decidedly cheaper, and in the *cafés* a half cup of coffee costs 4d. The half cup or *demi tasse* is the only cup used in the *cafés* in the afternoon—in the morning the *tasse* or full cup is used, and this is from 6d. to 8d., so that you cannot breakfast for less than 10d. In the London coffee-houses you breakfast well on a cup of coffee, a hot roll, and an egg, for 7d., or even 6d. However, you have in Paris

the satisfaction of sitting in a glass house : the walls of Paris are literally covered with looking-glasses, and outside the shops the looking-glasses are very frequent. Some shops are all glass together, door and all, so that unless they printed *entrée* on the panes you would be puzzled to find the door. Books are cheap here, but very inferior in type and paper. You may have Sir Walter Scott's novels for 4s. each, but I suppose they could not be brought over to England. I have bought a few French books, on different subjects connected with the Church in France, which I could not procure in London. But in general literature London is much better supplied than Paris. There is one thing that strikes a foreigner in Paris, and that is, that the book-stalls are loaded with *new* books, and are sometimes very gaudy, as the French books are all either yellow, light blue, or green outside.'

His brother Micaiah had been with him in Paris for about a week on his way to Bâle, where he was situated for a time. He lost his hat in the diligence on the way thither ; but James remarks that as the people there wear caps, his brother's travelling-cap will not be out of place !

After some weeks in Paris, he travelled by Dijon, Besançon, Neuchatel, Berne, Lausanne, Geneva, Vevey, Martigny, Sion, Brigg, Domo D'Ossola, Baveno, Milan, Verona, Padua, Venice, Padua, Ferrara, Bologna, Florence, Siena, Aquapendente, Ronciglione, and at length reached the goal of his journey—*Rome*, the Eternal City.

'Rome is a very agreeable place, about the size of Edinburgh, but not so beautiful nor half so romantic. The Tarpeian rock is not above 20 or 30 feet high, and the Capitol scarcely raises itself above the rest of the city. The hills are none of them equal in size to the Calton Hill, and many of them scarcely seem to be elevated above the plain. The river is about the size of the Clyde at Glasgow, and the bridges are very shabby, excepting San Angelo, which is finely ornamented with statues. The place is

7th July
1838.

cramped with priests—that is, Rome. What they all do I cannot divine, but they are the civillest men I ever met. I always address a priest, in preference to another person, when I want to know my way. They are uncommonly obliging. The monks, too, which (*sic*) are as thick as potatoes in Ireland, are all civil fellows—the pleasantest men, as a body, whom I have ever spoken to.’ ‘I am almost devoured with fleas. I have been travelling from Venice with the Count d’Aicholt, a German. He came into my room scratching himself this morning, and asked me if I had any fleas? I told him I was half devoured by them. He said it was a “Palais des Puces”—a flea palace. It is the German Hotel—a good house—where we reside; but we found them on the way to Rome as thick as priests.’

15th Sept.
1838.

After an absence of three and a half months he got home at the end of July. ‘I came home by the French government steam-packet from Civita Vecchia to Marseilles, touching at Leghorn, where I went on shore and dined, and saw the town. There I met a friend of Logan’s (Perth), a Mr. Thomson, a sculptor in Leith Walk, who came all the way to London with me. We took an outside seat on the diligence from Marseilles to Lyons, when we were toasted quite brown by the intensity of the heat. We then took the steamer from Lyons to Chalons-sur-Saone, which was a day’s journey; and on arriving at Chalons we almost immediately stepped into the diligence for Paris, and drove on night and day. We left Marseilles on Saturday morning, and arrived in Paris on Thursday afternoon. We then left Paris on Saturday evening at six o’clock, and arrived in Boulogne at three o’clock on Sunday afternoon. We took the steamer at ten the same evening, and arrived in London on Monday at twelve, having thus occupied nine days in coming from Marseilles, having four bed-sleeps on the way. I was thirteen days in coming from Rome, and I should be sorry to travel quicker than I did; but as I stayed two full days in Paris, and one in Lyons, and one in Marseilles, I was only nine

days in coming from Rome. Yet the French travelling is much slower than ours, the average being six miles an hour. I was quite glad to see Paris once more; it looked gayer and happier than before. The further you go beyond Paris the fewer comforts you enjoy. The Parisian cafés are splendid. . . . Our London coffee-houses are miserable hovels compared to them. . . . There are a few good cafés in Rome, and the street before them is covered with chairs and tables, with improvisatoris singing and playing the guitar. But the ordinary cafés of Rome are nothing to be compared to the French. Travelling in Italy is very different to anything in this country. There are very few regular conveyances, and in most places none at all. There is not a single diligence between Rome and Florence, or between Florence and Venice. You must engage with a *vetturino*, who starts when he has found a party. His carriage generally holds six—four inside and two out, himself one of the two. Some have three outsides. The outsides have a cover like a phaeton, and are preferred by gentlemen. They go at the rate of forty miles a day at an average, and never change horses. One told me his horses had travelled over Italy, France, and Germany. They rouse you at three o'clock in the morning, start at four, stop somewhere to breakfast before noon, rest four hours during the heat of the day, then start about four, and put up for the night about eight o'clock, when they dine. It is a very agreeable mode of travelling; and as your time is your own, you can stop a day if you please by the way; the *vetturino* is very glad of it, and the horses still more, only you must pay for their day's entertainment. I heard a good deal about robbers, but I saw none. It seems to be as safe travelling in Italy as in England. I should not be afraid to travel on any Italian road. Yet, had anyone told me that there were no regular public conveyances on the great road by which I was to pass, I should have been afraid to proceed, being alone, and not certain of finding others. . . .

But I should not like to live out of my own country. Italy is too hot—as hot, I believe, as the East Indies—and also too dull, there being scarcely any commerce, and no symptoms of commerce in it. It is also full of beggars, who annoy you at every step. It is most disagreeable to walk out amongst so many poor wretches.'

That he had a pleasant time and enjoyed his experience he has told us, and that he took full advantage of his opportunities the multitude of clever water-colour sketches of scenery taken during this trip fully declare. A letter from Munich, signed 'Our Name is Legion,' shows he made agreeable acquaintances, who were interested in his personality, the signature covering a bevy of half a dozen ladies with whom he parted on the Grand Canal of Venice, and 'to whom your society enhanced so much the pleasures of the 100 isles.'

18th Aug.
1838.

31st July
1838.

His good genii at Cirencester write congratulating him on his return, from whose letter we find he has somewhere received a severe and painful blow! They are essentially progressive females, seeking to give practical expression to their faith in the higher life. 'Mrs. C. and myself feel much interested in several of the members of the esthetic fraternity who associate together for mutual instruction at Mr. G.'s lodgings ("our mutual friend, *J. P. Greaves!*"). Mr. Lane has sent out a useful pamphlet on *Betrothment*. Everything is good that will break up and break down the present laws, systems, and arrangements of marriage, which, as now existing in every grade of society, are most vicious and demoralising altogether.' She explains that the arrangement as to providing for his lectureship is only for one year, as Mrs. C. does not feel *authorised* to look further ahead. 'Your letter gave us pleasure, from its appearing written under an easy, *debonnair* mental frame or "*state*." We hope your mental state *is* tranquil and content whilst you are meditating future action, and preparing to go forth as one of the champions of the *new* dispensation, and to pro-

"Letters and
Extracts
from MS.
writings of
James
Pierrepont
Greaves."—
Vol. I.,
p. 654, *F.H.*

claim *the spirits'* approaching advent.' They are evidently teetotal, and suggest that sugar and water will be more conducive (to progression) than the ale and wine of any country's manufacture. As is very often and naturally the case with teetotalers, animal food meets with their disapproval also:—'Mrs. C. will feel extremely obliged to you to persevere in co-operating with our efforts to bring eating animal flesh and blood, and the butchering trade altogether, into thorough disgrace and contempt. You can excite these feelings in a large mixed multitude through the medium of the Press, while we shall try to kindle them in our more limited private circle.' This idea seemed to be Buddhistic, 'to present the purest possible conditions to the Spirit to work on and with'—not so much from any horror of taking life. We fancy their vegetarian and teetotal views had not much weight with James Smith, who, like his brothers, craved for 'savoury food' when mentally exhausted, and seemed to require an occasional glass of ale, although otherwise most temperate in their diet. How much of this is constitutional? These ladies were in no sense fanatical, however; they wrote with calmness and common-sense, and one has a feeling that his constant correspondence with refined, cultivated, and intelligent women did much to preserve his sanity, and raise him otherwise. Although 'Mrs. C. has just read to me the Royal Dialogue in the *Penny Satirist* of 8th December (1838), and find our expectations surpassed by the able manner in which you have so ludicrously treated the festive gluttonies perpetrated so extensively at the return of Xmas,' yet his aberrations trouble them:—'I must confess that I have a partiality for men wearing their beards; nevertheless we are rather startled at your hint of the probability of your reassuming this distinguishing feature, and it makes me *uneasy* for the first time about you. Whatever the Spirit may say to you, or impress upon your mind about wearing your beard, must *chiefly* and *mainly*, if not altogether, refer to some inward spiritual state, quite distinct

16th Dec.
1838.

from any outward chevelure, either upon the head or on the chin ; and I wish I were better qualified to prove that this assertion is a real fact.'

Any strong and vivid feeling or belief had become a *spiritual* manifestation to Smith, and consequently the honest conviction that shaving was an artificial conventionalism may have induced him to rebel against a slavery that has since been gradually got rid of. It was, no doubt, to him a *type* of social slavery. The writer of the above rejoices with him at this time 'in the prospect of a conciliatory intercourse being renewed between your father and sisters and yourself,' his antagonism to Irvingism having caused an estrangement. This may have arisen more from the dogmatical and severe character of his own race than from any inherent necessity in Irvingism ; but he can find in it no good thing!

CHAPTER XVI.

FOURIERISM—THE LONDON PHALANX.

HAVING changed his residence and taken a hall, he now, with a proper sense of responsibility, but by no means exultantly, enters once more upon the oral exposition of the faith that is in him.

‘I continue to lecture every Sunday evening, and after lecture there is a discussion on the subject of lecture. My room is generally very well filled, and the discussions very animated. There are some good speakers. There is one of our celebrated poets (Heraud) who comes often. He was lately editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, but has now got the *Monthly*. I have Catholics, Protestants, and Infidels upon me; and I may safely say, without vanity, that not one of them can scratch me. That a great change in opinion is taking place here is evident, but it is very gradual. There is not an Atheistical lecturer in London now. There are many Atheists, but they have been so miserably mortified that they are afraid to show themselves; and though the Owenites still oppose me as too mystical, they are treading in my steps, and using the arguments I put into their mouths. . . . I cannot tell you what I am doing, for it is not visible in a day or a year; but I firmly believe I am more instrumental than any other individual in stemming the current of infidelity. . . . But I am learning much by collision with the leading schools of the new popular philosophy, and thus discovering the best mode of wounding the foe. I have no doubt that by and by the controversy will become public and general. It must be so. The zeal

14th Dec.
1838.
James to
John.

is intense, and it is only the political power of the Church that preserves its pride. It disdains to controvert, but the first great humbling that it receives will bring on a fierce encounter. I have in my pocket a letter from a Church of England clergyman to Mr. Cousins (the publisher), requesting him to send all I have written; he has the *Shepherd*, and likes it so well he has become a *thief*—I use his own language—and introduces it into his discourses. I have heard of another in Ipswich, quoting whole paragraphs verbatim. The fact is, that the tendency of the public mind is more towards views like mine than others, for mine is pure faith in redemption, temporal and spiritual; and, moreover, it is the destruction of bigotry. Only, I have systematised it more, and presented it syllogistically, whereas in the public mind it hovers like Noah's wandering dove.'

His brothers are still a source of trouble to him, some remaining a source of trouble to the end. 'I am glad to hear Joseph is improving; he had much need of it, for when here he was the most timid, puddock-haired thing I ever saw, he was so ignorant of life. If he had served twelve months' apprenticeship at thieving, it would have done him good. I was vexed, but could not help laughing at his simplicity, and really did not wonder at his return (home). Little Jack Garland was more than a match for him in all common knowledge. To send out a boy to teach that had never read the history of his own country, never read a novel, never read a play, was horrible; for although novels and plays may be trifling things, they are so intimately connected with life and literature, that a teacher at least should know what they are; but there is something more in them—I find that by light-reading a fluency of speech and ease of expression is obtained. It is a school for language, and gives a confidence in conversation which is essential to promotion; but my father's obduracy has spoiled the language of the whole family, and I don't mean to intermeddle now;

but in Joseph it was very apparent, and in the girls it is equally so.'

The feeling in Scotland towards James Smith, who had departed from 'the fold' of the Established Church, and run mental riot in England, was somewhat bitter. In my father's house, where he was much beloved, his opinions were never adverted to, nor indeed do I believe they were ever properly understood. But 'I care very little about the slander and chit-chat of the Glasgow bodies about me, and I hope you care as little. It will affect you more than me, being so near to them; but I have too much to think of to care about scandal. I am quite out of the field of it here; London is too large for scandal. I am fulfilling my destiny, that is enough, and it is a higher destiny than a mere money-making destiny, for my aim is a high aim, whatever be my success, and I have no doubt that I will receive my reward. Money cannot pay me—I must live, and I do live; but as I look far beyond money, my thoughts never rest upon it, except as a temporary means of getting on, as a sort of vehicle for transporting me from stage to stage. You are differently circumstanced, and I do not blame you. Every man to his vocation.

'I got a long poetical letter from the Spirit a few weeks ago (doubtless from his sister, who was a graceful versifier), and sent it an answer, with a few queries. I do not know whether it answers letters and queries or not; but if it do not, it has no business to write. There is a very great want of charity about the Irvingites, owing to their not knowing another strain of the Spirit but their own. Those I am most acquainted with are far more charitable, and speak of the Irvingites as having a visitation of the Spirit without ever doubting it. How can that be a universal church which is so exclusive? Does the sea refuse a river because it is not clean, or because it does not run north or south? It receives all the rivers, and so with the universal church.'

It is always interesting to note the peculiar direct practical

14th Dec.
1838.

manner in which he reaches a decision. If he deals with what the world terms 'visionary' ideas, he does so with a clever, crisp snap that is equally prevalent in his practical dealings. If this man had followed affairs with the same energy with which he followed a 'mission' he could not have failed of success, at least for want of qualifications. But then, of course, he never could have taken sufficiently deep interest in worldly success.

James to
John.
9th Oct
1839.

'I have got the offer of a situation for Thomas in the island of Tobago, on the estate of Lord William Douglas, £40, £50, and £60 a year for three successive years, besides boarding—which may lead to the management of an estate if prudent. The climate is unhealthy only to the intemperate, to the rum and porter drinkers.' He continues, with a complaint which seems to show that his father's family had drifted into dreamland through the gate of Irvingism. 'As I never know whether my letters reach home or not, no answer ever being returned to them, I have written to you at the same time as to Thomas, as an answer must be returned to me within eight days from this, and no time must be lost. The vessel sails in the beginning of November. It will be as well for you, therefore, to write to make sure work, for I have sent money twice without ever receiving a single notice of its receipt, though I stated expressly my desire that it should be acknowledged,'—a promising habit for a prospective 'manager of an estate,' even if the amiable and cultivated young man had been otherwise fitted for the work.

Throughout this year he seems to have combined the leader-writing for the *Penny Satirist* with the lectureship paid by his lady friends, in which he promulgated his views of a Universal Church to all and sundry. A strange combination; and yet he leads us to understand that he did not lose sight of his 'mission' even in the *Penny Satirist*, although too shrewd to obtrude it there. His correspondence at this time is as curiously mixed as his occupation.

A letter from Mrs Wheeler—the first Lady Lytton's mother—in which she speaks of being in torture with neuralgia, and adds, 'pray do not give my address to anyone,' says:— 'You are right to try if *possible* to awaken the dormant moral sentiments. . . . I can say no more than to wish you all the happiness a *moral* being deserves—but can never enjoy till all around are moral beings.' A peculiarly Irish blessing indeed—only a refinement on 'May blessings follow ye all the days of ye'r life . . . and (the donation being inadequate) never overtake ye!' Letters from readers of the *Shepherd* who had come to lean upon his intellect; letters from old followers at Edinburgh or Ashton-under-Lyne, who still looked to his moral character for aid; and letters, too, occasionally from pugnacious correspondents, who loved his personality, but pursued his opinions with Scottish pertinacity!

We get a deeper insight as we proceed into the character of the ladies who were aiding James Smith in his 'mission.' Throughout his career women of refined minds with 'unfulfilled aspirations' drifted naturally within his sphere. Also naturally, these aspirations took the usual shape. The 'hearts' of his correspondents seek a resting-place as much, or more, than their intellects. No wonder he will none of a purely intellectual church, and demands what he feels and knows will alone satisfy the craving of the majority—an object of love as well as of adoration—a sentimental even more than an intellectual creed.

Mrs. Chichester and Mrs. Welch were apparently widow ladies, or at least they had been dissatisfied with their social relationship in this respect, and few thinking beings can be otherwise. They, however, take invariably a broad, impersonal view of the subject.

'The subject that most deeply interests us at the present moment, and to which we want to call your attention, . . . is that of Love or Marriage, or the human origin, the propagating of the human species. As we find so much *infelicity*

Marriage.
28th Feb.
1839.

in marriage, there must be some deep-seated disturbing cause in human beings, brought into activity *through* marriage, to produce this universal unhappiness.' Mrs. Welch then proceeds with a very subtle disquisition, tending to show that only through mutual love of a spiritual nature can a being with spiritual tendencies be produced. 'Is the specific man an image of the generic man—ought he not to be so? If he be not so, why is it? As evil is deep-seated in the specific human being, and constitutionally engendered, it is very certain that no teaching, no preaching, no instruction will remove it; yet, so far as information goes, teaching, preaching, and instruction must be used to give man verbally a notice of his disorganised existence and his disorganising conduct. As the marriage discord is found to arise out of a universal elementary rupture, we may truly declare that the marriage concord can only arise out of primary concord with Spiritism. So far as we rectify marriage we rectify disease; and when marriage is once right, disease is impossible. The self-engendering Marriage Act is the Pandora's box out of which come all the named and nameless miseries, and it is only a true and righteous marriage that can close the box and stop evil for ever. Parents are called upon by *Spirit* to propagate *Spirit*, and out of the non-fulfilment of this command, in different degrees, comes all the differences that we are trying to repair by external co-operative principles. To marriage we must *not* look for the reparation of the evil, but, in *conjunction with the Spirit, for the prevention of it.*' In this, the last letter preserved of Mrs. Welch, she goes on to say 'but really you appear to be a *bold one* in so fearlessly attacking man and spirits; and by doing so, you *resist* love in yourself and in all others. We wish you would address your questions to *Love* itself, and let it be the answer *within yourself.* It will reply to all your questions, and its answer will be created words, or the essential reality which your constitution needs; and which, with your *only half* or *one-third*

organised being, you in vain search for—find you have not—find you can not—find you will not. You are not yet organised to look out for anything; you must be looked at and made whole before you think of speaking out of *wholeness*.' This is signed, 'Yours in faith.' The death of a young friend seems to have prostrated her mentally; and the two lady friends, who were all in all to one another, and united in their pursuits, became engaged otherwise.

Mrs. Chichester writes from Ebworth:—'Mrs. Welch's 19th Dec. 1839. illness seems quite to have changed the happy position in which I stood. The importance of the work we were really devoted to is even more strongly impressed upon my mind; my delight in it would be the same.' But many useful schemes had closed almost unintentionally. She continues:—'Mrs. Welch and myself have often regretted we had not your friendship personally as well as by correspondence;' but except through the knowledge of his personality obtained through their *mutual* friend Mr. Greaves¹—to whom the ladies express great indebtedness—there is no evidence of any personal knowledge of the *Shepherd* until some time after. The correspondence was not dropped with the subsidy, and there is no evidence of disagreement. Mrs. Chichester lays her finger on the weak point in his Universal Church with great acumen:—'The question of authority still appears to remain in a degree unsettled; but it is one that leads to subjects of discussion, in which the mental powers are deeply exercised. I feel it to be the spirit within, and that the authority is felt according to the perfect or imperfect state of the organic structure it acts on.'

He must have suffered from the removal of his 'lecture-ship,' as he continued his addresses for a time without support, but was 'pinched to the very quick,' having been 'rooked,' to use his own boyish term, by his brother Thomas. Still, he has every confidence in his 'innings' coming when the political struggle ceased, as he expected. He must have

¹ The Mystic.

been greatly supported by such letters as he received. A Glasgow working man writes :—‘Although I have long been one of your flock, this is the first time I have ventured to address you ; yet I have often felt an ardent desire to express to you the deep obligations I am under to you for releasing me from the bonds of a narrow and sectarian religion, which taught me to regard God as a partial and vindictive being, punishing his creatures eternally for obeying his own mandates. Such a doctrine as this is not calculated to place God or his creatures in a very elevated position. It created in man that vindictive feeling which God was said to feel towards his children,’—and much more that showed how careful a student he had been of his ‘master’s’ works. Similar letters were numerous. In a letter to his brother he tells much of his work at this time.

6th Jan.
1840.
James to
John.

‘Your fears respecting a prosecution of the *Penny Satirist* are groundless. We have never heard of it. It must have been the *Satirist*, a sixpenny paper like the *Dispatch*, which undergoes many prosecutions for attacks upon personal character. We are never personal, and are therefore *tame* to the lovers of scandal. We have always rejected it. Last week I got a letter from a marchioness with some scandal in it respecting one of Her Majesty’s ladies of honour. I tore it, and refused it insertion. Our paper has a good moral character among all who know it ; but many are prejudiced against it because it is cheap, and because of its name, and because they do not know it. I have been in a capital school for training. In fact, no study, no reading for a whole century could have given me anything like the tact I have acquired by practice and conflict with the infidels.’ ‘It pleases Providence always to keep me strait. I am like an eel squeezing itself through a tight loophole.’

‘This letter was received on the last day of the 4d. postage—the 9th Jan.—the penny postage commencing on the 10th!’
How he could expect to be otherwise than ‘strait,’ with

his hand against every man, it would be difficult to understand. 'Owen and I are scarcely on speaking terms—I write against him, and speak against him, and make no secret of my opposition to the worst peculiarities of Owenism, viz., its infidelity, community of movable property, equality, and its non-responsibility, and abrogation of marriage. On all these subjects I have at all times opposed it, and approve only of its intentions, and its doctrine of circumstances, as taught by the most respectable of its advocates here, and by Owen himself, who is universally acknowledged by all who know him to be a good, well-meaning man, if not a wise one. His good-nature has gained him as many friends as his doctrine.' He proceeds to defend Fourier and Spinoza from misrepresentation, although accepting the views of neither. He considers Fourier 'a venerable sage, one of the greatest men ever France produced. Moreover, Fourier is a Christian, and a strong believer in Christianity, altogether a different man from Owen: a man who hated Owen, and called him a quack.' After expounding Spinoza's views so far, he proceeds:—'I am not advocating Spinoza's opinions; I am merely exculpating him from the false accusation of a London Sunday hireling, who writes merely to the pulse of the public, and is directed in doctrine and style not by the genuine impulses of conviction and sincerity, but by the sale of his weekly garbage, and who would probably justify both Spinoza and Fourier, and perhaps Owen himself, for a weekly increase of a thousand subscribers. The Press altogether is the most mercenary, diabolical thing imaginable. It is as corrupt and established as the Churches. The editors are tied down to party forms or articles, and the public appetite is now so spoiled that in order to stimulate, recourse must be had to high-seasoning, such as invention, caricature, abuse, scandal, and scurrility; nothing goes down so well as personality: for all that I have never written a page of personality, never attacked a single individual's

6th April
1840.
James to
John.
Owen.

private character. I have sent the *Dispatch* for two weeks. It has the greatest circulation of any paper in England, perhaps in the world. It is a blackguard paper for all that, and belongs to an attorney, who has made a fortune by defending thieves before the tribunals—a thief's attorney. His turn comes next year, or rather this coming November, to be Lord Mayor, and the *Times* has been appealing to the citizens of late to consult the dignity and respectability of the civic chair by passing him over. Publicola (the editor) was sentenced some months ago to the treadmill for one month for abusing his wife, to whom and her child he allows only 10s. a week out of his at least £800 a year. Talk of Socialists as you may—a man like Robert Owen is worth a thousand Publicolas. The great trick of the *Dispatch* lies in its abuse and opposition. It finds fault with everything, and thus gets credit amongst the vulgar for patriotism, by being pleased with nothing. But with all its circulation and all its wealth—for it is the richest Sunday paper—it is not to be seen in any respectable coffee-house. Almost all the Sunday press is trash—made up of the daily papers—almost all stolen; even the *Dispatch* plunders by pages without acknowledgment.' We find later the owner was rejected by a large majority.

See above.

Artist.

'I have got my portrait painted. It is said to be a very perfect likeness. The artist has sent it to-day to the exhibition at Somerset House. He seems very proud of it, and calls it his best performance. It is a present he means to make me.

'Micaiah is at the seat of war between France and Morocco. He will get a fright. I am glad to hear of his growing tolerance. It is good to live amongst heretics for a while.' His brother had gone to be tutor in the family of Drummond-Hay, in Tangiers. He shrewdly writes:—'I am much interested in the present movement of the Church (in Scotland). It will lead to important results. It is working undesignedly the cause of the Chartists; for, by introducing universal suffrage into the Church, it sanctifies it for the State.'

1st June
1840.

In discussing the condition of France, then clamouring for war under Louis Philippe, he observes :—‘ But the Revolution has a game to play yet, and the propaganda of Republicanism and Infidelity will be let loose once more. It is by means of this propaganda alone that France obtains the sympathy of the rabble of all nations. And really, from what I saw of France, I think that the French themselves are a rabble—a low-minded, frivolous, scoffing, ribald, profane people, by no means likely to take a high standing in the world, and only fitted to commend themselves to Chartists and such-like glory men, to whom the highest virtue is that of sticking a knife in the guts of an aristocrat.’

8th Oct.
1840.

Besides lecturing every Sunday evening, he holds private conversational meetings on Wednesday evenings, and believes he is ‘ insensibly gaining considerable ground.’ A ‘ Universal Chart ’ in a handy form has also appeared as a sort of *creed*.

‘ Because in my former letter I called the Chart a suitable substitute for the charter, you have confounded principles with persons, and taken it for granted that I expected to convert the pike-and-gun philosophers to my doctrines. I had no such idea. I should as soon expect to convert a herd of swine. And Churchmen and Dissenters are quite as irrational as Chartists,’—‘ a race of men with whom I have as little to do as with the man in the moon,’ he writes again.

9th Nov.
1840.

In his effort to bring all science into harmony with his views, he does not fail to examine the principles of each.

‘ I have been studying for some time the theory of music,—the mathematical principles of it, and its analogy with other sciences,—and have made some beautiful discoveries of my own, which I have not seen anywhere else. Thus I have never seen the relation between the Mathematical Trinity and the Musical Trinity.

27th Dec
1840.
James to
John.

‘ A sine of 90, a chord of 60, and a tangent of 45 are the mathematical trinity. Now, these proportions give the three perfect concords. Unison, a $\frac{1}{2}$, and an octave ; or 1, $\frac{2}{3}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$.

22nd Mar
1841.

Other analyses and deductions follow. But he does not claim a deep acquaintance with music :—‘ I went to the top of St Paul’s this day fortnight for the first time, and I have never been in the Queen’s Theatre yet, though it is the largest in London. But as it is chiefly Italian operas that are there performed, it is only for those who understand music and Italian, and I don’t know much about either. I am at present translating one of Fourier’s works from the French, which is to be published at intervals in a new weekly stamped paper at 6d. I will also write an article in it every week. It is to be called the *London Phalanx*.’

26th Apr.
1841.

For this he wrote the ‘ Review of the Week,’ and sometimes several other articles. He writes jubilantly of the progress of his views, and after giving examples, adds :—‘ Unity and universality are everywhere being attempted by some means or other, however imperfect.’ ‘ I sent you two numbers of the *Phalanx* purposely, as I had some letters on the prophetic numbers, which I thought would be interesting to your mathematical genius ; but you do not even allude to them.’ Some keen and cutting remarks followed this.

19th July
1841.
James to
John.

Then :—‘ I think men were never so low-minded as they now are. . . . Man cannot go lower than matter, and politics, and dead cats, and electioneering oratory. For however vile a sectarian fanatic is, there is a grandeur about his ideas and his hopes which does not belong to the politician.’

11th Oct.
1841.

‘ The Fourierites are now commencing practically in France. They have procured an estate of 1500 acres near Dijon. . . . It cost £60,000, and Mr Young, the brother of the mechanician whom you saw, is going to superintend it himself. It is expected to have 400 or 500 people on it in a few months. Fifty are already gone.

Type-setting
Machine.

Mr Young expects to be able to print the *Phalanx* with his new machine in a few weeks. He means to set up one number, at any rate, as a specimen. He is making one on a different principle, and it is almost completed.’

Again an access of enthusiasm has possession of him, and he is carried away by his analogical faculty to lose himself amongst prophetic numbers. 'Works on prophecy are now the only religious works that have any vitality in them. Keith's work on prophecy has already seen twenty-five editions.' He considers the evidence clear and increasing, but they all err in considering the Roman Church Antichrist, 'whereas the whole Christian world is Antichrist.' In forwarding No. 90 of *Tracts for the Times*, in order to give an idea of the Oxford School, he does so in a wild letter full of prophetic numbers and calculations—a very strange production. He is evidently deeply excited, in very bad health, and with a return of his old inspiration:—'The philosophical era is breaking up; national churches are parts of the broken body—heads of the hydra; they are all coming down; the Scotch Church is a limb of Antichrist; the battle-axe of the Lord is hewing it to pieces; the crisis is at hand, and "pell-mell" is the word.' He is also still on the analogy of music and prophecy, &c., and discusses my father's optical experiments—afterwards published as a 'Theory of Light.' 'I am sorry that you did not explain your discovery to me. . . . Send me a letter to the *Phalanx*, and we will print it and try its effect. The circulation being small, need not alarm you.' This paper was now his hobby for the time being. It was owned and edited by Mr Doherty—a remarkable man, of whom we shall hear again, and who only died recently in Paris.

8th Jan.
1842.29th Mar.
1842.
James to
John.

His excitement, and the chronic stomach complaint that seems to have got hold of him, culminated in a feverish attack, and he is confined to bed for a few days; after which:—'I don't feel very well, but still I can go about. You will see from this last *Phalanx* that it is the last.' His position upon the paper must have been *practically* editorial. At the end, his articles are notified in the index. During the course of the paper the sub-head is changed from 'Theory of Charles Fourier' to 'Universal Unity,' and it is evident

5th May
1842.

that his was the controlling hand. It dragged on as a small monthly magazine till 1843.

‘I cannot understand your theory of light as yet. You began at the wrong end. You forgot to tell me what you meant to prove by your experiments and illustrations, so that I was left to my own conjectures respecting their meaning. The best way is always to begin at the end in such cases, to show at once what you mean to prove, before you begin to prove it. However, I sha’n’t give it up; I will try it again. What you say of analogy, however, is, in my opinion, merely the reverse of the truth: so far from throwing obstacles in the way of discovery, it will very much further it. Who studied analogy more than Newton? He even made out an analogical vocabulary, and his discoveries were not more true than his analogies. I believe that discoveries are never final, and never can be used to any profitable account unless they are analogically understood. What is the use of an insulated fact, independent of its relation with other facts? You may just as well sit down to read a table of right ascension and declinations, or any other dry statistical details. Whenever science becomes analogical, it becomes interesting and popular; and that is the reason why scientific books and lectures are so dull and dry.’

Again he writes:—‘It seems to me that by denying refraction you will entangle yourself, though there may be a much better mode of explaining its phenomena than that which at present prevails. I never liked the denying system. A new affirmation is more powerful than a negative.’

Recurring to this subject of optics, he writes:—‘I believe that there is much to be learned upon that and many other scientific subjects—that science must be made much more simple than it is at present. How the light can be red is, however, a difficulty, unless you prove red to be the universal. Now, white is proved by experiment to be the universal, for the seven colours in musical proportions on a top, or a revolving circle, make white. This is an

13th June
1842.

18th June
1842.

analogical objection; and as I, notwithstanding all your doubts, have more faith in analogical reasoning than any other, I consider it a powerful objection. I have sent you a *P. S(atirist)*, containing a very clever cut and a Trip to Canterbury.' So this continues to receive his attention.

The Irvingite branch of the family do not agree with him any better than formerly. His brother has returned from Tangiers. 'I have not heard from Glasgow since Micaiah left this. He did not even write to say whether he had arrived or not. I know not what to make of him, but he is by no means a very agreeable person to have about me. He may do very well amongst his own little clique, when everything goes on according to their own little notions, and when they can abuse every party, and misrepresent them as they please without contradiction, ascribing all praise and glory to their own little church. But I think I have seldom seen a better specimen of a sour, sulky fanatic than Micaiah. If the Spirit of Truth dwells in such minds, it is not worth much.' It was cruel, in the first instance, to fix such a dreadful name on the poor man; unfortunate that he should have drifted into a 'sect;' disastrous that his comparatively slow but tenacious brain should have taken to languages. He took long to mellow, and only did so with improving circumstances, which enabled his refined and scholarly instincts to take refuge in the study.

'Doherty is keenly employed upon an automaton vessel at present, and expects to go to sea this month in it. It moves the paddles without steam, by means of wind and wave. This vessel has a float attached to it of equal specific gravity with the water. It is below the keel; and as the vessel heaves, the float resists with a power equal to the weight of the vessel—*minus* the resistance of the water—and moves the paddles by a simple machinery. The heavier the sea the stronger the power. In rivers, the power is insufficient, and in still water, zero. He is in high hopes of making a

18th Oct.
1842

fortune, and superseding steam. But I suspect that he is doomed to some bitter disappointment.'

31st Dec.
1842.

'Doherty's boat went down. The float pulled it in head foremost, and Stollmeyer had to jump for his life. Doherty has never spoken to me of it, but I heard it, and that he lost his razors, &c., which he had put in it, intending to take a trip to France. He was not in it when it sunk. It cost £15 to raise it, and there is about £30 of damage done. They are repairing it. Stollmeyer says it was merely an accident, as the float was not fixed at both ends. I used to bother him long ago with the idea of its going down, when he invited me to go to France in it. I asked him if France lay at the bottom of the sea.'

Withal, he also had a fancy boat which will not sail as yet! 'I read the article in the *Witness* with partial pleasure. It is a sad bigot, but a good party-paper, and well conducted. The Church is in sad trouble here, as well as in Scotland. They only want a convention in England to reveal the breach that has been made. It is all sport to me. How very ignorant they are of the prophetic numbers!' &c.

Those unfulfilled prophetic numbers have got as firm a hold of him as the boat that was to 'drive itself' had of Doherty. He curiously held that Daniel did *not* get the prophetic numbers by science, as my father asserted, but by revelation; and yet he sensibly acknowledged that 'the prophetic numbers are all astronomical, and are the best key to the knowledge of cycles, eras, history!' The *Phalanx* and its career were repetitions of the *Crisis*, and Smith held the same position towards both. 'I have just received your long critique on the *Phalanx*: what you say is all reasonable enough, and yet the *Phalanx* is reasonable also. In the first place, it is not addressed to *the people*. It is too dear for them. In the second place, it is not dependent upon sale for its continuance. . . . I expect nothing from Fourierism. It is one of the steps up to Universality. The process of the spirit in these latter days is a systematic, progressive,

ascending process from the ultra-negative of infidelity, &c., up to the ultra-positive, from the material up to the spiritual, from the democracy up to the aristocracy and monarchy, with corresponding modifications of doctrine for each in the ascent, but not manifesting the highest truths until the ultimate movement. This is not the ultimate. But it is a wonderful work of providence for all that. Five young men of fortune—unmarried, brothers, the eldest I suppose about thirty-five—spending their money in this honourable way, instead of squandering it in debauchery like others of their age. They are Scotch, too, and belong to the county of Aberdeen. Owenism is the *ultra-negative*. It was extinguished last year, and these men came forward in the month of December to bring forward Fourierism, which is neither negative nor positive, but a sort of medium. It will *fail*, and yet it will not. They who have universal ideas of God can understand such movements. As for the vulgar, they are mere beasts; and if we had ten millions of them, we could do nothing with them. We don't want them. I want them for the *P.S.*, but not for the *Phalanx*. If you understand these things, you will set your mind at rest about the *Phalanx*, and not concern yourself when it comes down. Still, the proprietors of the *Phalanx* don't know this. They think it a final movement.'

^ I will complete this chapter by giving his peculiar view of the movement in the Church of Scotland which led to the Disruption:—'I received the Memorial with the list of the clergy. I am glad to see them possessed of such spirit. As for their motives, I do not care a rush about them. I look to the principle of the question, independent of the sincerity of the parties. What have we to do with other men's motives—let them answer for themselves. The principle is independent of the motives of individuals, and the principle is the original principle of the Scotch Church, and its rejection by the State is a rejection of the principle of the Establishment, which, by the by, was never received, but the

17th Dec.
1842.

The Disruption—
a Catholic
Movement.

clergy never before had the spirit to assert it. The Church of Scotland has been altogether a *lie*, and it is time for the Presbyterians to be what they profess to be—independent of the State. Moreover, I see it in connection with other movements that will follow it. The Puseyites are also prepared to shake off the State as a drag; and after all, this is a great part of the Catholic movement. It is a Popish principle—throughout we are going back to the Standard.

“Back to the Church, the Standard, all must come.”—*Joanna Southcote*. Even my father is becoming Catholic in his way—who could have believed it ten years ago? The independence of the Church of the State is one of the leading principles of Catholicism. It is the very basis of it, and the Scotch Church—the most Anti-Catholic and most Protestant of all—is the first to assert it collectively. If you look at this great movement as a home scheme of individuals, you are under a cloud. It is a great providential movement, of the issue of which they themselves have no idea. It is the beginning of a great Catholic movement, into which other elements will flow in spite of them, and give the current a different turn—as was given to the river Euphrates when Cyrus turned the waters into another channel.’

By Catholic, he did not of course mean Romanist.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE 'FAMILY HERALD.'

AMONGST James Smith's correspondence are a few letters in an uneducated hand, regardless of grammar or spelling, and signed Mary Ann Marshall. They are from the once noted medium of that name, and are mainly requests for assistance. 'The Spirit has moved her' to ask for a little help. They are simple and rather touching letters, from a woman in connection with whom and James Smith a curious story has been current since the days of my youth, and which I find recorded in a notice of James' life in *The Spiritual Magazine* of May 1874. 'When Mr. Smith visited Mrs. Marshall with the manuscript of the first number of the *Family Herald* in his pocket, "The Word" through her told him that his journal would be read in every household in the land. It certainly reached a sale unprecedented in journalism, amounting at one time it is said to about half a million copies.' But it was no instantaneous success. Indeed it could scarcely have been, as it came out at first, and continued for some five months, in large broad-sheets like the ordinary daily press, ere it took the form that it ever after retained.

'Doherty has been so busy with his boat or naval automaton that I have seen little of him. We are bringing out another penny paper, by the machine, next week. . . . It will have no cut, and be very respectable.'

6th Dec.
1842.
James to
John.

'I do not write any more in the *Phalanx*. I suppose it will drop soon. They are beginning to feel it burdensome. However, if the *Herald* go on I shall be very glad of the

17th Dec.
1842.
James to
John.

change for a while, as I was longing to get out of Fourierism. In fact, I never was in it, but related to it—as an important though imperfect movement.’

17th Dec.
1842.
*Family
Herald.*

The new paper was altogether a remarkable novelty. It was a ‘Literary Curiosity, being the first specimen of a publication produced entirely by machinery—types, ink, paper, and printing.’ The types were set by Young’s patent composing-machine, a woodcut of which, with women composing, is the headpiece of the first series of the *Family Herald*. ‘From careful calculation it is found possible to compose the entire of this publication, print off 10,000 copies, and that the last sheet printed, by the aid of railroad and steam conveyance, might be read 170 miles south and 300 miles north of London (that is, at two points nearly 500 miles asunder) within the twenty-four hours. Thus, by a happy union of mental and mechanical skill, capital, and enterprise, the public can obtain, at the trifling expense of one penny, such a mass of information and amusement as was inaccessible to their fathers at even fifty times the price.’ In place of italics, the machine was obliged to employ spaced letters ‘in the same manner as is still practised in Germany, the birthplace of the art of printing.’ With novelty of production, there was a determination to amuse and interest without degrading; and thus the motto was adopted,—‘interesting to all; offensive to none.’

31st Dec.
1842.
James to
John.

‘The *Herald* has done well as yet, between 15 and 20,000 a week, not enough to pay however. We have a sad bother with Young and the machine, and Doherty interferes, and we cannot get the work done regularly. It is not the fault of the machine, but for want of a master printer to manage the work. Young is trying to get it off his hands. He made an offer to Cousins, which Cousins refused; but should he not find a better customer, it is possible that it may yet come into Cousin’s hands, and then it will go like lightning. If Young does not get rid of it, I fear the *Herald* must be set up in the old way, and the machine will be damned for

many years to come. There are too many masters. On Saturday last, when we were behind, and Cousins himself was working hard to get the thing forward, Doherty came in and gave all the hands a holiday, and shut up the place—a piece of ill-nature for which he will yet pay most likely. He seems quite ill-tempered; his boat sinking, and nobody caring for his Fourierism, makes him quite out of humour, and this only makes matters worse. The present number of the *Phalanx* is a most extraordinary production, and shows that he is going into the wilds of the desert of thought.'

↳ Daguerrotype now comes in, and portraits can be had in London at £1 each. 'The *Family Herald* still goes on, and rising weekly, but not up to paying mark yet. We must have 20,000 weekly, and we are not much more than half-way yet, actual sale, but the increase is about 500 weekly.' Although he does not purpose to propagate his views of Universalism in the *Herald*, they will crop out. China is coming prominently before the western world; and in discussing their civilisation, he says:—'The Chinese may be called Universalists in almost every sense of the word. They eat everything, they worship everything, and they believe everything.'

Curiously enough, he seldom writes of his brother Dr. Robert Angus Smith with respect—'his heart is better than his judgment;' he is so simple that he is not at all sure of him or his intellect. 'He wrote to me some time ago, and his letter is merely a confirmation of what I said to you; he says he thinks we can prove anything by figures. If so, there is no distinction between truth and error. But if he can work with any other numbers as I have wrought with the Prophetic numbers, he will give some reason for his assertion, but assertions without reasons are the weapons of fools.' Robert Angus Smith has now gone to Lord Lovelace's, and we have a peep at several movements of interest in the then world of London.

'The Irvingites seem now inclined to inquire into Joanna's

2nd Mar.
1843.

visitation. Two of the evangelists sent by Mr. Drummond have visited Mrs. Marshall twice, and sat several hours, and acknowledged that her visitation is from God. They are coming back on Sunday, when I expect to meet them there. A message was sent by the Spirit to Mr. Drummond; what may be the result of it I know not. But it is pleasing at least to see the heads of the Church inquiring into such things, which is more than the tails will do.'

'The *Herald* gets on slowly, but there is hope of it succeeding.'

13th May
1843.
James to
John.

Whether owing to the stern struggle with poverty in London, or to his own nature, there was a certain ruthlessness about the character of James Smith that no struggle, however despairing, could have produced in the mind of his brother Robert:—'The *Phalanx* office is now shut up. The *Phalanx* is dead! The machine is stopped. The *Herald* is now printed in the old way. Doherty and I have had a fall-out about Fourier. He seems crestfallen about the failure of his attempt. But he must learn to be more universal, and give up the worship of dead men and their bones.'

But the *Herald* is improving in circulation since the change to the quarto size; and he is delighted that it has gone back to the old style of printing, as it now gives him no trouble or concern.

At first we find little change in the character of the leaders supplied to the *Herald* from those supplied by him elsewhere. 'Universality,' if not so prominent, is still all-pervading. But his analogical faculty makes him always readable, and gives a quaintness to his expression which must have done much to introduce him into the general reading-world. Here is an example:—'We have now treated of the four great elements of society—the Church, the Monarchy, the Aristocracy, and the Democracy; and now, as the head of this article intimates, we purpose to say a few words on 'all four.' All four reminds us of a quadruped, and a quadruped is a beast which goes on all-four. It may seem very strange

8th Apr.
1843.
*Family
Herald.*

to call society a beast, but so it has always been called in mystical language and in heraldry. Nations are represented by beasts; and even in heaven, the scriptural imagery informs us that four beasts, full of eyes before and behind, surround the throne of God, and give honour and thanks to Him. A lion is a respectable beast. No man is affronted by being called a lion. An ass is not so respectable, but it is evidently not the fact of its being a quadruped alone that makes it so. There is no harm, therefore, in saying that society goes on all-four.' This is a pure parcel of conceits; yet it ushers in a paper full of shrewd common-sense, as well as philosophical acumen. Doherty supported Fourierism in an early number, in opposition to Smith's summary of Socialism; but the editor replied in a strong letter, in which he shows Fourier's limitation, and disclaims Doherty's interpretation of the doctrine. At the same time he pays a high compliment to his opponent:—'He is beyond the school in which he is matriculated. . . . There is power of mind and purpose of heart in him to make him shine in a much wider sphere than the advocacy of an individual system.'

There is no wild *pandering* to the multitude, although he *caters* for it. The number for 6th May 1843 comes out with mourning columns for the Duke of Sussex, and an appreciative biographical notice. The early numbers are remarkable, however, for that mingling of instruction with amusement, that endeavour to spread amongst the many the freshest and most vivifying thought of the time, that it always retained in his hands. Perhaps the one fault is that he never fails to feel that he has a 'mission.' In an article on 'Rich Men,' he ends:—'There is a higher principle than commerce; a

29th Apr.
1843.
*Family
Herald*

higher power than money; a higher aristocracy than a landed aristocracy. And society must advance to that; it must rise up to that. It must rise up to the spiritual aristocracy of wisdom and virtue; to the wealth of mind and soul; to the power of justice and truth. The secret lies all up there, howsoever it may be found or attained to. When found, it

will be good for us all ; but till then we must be content to fight and brawl about inferior objects, which when gained will be of little service to us, or our children after us. All power is invisible—no man ever saw power ; and true wealth is invisible. It is neither cattle nor gold, but something to which cattle and gold must all one day belong, if ever men, women, and children live happily together in this nether world.'

But the philosophy, as a rule, is tempered with judgment and practical sense. His influence is exerted towards the stability of society, however he may wish to improve and purify it. 'Regarding property merely as the extension of a man's self, there can be no doubt of its high and holy mission in the divine plan of the government of the world. It gives development to numerous active faculties which would otherwise lie dormant. It stimulates to industry, to prudence, to virtue.' He has no faith in perfect happiness. 'It is not only impossible ; it is undesirable,' for then the king of terrors—death—would become *the* terror. Here comes in a peculiar characteristic turn :—'In fact, the sufferings of life make men too indifferent about death. Many seek it as a blessing. Rich and poor destroy themselves to get rid of life. Death is not terrible enough when suicide prevails ; and the only thing to make it more terrible is our increase of enjoyment in life.'

20th May
1843.

A study of this little paper that James Smith edited for years is a review of an epitome of human life and progress. All great questions are carefully considered and shrewdly reasoned upon by the editor ; and one is startled to come upon 'new' ideas, such as the tunnelling of the channel, or even the type-setter with which it was originally composed, on every other page. The Biblical bias of the editor is still very apparent, and the Book is ever referred to for illustrations. He objects to the mixture of philanthropy and commerce :—'The law of Moses forbade the yoking of an ox and an ass together in one team, or wearing woollen

3rd June
1843.

and linen together in one garment, and Nature itself forbids the reproduction of hybrids or mules. The yoking of the ox and the ass, in the literal sense, is but a small transgression; but when spiritual functions are unequally yoked with commercial functions, or when one invades the sphere and usurps the office of the other, then indeed there is corruption and mischief, whatever may be the motives and intentions of the parties.'

However philosophical the usual leaders might be, there was no lack of lighter matter:—'We do not consider scientific matter as more instructive than good moral tales. The ancients employed tales, parables, and fables as the media for instruction, and in many respects they were wiser than we. . . . Notwithstanding all that is said about science, it is dull reading even to those who praise it. Man is not a very scientific animal. He is a story-teller, and so is woman, and so are their little ones—they are all story-tellers.' The moral element was so deeply important to him, at the same time, that he could not give proper credit to Shakespeare:—'The spirit of the present age seems to feel a want in Shakespeare, notwithstanding the eloquent encomiums of his worshippers and the zeal of his commentators.' All he seems able to acknowledge is that 'the talent of Shakespeare is of a very high order,' but people are carried away by the glamour of his name. At the same time, many of the dramas printed as his are considered spurious; others ascribed to him are not amongst the collection. Some never printed amongst his are considered by Schlegel his finest works. He concludes that the merit of Shakespeare is not so peculiar after all; 'for there is no way of testing his works but a certificate from his printer that they are actually his. . . . Is not this a proof that if any man of the present day were to write plays superior to Shakespeare's they would be treated as inferior for want of his *name*, which has monopolised all dramatic renown.' In all this his literary judgment, which was exceedingly sound, has been influenced by his moral aspirations.

29th July
1843.

We are every now and then reminded how near we are to another moral world—an article upon ‘Duelling’ recalling a social condition that is happily expelled from our island.

In presence of his every-day public, he no doubt had sufficient worldly tact to refrain from opposing their prejudices. His ‘Answers to Correspondents’ are assuming something of the interest, if not the importance, they afterwards attained, and here we find little personal traits as well as opinions. ‘As a general answer to three particular questions, we reply that there is some truth in everything which creates enthusiasm in the human mind. But there is always error in particular systems (Mesmerism, Phrenology, and Astrology).

. In respect to astrology, there is an immense amount of rubbish mixed up with some exquisitely beautiful analogies.’ In ‘How we Burden Ourselves and how we are Burdened’ are some quaint observations of great utility at a time when complaints were rife against public burdens:—‘Few people complain of the burdens which they impose upon themselves, but we all complain of the burden that is imposed upon us. Our passions are mostly all tax-gatherers.’ A special article in this connection is devoted to an attack upon ‘Smoking, Snuffing, and Chewing,’ and the necessity for ‘an apostle’ ‘to clear the atmosphere of social life, and give the rising generation some better air to breathe than that which their fathers are polluting.’ It is strange that he did not manage quite to clear his mind from ‘custom’ in this matter; for while connecting it in principle with intoxicants, he yet allowed himself a glass of ale or wine, but not a pipe or cigar! In the matter of wearing beards, however, he was a supporter of an innovation which he did not live to see. While the early numbers of the *Family Herald*, in folio form, were pretty much in style what they remained all along, they had one difference in a series of Natural History articles, with illustrations; and his observations show that, while he lived the greater portion of his intellectual life where natural history observations were impossible, except in connection

with the highest animal, 'man,' yet he took a deep interest in the subject.

Amongst the more curious articles is one entitled 'The Law of Manners: How the Queen might be usefully employed as a writer for the press.' After alluding to royal authors:—'Do not suppose, however, that we want the Queen of England to write a book, and put herself at the mercy of the critics of the press, who would be sure to lower the dignity and character of her office by trying the merits of her productions at the bar of a presumptive philosophy.' But he holds—'That the Queen would confer a very great boon upon society by attempting, at least, to raise a standard of social manners. . . . It would be a good foundation for further reform.' He evidently regards forms and ceremonies, too, as of more consequence than we should have anticipated, but the artistic nature within him struggled with the philosophic, and demanded agreeable surroundings. The articles occasionally 'revel' in analogies. Nothing else can express the wealth, nay, the recklessly lavish character of some of the articles in comparisons and conceits, as well as their quaint paradoxity. They must have sorely tried the staid middle-class folks, to whom the paper otherwise appealed. Yet he writes:—'My leaders in the *Herald* were very highly extolled last week; they were compared to Charles Lamb's celebrated Letters of Elia—who the reviewer is I know not—and was rather surprised at such praise from such a quarter.' Articles on Organic Chemistry, by a pupil of Liebig, are no doubt by his brother, Dr. Angus Smith, who was at that time idle, on his return from Germany.

7th Oct.
1843.

Those who are now accepting the doctrine that 'genius' is 'insanity,' might read with advantage the article on 'Thin-skinned People:—'The sensitiveness of the mind, like that of the skin, is the source of irritability of nature, and the thin-skinned are those who are most affected by this uncomfortable excitement. We will not call the excitement disease, like some people, for we believe it to be the

very nurse or parent, the vital principle, of genius itself, and of more than genius—of all that is accounted noble and precious in the moral and intellectual nature of man.' At the same time, it is very apt to degenerate into selfishness. He is specially at home with 'St George and the Dragon,' in which he revels in mythology, and is satisfied—'If we shall have directed the attention of our thoughtful and intelligent readers to the study of the inspirations and revelations of national fable and legendary lore, in which lie hid, amid much ore and rubbish, many brilliant gems and pearls of providential wisdom.' Ideas which are now common were thus introduced by James Smith to the many, floated abroad, as they were, sandwiched between tales by noted writers, or writers only noted to the readers of this particular organ. All the devices of the present day are to be found—riddles, enigmas, rebuses of every description; *facetix* collected by one with a keen sense of the ludicrous, a sense which alone kept Smith from still wilder extravagances in his experiments upon life.

Rich in solid instruction are those leaders that year after year came from his busy pen; earnest, yet with the play of a pleasant fancy in them as well. In a 'sly look' at life he warns his readers:—'Beware of your day-dreams—your secret thinkings and feelings. They are webs for your own weaving, they are garments for your covering. . . . Be only as anxious to dress your minds as to dress your bodies, and both ladies and gentlemen will appear more beautiful and engaging to each other's hearts.' Surely no other writer of the time could dress up such moral diet so that it would meet the digestion of the ordinary public. Fancy articles on 'Chivalry, or the Beau-Ideal of a Man,' in a spirit of poetic regard, for 'the soul of chivalry was, however, not wealth. . . . The man, therefore, was brought better out.' He loved not humanity smothered in costly raiment, buried under a balance at his banker's, lost in selfishness and sunk in luxury. A discussion between Science and Poetry

follows, as he continues to introduce his Scottish love of metaphysics into the hitherto uncongenial soil of the south.

Such subjects as 'Mourning and Half-Mourning' are treated with sympathy, while acknowledging their non-utility. 'When man can read the mysteries of Providence in his own living habits and customs, he will then be wiser than he can ever become by decomposing matter, converting gases into solids, or solids into gases.' Up to about this time, however, the little paper had not secured that hold upon the public that meant permanence, for we find him writing 'everything is so precarious with us that I can never speak with any certainty of the future.'

13th July
1844.
Family Herald.

The great subject of discussion at the moment was the action of Sir James Graeme in opening private letters (Mazzini's) in the Post-Office, as Secretary of State for the Home Department:—'Governments are all criminals against the law of absolute justice. . . . Neither the duty of the universal, nor that of the individual, is as yet clearly understood; the law for governments and for individuals is not yet defined. Principles of politics, morals, and good manners are not yet divulged . . . ; and there is nothing that society so much wants as a law-giver—a second Moses or Confucius—an occidental Shem, to settle such disputes for ever by a superlative authority.' He looks upon the act as possibly justifiable, but requiring justification!

15th June
1844.
James to
John.

20th July
1844.

While the 'lurid light' of the *Wandering Jew* of Eugene Sue is running through the paper, in a leader upon 'Artificial Light and Late Hours,' the editor remarks that the Queen, 'although a late diner is an early riser. . . . She has also given a check to card-playing and family gambling, which prevail to a most alarming extent amongst all classes, and are particularly adapted for artificial light, whether of gas or tallow, oil or wax.'

27th July
1844.

In a remarkable article on the penny press he shows how much earlier it originated than most suppose. Continuing, 'Some friends have said to us, they should like to see us better

10th Aug.
1844.

employed than in writing for a penny paper. We reply, we cannot be better employed. We should consider our articles thrown away by being published in a daily paper. With respect to the morality of the Penny Press, we may safely affirm that it will stand an honourable competition with that of any other department of periodical literature. The paper is a moral censor, and publicity is the guarantee of decorum. Certain advertisements, even of the morning and evening papers, would destroy the circulation of any penny paper in London.' Certainly people require more leisure than they commonly give to a daily paper to read such essays as that on 'I and We:—'The *we* accomplishes great revolutions, and overturns dynasties and empires, but without the *I* nothing is finished. The Napoleon completes what the Convention began.' In 'War, the Good and the Evil of it,' there is religious faith and hope, but no false sentiment. The editor is not flattering the poor nor playing to the rich; he will not even accept Athenæums and Mechanics' Institutes, except as very partial educators. The moral and spiritual is to be kept prominent amid all this outcry over science and popular instruction. At the same time, they are valuable, and are welcomed along with baths and wash-houses for the poor, which 'the unscientific ancients enjoyed thousands of years ago.' The physical uncleanness of the poor is merely 'the material counterpart of the spiritual condition of the rich the one clothed in the rags of woollen and cotton, the other clothed in the rags of self-righteousness.' All the fads of that time—and are they not also the fads of this?—come under review. 'Allotments of Land' are treated with plentiful knowledge, even of the Chinese system. He does not believe in them:—'The artisan and the artist fly from such men—civilisation runs away from them, merely because they have not a surplus left after supplying their bellies with food. It is with this surplus that man's superior nature is cultivated.'

31st Aug.
1844.

This unwillingness to accept every novelty as an improvement—the determination of the editor to analyse every movement,—brings down upon him a severe castigation, following an article headed ‘Movements—Political and Domestic.’ The critic commences—‘We have on many occasions spoken favourably of *The Family Herald*. We considered that it was an excellent, intelligent, and enlightened periodical, and though not professedly dealing with politics, still possessing an undercurrent of wholesome and generous interest in behalf of the industrious millions—the very class indeed by which it is principally supported.’ But this article is too Tory! ‘The entire reasoning of the writer, throughout the essay, condemns the system of “intimidation ;” as if anything was ever conceded by the Government save under the influence of the “pressure from without.” We are extremely sorry to see the columns of an otherwise clever and useful periodical disfigured by such illiberal notions and aristocratic sentiments as’—those they quote. How could he have any (except intellectual) sympathy with the multitude? ‘Coarse habits produce coarse feelings, and they originate in coarse feelings. We attach great importance to dress and food. We should like to see all the people suitably and elegantly clothed, and polished in their manners.’ The million had *not* yet sought his paper. ‘Our papers still go on. *The Herald* is up to 45,000. It has scrambled up pretty well ; and if it could only get up to 100,000, it would be a capital property.’

14th Nov.
1844.
James t
John.

O’Connell was prosecuting his efforts after repeal, and the Irish question was as keenly debated then as now. The editor deals with it as a part of the question of nationality, which he considers ‘a very great evil,’ and not in unison with the law of progress. ‘For Ireland to make an attempt at present to regulate her own affairs would only be greater ruin, if possible, than she now experiences. . . . That she is oppressed by England at present is true, and England herself perceives it and regrets it. But England does not

5th July
1845.
*Family
Herald.*

willingly oppress Ireland. It is the age that oppresses her, the spirit of the Protestant era—the scientific, manufacturing era, which England has embraced, and which Ireland has scorned. England would have been delighted if Ireland had accompanied her. . . . England, in self-defence, has been compelled to employ a severity of discipline in Ireland with which she would have willingly dispensed.' . . . It is *de-nationalising* of the Government that is wanted:—'We have the name of an Imperial Government, but we have not got the fact. The parliament is the Parliament of England; neither Scotland nor Ireland has a parliament. They are conquered rather than united to England. An imperial power ought to be a super-national power.'

There is scarcely an essay that would not bear quotation, but those on 'The Capitals of the World' seem to have attracted special attention; they can only be appreciated entire, however, they are so rich in thought and illustration:—'I am glad you like the two articles on the Capitals of the World. The *Northern Star*, in reviewing the *Family Herald*, noticed them, and said that were they published in one of the dear periodicals they would "be cried up as equal to anything in the English language." However, after all, they have a more abiding form as they are, for there are more bound copies of the *Herald* perhaps than of any of the dear periodicals. Biggs sells, or has already sold, about 2000 bound copies, and he has had 3000 sent in to be bound. 5000 in all from his shop alone. I question if there be 1000 bound copies of any volume of *Blackwood*, or even of the *Edinburgh Review*, in existence. We have reprinted No. 1 of the *Herald* six times, and there are 50 numbers at present reprinting, so that we keep three printers employed. The current number is printed at one office, and there are two other offices for reprints. Several of the numbers have been reprinted four or five times. We charge 2d. for reprints, and print only 2500. This pays, so that the reprints pay themselves, and become a source of profit. There are

29th May
1846.
James to
John.

5000 or 6000 monthly parts sold; these are all charged 6d.; some have four numbers, others five. There is a little profit from them too. *Were it not for all these little things it would be impossible to go on*, and if only one number goes out of print it spoils the sale of all the rest.' He adds—'I don't expect the *Pioneer* to do more than pay itself, if it even do that.' So that after several years—nearly four—the little *Family Herald* was barely holding its own! But no doubt it was creating a demand and insinuating itself, and its quaint views of men and manners and all things under the sun, into the minds of those who were intellectually stimulated by the vigorous and invigorating thought supplied. He has not forgotten that his intellect and training is Scotch: 'The system of education in a Scotch college is of a very simple description. It is chiefly remarkable for its economy, which renders it particularly displeasing to rich English gentlemen and old Tories, such as Sir Charles Wetherall, who objected to the foundation of King's College and University College in London, that they would introduce the Scotch system of education into England—in other words, cheap education. . . . A very small number are able to keep pace with the course of instruction. . . . But the great fault of all modern teaching, namely, laxity of discipline, peculiarly applies to the Scotch universities. . . . The divinity students are the main support of the Scotch universities, which may be said to exist solely for the Church. In this respect the Scotch differ much from the English universities, which may be said to be nurseries for statesmen as well as for churchmen.' There is considerable change for the better in this direction, but discipline is still the 'one thing lacking.' The great question then advancing rapidly, and now once more upon us, 'The education of the people; a puzzle for modern times,' is treated with characteristic courage. He objects to the teaching of science by the State, as it is a trade, and should be learned. To open the gates of knowledge by providing the three R.'s

12th Sept.
1846.

24th Oct.
1846.

is enough. 'With these three means well acquired a man of mental energy is enabled to procure instruction for himself at a very moderate rate in every branch of knowledge to which his fancy may incline him.' At the same time he objects to religious instruction in school, as the clergy have no right to throw their work on the poor schoolmasters. We pass from a consideration of the 'Migratory habits of London servant girls,' to the 'Effect of Magnitude and Centrality on the Character' in London, and arrive at 'The Question of Ireland merely the Question of the World.'

27th Feb.
1847.

'Ireland is the world in miniature. All the evils of the old world are here exhibited within so small a compass as to present a problem for solution to a government which has the right and the power to attempt it. The evil is exaggerated on this one spot, but still it is precisely the same sort of evil which in various degrees prevails everywhere else—the evils of a singular contrast of riches and poverty, power and wastening, fertility and sterility, a good and an evil in co-ordinate existence, with an apparent impossibility of the fusion of both, or the conquest of either. But even if Ireland could be saved and made equal to England it would be but a poor thing at best. Ireland is better known, for she is louder-tongued, and is better represented by her hired agitator; but she does not monopolise all the miseries of life—she only represents them. And even when justice is done to her people they cannot by any possibility be raised above the general condition of the world at large, so that a very small amount of service can after all be done for them. The great Ireland of society, then, still remains the great problem for solution—how to feed the poor—how to prevent social misery, destitution, and crime—how to moralise the rich, and teach them to use their wealth for the benefit of society at large, instead of employing it solely or chiefly for the gratification of their vanity and their sensual passions. This constitutes a moral problem. It is a work for a moral law and for a

moral legislature. A financial legislation cannot legislate for it, any more than a fish can come out of the water and browse upon the land, or a dog can take its flight like a pigeon through the air. Spheres are kept by nature distinct from each other, and a financial law is as distinct from a moral law as earth is from water, or air from both.' In dealing with the question of the 'Poor: the two modes of treating them—moral and political,' or the charity of sympathy, and the charity of the poor-law, he makes many shrewd observations. 'The poor-law does not please in its present state. It never pleased in its former state. It never will please in any state. . . . It is admirably adapted for bad men, bad givers, because it forces them to give; and for bad receivers, for it exercises no private moral superintendence over individual character. . . . There is no regenerating influence in it.'

6th Mar.
1847.

'The Human Hand and its five fingers' is one of those analogical essays that the soul of James Smith loved. He seems to feel its weakness. 'Are you any wiser for reading this article? then enquire what wisdom you gain from science or philosophy! For we are tired of matter-of-fact causes and effects, and scientific nomenclatures—words without thoughts, which Shakespeare asserts "to heaven never go;" shadows without substances; and we long for that highest of all knowledge which goes direct to reasons, and searches for them in the great and universal analogues of Nature and Providence—the wisdom of God.' The comparative value of the ear and the eye is discussed in a similar spirit, but with a definite decision.

24th Apr.
1847.

Only the other day! And yet here is the question of the political emancipation of the Jews in the ascendant: 'The history of the Jews is the history of the world. This can be said of no other people. They are the only universal nation.' This is the prelude to an article in a curious vein that is almost prophetic. The editor holds that the Jew can really take the oath as a Christian by faith, while an

honest infidel cannot take it. The first *honest infidel* was Mr Bradlaugh, and he refused to take it, and he ought to have been freed along with the Jews. 'The introduction of the Jews will put an end for ever to the exclusive Christianity of the British Constitution. It will accomplish, however, in name, that which is already accomplished in fact; and in this respect, at least, it will be more true, because less hypocritical, than it is at present. The Liberals will make a powerful effort to emancipate the conscience of the infidels; and the legislature may just as well do this at once. . . . There can be no doubt, we think, that the emancipation of the Jews portends a falling away of Jewism, and it is coincident with a decline of sectarian feeling in both Jew and Gentile.' He does not grieve over it. This, however, is more a moral than a political change; he has no great hopes from the latter: 'a reformation of morals and manners is of much greater importance than any mere political device, which has no more moral influence over the population than changing the places of chairs and tables, beds and sofas, has over the morals of a family.' This question of morals is paramount. The destiny of the nation is dependent upon it. 'We are not likely to be destroyed either by barbarians or earthquakes; but we may be superseded if we do not advance in moral as well as in financial value; for wealth very soon leaves a people when it loses its moral worth.' 'With all their revolutions the French are no better off than we are ourselves. . . . Such a land requires reform, but as the water-carrier said when he heard the cry of "Liberty and Equality!" "All gammon! What! do they mean to say that they are willing to become water-carriers." We know nothing less practical, less orderly, more unprincipled and delusive than a mere political system. It is sure to fail, for it wants the two leading passions of refined humanity, as Lamartine, with the characteristic spirituality of a poet, regards them—Love and Religion. Woman and the soul have nothing to do with common politics; and

4th Dec.
1847.

11th Mar.
1848.

1st Apr.
1844.

15th Apr.
1848.

Socialism has hitherto failed to captivate the one for want of the other.' Elsewhere he returns to Lamartine, and quotes his opinion after calm reflection in the solitudes of Nature. "I am neither an aristocrat nor a democrat. I have lived long enough to see the two sides of the human medal, and to find both equally unsound. I do not ascribe any exclusive capacity for improving humanity either to aristocratic or democratic institutions. The capacity is only in a divine morality, the fruit of a perfect religion." This is truth. He has spoken it at last.' His experience of the French did not prepossess him in their favour, nor in favour of their ideas. The Patriarchal idea is more to his mind than those that deride authority. 'There is nothing new under the sun. Hence the importance of the past in the development of the future, and the ephemeral nature of all those systems which appear as original conceptions without deriving their life and their *prestige* from the traditions of ages. The past, the present, and the future are one for ever; the last is merely the foliage of the first.' In proof of the antiquity of 'discoveries' he is fond of giving examples. 'Dr Sylvester shows from passages in Dioscorides, Pliny, and the writers of the dark ages, that surgical operations were actually performed under the influence of *anæsthetics*, like those of ether and chloroform, and that no pain was experienced during the operation' (quoting from the *Zoist*, which he highly commends for its courage and independence). He will none of Liberty, equality, and fraternity, which he analyses mercilessly. 'In law is the meaning of liberty, and in liberty the beauty and equity of law. Let those two words therefore never be parted. Their divorce is ruin, their union is peace. . . . The French pride themselves in the logic of the Revolution, and they talk of its gospel, its trinity, and its ideal perfection. But we think we have satisfactorily shown the want of logic and the want of conclusion in its three fundamental terms—a deficiency involving an omen by no means favourable to the amicable and satis-

29th Apr.
1848.6th May
1848.13th May
1848.

factory settlement of the republic.' It must have been an education to many to read these essays, with their courageous and incisive investigation, from a philosophic standpoint, into every great public question. 'Controversy,' however, is never to be the means of really discovering truth, but is merely indispensable to intellectual development! 'One of the fine arts' is 'Courtship,' and the editor thinks he knows a great deal about it, as he has received thousands of letters on the subject! So he proceeds to give his views, which are very shrewd, not unwise, and of course very useless, except as agreeable reading. In dealing with 'Anarchy: the use of it as a negative power,' he is on surer ground. 'A political revolution consumes the phoenix, and terminates the reign of the old bird. Many old birds have died within the last year or two, and the worms are already appearing in the ashes—many new constitutions are growing. These European States are all rapidly recovering their old monarchical forms. But yet they have all undergone a change for the better. More of the spirit of liberty has been infused into the spirit of law.

21st Apl.
1849.

no

There can be no doubt that the republicans will all fail throughout Europe. But they have not risen in vain. The year 1848 will be a memorable year in the history of the nations. It will have changed the political and ecclesiastical condition of the European continent. Even the Pope, when restored, will not be the same sort of Pope as before. Rome has been invaded by a spiritual power. The ideas which were formerly kept out are now in. The Anarchy has not been useless. But still the people seem glad to get rid of it. It is social death and dissolution—a very few years of it would annihilate a people.' One might read the volume for 1848 of the *Family Herald*, however, without discovering that Europe was in the throes of a new birth. —

What can one make of an essay headed 'Phrenology of History; or, the Head of the Universal Man;' and yet it is a most suggestive article and full of fine thinking, although

overweighted with analogies for the average reader. More practical is the next on 'Criminals';—'The law has a soul and a body. The body of the law is gross and visible, and the poor man violates it. The soul of the law is refined and invisible, and the rich man violates it. When rich men keep the law, the poor will not require to read books and hear lectures to teach them good morals. They will feel the power of morality, and joyfully submit to it. But not till then. Why should they?' 12th May
1849.

'Man is a mine, he is worked as a mine, and the rich bring their gold and silver out of the flesh and bones of the poor. It is the operation of the original curse of labour,¹ and the rich are merely the taskmasters to execute the sentence. None the better are they for their office, however, when they dare to exceed the boundary of their commission.' This is the commencement of an article headed 'The Sweating System,' in which a shameless condition of labour at the London docks is enlarged upon, and a moral law demanded to free the men from bondage, as the 'coalwhippers' had been freed in 1844.

Self-glorification of a sect or a country always raises the editor's ire. An essay on 'Woman in the East and West' is called up by an article on the degradation of the women of the East, in an Edinburgh paper. He demands a more generous and liberal judgment, and quotes freely to show the high estimation in which they are held by many Eastern peoples:—'It is necessary thoroughly to understand the manners of the East before we assert the degradation of woman there and her elevation here. There is no country in the world where woman is permitted to sink lower than in Protestant countries. Protestant Britain is not yet qualified to teach either Christian doctrine or Christian morals. Our morals are better in some respects' 6th Apr.
1850.

¹ This is a conventional expression, and not his matured opinion. He was fully cognisant of the *moral*, even more than the physical, necessity for labour.

and worse in others ; so that it is really a difficult matter to determine whether a Christian country be more pure than a Pagan country or not ; for it is very certain that in our own land some of the most revolting scenes that humanity can present are daily witnessed. . . . Charity is greater than faith, and of that there is little in this land. The Pagan East is the land of charity.'

Elsewhere, he will not permit the bourgeoisie to lay the flattering unction to their souls that they are specially privileged in the matter of morality !

The *Family Herald* seems at length to have attained a secure position :—' They have mentioned the *Family Herald* very honourably in the last blue-book report on public libraries. Mr. Ewart (chairman) asks Mr. John Murray—' Is not the *Family Herald* a most unexceptionable publication ? Answer—It is a most valuable periodical, but it does not circulate amongst the lowest class of the population. Is not its circulation 125,000 a week ?—I have heard so.' It is mentioned in other places also as the leading periodical in point of numbers.' So that he has at last got the ' audience ' for which he craved, and to whom he supplies his special views of a moral world and a universal church, dished up with a tact and skill which has kept growing steadily.

31st Oct.
1849.
James to
John.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THAT the human heart is pretty much the same at all times and in all countries is a common enough saying, but manners and customs so change its outward expression, that an insight into its workings at any one period must be an index to a certain extent to the comparative refinement of feeling of the time. As the letters we are going to quote from are all of a date that can do no injury to the writers, even if they were discovered, we do not hesitate to give them pretty fully; and they appear to us to point to a tone of mind less robust and much more refined than would be prevalent in the same class at the present day. The 'emancipation of women,' in the first instance, has assimilated the sex more to their brethren, and has made their tone of mind, on the average, more wholesome and vigorous in dealing with the great and all-powerful questions of love and marriage. For these, after all, are the prevailing themes of the correspondence, along with religion; and having given quite sufficient of this elsewhere, we will confine ourselves mainly to the more mundane expression of love. Of the thousands of letters received, all were destroyed, except a bundle sent my father to show the caligraphy. Every conceivable complication has apparently been brought before the Editor; and the letters commonly begin in the same strain—by applying to him as the support and refuge of forlorn damsels of all degrees, to whom his replies are always wise as well as kind. 'I have been engaged to a gentleman Cold lover. for several years, but I am afraid he is not very much

attached to me, as he never comes to see me, and writes but seldom—his letters certainly breathe of constancy and devoted affection (*but then it is very easy to write what one does not feel*)—he pleads as an excuse for not paying his respects to me, being an officer in the army he cannot conveniently obtain leave of absence. Now, dear Sir, I have stated the exact case to you: situated as I am, do you think there is any harm in me laughing and joking with the gentlemen I am acquainted with in this town? My friends pronounce me an incorrigible flirt because I receive bouquets from one of the male tribe on one day, a present another, &c., but I am so fond of fun and nonsense that I often rattle on to them, and say things I repent of afterwards. Now what would you advise me to do, as my real love treats me so coldly? Is there any impropriety in receiving flowers and flirting a wee bit in his absence?’ To this cold lover we have a counterpoise in the following:—‘Will you have the kindness to say which is likely to be most endurable as a husband to a lady some years their junior, a widower of forty with two children, or a bachelor of forty who says he has none? and can you tell me why their manner of wooing is so different to that of younger gentlemen? to me it appears such a fierce sort of courting, and almost frightens me, although I am half inclined to be attached to one of them.’ This lady signs herself ‘Yours affectionately,’ and the correspondents generally seem to feel themselves intimate acquaintances of the Editor.

Fierce
Wooers.

A Skeleton,

‘My father is a man of high standing in the government and in society, and I am his only daughter. I am about to be married to a nobleman, of whose affection for myself alone I am certain. But (dare I say it?) on leaving the opera the other evening followed by him, I was made too fully aware by a wretched creature in the street that her first misfortune was attributable to him. You cannot imagine my misery since that evening. I returned home at once, without attending the réunion at which I was due, feigning indisposition as my excuse. I have not mentioned to anyone my

too well-founded suspicions, for I have no mother, no adviser. I said a few kind words to the girl as I passed her, pretending not to understand her language or agitation at the sight of my lover, but on our return from Sydenham on Saturday a bunch of flowers was thrown into my carriage by a woman who disappeared among the crowd. I called to the footman to stop the postillions, but my lord prevented his doing so, and his visible agitation told me too well that he guessed who it was. Pray tell me, ought I to break off this alliance? Am I to break his heart and my own by a separation that would kill us both? Or shall I *risk* my happiness and marry him, in *hopes* of reforming him afterwards. Advise me, Sir, for I am sorely perplexed. I would give up everything I possess—beauty, rank, fortune—for the peace of mind I had before that night. . . .—An Earl's Daughter.' To this, a comedy may well succeed, the hero being naturally 'an Irishman.' 'Some time since I became acquainted with a gentleman and his family, consisting of his wife and three blooming young ladies, daughters, the eldest of whom is thirty-five years of age, the second thirty, and the youngest and most beautiful of the three is only twenty-five. I visited at his house for upwards of twelve months, during which time I did not, in presence of the family, show a preference for any of the ladies in particular, but secretly and every time I had an opportunity I did not fail to let the youngest know that she possessed my affections, and that I really loved her, a declaration which she appeared well pleased with, but told me privately if it came to her father's or eldest sister's ears that it was she I was seeking for a wife, I would at once be forbidden to visit, or have any communication with any person in her father's house. I was completely puzzled when I heard this announcement, to think that members of the same family could envy one another a step in the ascendant. It appears that the eldest young lady and her father are agreed not to allow either of the younger ladies get married before the eldest—

this began and has been carried on between them for the last ten years, during which time the eldest has not received one single offer—the second during this time could have been married ten times, and I am the seventh suitor who sought the hand of my lady-love. All of these have been peremptorily dismissed, and told that neither of the younger ladies would be allowed to marry, and some of them were informed if they had chosen the eldest they would have received consent, but this they would not do, and she still remains single,—the old gentleman and herself being as united as they were ten years since as to the mode of disposing of gentlemen seeking the younger ladies. This conduct carried on so long towards them has, I think, raised a spirit of rebellion in their hearts towards the authors of these decrees, and I think if I now persevered in my suit she would consent to elope with me, leaving them to get the eldest lady off their hands as best they can. But before I would consent to this, I determined to consult you, Mr. Editor, as to the most honourable course I could pursue under the trying circumstances. The only impediment in keeping me from receiving the consent of the father to our union is the eldest sister; and if I thought any unfortunate fellow would take her off, I would wait a few months longer. If I get the father's consent I shall receive with her a fortune of £800; but I would not mind this if I found that it would be the means of keeping us from being united.' We hope the daughter did not inherit the father's imbecility!

Misplaced and 'contrairy' affection is frequently a cause of correspondence. 'You mention, in answer to a correspondent, that love could by a lady be removed from one object to another. Now I don't—like your Crimean friend—wish to ask you to select me a wife—I have done that; but my choice has unfortunately fallen on one who loves another, but believes that other does not love her. She has no objection to my person or position, but has told me that she cannot love me—yet she allows me to pay her attentions which I am

See p. 249.

Unrequited
affection.

ashamed to own I cannot help paying her. I have some misgiving as to my conduct being regulated by the rules of good-breeding, and would esteem it a favour if you would advise me to hope on, or desist as much as possible, lest I cause a feeling of disgust.'

This is how a lady states a similar case :—

'I am acquainted with a young gentleman who often calls on us, but never stays longer than two or three hours, although he lives but a short distance from us. Now I feel I *love him*, and am always miserable when he has left. I have often met him at parties, and certainly he has been very attentive to me, but has never given me any reason to believe he loves me. Now, dear Sir, what I want to ask you is, how I can recall my love from this young man? Oh that I had never seen him.'

Unrequited
affection.

But some ladies were even then more strong-minded, and would not recall or try to recall their misplaced passion, thus :—

'About three months ago I was introduced to a lady whose age is 19, of rather dark complexion, and decidedly beautiful—her situation in life is such that she has often to speak and move in the society of young men—her attractions being thus exposed, she is much open to address from many admirers ; this, with the recent loss of her parents, and the rather unsatisfactory state of her pecuniary affairs, places her beyond doubt in a position of some little danger. In our conversation she told me she had no friend in whom she could confide, and was almost desponding amidst the difficulties with which she had to contend. My sympathy was awakened, and I promised to be a friend to her, to help her. I was so : the result is that there is not only a material change in her general conduct, but that she has openly declared a passionate love for me ; and though I have never spoken one word to her of this nature, but have at times behaved even unkindly, yet she persists in an effusion of a most distracted passion, to declare that she will yet win me in spite of what

I can either do or say. Pray, Mr. Editor, what can I do in this case. I have told her fifty times I can never love her, but it's of no use; she says she will either destroy herself or conquer.'

Of course the properly constituted female mind of the time did not love until it was asked to do so:

'My best friend and I agree upon almost every subject but one; now this is about a young gentleman, who pays his addresses rather more pointedly to me than he does to my friend; now she is always saying something about him, but I don't answer her, and by doing so she says I am in love with him, and says it is shocking of me loving without being asked to do so, and I would rather do anything than lower myself in her esteem, and I say such is not the case, and she says it is, and then we get angry with each other; and I have spoken the gentleman very coldly ever since, and he is astonished and will quarrel with me soon I am sure, as I don't know what to do.'

Here is a still more delicate situation:—

'Last summer I was in the habit of going out rather frequently with a gentleman of my acquaintance, though never without a third party—who by the by it was quite optional on my part whether I took or not—but I preferred doing so. He never *in words* gave me reason to suppose he had a preference for me, nor had I the vanity to think so, but it was set down by our friends as a decided match, the friendly intercourse subsisted for some months, and then somehow we became cool to each other, and without a word on either side the intimacy entirely ceased. This occurred last autumn, and until the other day we have never exchanged a word or a bow, though we have several times seen each other at a distance. About a week since, when walking with a lady and gentleman, he came up to us, shook hands, and offering me his arm in a way which I could not decline, he saw me home just as he used to do, but without a word of explanation for his singular conduct. I did not allude to

it—he acted as though he had seen me only the week before. What am I to think of this, and how act ?

The following increases in refinement of situation and difficulty of solution :—

‘Do you think it correct to correspond with a gentleman for friendship’s sake, knowing at the same time he writes to two other young ladies. I should always enjoy his correspondence, as it is so sensible and devoid of nonsense, which your sex are so fond of dosing us with. I regard him in the light of a brother, but I see it has a contrary effect on one of his writers (a particular friend of mine)—having ripened into *love*, it may destroy her peace of mind. Would it be right to acquaint him of this (as he say he regards us both in the same light as *sisters*, I look on him as a kind brother). If I told him the state of affairs he might imagine I had some motive on my own part, which I assure you is not the case, or ever will be. I have my friend’s happiness in view, and it is essential to me ; they are calculated for each other, but *he* is blind : from my earliest years we have shared each other’s joys and woes, and if I could contribute to her happiness I would gladly do so. I am perplexed in this case. Sometimes I think I will write him no more—I have hinted so, when he tells me “there is great good derivable, as it enlarges the mind, and it is good to scatter the strange and dusky spots which will crowd into the mind.” It may not be correct for me to write, but I do so to keep my friend in countenance, and have no other thought in view. He is a young man of fine feeling, very sensitive, tall, and dark hair and eyes, and strikingly handsome, but his face is nothing compared to his superior and lofty mind—he is not an every-day character, and mixes little in society, and cares not for the world.’ And yet the very Scotch name that ends this epistle has not been enslaved by this paragon !

Cupid’s arrows fly around with absolute disregard—here is another shaft gone hopelessly astray. A young gentleman has been staying at a friend’s house for a *month*. Our

families exchanged visits, and I met him frequently during that time—the time was fixed for his return home—three times did he defer it on some trivial excuse, and from different occurrences, unimportant in themselves, I was led to believe that I was the cause of his delay. You must not think me presumptuous in coming to such a conclusion. I was not the only one who thought so. At last he really was going away, and a party of us were walking in the dusk of the day round the garden. We were separated from the others—I was teasing him about this attraction (for he had confessed to me that there was an attraction), and suggested every lady I knew, likely and unlikely—I pressed him to tell me who it was. At last he said, *It is you!* I told him it was all nonsense, but he convinced me there was more in it than I had ever dreamed of. I was beginning to tell him how sorry I was, when my brother called me, and I was *obliged* to leave off before I had half explained. I left home on a visit—just writing him a tiny note telling him it was all fancy on his part, and not to think any more about it. But it seems he does, and she is troubled as to whether she acted wisely in pressing him to declare himself that she might check him in time, accusing herself of lack of maidenly modesty, &c. How is she to behave when he returns?

Now follows a droll question, as an interlude :

‘I am a young lady 18 years of age, of the middle height, with light brown hair and blue eyes, with a bright complexion and good features, of a very lively temper and manner, fond of society, and generally beloved by my companions of my own sex ; but there is one thing that puzzles me, which is, that all the old gentlemen who happen to meet with me take a great fancy for me and pay me great attention, and profess themselves my sincere friends, but the young ones, though very agreeable, do not seem to think of me one moment after they leave my society. Now, dear Mr. Editor, I should very much like to know the reason of this.’ Even thus early, correspondents sought his aid in

procuring partners in life ; but he did not jump at the idea of a matrimonial agency,—he saw too much unhappiness in the correspondence he received to be anxious to add thereto.

The writers are generally those who are well-to-do, but have no entry into society. One who will soon have a £1000 a year, as an engineer, after describing himself, adds—

‘To guide you in the work of love—it would be desirable <sup>Wanted—
a wife.</sup> that the lady be of from 17 to 22 years of age, of moderate stature—having a good head of hair, and wearing it plain in front—with or without fortune—one who is musical—fond of flowers—fond of animals, and kind to them—fond of fancy needlework or drawing—fond of our cathedral services—conceiving that one answering these qualifications must be good. To such a one I offer hand, heart, purse, and a life of devotion, with ready obedience to all her desires.’

Another of the same says—‘I am a naval officer, have <sup>Wanted—
a wife.</sup> been through all the hardships of the late war, have been wounded three times (although, thank God, I am not a cripple) by our enemies’ missiles while fighting in the trenches before Sevastopol, where, thanks to you, many a tedious and *starving* hour has been beguiled by perusing the *Family Herald*. I am five feet ten and a half in height, dark complexion, and although I say it myself, Mr. Editor, I believe Dame Nature took a little pains when she made me : although I am not handsome in face, yet my figure is good, and I think I should *rank before* a man with a *pretty face*. By the by, I almost forgot to tell you my age—I am 26 years old ; and if you will kindly assist me to get a suitable wife, in fact one who *loves* a sailor, you will oblige me, who is a constant reader of the *F.H.*, and if I should have one of your choosing *we* will teach our little ones to lisp your name, and even consider themselves indebted (for their being) to the Editor of the *Family Herald*.’ The above is too ridiculous, and yet its *bona fides* seems undoubted.

If those on the threshold of marriage, or desiring to enter, wrote much to him, those who had already entered poured

out their complaints in an apparently fairly-balanced proportion between the sexes.

A cross
husband.

'Of all the useful domestic receipts in your valuable miscellany I do not find one for the cure of a cross husband, and really, Mr. Editor, I have one who will look as black as thunder without any cause in the world—or, at most, for some slight neglect or forgetfulness, quite insufficient to provoke a reasonable man—but then my husband is *not* a reasonable man—so do tell me how I can reduce him to that desirable condition, and in return you shall have the lady's best wishes for a perfect wife !

While this lady has too much spice in her life, some have too little it seems.

Husband
won't
quarrel.

'I am a young woman twenty-three years of age, and have been married a twelvemonth—my husband and myself have never quarrelled—I have often heard that those who do quarrel sometimes are happier when they make it up. I do not mean to say that I am unhappy, but still I could be happier. Now do, dear Mr. Editor, give me your advice—if I ever wish to have words with my husband, it's no use for me to think of such a thing, for he will not quarrel with me—but directly he sees me anyway out of temper he leaves me, and does not see me again until he thinks I have recovered my good-temper. My friends tell me I have a very provoking husband, and that if we were to fall out sometimes we should be happier together.'

A sad story of domestic happiness ruined by a mother-in-law, who eventually drives the poor wife from her home, is too long to give. But as we gave a woman's plaint last, we will give a male creature's wail now :—

'I am a married man, and have a nice little wife—a perfect pattern for neatness, cleanliness, and "arrangement,"—in fact, a domestic ornament of her little suburban villa, which is a miniature palace. "What a happy little man (I *am* a little man) you must be !" I hear you exclaim. Alas, no ! my wife is jealous ! Jealous ? Aye, there's the rub !

So long as I and my lady can play Darby and Joan together, *and never admit a single visitor* during summer and winter, we continue to jog along *tolerably* smooth. But should any female acquaintance drop in *par hazard*, or should we chance to meet such in our walks (for we *do* occasionally walk out together), then there is fuel enough supplied for a blazing fire, which is rarely extinguished in less than a fortnight, only to be again speedily rekindled. I have briefly summed up my case—one, perhaps, of many thousand other similar cases! I will only add that I have been married sixteen years, and that, although I am a man of a remarkably mild and peaceable disposition, a pretty life I have had of it!

After bundles of such, how could the Editor reply to the following intelligent epistle—‘From your humble servant in the kitchen.’ ‘Will you have the kindness to inform me your opinion concerning married ladies and gentlemen, whether they love one another as much when they are not tormented with any of those plaguing things denominated children,—or does that increase their love? I have been told that it does, but I cannot see what difference it can make. I have a brother and sister married, neither have any family, and yet they live to all appearance very devoted to their respected spouses. Now do you think that it is nothing more than a platonic affection that these seemingly loving couples entertain for each other? Do you think that a married life without children is consistent with a true, devoted, and passionate love? My above-mentioned relatives appear to have such a love, and yet I doubt the reality of it: you will think me incredulous perhaps, but married life is often so deceitful in appearances that I cannot help doubting, it seems so charming and happy to the eye of the world, where perhaps in reality it is hatred and disgust. I am shortly to be married myself, and I have a very great dread lest the partner I have chosen for life should not always entertain as warm an affection for me as

at present. I fear that married people after a few years cease to love each other, and become tired of one another: if such is the case, I would rather resign myself to a life of celibacy than to live unloved and uncared for, or unloving and uncaring, and with a vacant heart, pursuing the dreary routine of life. The only way to give such a life a zest would be reading the *Family Herald*, that charming, spell-binding, time-stealing periodical, and writing to its ever obliging and fascinating Editor. Since you pretend to know so well to which sex your correspondents belong by their handwriting, I should very much like to exercise your judgment in this instance—to which do I belong, to the hard or the soft? Although on the whole the letters to the Editor are full of the tragedy of life, there are occasional gleams of fun, as when Mary B— asks the Editor to kindly say ‘how many cows’ tails will reach the moon, supposing each tail to be three feet in length?’ or when ‘Clara’ asks his opinion on the following—‘Having a great attachment to a young man, I am annoyed by three wrinkles on his brow, which appear at every slight movement of the face. He says it betokens intellect, and is a musical index to the mind, as well also noble and prepossessing.’ Poor Clara is not one of the strong-minded; but such there are however:

Wrinkles on
brow.

‘Your correspondent “Jane Annie” need not fear that she will be like no one else if she persevere in the discontinuance of stays, for I have long since discontinued them, and I think it will be a long time before I take to them again. I have been obliged to dispense with peaks to my dresses, as I could not make them sit straight—every time I moved they rose up into frightful wrinkles, and now I wear round waists, with a band and buckle.’

Stays, 1849.

‘Annie’ writes from Peckham in 1856—‘For several years have been anxious that some method should be adopted to prevent the ill effects of the dead upon the living. When Lord Palmerston ordered the graveyards to be closed I hoped it would answer the purpose, but I found by the

papers that it is not so, and that many parishes suffer dreadfully. Why should there not be a law to oblige people to burn their dead, and put their ashes in urns, as in ancient times? Or if the people object to that, why not oblige them to put quicklime in every coffin, or any other means that would quickly destroy the body? Surely they must be ignorant and selfish who would wish the living to suffer merely that their bodies might remain a little longer unconsumed in the ground. And would it not be good to cover all the graveyards with quicklime or bruised charcoal?' Cremation
1856.

Another female protests against valentines! 'Gertrude Louie thinks it most wicked to spend money on a rubbishing sheet of poetry, which is no more valued by the receiver than the party who sends.' A trifling present with a motto or a few lines in the writing of any individual who wishes to make use of the time allotted to timorous swains, would, in Gertrude Louie's opinion, be far preferable. They are not treasured, but sent off to some one else, she declares. Valentines.

Scotland was not alone in her stern view of the Sunday in those days, for even in 1856 a Northumbrian writes complaining of being remonstrated with for reading the *Family Herald* on Sunday, and asking if he really breaks the fourth commandment by so doing? This from Newcastle, too!

On the Temperance question numerous correspondents consider he is 'no sound.'

'I have read nearly every line of your *Herald* for years, and you are my *beau ideal* of concise reasoning and essay-writing, but on this Temperance subject you are to me painful, not that you differ from me, but that you should commit so great and plentiful blunders on a subject so generally understood by the lowest operatives in the kingdom. I am not in a position to send you a quantity of books on this subject with the hope of a chance of your reading a line or two, but there are two I should be delighted to send you if I

knew you would read them—"The Alliance Prize Essay" and "Physiology of Intemperance." Say you will, and add another pleasure to your warm admirer and useful recommender or canvasser.'

One lady is anxious and persistent as to *style*:

'May I trouble you a little further. I do not quite understand. You say it may be cultivated, but I hardly know *what* to strive for. Will the doing everything with as much *grace* as possible give it. It seems to me that *quiet, gentle* women seldom have as much style as the more forward ones. I hope you will set me right in my ideas. Is it possible for a gentle, quiet-mannered girl to acquire as much style as others? It seems to me to be one of the most desirable *externals* a woman can possess. The want of it is severely noticed by *men*; this I know from remarks I have heard passed. The aristocracy have usually a great deal of style: why should they have it more than other people, unless it is that they pay more attention to the subject. I fancy style partly consists in moving gracefully, without the least stiffness; but I don't know, as I before said, what to strive for, and I long to be set right in my ideas on the subject. I wish there were teachers of style just as there are teachers of drawing and music. I have a notion that I should now acquire it if some one would just put me in the way of it.'

Romances are plentiful amongst the correspondence, but generally too long to quote. The following is a short example:—

'When I first became conscious of existence I found myself in a boarding-school at Hammersmith. My school-fellows were the sons of persons moving in spheres of life one or two steps only below the highest. I remained, vacation and all, at this school until I was 13 years old, and during this period I was accustomed to write to a gentleman in the country, whom I had been taught to address as "My dear Guardian." When I left school I was entered as a midshipman in the Royal Navy, and until I went on board

I resided in the house of Captain, now Admiral Sir H. P——, G.C.B. While I was a midshipman my allowance from my guardian was much beyond what is usual ; and when I became mate, my outfits and other expenses were met by cheques which I drew upon Messrs. R. & Co., London—amounting in some instances to £400 or £500, which were always honoured. When on shore, in England, I stayed at the house of my guardian, and visited, upon equal terms, the neighbouring gentry, among the rest Mr. now General P. Always receiving whatever money I wanted, and being chiefly afloat, I never troubled myself to enquire who I was, fully believing my guardian would in due time make to me the necessary disclosures. About five years ago he died, as it is said, intestate, without informing me further respecting my parentage. His two sisters, one unmarried, the other long a widow, without children, now inherit the property. I have written to them, but they refuse to afford me the smallest clue to my parentage ; yet not twelve months ago they remitted me £300, and six months ago £70. Now they refuse to remit, *without assigning any reason*. A short time ago a lady, the daughter of a person who knew me and all the parties concerned, wrote to me of her own accord, stating that her father, on his deathbed, had begged her to communicate to me his dying testimony, which was to the effect that “*the property now held by the two sisters belonged to me.*”

A descendant of John of Ghent and the De Montmorencys tells a long and sad story of devotion on her part, and cruel treatment on the part of her wealthy relatives, more especially a rich sister, who leaves her to struggle to support her aged father and sick brother. She asks a question which we fear could not then be answered satisfactorily, but which happily is not so hopeless to-day. ‘Can you tell me if there is any institution, society, or company of good charitable people in London, England, or elsewhere, who would be likely to purchase from me a

quantity of pretty, useful (and many of them very elegant) dresses, pinafores, blouses, &c. &c. for children? They are of all sizes and materials, and everybody who has seen them declares that nothing can be neater or better than the work and style.' She explains they are all 'the produce of my own hard labour,' and continues—'As I have mentioned that I have many relations in the higher ranks of life, it might occur to you, Sir, that I ought to apply to them for advice and assistance. First remember how few there are among the great who like to be *dunned*, or reminded of their poor, reduced relations! Both my father's and mother's friends have often been very kind and generous to them, and they exerted themselves to procure military and foreign appointments for my numerous brothers, and continually pushed them on in their professions by their interest. This is quite as much as poor people can expect from their noble kinsfolk. Moreover, since my sister's wealthy marriage our friends take it for granted that she is kind to, and careful of, her father and poorer sister.'

No wonder, with such letters in crowds, the Editor holds it is neither law nor gospel, but human nature that requires amendment, and the gospel of universal charity for this world and the next the only living principle.

A well written, badly spelled letter, received just at the time of his death in 1857, would have pained him deeply; and as it gives a curious insight into local social conditions from one point of view, may be even now of public utility as well as of historical interest.

Morality of
Factory
Village.

'I was at a lecture a short time since on the town and neighbourhood in which I reside. It was very interesting and instructive, but in speaking on the morality of our village I doubt the correctness of this assertion. He said, using his own words—Perhaps those whose judgment has been misled by a zeal without due knowledge upon the subject of the cotton-factory system, and whose minds have been prejudiced against it by false reports, would be startled at the

assertion, now made, that the moral conduct of the population in a well-conducted factory district like this, is of a higher standard than that of the agricultural labourers, and others less favoured with constant employment, and the consequent comfort of a plentiful home. Now, that you may form an idea of the morality of our village, I will give you a few facts. It is a large manufacturing village, containing in 1851 upwards of 10,000 inhabitants; it has three magistrates; two have a number of illegitimate children, the other has not, but cohabits with several women. Two attorneys, one with a number of illegitimate children, the other is more moral. There are ten cotton mills; seven of the masters have illegitimate children, or are in the habit of having dishonourable connection with some of the females under their employ. Thus you see the wanton, licentious, and dissolute habits of our leading men. These corrupt and loose habits diffuse themselves through almost every grade of society in our village. It is no uncommon occurrence for men and women to be living together unmarried, in a state of adultery. Again he asserts, in his own words—'The factory system, like any other which by its regularity keeps the people out of the way of temptation and opportunity to sin, has great advantages in preserving them from evil habits.' The factory system is one in which men, women, and children are all employed in one room together, where all sorts of language is used in the hearing of the children, which they soon learn to use if they did not know before, and they soon carry it to their associates; and this is one way, but not the worst, in which bad morals begin to be diffused; but the worst feature I believe is in men's wages being so little that they are not able to keep their wives at home to look after the family duties, hence it devolves upon one woman to cook for several families, or perhaps, where there are several children, they will get some old woman, that has nothing to rely upon, and got too old to get a living in factory, to keep house for them, or, which is not unfrequently the case, that the oldest child has to do the

duties of housekeeper in absence of their mother, which are but very imperfectly performed; and this home, that ought to be a place of rest and quietness, is rendered a place of turmoil and labour after the work at the factory is over: this in a great many instances drives the husband to the public-house, instead of attending to the more important duty of training his children. Again he says—‘The work required is not laborious, employment is regular, every one is duly paid what he earns, in the current coin, with the utmost punctuality.’ The work perhaps is not of that heavy description that the agricultural labourer has to do, but the factory operative has a certain quantity of work to perform, or they must give up their place (though they are only paid according to the work done); the work required is so much that it is impossible to do it without using every exertion they can, from the time they go into the mill to the time they come out, and this very often in an ill-ventilated room, where men have to strip themselves to shirt and drawers, sweating all the day to such a degree that no one would believe except they saw. The masters also require it to be done well: if not done according as they require, they take a portion off the wages that ought to be paid for it, no matter whether the material that they give you to make of be good or not. I know that the operatives are frequently told, when remonstrating over the work being bad when their wages have been taken, that they must produce good work whatever kind of material they had to make it from, and they are not unfrequently at the end of the week with a shilling or two less than they have earned, and in a many instances for things that the master knows as well as them that it is impossible for them to avoid. When we see such a system of defraud carried on by the higher classes, what is too bad to expect from the lower? Yet they say they are compelled, else they would not be able to carry on; yet they are riding in their carriages in princely splendour, and building warehouses and factories like palaces, to outward appearances,

than places to hold the result of the labour of a degraded and overworked population, which are in a many instances less thought of and cared for than the slaves in South America by their employers. If the population of the agricultural districts are more degraded and immoral than in ours, then England must be in a deplorable condition, and our boasted civilisation a farce.

It is to be feared that the conjunction of great wealth with great poverty, whether agricultural or industrial, means invariably an unwholesome and immoral social system, such as James Smith ever fought strenuously to remove.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE 'FAMILY HERALD'—CONTINUED.

8th June
1850.

IN this year (1850), in the full maturity of his intellect, James Smith returns to the love of his early manhood, and gives us an essay on 'Analogy; or, the Universal Science.' It is learned, wise, interesting, and suggestive; but no ordinary public could have read it had they not been educated up to his peculiar standpoint. He concludes thus:—'The great difficulty of analogical reasoning lies in the reversal of the poles. Thus every male has a female character, and every female a male character; every good has its evil aspect, and every evil its good aspect. The spirit of man is feminine, the spirit of woman masculine. Any attempt to reason well analogically without knowing this will fail; and it forms such a very great difficulty, even when known, that we regard it as the *pons asinorum* of the science.'

Reichenbach's discoveries, once so startling, and now almost forgotten, provide an admirable anti-materialistic subject of illustration, and enables the 'spiritualistic side of materialism,' as we may call it, to be introduced to his public. Every subject only became grist, however, to his *moral mill*. He had the one standard by which to measure everything, as indeed he was bound to do under his system of Universal Analogy. It is thus that, although looking upon Shakespeare as a poet of genius, he attacks 'Shakespearean Idolatry.' It is not so much therefore as a literary critic, but as a moralist, that he views our great dramatist. This premised, we can scarcely object to much of his criticism, 'Shakespeare has genius without elevation. He is the idol of the wag, the droll, the buffoon, the wit, the

humourist, the passional poet, and rhetorician. The age that elevated him is such an age, and the people that worship him are such a people. Great as England is, and greater as she thinks herself, she never soars aloft, but always contents herself with a middle flight. . . . It was not he that succeeded, it was the age. . . . And yet the national drama will never be reformed and regenerated until the name of Shakespeare be eclipsed by a greater and purer. Shakespeare's name is up, but his plays are not suited to the present feelings of society. We frankly confess that in general they are too much for our feelings. We have never witnessed *Othello* without the strongest abhorrence. *There is not a beautiful moral character in the piece.* Even Desdemona's taste is a moral weakness that we cannot excuse, and the whole piece is a picture of disgusting human depravity. The talent is great that worked up the tragedy; but what of that? It is not sacred—it is not morally beautiful.' Here follows a bit of biography:—'Last time we saw the play performed was at Drury Lane a year ago, and we took two little girls from two separate families along with us. We reproached ourselves during the performance for so doing. We felt uncomfortable, and so did they. We went on purpose to see Laura Addison's natural and impulsive style of performance, without even knowing what piece was announced. But we have no desire ever to see the play performed again. We cannot even read it without repugnance. There are thousands multiplied by thousands that feel as we do. Such plays are not adapted for an age of refinement. . . . And therefore, in our opinion, what is called the decline of the drama is one of the hopeful signs of the times,' &c. The *Theatrical Journal* naturally took up the cudgels:—'A silly article has lately appeared in the *Family Herald*, a penny publication which circulates widely amongst the middle classes, the object of which appears to be to remove what the writer conceives a prejudice in favour of Shakespeare. We happen to know that the person who

15th Aug.
1850.

has written the matter in question is a man of ability ; otherwise we must have ascribed the article to ignorance and incapacity. We concede that Shakespeare is often gross, we confess we have no sympathy with Milton's theology ; but they are the two greatest poets of England, and when a greater shall arise we shall be glad indeed. With regard to the asserted indifference of Shakespeare to religion, it is perfectly true that he is not sufficiently affirmative. But men who think are continually beset with doubts ; and probably the mind of Shakespeare vacillated frequently. But the true and earnest man will always arrive at faith in the end.' The article is a moderate one, and signed 'B. W.' The best answer to the essay, however, is James Smith's own conduct in freely quoting from Shakespeare at all times, no doubt for the same reason as others, because the universal genius of the dramatist best expressed his thoughts.

28th Sept.
1850.

'The House that Jack Built' is a remarkable essay, that has provoked many similar efforts. It is impossible to summarise it. But it is most stimulative of thought:—'The nursery rhymes are many of them juvenile revelations—oracular traditions—whose origin is lost in the mazes of antiquity, but whose words are preserved in the fond reminiscences of youth, as the sphere of the greatest universality. We suspect that men will have to learn their nursery rhymes again. They have learned the words—the dead letter—they must now learn the meaning. It is high time they must become as little children before they enter the kingdom of the just, and little children all learn the nursery rhymes.' This last is a peculiarly characteristic touch !

19th Oct.
1850.

In 'The Spirit of Condemnation ; or, Incipient Insanity,' we find :—'Faith will often lead to insanity, because faith is not necessarily pure ;' here examples of the 'madness' of faith follow. 'Charity never was guilty of anything of the sort. Charity is calm, mild, reasonable, and incapable of

any outrage or excess whatsoever.' 'Charity is soundness of mind, and the cultivation of charity is mental and intellectual cultivation. It is both the preventive and the cure of madness.' In this spirit 'We hail vegetarianism as we hailed homœopathy as one of the speaking signs of the times —heralds of a coming era; and we have little doubt that the tender spirit which prevails in it will ultimately succeed in its aspirations.' The same tone is markedly visible in 'Great Men: their Dark and Light Sides.' 'It is the law of our planet, which is ever day on one side and night on the other. Why, then, should we hesitate to show the dark side of even our favourites? The truth of the portrait would disarm opposition and tend to promote the reconciliation of parties, who have all been fighting for ages like the two knights before the statue, which was black on the one side and white on the other. They did not discern their mutual mistake till they had disabled each other.'

9th Nov.
1850.30th Nov.
1850.

A series of essays on the 'Little Known World' deals with Eastern manners and knowledge in the most liberal and 'Catholic' spirit, and ushers in one on 'The Approaching Festival of all Nations,' in the editor's happiest style. It commences with a humorous account of Londoners' expectations—shows that a Roman jubilee brought so many to Rome. Giovanni Villani says:—'That not a single day passed in the course of the year that there were not in Rome, besides its inhabitants, 200,000 pilgrims.' We have no zeal to draw upon like a Pope's indulgence; and he asks, pertinently, Will more than a hundred or two come from all Asia, and how many of Russia's 60,000,000 serfs will come? The number, 'supposing it to be even 200,000, will be distributed over six months, and therefore scarcely sufficient to ensure good houses for the season to theatrical managers, or to fill the new foreign and unconsecrated chapels of the Bishop of London.' This is a neat hit, and enables him to note:—'So English-Catholic is the English Church, that its service must not be read in any other language but English in a

3rd May
1851.

consecrated church ;' hence, personally, the absurdity to look upon it as *Catholic* or Universal. Then 'it is a palace of facts—a fact-totum palace—that is all.' That is no doubt something :—'But unless you can deduce a great moral from your palace of facts—unless it embrace a moral, or a series of morals—unless there be hope in it for the poor man, as well as entertainment for the rich, if it have no tendency to moral improvement, it is to us, and to all but the prize-gainers, nothing but vanity.' He holds that all our wealth and luxury has done nothing to mitigate the poverty, the filth, the misery of London. The Crystal Palace won't help the problem. 'It is merely a bazaar.' He will not even accept its *promotion* of international friendship and removal of international prejudices. 'Commerce is essentially a combative principle,' and has its own prejudices and antipathies. Yet the Palace is a sign of the times :—'The *expression* of an idea of international communion and friendship. Such utterances, on so large a scale, are voices of no common import ; they are voices from Heaven, which all men hear and all men understand, for they speak the language of all nations.' So that, in itself material, something moral may yet spring from it as a result. He will persist in being the death's-head at the feast, or at least maintaining a righteous standard, flying above the self-satisfied material standard of common-place expediency. Yet why should the moral twaddle of Martin F. Tupper—in his ode, 'England's Welcome to the World'—follow, and rouse our mental antagonism ? Perhaps 'Hatred : its Mission as a Moral Principle' will explain :—'When we all hate the same evils, they will fly before us ; but when one loves one evil and another hates it, the world will wag on as heretofore—a scene of conflicting elements.' And the world of self-complacent England loved—or thought it proper to love—the moral twaddle of Tupper.

7th June
1861.

20th Sept.
1861.

Under 'Right and Wrong : Is there a Standard of Rectitude ?' there is a merciless criticism of Newman :—'This

man's ideas of right and wrong remind us of those of a conjuror, who, if he omit one word, letter, or sign of the mysterious incantation, destroys the spell, and the spirits refuse to come.' Smith is not under the glamour of Newman's name, like the multitude who joined in his sanctification at his death. He examines him in the light of his own *Catholic* doctrine, especially his '*Difficulties of Anglicanism*'—*intended to puzzle the English*. 'With him it matters not what a Catholic does; it is always better of its kind than what is done by a Protestant. If he swears, it is better swearing; if he swears falsely, it is for a better purpose; if he riots in drunkenness or debauchery of any kind, the element of faith in the invisible world is always preserved in it. . . . He has laughed at priests, and formed rash judgments of them, and slandered them to others; but not as doubting the divinity of their functions and the virtue of their ministration, &c. So that when the news comes to him that he is to die, and he cannot get a priest, and the ray of God's grace pierces his heart, and he yearns after him whom he has neglected, it is with no inarticulate, confused emotion, which does but oppress him, and which has no means of relief. His thoughts at once take shape and order; they mount up, each in its due place, to the great objects of faith, which are as surely in his mind as they are in heaven.' So far Newman; then follows the comparison with the Protestant sinner, with the observation, 'How different is it with the Catholic!' 'And,' adds Smith, 'how different is the hobby of a priest from that of a layman, and the hobby of a sectarian from that of true charity! The man who sees himself and party right, and all other men wrong, only worships himself; and in worshipping himself he blinds himself to every light that exposes a feebleness in his cause. . . . Father Newman's reasoning is excellent for Thugs and all the Oriental tribes of devotees. They also know what to do. They also have the holy images in the places of sin. . . . Newman's description of his own

religion parallels precisely with that of Paganism.' With all his learning, Newman was a sectarian bigot, and could have no interest for Smith except as a study.

1st Nov.
1851.

In 'Sorrow: what is the use of it?' while appreciating the value of sorrow, he shows he is no ascetic:—'Even sorrow itself goes in search of joy, the standard of existence which alone hath the open countenance that constitutes the symbol of life and immortality.'

8th Nov.
1851.

The manner in which the 'progressive woman' of that day sought 'joy' is here shown in two portraits of Mrs. Bloomer, from a daguerrotype, with an appreciative article from the *Medical Times*. If severe upon dogmatic Catholicism, he did not spare Protestantism. 'Scotland and the Scotch'—he has been revisiting the home of his youth at this time—calls forth a severe criticism upon his countrymen:—'The signs of Antichrist are distributed amongst the Churches. Rome has some of them, England has others, and Scotland others. Scotland is perhaps the most religious country in the world. The religious excitement is very great. But this religion is evidently not the religion of charity, but only of faith. Charity there is none. ?'

The modern revival of 'superstition' does not disturb him. 'It is one of the great characteristics of humanity. No beast, bird, or fish is superstitious. Moreover, all great minds, all poetical, imaginative, and world-governing minds, are imbued with feelings akin to the superstitious.' He wishes to know what alarmists are afraid of:—'Would it not be very pleasant to enter into social correspondence with all the dead? Would it not even destroy death? And if it be all a delusion, what is there to fear?' This spiritual courage, if we may so call it, is the special characteristic of James Smith's mind. He looks all difficulties boldly in the face, and seeks not to delude himself or others. In the same spirit he treats of 'drunkenness,' 'the vice of all ages.' He does not lose his head over the subject, or expect

17th Apr.
1852.

salvation through coffee-houses. '. . . . All men may rise to moral respectability and personal and domestic comfort; and it is quite as possible to accomplish this end by sociality as by solitary reading and hobby-riding. The evil of public-house clubs is that they lead to drinking; but then the coffee-room or reading-room is not in all cases a satisfactory substitute for the public-house. The character of the public-house is conversational, and there is no real equivalent for it in this respect in society.'

What an antiquated look the title of this essay has:—'Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister.' The whole story is rationally discussed here by a Biblical scholar, who is yet not bound by the letter of the Bible:—'Even the law of Moses does not forbid marriage with a deceased wife's sister. A woman married two brothers, but the blood relationship was the same in both, and the second husband was no nearer akin than the first.' According to circumstances, such as children, it was inexpedient, and not enjoined for the brother to marry his brother's widow; but it is 'not a divine law, but a law of expediency, to be finally settled by public opinion. The question is at present before the public, and we hope that the blot on our statute-book, which since 1835 has forbidden such marriages, will ere long be removed. It is quite impossible that the law can stand, for it is already condemned by the feelings of mankind. All nations and all religions approve of such marriages. There is evidently no prohibition of such marriages to be found in the Bible. What plausible pretext is now left for the law of 1835?' 8th May
1852.

In two considerate papers on 'Juvenile Delinquency' the question is fairly stated:—'A jail is merely a place of punishment, or, as Mary Carpenter says, "an infirmary in which all diseases are treated alike;" and when the term has expired, the little culprits all come out transformed, not into well-doing boys, but into jail-birds. They have now taken their first degree, and are criminals by profession. The

other degrees follow in their course.' Elsewhere we find :—
 'Sir Robert Peel used to say that the protection of property was the principal object of government—a most infamous principle, in the realisation of which a boy is imprisoned or transported for stealing a bit of bread, and the gentleman is fined 10s., £1, or at most £5 for disgracefully insulting a young woman in the street. But the result of the whole, the sum-total of our policy, is seen in the fact that the poor of the United Kingdom of England, Ireland, and Scotland are the most deplorable creatures in Christian civilisation, the wonder of foreigners, and the shame of Englishmen.'

13th Sept.
1852.

11th Dec.
1852.

Such essays as that on 'Graphiology; or the Art of determining Character by Handwriting,' always supplies plentiful illustrations, and little experiences. 'Phrenology tells you vaguely the capabilities of a man—physiognomy, also vaguely, the use he had made of these capabilities. We see no more difficulty in graphiology, and we have little doubt that in innumerable instances the character is read with equal precision. The foot, moreover, would tell the character as well as the head or the hand. Lady Hester Stanhope used to study the feet in a particular manner.' It could scarcely be expected that one who was essentially an artist could feel any great regard for 'Quakerism; or, Simplicity in Dress and Manners.' He alludes to their lack of pleasurable excitement and consequent atrophy, and quotes the statement that one-half of them die of stupidity, actually and literally, from want of exercise and nervous excitement. 'Quakerism has borne a valuable testimony against the vices and corruptions of society, and borne it also with a martyr spirit; but this is the utmost stretch of its commission.'

9th Apr.
1853.

This 'stupidity' from want of nervous excitement appealed to Smith! He did not believe in 'juvenile precocity.' *Jack and the Bean Stalk* had far more truth in it to children than the *Antipodes*, and it was 'infinitely more attractive

and instructive. There is heart in it. There are *interest, feeling, sympathy, fear, and intense excitement*; all calculated to awake and develop the moral character. Remember that hasty growths are weakening to plants and animals, and the strongest and the most enduring are always those who slowly develop themselves. Even the superior strength of man to woman is, doubtless, owing to his later efflorescence. The time for supply is the time of demand. It is injudicious to anticipate the demand by urging the supply on an unwilling mind.' Humanity, indeed, was to him a much larger and more important subject than intellect pure and simple.

This is apparent in the subjects he chooses for his essays. He is full of the poetry of history. The other day the Jews appealed to Lord Salisbury to intercede with the Turk for them to find a place in Palestine. This, too, is an old story! '*Jews and Greeks—their probable Restoration*' tells of an association in London to promote the colonisation of Palestine by agricultural Jews:—'Of all the natives of the world, the Jews and the Greeks have done the most for civilisation. They gave it birth; they are its two parents—its father and its mother. The soul of civilisation, at least, is derived from them. Religion on the one hand, and literature on the other, still look back to these two sacred fountains of thought with the reverence of posterity to ancestral greatness. It is a singular and a memorable fact that both Jews and Greeks, those two desolated and yet preserved parents of civilisation, are now actively bent on the renewal of their strength, and the restoration of their nationality, by means of the leading spirit of the times—the spirit of commerce and finance.' Hebraist and Grecian as he is, he turns fondly to the founts of his own early inspiration. It will interest some to learn that 'Mechanics' Institutions may be said to have derived their birth from Scotland, in the Andersonian Institution in Glasgow. Dr Birkbeck, Professor of that institution, in the beginning of

30th Apr.
1853.

the present century, proposed to the trustees to give lectures to mechanics on Natural Philosophy. He was laughed at, of course, but he persisted. His first lecture was attended by 75 workmen, and the fourth by 500. At the end of the course they presented the Doctor with a handsome silver cup. From that moment the cause of popular scientific education prospered, but it was not till twenty years afterwards—in 1823—that Dr Birkbeck, who removed to London in 1804, succeeded in commencing the movement which has at length established Mechanics' Institutions all over the country.'

Mr J. C. Robertson, the editor of *Mechanics' Magazine*, devised them. But he objects to the name as narrow and sectarian, and they are destitute of the prudence in management 'which arises from the antagonism of classes!' While by no means averse to even a medical faculty of women, the editor would give little regard to the would-be masculine woman of the present day, seeking to ape their rude brothers and show their *independence*.—'The elevation of woman, therefore, so much discoursed of in modern times, and for the promotion of which a league has been formed in the great metropolis, can only be effected by first discovering and then by cultivating the real feminine sphere of industry ordained by Nature. Woman can never be elevated by becoming more masculine, nor man by becoming more feminine. The tendency of civilisation is rather to increase than diminish the difference of sex, and the perfect happiness of society coincides with the perfect separation of male and female employments. This entire separation will make woman more womanly, and man more manly; and not only endear one sex more to the other, but make them essentially indispensable, in all the relationships of life, to each other's happiness.' How otherwise, unless woman were 'more womanly,' could he look to them for aid, as he always did, in the cause of moral reform?

28th May
1853.

9th July
1853.

'Arbitrary Rewards of Labour' supplies a number of

instances of the treatment of the clergy of all denominations, that may well be historical some day. No wonder he asks: 'Was ever any man rewarded for labour? Reward is a nickname—there is no such thing in the world. No man is, or ever can be, rewarded by another. At the best, he makes only a bargain with him.'

Great ingenuity is exercised in always returning to this moral centre of his system. In an able resumé of 'The Elements of Nature' he concludes:—'The imponderable elements seem to be a medium between the material or ponderable elements and mind; and thus we rise through a regular scale of being, from the solid metallic bases up through earths, liquids, gases, electrical or imponderable elements, to mind or will, which is the great moving power of Nature, because it is the furthest removed from the solid or material; for as a fluid is more powerful than a solid, and a gas is more powerful than a fluid, and as an electrical agent is more powerful than a gas, so it will be more powerful than an electrical agent, for it subdues and governs all.'

23rd July
1853.

The editor is a sort of moral crusader throughout, whether it be as regards cruelty to animals or to Christians in Turkey.

The war that has now begun in the East, known as the Crimean, gives subjects for many philosophical essays; but he is no Quaker:—'The world will go on fighting until it can find an arbitrator that will have respect for its manifold wants, and who can reconcile its multifold and apparently contrarious principles.'

18th Mar.
1854.

We find in an essay on 'American Liberty' the representation of minorities advanced:—'Even the majority system is beginning to find its discontented opponents in the United States, for they find that by it they nullify their own democratical principles; for if the majority alone be represented, then the minority must be unrepresented.' It is a 'grand experiment,' of which the result cannot be foreseen. But experiments were rife at that particular time:—

27th May
1854.

'Where can you find a greater collection of scoundrels than in London and Paris? and yet, funny to tell, these two cities, with all their hideous exemplifications of the mystery of iniquity, are proposing to civilise and regenerate the East! They cannot do so without introducing their own arts into it; and there can be little doubt that when the day comes that will see the old Moslem advertising in the *Times*, and drawing the attention of travellers to his establishment, he will have lost at least one-half of his honesty by civilising it. But we must go on with our civilisation; there is no retreat. It is better to go out of the bog on the other side than to keep out of it on this.'

10th June
1854.

What 'civilisation' is becoming is instanced in an essay on 'Railway Life,' and the changes it is producing in character and habits—changes which must have become greatly accentuated since that date. His *dictum* upon the Royal Academy Exhibition comes in not only as a labour of love, but as educational for his readers. Then, as now; 'With few exceptions, the unhonoured, untitled, unknighthed, and unspurred are the most attractive in their works.' He alludes to the general complaint that the academicians get the best places: 'Of this no man can reasonably doubt when he sees that they alone have their names in capital letters in the catalogue.'

16th July
1854.

There is nothing too simple for him to neglect. The geological islands of the Crystal Palace, with their extinct animals, point a moral:—'When we perceive no other degeneration than that of size, in which there is no beauty or value; and when, in opposition to that, we see progress in beauty of shape, in intelligence and feeling, we have reason to rejoice for the final destination of the world we live in.'

25th Nov.
1854.

One of the most sympathetic essays is upon Ruskin's address to the Working-Men's College. While acknowledging its truth, he shows its weakness:—'The Greek architecture is an inspiration in its own sphere, which is lower than the Sacred or Gothic. No man can write it

down. It will crush him if he attempt it; but he may lower its status, and place it in its proper position.' He does not seem acquainted with the perhaps juster modern view, that Gothic buildings are *art*, and not architecture, having neither stability nor security!

'Health and its Ministers' deals with Homœopathy and Allopathy, with the prejudices and vested interests of the faculty:—'Some good must come of such controversies, whichever party is right; and if both are right, the excesses of the one may correct those of the other. Homœopathy seems to be acting on allopathy like teetotalism on dram-drinking, moderating and diminishing its unlawful potations; and even those who ridicule and condemn it are unconsciously affected by its powerful remonstrances and well-justified protests against the chemical druggery of the age and the land we live in.' This is still truer to-day.

27th Jan.
1855.

'England's Humiliation' is a severe reproof, in which he pointed to his protest against the boasting of the *Times*, not in a spirit of prophecy, but of 'common-sense,' when the Allies went forth to battle.

He is ever returning to social questions, however, and the great canker in the heart of London brings forth some strange and sad experiences. The fallen and hopeless women of London are a great problem to him—'our missionaries have reason to blush for shame in preaching Christianity to any people. . . . We are palavering with forms; our laws are all artificial, ingenious devices, that never touch the heart—merely wheels of a machine.'

The want of 'promotion' in the army from the ranks was being deeply felt in the Crimea, through the incompetency of the officers; we hope it may not be deeply felt again:—'The exclusion of the poor from rank in the British army is neither generous nor expedient; it is behind the age; it is like the Indian caste system; it is like the old mediæval serf system. Order will regulate itself without such restrictions.' 'It is for this or similar reasons, no doubt, that

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recruiting is at present so unsuccessful, that at a fair of four counties—Caithness, Sutherland, Ross, and Inverness—lasting four days, a recruiting party could procure no more than two recruits.’

28th Apr.
1855.

In regard to the noble galaxy of women who, under Florence Nightingale, went out to walk the hospitals of Skutari as angels of charity to multitudes, he speaks out boldly in their favour:—‘. . . Thousands can appreciate the motives of such women; and those who can are the persons who will ultimately influence society. They have the inspiration that glows, the vestal fire that ever burns, and time, in due course, will realise the hopes of the best, whilst it brands with deserved ignominy the foul insinuations of the base.’ His chivalry was not only real and deep-seated, but always at hand, as was natural to one with a strong faith in a female Messiah.

26th May
1855.

It is a relief to us occasionally when he comes down from his high moral platform and criticises the Art Exhibitions, which he does with confidence. He attacks portraits ‘stuck like a fly on treacle paper.’ ‘Air is sadly wanted, and light is wanted, in almost all portraits; a few lessons from scene-painters would do our portrait-painters much service, for air can be painted, and space can be painted, and a human being can be represented on canvas as in a looking-glass, as well relieved on the one as on the other. And whoever saw himself, in broad daylight, painted on a looking-glass with a dark background, like a wall of treacle, unilluminated, behind him? It is altogether unnatural and impossible.’

23rd June
1855.

The ‘Weakness and Pretensions of Philosophy’ is another wise and humorous essay, in which he acknowledges he would not like to be called a ‘philosopher;’ while in ‘The Labour of Book-Learning,’ compared to world-learning, he writes:—‘We have been trying to do too much with it, and withal we have been wasting men’s bodies, injuring their eyesight, spoiling their health, bleaching their cheeks, compelling them to learn by looking at small black marks on a

piece of white paper, alone by candle-light, what is far better learned in society, and social and even jovial intercourse, by looking at that which will neither tire the eyesight nor make the mouth yawn with languor.'

'Much learning' does not blind him to its non-utility *per se*, and his admiration of scientific specialists is not excessive. He wishes to know the economical uses of flies and other insect torments, and of the suffering they inflict. 'What branch of science is that man distinguished in? Oh, he is great on vermin; he knows their names, describes . . . all . . . the formidable weapons with which they work such incessant mischief, and create such everlasting suffering. Is that all? That's all!' This, however, is only *natural* science, or science 'falsely so-called.' The potato blight he looks upon as *administrative*, and probably in the end a blessing to Ireland. In discussing the Irish question 'from Dublin,' he writes:—'It is subdued, and so is Scotland. One fact alone suffices to illustrate this, and is a type of many other facts. Neither an Irish or a Scotch nobleman has a seat in the House of Lords, nor has an Irish bishop a seat in the House of Lords; they only sit by representatives as commoners do. Moreover, the Scotch Church is not represented in either house. Now, every English lord and every English bishop has a right to sit and make laws for the whole empire. This reveals the spirit of what is called the Union. It is not a proper spirit. It may have been expedient at the time—of that we know nothing, and care nothing; we look to the present. It is not expedient now. . . . And what better mode of wiping them out (these two blots!) than by the institution of an Imperial Parliament for all the empire, colonies included, and the restoration of the national parliaments for those local affairs which are now becoming so embarrassing to the Parliament of Westminster'!!! As for ladies, 'one of the most difficult problems of modern civilisation is the construction of a ladies' pocket, its place, and the mode of access to it.' There

20th Oct.
1855.

An Imperial
Parliament.

Imperial
Federation.

2nd Feb.
1856.

is no prospect of it being solved! His tests for 'progress' are poverty and morality,—how can we stand the tests?

'After all, we cannot help being vastly amused with the ridiculous pretensions of the Western world. It calls itself Christian, as Punch calls himself handsome. There is scarcely a single feature of Christianity to be found in it.'

In summing up an article on 'Peace and its Prospects,' he remarks:—'The Greek element in Turkey fortunately prevents the consolidation of Turkish rule, but that element is favourable to Russia. *Russian prospects are favourable; but the time is postponed, and the policy changed.*' A curious commentary at the end of the Crimean war!

An interesting question is raised on the power of the press, which a Spaniard had declared to be more powerful in despotic countries than in free countries. In such countries it becomes a dictator, in place of a reasoner and distributor of knowledge: 'The press is weak in England; that is, not to be feared, because of its freedom; but it is still weaker and less to be feared in America. . . . The despotism of the press is as dangerous as any other despotism, and therefore it is not a thing to be desired. The press should be free, but the people should be freer. It is the freedom of the public mind that we want. . . . It is not as a dictator that the press becomes a blessing to a people; it is only as a collector of facts, a humble and modest reasoner on facts, and a candid and faithful reporter of both sides or all sides of every question, that it becomes a healthy and invigorating element of social existence.' He is certainly not enamoured of America, or her system, or her manners.

'American Liberty' frequently comes under review: 'When Liberty grows out of Law, it comes out with the old respectful and loyal submission to authority; when Law comes out of Liberty, it comes out with the individual fretfulness that regrets the loss of its old independence of all discipline.' . . . Neither America nor Britain regard moral character. 'Is he rich?—that is the all-important question. The

21st May
1866.

28th June
1866.

Middle Ages worshipped poverty, and canonised the poorest and most deplorable of the saints: we, on the contrary, see no sanctity where there is no wealth, it disappears with rank and the gorgeous vestments of the Church. But one era succeeds another, and another is not far off.'

The question of the 'Marriage of Law and Liberty' is a favourite one with the editor, and he frequently introduces it: 'They are worthless demons apart—devils incarnate—poisonous gases that become salubrious by mixture in due proportion.' From Liberty without Law, as in America and France, all sorts of new evils arise; and under 'Full-dress' he considers that republics bring in rustic taste and rude manners: 'The pistols, however, made their appearance also; and having laid aside the old refinements of social intercourse, men were compelled to resort to violent means of maintaining their personal dignity. Fashion is a substitute for this violence. . . . And it is because women take the lead in it that it has this peaceful influence.'

19th July
1856.

At all times he claims the necessity of private charity—national charity will not suffice. It blesses the giver as much as the receiver, and no man is so rich as to be independent of it.

In an amusing essay on the 'Superior Advantages' of women, he gives the other side of the Women's Rights question, and concludes that *tobacco* was the only enjoyment that women had left an enslaved sex. If so, they have at length taken possession also of this our last refuge!

Returning, in a more sober tone of mind, to 'Women; their Remunerative Employment,' he promulgates the wholesome truth which has not yet come home to the minds of the sex: 'The women, if so disposed, have an immense deal more in their power to better the condition of their own sex than we men have. . . . More profitable female employment is within the patronage of the women themselves than of any government in Christendom.'

18th Oct.
1856.

About this time he has gone on another visit to Scotland,

and expresses a much more cheerful view of its progress: 'On the whole, there is something very hopeful in Scotland, and that too arising chiefly out of the Union. She is less secularised than England.' There is more spiritual, moral, and intellectual element in her.

There is a natural tendency to recur to first principles, and to analyse them, and even to linger upon them, whilst the English bound forward gaily into action. There is a great conservative principle, which may yet simultaneously unite Scotland as one man, to the astonishment even of Popery, which boasts of its unity.' The editor afterwards devotes an entire essay to a comparison between Edinburgh and Rome, the only two ecclesiastical cities of Christendom! He expects the cold North to borrow arts and taste from the South in its religion; while, on the other hand, 'the warm South will borrow the cool and sober judgment of the North, and temper (moderate) its prejudices by coming to an accommodation.'

Woodhouse
to Biggs.
15th Sept.
1864.

'Is there any just cause or impediment why I should make the acquaintance of the gentleman who conducts the *Family Herald*,' Mr G. Doveton Woodhouse writes to the publisher. 'It is only lately my attention has been drawn to the great merits of that publication. As I reside chiefly on the Continent, and travel a great deal, the greatest compliment I can pay to editor and publisher is to promote the sale of the publication, and I have succeeded in placing it in several families here (Bath). The *Family Herald* is an honour to the country; and although I have never been remarkable for my attachment either to the English, or their customs or manners, or their church or country, still I feel proud that my country should stand *alone* in the production of such a serial.'

Such letters came to him as a support in the path he had chosen to travel. An extract from a letter of Mr J. A. Jackson—spoken of as an eminent phrenologist in Glasgow by another correspondent, but who is writing for the press

at this particular time—is a sample of many: 'What we especially want is, an outspoken, truth-telling literature, in which men, like the prophets of old, will have the courage to embody their veritable inspirations without "fear of the folk." You have already done a giant's work in leading us to this, and ride your "white horse" like a true celestial knight. . . . Having purchased the *Herald* in nearly every county of England and Wales, and in the greater part of Ireland, and having conversed with thousands of your readers in those diverse localities, I know and can admeasure your power, perhaps almost better than you can yourself. It is immense—more especially in the quiet country towns, where the "article" is by many regarded as a species of lay sermon, and its teachings treasured up accordingly, sinking deep into and becoming a part of the mental being. My coadjutor Mr Davey and myself have indeed often made it our "Sunday's meat" when away for months together from the centres of civilisation on the Cambrian or Hibernian wilds.' Another correspondent writes:—'Surely I ought to know you, for I have long had great respect both for your virtues and talents; and feel, moreover, a strong magnetism in me towards your centre. Those leading articles of yours in the *F. Herald* have lately roused me so much that I am at length put to the resolution of communicating with you, for the purposes of recognition and congratulation. . . . You are doing much good, and setting people, old and young, to think, who never thought before. It is good for health to know that there are *two* sides to all subjects, sacred and profane, and we shall have a wiser and a better world when we can see this truly, and I thank you for helping them to see it. The *Herald*, without being a direct propagandist, is, I think, on the right tack; holding to the religious *idea*, and giving but a due and not an exaggerated weight to the form and garniture of it. This is what is most needed in the teaching of this day, especially amongst the working-classes, who are in all things too intellectual

Jackson,
Edinburgh,
19th Sept.
1854.

9th Oct.
1852.
Geo. S.
Phillips,
'January
Searle.'

and negative, and have become deniers of the Divine, because they have seen its name and functions put to such open profanation.' Like many others, then and since, he suggests a collected edition of his papers, as not only an acceptable book in a literary sense, 'but one that would do immense service to life, manners, and intellect.' The writer of this letter was at that time an educational organiser at Huddersfield, and afterwards, in his remarkable story *The Gipsies of Davie's Dike: a Story of Hedge-side Life in England in the year 1855*, published in London in 1864, he quotes 'Shepherd Smith, as he is called in England, or to give him his proper style and name, the Rev. (J.) W. E. Smith, so long editor of the *Family Herald*, whose "leading articles" in that journal were the choicest specimens of English essay-writing, and contain some of the finest thinkings and philosophical speculations which have been contributed to modern literature; this rare scholar and author'

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DIVINE DRAMA OF HISTORY AND CIVILISATION.

JAMES SMITH was now about to produce his *Magnum Opus*, as he considered it—his great attempt to justify and explain the ways of God with man.

‘ I have made up my mind to bring out a book at last, and am now engaged in writing it. It is the result of many years’ thought, and will be written freely and easily, for the whole subject is pretty clear in my mind. It is to be called “The Divine Drama,” and I hope it will be of service to *me* amongst the few. I have written for the many a long while, and feel assured that I might write a hundred years for them with much notice. I mean to write this book for the few; and even if it do not pay its own expenses, it may be much worth my while, as it will give me a better position. My friends also wish it.’ ‘My book is in the printer’s hands. I will not promise to send you the sheets, as a book does not make a favourable impression read so. But I shall send you a specimen of the first sheet to show you the type and paper, so as to give you an idea of the material of the work. I am getting it done in very good style—an octavo size, large type, and fine paper, and the cost will be 10s. at the very least—as the first is meant chiefly for the press and the influential world, and not for the people at all. I don’t care about them at present. I shall come back upon them afterwards. As for reviews, I will take my chance. I am not a schemer, and cannot bore my way amongst people. Nor do I believe that such boring habits are compatible with such work as I have to do. The

9th Sept.
1853.
James to
John

3rd Jan.
1854.
James to
John.

book, I know, will be a remarkable book, an instructive book, and one that will give great satisfaction to many. But to please all is impossible; and as for the public, it is a hydra, and the more you know of it the more hydra-static it seems. I have spoken to Bailliere about publishing it, although he is chiefly in the medical line. Bailliere has no prejudices, and has a fair reputation. He knows the character of the book, and seems willing, but he has not yet seen it. I mean to show him the sheets printed, not the manuscript, which I show to no one, but give out to the printer just as it is wanted. Cousins prints it for me, and it is printed in beautiful new type, the type for the notes got expressly on purpose, and just come from the fount. The paper was bought last week—about £50 worth: the means are altogether providential—being money due to me for work done many years ago, and which at the time I never expected to be paid for. But it was, as it were, a little Bank of Faith for this especial occasion, and this is one of its auspicious features. It has many more besides, so that I feel that it is a special work I have to do, and a work of some importance. It is not a book written for the purpose of making a book, but it is the result of many years' reflection. Indeed I began to seek for the secret of it before I came to London; and though it is only of late that it has been matured, and that I have been able to complete it, the germ was planted twenty-five years ago, I think, at least. I believe that no man could imagine it. I have let little hints of it out occasionally in the *Family Herald*, but not enough to let any man into the secret. So that I have no fear of anybody taking the idea; and as for the title, they could make nothing of it.'

This letter, like many of his letters, shows the extreme simplicity of Smith's mind, and his total absorption in the special work that he felt he had a mission to do. The belief that 'no man could imagine it,' means that it must be what he called 'inspired,' having its foundation in truth and

nature, and only formulated in his brain by the Almighty, from his placing himself as a student in the hands of Nature and truth. It was the Divine idea, as he conceived it, running through the ages.

If we have found it difficult to give an idea of the infinite variety of Smith's analogies and the versatility of his mind, we must confess incapacity to epitomise his *Divine Drama*. He says himself:—'In our general reviews of each of the Acts, we fear we have cramped the subject, and overlooked so much that, were we not to mention the suspicion, a cursory reader might be apt to seek in these imperfect summaries a short and bird's-eye-view of the whole, and be disappointed.' All that can properly be done is to give an idea of the mode of conducting the inquiry into the progress of the great five-act drama which he considers the Almighty to be engaged in acting for the development of mankind into unity, or a universal church of 'charity.'

'The names of the five books of the Pentateuch are beautifully characteristic of the Five Acts of the Divine Drama. We could not find better names to distinguish them. They are arrayed in this order:—Genesis, the beginning and bondage in Old Egypt; Exodus, the deliverance or liberty; Leviticus, the priesthood; Numbers, the political agitation for liberty from the organised priesthood; Deuteronomy, the law renewed. These names, of the most remote antiquity, contain the history of the world in a nutshell. . . . Who gave these names we know not, but it was not Moses. They are not Hebrew, but Greek names. The five great missions of the universal body are beautifully analogous to the five senses of the individual body. The hearing and its limited mission, and the sight, with its extensive and universal mission, characterise the two extremes. The audible word was given to Israel, confined within the echoing limits of the mountains of Palestine. The written word—that is, its universal distribution—is given to the isles with unlimited circulation. These two are the beginning and the end—the

limited and the unlimited. Feeling belongs to Rome, as the Catholic or universal systematic sense, the great organiser. Smell, or metaphysical taste, belongs to Greece. Taste, or physical refinement and discrimination, characterises France, as the gastronomical and fashion-leading nation of modern times: together, the universal or collective body of the civilised man.'

'It is called the *Divine Drama* because it is an outline of the progress of human society in such methodical form as to give it the likeness of a magnificent providential drama, the archetype of the inferior drama which human genius has constructed, and the source from which it has unconsciously derived its inspiration. The *Divine Drama* is a definite form and everlasting record. It is geology carried upwards and onwards into human life and society; no longer writing on rocks, and beds of earth, and fossil remains of organised beings, but on men and manners, in cities and nations, on political and religious institutions, and leaving its clear and artistic outlines in the epochs and the eras of historical development. The true drama is an artistic model of a Providence within a limited sphere of action. The divine humanity of the acting drama is an artistic necessity. Dramatic genius has discovered or adopted certain laws, which have become established like the musical scale, but the fixture of which appears to be arbitrary. All dramas of the highest rank invariably take the form of *five act dramas*. The collective inspirations of genius are divine inspirations; they are the revelation from God to man of the laws of order and beauty. The number (five) is consecrated to action by nature, consecrated in our bodies, consecrated in our senses, and elevated thence by transcendental sublimation into our feelings and understandings.' The natural development of the drama is thus described:—'In the first place, a position is described that presents a difficulty, for without the difficulty there is no interest to be excited. In the second place, an effort is to be

made to get out of this difficulty. The effort is accompanied with new difficulties. In the third place, a hopeful scheme is devised on purpose to complete the effort. In the fourth place, the scheme fails, and the difficulties increase, and the plot thickens. In the fifth place, a great and almost unexpected deliverance or catastrophe occurs.' All this is natural. There is an admirable reason, he says, why the third should be a failure, and not a gradual continuation of the effort in the second act, in the fact that the disappointment arising from a hopeful scheme of deliverance is one of the most universal and at the same time distressing features of that severe ordeal of moral discipline which characterises the providential government of the world. And it is an indispensable character of all moral teaching, and especially of dramatic teaching, that it should reveal the agency of a higher power that watches over us, and brings us deliverance when hope is lost, after our utmost efforts, and that leads the guilty by a path of fancied security into the very catastrophe which he intended for others. The failure of the middle scheme is the preparation for man's extremity and God's opportunity.'

The real and great antiquity of man has not been demonstrated as now; so Babylonia, Assyria, and Egypt alone are the preliminary preparation behind the curtain. The Hebrews prepare the first act:—'The direction of the performance is north-westward, like the movement of the sun in the heavens from east to west, and the obliquity of the ecliptic in "combination with it." The direct line, the great river of civilisation from east to west, flows right through Greece, Italy, and France, from Palestine to England, thus distinguishing these five great cities, Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Paris, and London, as the capitals of memorial civilisation. Five distinct and original missions belong to these great cities, in a manner so special, characteristic, and primordial that each individually is not only the head, but the founder of one of the principal elements of western

society.' In chapters rich in illustrations and analogies, he deals with the scenes of the first act of the Jewish mission :—
 'The Jewish is the only national literature which can, by collation, make one book whose object is sacred and uniform throughout, never trivial or frivolous, and whose progress is developed, as if by natural growth, from the first to the last of its pages. Its power lies in its universality, not in its individuality ; in its whole, and not in its parts ; in its sanctity, not in its genius or talent. The Bible is a *vox populi*, and the only one that exists in the world of literature.'
 'The absolute, which distinguishes divinity from humanity, characterises the Jewish character throughout, whether as the recipient of an absolute law, or its reverent, its timid and restricted interpreter. The mission of the Greeks is as genuine, as real, and as indispensable for the final realisation of the divine idea as the mission of the Hebrews. But it is a logical mission. The pro-logical and the logical aspects of revelation are very different. The one subdues and imprisons the understanding, the other liberates and exercises it. The islands innumerable of the Archipelago. Observe the divisional characters of this locality. This is its characteristic. It is competition, rivalry, division and subdivision, indefinite. God is no longer one and indivisible, but innumerable. It is the land of young liberty. There can be no vital unity without diversity. Hence the divine mission of both Monotheism and Polytheism, but neither has yet solved the problem. The antagonism lasts until the final reconciliation. Victory there cannot be, for each is victorious. "Charity believeth all things."

The chapter on 'Women and Slaves' in Greece is one of the most informing. The bud of liberty for women 'appeared out of the family circle, not in it.' 'The soul of the sex is all concentrated in the female companion, not the wife.'

But 'in all that is embraced in the idea of intellectual cultivation, the Greeks take the lead of all other nations.

. They first broke down the wall of partition that divides the physical from the metaphysical world, invaded the mystic regions of spirit and essence, analysed their forms and combinations, and revealed their elements. The spiritual world was discovered by the Greeks. The Jews, with a spiritual God, never were a spiritual people. The future heaven of the Jews was earth, and earth only, with plenty of corn to eat and wine to drink, and the sensuous understanding alone was addressed. It was far otherwise with the spiritual Greeks, for with material gods they became a spiritual people, who visited that world within the mind which none but the highest order of men can read, and who alone, of all the nations of the world, invented a language wherewith to express metaphysical ideas.

It was only by the Greek language that the primitive doctrines of the Christian Church were logically expressed, and worked into their present ecclesiastical form. In the gift of the Greek tongue a spiritual mission was conveyed. That tongue was cultivated by a spiritual people; and Providence, in due time, employed it alone in elaborating the doctrines of a "spiritual Church in the infancy of its being."

'The mission of Rome (the third) was *Power*. It is indicated in the very name, which is merely Greek for strength; it may be physical or spiritual, or both, thus prefiguring the two careers of the empire.' The Roman mission, therefore, 'is the physical and intellectual development of power, military, civil, and ecclesiastical, in succession, for the reunion and consolidation of the whole civilised world. To her it was given to organise the nations of Western Christendom, and establish a policy in State and Church that should last for ages, and become a root from which all future legislation should ramify and develop itself. The palmy days of Roman history, the days of Roman innocence, and honour, piety, and virtue, are the days of Roman innocence of Greek refinement. No sooner were Grecian arts and liberties freely admitted, and poetry cultivated, and

philosophy and all its concomitant scepticism studied, than religion died, morality withered, and a malaria of sensuous excesses in a very few generations blighted the remnant of masculine and feminine virtue in the Roman people. But it removed their prejudices, and liberated them. It was their transition to another historical position, and higher also. . . . No doubt, Augustus believed that he and his successors were about to realise the mission of the Messiah. It was the climax of civilisation. The work, to a Pagan mind, seemed almost accomplished.'

The drama within a drama, and the bi-polarity or double nature (male and female), may be passed over, to preserve the simplicity of the argument.

The Middle Ages is part of the third act, and he prefers to commence there with Mahomet at forty. His mission mainly 'impressed the soul of the mediæval era, inspired its chivalry, warmed its devotion, fired its courage and love of adventure, preserved and cultivated its catholicity, consolidated its unity.'

'Rome belongs to both worlds—the ancient and the modern—and is the bridge between them; its mission is double. It has therefore two histories, two empires, and two classical languages—Latin and Italian. By this duplication it ends one trilogy and begins another; it is the end of the ancient, and beginning of modern times.'

Mohammedanism is doing its great work during this era. 'At the beginning of the seventh century a spiritual revelation was made to Mahomet, which commanded him to teach the absolute unity of the Godhead, and destroy the idols. He obeyed; and, like every other great commissioner from Heaven, was marvellously supported in all his difficulties by the hand of Providence. . . . The forcible establishment of the theological unity in the East, the counterpart of Alexander's liberalism, is a remarkable fact, to the meaning of which the Christian world has been singularly blinded.'

No historian has depicted the mental and moral aspect of

the Middle Ages with more sympathy, in this third great act of the drama, in which confusion reigned, but the world struggled towards the light. 'Rude times they were, but cradle and nursery times of coming greatness; and the seeds of greatness were plentifully sown, and the types of the future appeared abundantly. The age, indeed, was a type of the greater age that is yet in the future—a Catholic age, in which high principle claimed the ascendancy, and men attempted great things, failing more for want of power than of will to excel. The services of men for public, in preference to private, duty were greatly in demand, and the supply was profuse. Men were wanted to sacrifice themselves, and they cheerfully submitted to the stern decree; they courted danger and difficulty, and seemed to delight in mortification and penance.' 'The monks had studied the problem of sex in one aspect, the knights viewed it in another, and both spiritualised it; and whatever their private practice might be, their profession was that of a dignified purism. This new principle belongs to Germany. . . . We owe much to chivalry as a germ; . . . it attacked the rudeness of the age, and transformed and polished it.' Everything has its good side. 'The logical eccentricities of Peter on the Rock in the Middle Ages are merely paralogical mystifications of splendid truths. The grand fetish of the Church, and the transubstantiation by which it is maintained, is the analogue of a doctrine which reconciles the highest reason and the highest faith.' 'There is far more hope of an idolator of statues than of an idolator of sovereigns and dollars. And there is hope of Peter; for he has proved his sincerity, he has sacrificed much to faith, and conscientiously refused to compromise his principles in time of trouble; for, though many popes have been the basest of men, the balance has been put *in equilibrio* by others who will stand comparison with the brightest names in the pages of history.' 'The men wrangled and debated upon what we call trifles, because we are unwise, and do not know that to

this very wrangling and debating we owe that very acuteness in which we pride ourselves.' 'The Church had destroyed Paganism, and triumphed over its ruins; but Paganism, in its turn, arises from the dead. . . . It was heathenism that led the way to the Reformation. . . . It restored the classics. . . . It made men infidels. . . . Thus faith died, and the mission of Rome was questioned by the fact of her own apostacy, her paganism, and her immorality, and the more she cherished the arts and literature in her bosom, the more it became evident that a new spirit was awakened in the world, which was incompatible with the limited and presumptuous universality of her empire. A beautiful illustration of the eternity of missions! Every work of God is for ever.'

'Rome aimed at more than it could accomplish, but that was just the reason why another mission should succeed it; and therefore the angel proclaims over the Eternal City, as it did over her ancient archetype, Jerusalem—'Go ye up on her walls and destroy, but make not a full end; take away her battlements, for they are not the Lord's. He owns nothing as his but the final, though all is his in the order of progression.'

'The fourth act of the Divine Drama is the numerical or analytical era in which the false unity of the third (that is, the sacerdotal or Levitical) era is broken up, and its feudalism collected into national communities, and a new attempt is made to solve the problem of individual freedom, establish the rights of private judgment, and discover the secrets of Nature's laboratory. It is the mission of Greece, revived on a larger scale, and a wider field of enterprise. . . . But the new idea of the fourth act is that of separate and independent nationalities, and requires the wide expanse of the world, and the fresh breeze from the Atlantic to give it breath. . . . France is the first, perhaps the only, unitary nation that is formed. . . . France being the first and most completely formed and central of all the

modern temporal nations, it has taken the lead in language and literature, as the Catholic nation in philosophy, as well as in the manners and customs of civilised life, during the whole of the National and Numerical Era.'

Interesting views and side-lights enliven the narrative throughout: 'The Protestant controversy did much for all the north-western languages of the empire; and the pens of Calvin and Luther, and their associates and successors, in French and German, gave a vigour and a dignity to their respective tongues of which they had not formerly been deemed susceptible. There is nothing so well calculated to elevate the tone and character of a language as theological controversy.' Again, the higher branches of art at this epoch 'followed the movement north-westward, and came down to earth, and by degrees employed its genius in representing homelier subjects than those of the great ecclesiastical artists, and at last descended through France, in Holland or Lowland, to kitchen and barn-door and cook-shop scenery, but, at the same time, to landscape—the field of liberty—in which department no artists have more distinguished themselves than those of France, Protestant Holland, and England. This is the natural course of an artistic pictorial movement. It is from the ideal or devotional to the material and natural or sensuous Catholicity. Landscape is the analogue of naturalism and materialism; ideal and devotional art is not.'

It is notable that he considers the world has gained more than it has lost by the rejection of Protestantism by France, as the revival of the social and refined arts would have been checked, which accomplishments, and etiquette, constitute an important and inalienable part of civilisation, so that 'there was a moral necessity for the *role* which France accepted in the Protestant controversy.'

The analogies and comparisons are full of novelty and interest, and lead the reader on insensibly. '. . . . We find the position of England very remarkable. In the flow

of the two tides of Romanism and Protestantism we perceive that they meet in her, diverge and go beyond her, into, or cross and polarise in, Ireland and Scotland. In the ebb, supposing the retreat of the two currents to take place, she holds precisely the same position. Scotland and Ireland unite in her, and thus she becomes geographically, and by destiny, the spot in which the reconciliation of the two ultra-principles takes place. Not victory, but reconciliation, is the ultimate; and England is the only spot in the Western world which the Divine Drama assigns as the destined scene of it. There were sincere and good men in all parties, Catholic and Protestant, in the great struggle of the Reformation—men actuated by strong faith and the martyr spirit. But the Protestant Reformation was not the mission of charity. It was the mission of faith only; and faith without charity is a persecutor. Faith burns Faith at the stake. Nothing has ever exceeded the horrors of the human sacrifices of Spain to the deity of Popery; for in it alone, during the last half of the sixteenth century, 47,676 victims were burnt alive or tortured to death, as a burnt-offering and sweet-smelling sacrifice to the god of the king, the priests, and the rabble. There never was, in any former period of the world's history, such mental activity, division and anarchy of opinion, and sectarian hatred, persecution, and religious alienation, as in this intellectual era. It is hopeless, inextricable confusion, as the fourth act of every well-constructed drama ought to be. There is no conceivable mode in which the elements do not antagonise. The history of woman in the fourth era begins with the fact that, at the commencement of it, Francis I. introduced the female sex to Court, and thus made mixed male and female society fashionable. The Protestant clergy married; women were educated, and allowed increased and increasing opportunities of mental culture. The consequence is a greater equalisation of the two sexes in social influence. But the end is not yet. Man

is the desolator of his own empire, as the absolute principle is of the East, until woman, and all the principles which the female nature represents, enjoy their own eternal and legitimate rights.'

The fifth act of the drama, a *universal mission*, is in the future, but it has a dawn ; and he holds we are in the dawn of another era. He has no predilection for England or the British Isles : 'There is no particular favour shown to December in making it the winter tropic. . . . England is merely the tropic. All nations are connected with her in the movement. All feed her with their own ideas, and develop and magnify, refine and multiply those which they receive from her, in return ; and that also, to her shame, provoking her to jealousy by their own superiority.'

'In the fifth, or British, act the scenery is oceanic and insular ; and this is a new feature in the territorial arrangement of the Divine Drama.' And here we have one of those quaint analogical paragraphs that may be considered specially characteristic :—'There the merchants of old Canaan appear to have been driven, by the force of absolutism, from the eastern to the western extremity of the empire. The poles are merely reversed ; and commerce, being foiled in her juvenile attempts to universalise the sphere of her activity in the East, has found in Ocean's Isle an opportunity of extending her wings and filling her sails with every breeze that blows. Whatever the ancient Canaan was in name, the British Isles are in reality. And as first things are merely types at last—germs that find their full development in ultimates, as first teeth in second, and as down in full feather—so it may be that we, in this extremity of the bipolar magnet of civilisation, are nothing else than the positive pole—*i.e.*, in commerce—of which the other was the negative. It would be strange if we were Jews, after all—Christian Jews, of course, if Christians we are, which is very doubtful. If only Canaanites, we shall be turned out, or, which is the same thing, converted into something else, if an absolute

principle should happen to visit us.' And he suggests 'J.' or 'I.' E. W. S. as the four initials of the United Kingdom. A quaint conceit, as, indeed, much of this argument is, for his besetting sin was running an analogy too hard.

'The antagonism arising from a division of the nationality into Irish, English, Welsh, and Scotch is admirably adapted for weakening the force of patriotism. *Nationality is not the British mission.* Amongst all the nations of the civilised world there is none that better or so well represents the principle of universality as England. Here, and here only, you find all the ruling principles of civilised society. We have already seen that the great ruling principles which have developed in the formation of European society in the Middle Ages were the Church, the Monarchy, the Aristocracy, the Democracy. These are all to be found in England, and nowhere else. In other States there is either no monarchy, no aristocracy, no democracy, or no church establishment. In England only are they all free to exist and give utterance to their thoughts in the pulpit, the meeting, or the press. It is therefore the only representative of the civilised world. The city of London becomes the focus, as well as the radiating centre, of every principle, good or bad, comprehended in the meaning of the word civilisation. If civilisation, then, is the centre of the world, and London the centre of mundane commerce, the primordial form of universal civilisation, London itself is the centre of the world; and this beautiful idea has not been overlooked by the Great Disposer, for it so happens that, by projecting a hemispherical map of the world in such a way as to see the greatest amount of land at once, London is found to be in the centre of the hemisphere; and with no other centre can the same effect be produced. The centre of civilisation is also the centre of the territorial earth. It is the fifth great and original capital of the Drama. Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, Paris, London, occupy the direct line, and represent the prevalent idea of each of

the successive acts. But this alone is the Atlantic, or Oceanic, metropolis.'

The ending is a quaint acknowledgment of errors, for which he craves no indulgence:—'It is this errable nature which is man's proper nature. We pity the Pope if he really is infallible in every sense of the word. For what merit is there in inhumanity? We are more sure, therefore, of our humanity in perceiving our faults than in not perceiving them; and if our critics discover a few more, or even a host of them, they will never prove our inhumanity by their exposure, and that is a comfort.'

A strange 'last word'!

And now the 'few' he appealed to, as well as the representatives of the many he did not pretend in this work to reach, had their say upon the book he had produced. As was only to be expected, respectable orthodoxy wondered and repudiated:—'Here is a very remarkable book, teeming with information, pregnant with thought, perfectly original, indicating in its author affluence in intellectual resources, and great practice in their usage, but, as we venture to think, the absence of any sure guide to direct, or safe light to steer by. We have read the whole volume with care, with interest, with astonishment, and could not help being pleased with the writer on the score of genius, talent, and learning; but there is a "service which is perfect freedom," and to that he has not bowed his neck. . . . With it, everything is right—Protestantism and Popery, Spiritual worship and Fetishism, Mahometanism and Mormonism. If they are not true they are "bipolarities of truth," and so they enjoy the countenance, one way or the other, of the ingenious author. Throughout the volume there is a vast deal of truth scattered, and so much of curious knowledge and original observation that we much wish Mr Smith had affixed an index to the work.'

This is a generous review by an opponent, who, however, holds that he has missed 'the only guide,' 'Christ in

Mr Gregg.
20th May
1854.

us the hope of glory.' Mr. Gregg, author of a Hebrew grammar, writes :—'I have not been scant in eulogising those merits of it which should lead men to read for themselves and judge ; but I should be extremely sorry that they should not read to differ from many of your conclusions.'

Thomas T.
Lynch.
4th Nov.
1854.

The most important of the private critics to us is Thomas T. Lynch, who protests against the absence of 'Christ's throne' from the book : 'It contains much valuable truth admirably expressed ; and among many history-books, civilisation books, progress books, &c., it stands head and shoulders taller than the rest, a Saul among them. But, if without impertinence I may so, it has too something of Saul's waywardness. . . . There is much more Christianity in it than there will seem to many, and of a much better kind in certain respects than they are prepared to appreciate. Happy to find in you a believing, non-materialistic man, no mere negativist : one who refuses to think earth an abortion, but knows that it is, or rather is to be, a birth—for Time is gestation, Eternity is birth (after the drama is over, the felicities assured in the last scene are *fully* enjoyed). I am happy, too, to subscribe myself, with respect, and not unassured of some specifically Christian sympathies,' &c.

It was in the press of the *New Era* that *The Divine Drama of History and Civilisation* met with its warmest reception. In the *Spiritual Telegraph* of New York, of 10th February 1855, about half the sheet is occupied with a sympathetic review :—

✓ 'It is an octavo volume of nearly 600 pp., but we have not been wearied with reading and re-reading it. It is a remarkable volume, not more for what it develops than for what it suggests. The subject is, in some degree, neither novel nor original as treated by the author ; but his view of it is far broader and more profound than any prior discussion. Only a vast amount of study, research, and patient

toil, guided by keen philosophical insight, and tempered by the calmest reflection and judgment, could have accomplished such a work. The subject is so vast, and so many threads of analogy and fact require to be carried in the reader's mind to give him a satisfactory, or rather a clear comprehension, that few will master it. . . . Yet it is a volume of surpassing interest, one that can hardly fail to convert to its argument whoever comes to understand it. Libraries of current theology are intrinsically worthless in comparison with it.' Again: 'In this lengthy and yet scarcely intelligible review, we have endeavoured to condense in outline the author's argument. If we have failed to make it clear it is not the fault of the argument, but rather because we have found it impossible to grasp 600 8vo pp., every one of which is compacted with matter almost equally important to a full understanding of the subject. On the single point of interesting and remarkable analogies introduced, we might have exhausted our space; so we might in a consideration of the Spiritualistic views of the author. Though not treating Spiritualism as a speciality, the volume is replete with the logic of 'Modern Spiritualists.' The author believes that the 'voice and vision' vouchsafed to the Hebrews has been the perpetual property of mankind. He regards all human inspirations as Revelations, and the collective inspirations of mankind as *the* Divine Revelation. We may not have treated the matter in hand so as to convert our readers, but the author of this volume . . . has to our mind as clearly demonstrated as it is possible to demonstrate a logical proposition by fact and analogy, the fact that the development of the human race in the current considered has been of Divine Providential appointment, in harmony of order with the constructive and objective principles of the human legitimate drama, which he has also exhibited as having its archetype in the Divine Drama of nature.'

In Dr. Wilkinson's appreciative notice of his friend he seems to have forgotten they were once more mentally akin :

1st June
1864.

'I have read your book with the utmost delight, and with great edification, and meant to write you about it, but I would rather tell you how much good I think you have been commissioned to do—tell you, I mean, *viva voce*. It is the first *punctum saliens* in the new egg of historical truth, which will let forth a fowl that will be the real chronicler and memorialist of the providential earth. Before you there were records of human rows, but no words of saga—nothing belonging to the divine side of annals.' This accompanies an invitation to meet Doherty and Goldbeck at supper on the writer's birthday.

Herr Robert
Goldbeck,
Plantst.

Some very remarkable letters from a prominent Free Church clergyman of the time cannot be given fully. '..... your very remarkable book *The Divine Drama*. I at once recognised it to be by the author of the *Family Herald* from internal evidence, and on asking Davidson of Manchester College he told me I was right in my conjecture. I admire the work exceedingly, though, of course, I am of a different opinion on inspiration, &c. Your opinion of the Free Church is severe, but not unfounded. I deeply regret that the Free Church has been so little progressive, and has so little entered into the spirit of a free universal mission. You evidently look at the present age with the telescope of a Galileo. Dr Davidson's account of you interested me much.' His old friends, who had been imbued with his ideas over many years, all received the *Drama* as a species of revelation. Even his old friend and collaborateur Hugh Doherty is not antagonistic. 'I am very glad to hear that your *Divine Drama* is going to be reprinted in America, and shall be most happy to take the corrected copy with me when I go.' 'Your book,' he writes later from New York, 'has been read here by half-a-dozen of my friends and new acquaintances, who all think highly of it, and would like to see it widely circulated. They say it would be lost if printed and published by the Spiritualists, who could only circulate in their

19th June
1866.
Hugh
Doherty.

12th Sept.
1866.
Hugh
Doherty.

own party; whereas it might be sold by thousands and read throughout this country in a few short years, if published by a large orthodox publisher.' 'New ideas are much more respected and appreciated. I expect that your book will sell ten times faster here than in England.'¹ A cheap American edition appeared before his death.

On very different minds the impression made by his book was strong. *Professor A. J. Scott*, of Manchester, after comparing notes on its topics and examining into it, frankly acknowledges—'I am now, at least, able to thank him for a full-minded, eloquent, honest, and brave statement of a vast argument. Differences of opinion, taste, and even feeling, we should find many between us were opportunity given to discuss.' *John A. Heraud* is equally ready with minor criticism: 'I thank you much for your book, and think it admirable, errors included. I believe that women had more to do among the Hebrews than you state, *e.g.*, Miriam, Deborah, Judith. Their great women were also domestic, virtuous women, and I imagine you might have stated this without detriment to your theory. But on this I should like to talk with you; also on the general design of your book, and matters universal. . . . It is my conviction that your book cannot die. It has, too, a seminal power in it—a productivity. It will be the parent, male or female, or both, of other books.'

¹ His friend Hugh Doherty, in 1884, when in his eighty-first year, writes of it as 'an excellent book . . . which I have noticed in my French volume of *L'homme et la Nature*.'

CHAPTER XX.

LITERARY LONDON.

WHILE the *Family Herald* was slowly and steadily fighting its way to public favour, he was busily engaged seeking to assimilate all of science that was 'living' enough to aid his science of life. He is interested in his brother's theories. 'I am not much nearer the mark in respect to your optical theories than before. All that I understand is that you regard light as a unity, and not as a compound of colours, and there I am disposed to agree with you; all that is wanted is clearness of demonstration. I have advised Robert to send you Hullah's popular treatise on music. It makes the principles very simple, and will help you considerably in the analogies of light, for music is the great harmonic science, and must serve as a sort of key to the harmony of the universe. Among the seven notes the concords are alternates,—thus, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, except between 5 and 8. The even numbers all concord, as 2, 4, 6, 8. But not all the odd, for 7 will not concord with either, and that corresponds to the violet, which is an exceptional colour in the seven. The 8 is the red revived—1 and 8 are both red, as I explain it; but there may be another mode: if you can harmonise your system with music it will give it great power, and it requires no musical ear to study music scientifically. It is rather mathematical than phonical.' This was a needful admonition, for the brothers were all absolutely deficient in musical capacity.

'Doherty is still in France. The *Phalanx* was to have recommenced on the 1st July if recommenced at all.

James to
John.
30th Mar.
1843.

12th July
1843.
James to
John.

I hear nothing at all about the printing machine or the boat ; both appear to have sunk.' And yet the machine at least deserved a better fate.

The purely domestic side of James Smith's life is difficult to depict. It is certain that he made a deep impression on the *hearts* as well as the minds of his friends, but his hard struggle and absorption in a great mission necessarily contracted his private life. We see nowhere any lack of kind feeling ; he was more than liberal—like all his race—with the little he made by incessant toil ; and my mother in her old age loved to have his portrait amongst her most regarded ones, and always spoke of him with especial affection,—this even when his principles were looked upon with horror, and tabooed in our family circle.

He writes kindly and sympathetically to my father on the death of my twin brother, remarking that God himself does not look upon death as an evil, and why should we? The other children, of whom there was a quiverful, are not forgotten. 'I always remember them when I send the picture newspapers, for I think they must be entertained by them. Moreover, the illustrations give instruction which the words would not, even if they were read, and probably they might not be read.' So true is this that the writer has a more vivid recollection of the history of those times from poring over these Illustrated News, and being directed and stimulated by the pictures to read the particulars, than of any period since.

Who among us of middle age will not sympathise with the following :—'I have been revising my algebra a little of late, and feel as if I could flog the stupid dominies that write the school-books. I remember when a boy that I was puzzled with the language of the rules, and I ascribed the difficulty to my own stupidity, but now I see that very few, if any, books of instruction rightly deserve the name. I have not seen one arithmetical book yet that can even explain division of decimals.' And he proceeds to give

7th Oct.
1848.

23rd Mar.
1844.
James to
John.

examples from Walkinghame, quoting Talleyrand's saying that 'language was given to man to conceal his thoughts.' 'It is a great nuisance to have books of this kind pretending to teach, whilst the principal effect produced is the repulsion of the learner.' We have made a great advance in this direction since his time, erring more in the direction of such simplicity that youth are not trained to the hard thinking of their forefathers. He seems to have received some explanations from my father—who made a hobby of mathematics—for which he thanks him, adding, 'We generally give one or two algebraical questions every week both in *Herald* and *P.S.* This it is that has caused me to revise my algebra, which I had forgotten almost entirely. I never had much of it.' So that he seems to have looked after this department also.

On the 18th March 1844 his father had written him, having 'felt a great desire to write to you, only to send St. Paul's beautiful blessing, 1 Cor. xv., where it is written, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." This most beautiful passage has been to my own mind most delightful consolation for eighty days, running through mine own mind continually, and I hope the Spirit will make it the same consolation to your own soul.' On the 4th June he died, upwards of 78 years old.

'It was not possible for me to attend the funeral. It was too expensive, not to speak of the time, and the money will be better spent another way. I will send to mother what the journey would cost. I am glad to hear that father died so quietly and comfortably. I have offered to Mic. a five pound job from Cousins, but he seems to grumble at the smallness of the sum, the first I have sent him. I fear Mic. has few of the arts of making his way. People must take what they can get when they are out of employ-

15th June
1844.
James to
John.

ment. I have done many things for less since I came to London, and if he refuses that I will take it myself. He may do it in a week. It is merely a summary of French grammar, to print on a single sheet. . . . Robert has done the English grammar. But Robert is a little indolent in such matters. He may be very active in chemistry, however. The literary hacks of London could write a French grammar in "a day or two." Which of the two wrote the French grammar I know not, but expect James did it himself, as none of the others had the same literary faculty, or the facility. Micaiah was an accurate linguist, but slow-brained; whilst Robert Angus Smith, although equally swift of brain with James, had no literary training, and was too critical of his own performances.

R. Angus
Smith.

The death of his intimate friend Dr. Napier, who had been so much to him for so long, came upon him unexpectedly, as he had not heard from him. 'His mysterious silence to me in not answering the two last letters I sent him eleven years ago prevented me from inquiring of himself, but I have always taken a deep interest in him, and uniformly thought and spoken respectfully of him for the last fourteen years, not even blaming him for not writing to me, as I was always willing to admit of the possibility of some justifiable excuse.'

13th Aug.
1844.

'I have just finished my daylight work, having been at my desk from half nine till now, when the minute hand is upon twelve and the hour hand on four, and I am just expecting to hear that my dinner is ready. Then I go to Biggs,* take tea with him, and finish the arrangements for the *Herald*, read some proofs, &c., and at eight I go and see the papers, and come home at about half-past ten to supper. This is my regular Monday work. . . . There's my dinner.'

* Owner of
Herald.

His elder brother's voluminous family has outgrown him, and he wishes a list of them all, with their respective ages; and in reply to warnings from his brother as to his health writes, 'I take as good care of myself as I can, but I do

14th Nov.
1844.

not well understand how. A gentleman from Leeds last week sent me a piece of shepherd's-plaid for trousers to keep me warm during the winter, and I have them on at present. I never had such an article of dress before, and look rather queer, but they are comfortable to wear, not, however, warmer than good stout cashmere cloth.' The days of dressing carefully in *dark*, if not black, raiment in the City as a *sine qua non* have happily passed. 'As far as eating and drinking are concerned,' he continues, 'I just go on in the usual way, only I usually dine at home now, except on Saturdays, when I dine in an eating-house—or perhaps at Borthwick's, where I generally dine either Saturday or Sunday.

'Robert has evidently long ago given it up (Irvingism), and I am afraid, like most scientific men in the pride of physical knowledge, he has given up every other church as well.

'It seems a good sign of the advancing civilisation of the metropolis of the Highlands when it receives a weekly parcel from London. The cheap periodicals are doing more than the dear to promote the intercourse between the capital and the provinces. "The Wandering Jew," which we have got translated for the *Herald*, is read throughout all Christendom. It is the most popular and influential novel that ever was published. The Swiss watchmakers have voted him a splendid watch—the men of Brussels have voted him a statue. The priests have denounced him from every pulpit in almost every country—even in Manchester and Liverpool. It is an extravaganza, but it is calculated to prejudice the cause of the Jesuits. It is probable that we will soon change the name and nature of the *Penny Satirist*. It is now nearly eight years old, and the taste of the public seems tending at present towards the smaller form for all periodicals but common newspapers.' He returns to this later on. 'I expect to change the form and name of the *Satirist* soon—some very bad things of late have got into it through perfect negligence, of which I was not aware till too late. Indeed, I never look at it, having no time, and

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1846.
James to
John.

8th Mar.
1846.
James to
John.

Cousins is very good-natured and easy, and not so particular as Biggs with the *Herald*. You saw Biggs. He dined with us at Cousins' that day you dined there at Peckham. I enclose a bit of cutting up that I got last Saturday in the *Weekly Despatch*, the most extensively circulated weekly paper in England, but a sad republican, democratical bigot. It has taken amiss what I have said about popular movements in No. 92, but it has scarcely quoted fair.'

'The *Herald* sticks somewhere about the same number at present. It has had opposition to contend with as usual. The *P.S.* has been injured much by the other penny book-form papers. At present we do not care much about it, but let it take its chance. I suppose its sale is little more than a fourth of the *Herald*, but I do not know the present number.' 'As for the *Penny Satirist*, a full set cannot be made up. I have not got one myself, and I do not care much about having it, as there are many things in it that I do not like. I had not the sole management of it. . . . But it has fought a good fight notwithstanding. It was the first of the penny papers after the reduction of the stamp, and almost all the penny broadsheets are dead but itself. . . . I want to call it "The Sovereign," and give it an octavo form. Even Cousins himself has not a complete set of the *Satirist*. I think there is one in the library of the British Museum, where they have also a copy of the *Shepherd*.'

The manipulative skill seen in his drawings is not apparently confined to these. 'I am busy upholstering. In the first place, I have covered my arm-chair with new leather as well as an artist or artisan could do it, and am quite proud of it. Then I am getting a pair of new curtains to my two windows, with brass rods and rings. I am also getting a high desk to stand at, instead of sitting, and these things, with my regular employment, make me busy, and tired enough both in arms and legs.' 'I dislike workmen. The last I employed kept my chair bottom or cushion for a month; promised to come to do another job I had for him, and did not

25th Sept.
1846.
James to
John.

29th Oct.
1846.
James to
John.

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1846.
James to
John.

9th Nov.
1846.
James to
John.

come was sent for, and did not come, and palavered with me for three months. . . . It has given me a distaste for the whole class, at least for my service, and I find I can do what I want much better myself. My chair is quite perfect almost.' But except in temper it has not saved him much ! The cheap newspapers have been changing the conditions of the bookselling trade. The booksellers seem formerly to have sold the stamped papers, but he finds it difficult to get the *Herald* to the 'extremities.' 'In some small places it sells well ; in others not at all. There is no accounting for the caprice of its movements. Sometimes the booksellers are to blame. They will not sell cheap periodicals. They are the chief obstacle. But many have now reason to regret their folly, as in some places the cheap dealers have taken the London trade from them by means of their weekly parcels, which enable them to execute other orders. Heywood, in Manchester, who commenced by selling the unstamped, now drives a very large trade in all sorts of literature. It is sure to bring other trade, on account of the frequent intercourse with London.' Up to this time travelling north is a serious matter, and although he would like to go to Scotland he hesitates. 'It would not cost less than £20, and I question much if that would be sufficient, and it is not very easy getting away for two or three weeks, though I can easily get away for one.' Now we can take a little Continental tour in a week ! Happily a suggestion that he was not properly remunerated for his work brings a rejoinder that lifts the curtain of the London penny press. 'As for my publishers, they are very kind to me—the best I could get, for they give me my own way, and impose no other restraints on me than my own discretion, and they introduce no other person to find fault or compete with me. We are very comfortable together. There are hundreds of literary men in London who would be glad of my position ; and I, who ought to know best, do not find fault with my publishers. I would not change my position for any other that I know,

15th June
1846,

20th June
1846,

The London
Press.

I belong to the Cheap press. It is an uphill fight I know, but I wish to fight it, and it may be that there is a rest-and-be-thankful somewhere on the hill, either on the top or the side of it. . . . I have never found men who have treated me better; they enable me to live just like themselves. They are just making a living like myself, not a fortune.

Who is making a fortune at publishing? . . . I have been particularly fortunate, and can ascribe it only to providential causes, so that I regard myself as placed at a post for a special purpose, and I cannot leave it. There is no other for me. . . . The *Daily News* is trying 2½d., but the possibility of success is doubted by all the trade. . . . (It) printed the first day of its reduction 30,000, next day it fell to 25, and then to 20,000, &c. What it is now I know not, but it gives ½d. to the vendor, 1d. to the government, besides a fraction more for expense of stamping, waste, &c., so that it has not a clear penny. It is supposed that its advertisements will not pay for the supplement when it gives one. Its advertisements are not good. It has been a dead failure. Hudson, they say, is in it, and they have already lost £50,000. Some of the *Punch* party wrote for it—Douglas Jerrold for instance; and now, as you may see from our *F.H.* advertisements of the coming numbers, Douglas Jerrold advertises a paper of his own. . . . Dickens was on it, and was first discharged. His father-in-law Hogarth, the editor of the *Musical Herald*, was induced to give up his place as musical reviewer for the *Morning Chronicle*, which he had occupied for twenty or thirty years, to write on the *Daily News*, and now he is likely to be thrown on the shelf. He was glad to apply to Biggs to publish the *Musical Herald*. The *Punch* party have had many offshoots. Albert Smith was on it one time, and was turned off or came off, and started *Mephistopheles*, but it did not take. Numerous attempts are being made which come to nothing, and I only wonder that some great house does not start on our principle and do for us. But I doubt not some other opening, even then,

Commencing
Penny
Press.

will arise, and we will keep our ground. We have a legitimate right to it. I may be said to have written in the penny press from its commencement. Cousins and I commenced it in its broadsheet form, and Biggs and I commenced it in its quarto form—that is, they were publishers, and I editor. So that I have began both forms, and may begin some other yet, if other is to come. We do what we are driven to do; so long as things go on easily we let them go.'

He is never in robust health, and could scarcely be. Now he tries galvanism, which he acknowledges does some good, but not permanently. But his body never occupies much of his thoughts.

He cares little about the historical accuracy of the Bible: 'Moreover, true history is impossible, for the truth depends on the reader's true conception of it; and if he conceives it falsely, it is false. If you read even an accurate account of an historical event, and form an inaccurate idea of it, which you are sure to do, the history is false to you, for it has falsified the idea of itself in your mind. . . . Parables are truer than history, because they are ideal only, and *the idea is the truth*. . . . The fact of the Church is the great fact, and moreover it is the greatest of all miracles. But a vulgar Christian cannot see this. Because he says that the fact of Mahommedanism is also a great fact, and so it is; and the man who could believe that God did not commission Mahomet and Mahommedanism may as well profess Atheism at once, for he is an Atheist at heart. . . . But . . . Christianity is higher than Mahommedanism, and is rapidly eclipsing it and putting it out, as the sun puts out the moon.'

'The man who says he can see the justice of God in sending a man to hell for ever, for unjust sin or any other sin, and keeping him there alive in torment, "as red as red-hot iron," as Aleine says in his Call to the Unconverted, is neither more nor less than a theological monster—a madman.'

'I think the pictorial papers are a little better those two or three weeks past. They had some wretched cuts a while

9th July
1846.
James to
John.

10th April
1847.

ago. I was thinking of writing to the editor to send to France for some apprentices to do the work for him, as the French *Illustration*, got up in imitation of the *London Illustrated*, is greatly superior in its artistic department. Indeed, many of its wood-engravings are equal to copper-plates—some of them exquisite productions. The French also seem to be able to cut likenesses in wood, which the English cannot do. They are all miserable daubs. France used to be inferior to England in wood-engraving. They had to send to England to get their best work done, and many English artists some years ago went over to Paris, in consequence of the demand. Now England is eclipsed totally.' After an amusing account of Alexander Dumas as a novelist he proceeds: 'He engaged in one year to produce eighty volumes. Such fellows write for money, and not for posterity. They first gain a reputation, and then sell it or lend it out on hire: a poor genius has no means of publishing a book, he sends it to Dumas, Dumas has no objection to foster it. It sells in Dumas' name, and thus both parties gain by the trick. We are not so bad as that in London, although there is a good deal of this. Macculloch's books are all written in this manner, and such books as Knight's, the *Penny Cyclopaedia* for instance—one man receives pay for producing an article, he produces it with the aid of another, and pockets the greater part of the pay. I know one poor fellow who wrote many of the *Penny Cyclopaedia* articles in this way. He was the curate; the rector had all the honour and the reward. It is a grand humbug the press.'

A further insight into the London press of that time follows, with perhaps a spice more of feeling in it, as if smarting under the sting. 'I suppose you would see the attack that the *Daily News* made upon the *Penny Press*. It was a blunt arrow, merely a bit of spite. They praised up the *People's Journal*, their own paper, printed at the same office as the *Daily News*. But they could not save it. It is dead since. It died last Saturday. It was advertised for

22nd Dec.
1847.

sale by auction, but they could not keep it alive till auction-day. They also praised up *Chambers*, but he is going down rapidly. Some of our agents have even given up ordering any copies of *Chambers*, and his Tracts died a week or two ago, like the *People's Journal*. So that what they praised most the public care least for. The fact is they do not understand human nature. They think that scientific facts and philosophy must be crammed down the people's throats. This they call intelligence. Dry reading to most people, and the most intelligent will not go to the *Penny Press* for such reading. The mission of the cheap press is universal—it is to human nature, and not to scientific nature. The *Daily News* committed a sad blunder. It has set the whole of the cheap press against it, and they can do it great mischief. The proprietors are anxious to get rid of it. It has been a dead failure throughout. It began with low radicalism, railing at the bishops, and moreover with Dickens' light gossip—although it now pretends to be so very intelligent as to despise gossip, and Dickens was driven out in a few days, so universally disliked were his letters in a daily paper. This was their first blunder, and they have gone on from blunder to blunder ever since. They have one or two good writers employed, but they do not manage the paper. We owe the great press no favour, for none of them assist us. But still we get on in spite of them, and are really more comfortable than they are in general; for, with the exception of the *Times* and *Advertiser*, the publicans' paper, there is scarcely a paper in London that is not in difficulties. And how they do deceive the advertisers and the public! There is *Blackwood's Lady's Magazine*, once a good paper: it still keeps up its fame for a good advertising medium, yet it only *prints* 150 copies. I question if it sells to any but the advertisers themselves. Yet they always demand 5000 copies of advertising sheets, to be stuck in! The 4850, of course, are used as waste-paper! A gentleman lately advertised a book several times in the *Times*, he did

not sell a copy. At last he tried the *Family Herald* alone, and in a few weeks he sold off an edition of 500 copies!

'We have had little more of the *Daily News*' attack. I think it has discovered its folly. It made an abortive attempt to get up an excitement in favour of the reduction of the stamp to a halfpenny and get rid of the penny papers by putting a halfpenny-stamp on all of them! The man who conceived such an idea was merely a fool. The trade only laughed at the idea. The *People's Journal* belonged to the *Daily News* party; it was three halfpence. The *Daily News* praised it, and said there was no respectable paper below three halfpence! Why, our *Herald* goes where the *People's Journal* never could enter. It goes amongst nobility and gentry. It used to be sent, and for aught I know still is, to the Duke of Norfolk. Mrs B——, who knows some fashionable people, sees it often on drawing-room tables; and, only a few weeks ago, she said she saw the Misses Bishop reading it. Their mother is daughter of the Duke of Gordon, and they have a most magnificent palace not far from London, where they see the very first nobility and gentry. She also sees it at Mrs Campbell's, where Miss Campbell, a great heiress and toast at the west end, amuses herself with it. Biggs used to send it to the Countess of Surrey, the Duke of Norfolk's daughter-in-law. The *People's Journal* was too low and radical to see good society. It is no small recommendation to the little penny *Herald* that, notwithstanding its inferior quality of paper, it has established its reputation as the most respectable of the cheap papers. It stands first, without a rival. However, it is no easy matter to keep it there, and it requires great care and judgment. Biggs is a capital publisher, and without his business talents it would not do at all.' On no account will he be considered to pander to the mob, nor have his publisher disregarded!

He has just received from his brother the constitution of the Educational Institute, and is delighted to see the effort

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1848.
James to
John.

Herald.

to promote organisation in a profession that his brother was making great efforts to increase in influence.

13th April
1848.
James to
John.
Chartism

The Chartists! We have almost forgotten the excitement that once prevailed, and it may do no harm to peep behind the scenes and note how Chartism conducted itself in those days. 'We are all quiet once more, notwithstanding the loud threats of the Chartists. They were more formidable in the country than they ever were here. We had no fear of them beating; we only feared a commotion—bloodshed and loss of property. They are a paltry, insignificant set. There is not a respectable man amongst them. I was quite surprised when I heard they were bawling so loud. I had never even heard of their petition lying for signature. I never saw it announced anywhere. . . . I have no doubt it was signed chiefly by boys, and it seems that the Duke of Wellington has signed it no less than seventeen times. . . . It is a monstrous humbug. We live close to the road that it was to have come, so I was rather afraid of a row and some breakages, and one great rush came past my window just when I was engaged in answering my correspondents. But they were good-naturedly running away from the police, who were clearing the road. . . . Instead of being permitted to take the cabs with the petition over Westminster Bridge, they were told they could not pass. They then went up a mile and a half to Vauxhall Bridge. They were told they could not pass there, and told by the constables that they were d—d asses; then they took it up to Battersea Bridge. . . . It ought to have taken place on the 1st of April, but it was the 10th, and that is the same as the first in decimal numeration.' All Europe was in ferment, however. 'The French Revolution has brought the Fourierites forward, and Doherty and his party are busy with their principles. Louis Blanc, one of the Provisional Government, is a Fourierite. Owen is over there at present, or was lately, and has been examined by the Provisional Government. Doherty acted as his interpreter. . . . Great changes will

no doubt be effected, and these changes will be deeply imbued with the spirit of Socialism or Association. . . . It has made an impression, and convinced men of the necessity for attempting some mode of more equitably distributing the productions of industry and awarding the wages of labour. . . . There must be a greater amount of concession and popularism introduced into our system, and that is better than revolution. We gain by French Revolution more than France herself.'

After protesting against his brother having anything to do with the press: 'A friend of mine has a passion for editing, and lately bought the *Court Journal*. He had enough of it in a month;—edited his own paper for nothing, neglected his business, sold the paper at a loss, and is now laid up with a series of ailments. Take care of it. Every one considers me uncommonly fortunate in having so steady a position, though by no means eminent; yet many who write for dailies and quarterlies would be glad to exchange positions with me. They do not know the secret of it. I have been providentially dealt with all along, and have ideas altogether different from theirs, which have their mission to fulfil. Were I to write as others do—anything for pay—I should be treated as others and tossed about as they. But I write in a certain strain always, and develop a class of ideas precisely the same in substance as those with which I came to London, but which have been modified since I came here. Without my short training, however, at Ashton-under-Lyne, I could not have occupied my present position. Never a day passes but I feel the benefit of that schooling, but nobody knows of it, nor knows how it could benefit me. I do, and would go back there again were I deprived of the knowledge and experience I there gained.'

He has not been well; his sight has been troubling him much, especially one eye, and he has taken advice and been at Brighton, where he got an eye-salve and eye-water from one of the bathing-women; 'Last night I read the papers

10th June
1848.'

29th Sept
1848.
James to
John.

for an hour or two, small print, without any pain or annoyance,—a thing I have not done for three months before.'

The journey to Perth in fifteen hours would be too much for him, he could not stand it; and Brighton is like being in London: 'I wrote a leader in Brighton last Thursday, and had a proof of it on my table at breakfast on Saturday morning. But the leaders are nothing. I could easily prepare half a dozen leaders, and have them all ready before I started. It is the correspondents which is the difficulty.' Nor does he like the prospect of travelling by rail; he regrets the old stage coaches, 'and the nice, comfortable seat beside the coachman on a fine summer day; that is the travelling for me. But the coaches are all knocked up or broken down, which is the same thing, and the poetry of travelling is gone for ever.'

James Smith is now 47, and his staid brother must have been rather startled at the next letter he receives. After a disquisition on the incapacity of the medical profession, so far as he has ever discovered, and he seems to have consulted many, he proceeds:—'I am obliged to give up reading to a considerable extent, and find it no easy matter to spend my time. So, for a change, I am taking lessons in dancing from Mrs Henderson. . . . I am in hopes it may do both my health and my eyes good; it is a change of exercise. Whether he had been reading of Socrates, or inspired by his friend, we know not, but he tells it with his customary direct simplicity. It did not improve his sight! 'I read as little as possible. Indeed, I do not read all the *Family Herald*. The stories I very seldom read, and sometimes omit the other parts. But to read other periodicals, or even skim over their contents, would be very hard and unprofitable labour—labour for which I am not fit. . . . I have little or no correspondence with the gentlemen of the press; I do not like them. I was scarcely ever introduced to one that did not repel me in some manner. They all carry their principles very loosely, unless they happen to be bigots or furious

4th Nov.
1848.

6th Mar.
1849.

partisans, and then they are quite as disagreeable in the rigidity and uncharitableness of their opinions, as the rest are repulsive by their loose, and utter want of faith in human sincerity. One main cause of this, perhaps, is the want of sincerity in themselves. They are so much in the habit of writing for party and for mere pay, that they seem to regard those as the principal motives, and conviction as a thing to be worn like a cloak, off and on, as one feels disposed to wear it. What is very remarkable of the press gang, as Mrs. Butler calls them, is, that although almost all infidels in private, they dare not avow their infidelity in their papers. They all profess Christianity as writers, and laugh at the profession as talkers. This shows the influence of public opinion.' But yet a great under-current of infidelity is maintained in the public journals. 'A lady remarked to me, in reference to something I had said in a late leader against the common doctrine of eternal punishment, that she feared it would give offence, as the people stuck to the faith of hell-fire with greater pertinacity than to the hope of redemption itself. But I have not had one letter of complaint. One gentleman only asked how I could reconcile what I said with what Christ himself says. This is rather a remarkable fact; I believe it could not have happened ten or twelve years ago. It is the most monstrous faith that perhaps the human mind could entertain, and yet it is the faith of Christendom—the literal interpretation of a spiritual word—a riddle read in its obvious meaning, instead of being solved.'

A chatty and amusing letter to his niece, in return for a pair of 'sewed slippers,' brings out the difference in expression in London, where they would say 'working slippers' in place of 'sewing' them. 'The English ladies seldom do anything so beautiful. I have had several presents of slippers, but yours excel them all. . . . Your deer's head on my slippers is a beautiful painting, better than some of the celebrated Miss Linwood's, which are shown in

London here, in a gallery, for a shilling.' This niece, Miss Jessie Knox Smith, afterwards the life-long companion of Dr. Robert Angus Smith, was from her earliest years as skilled with pencil and brush as she was with the needle.

If his brother Micaiah loved not opposition and took not advice, as he complains, James was as little amenable to it himself. In fact, the race made by no means good servants, being too strong-headed, at the same time that they were too highly and finely strung to be leaders in the throng of men. 'As for your advice, it is of no use sending it here, as you know nothing of me or my affairs. I am more likely to fall into one-sidedness by following your advice than my own. Look after your own affairs, and don't drink so much brandy-wine,' an advice that was probably required greatly in Perth at that time, although his brother was a man well under control. The effort of his youngest brother, R. Angus, to obtain a Professorship in Manchester, calls for some observations quite in keeping with the views he always expresses in his essays as to dress: 'I do not think he has much chance, nor do I suppose it would be of very great advantage to him. Robert's appearance is against him, and he does not endeavour to correct it by dress. He dresses very carelessly. Some people can afford to despise dress, others cannot; and I think it is well for society when they cannot, for to dress becomingly is a moral duty—it is a part of good-manners. I think, however, Robert will do well by and by in his own way.' His connection with Strathaven is maintained in spirit only, but an occasional note in his correspondence shows an interest. Connections of the family had returned from America on a visit. 'I am glad to hear that the Curries are so prosperous. I was struck with the great change in Margaret and Jane since I knew them in their youth, a sad change for the worse, and yet the same distinctive peculiarities preserved. They looked pale and careworn, and they remarked how very healthy-looking the London people were. The Cockneys are certainly fresher-

21st Aug.
1849.
James to
John.

20th July
1850.
James to
John.

looking than they were, and James Currie looked quite sallow and withered amongst us. The American climate has not much improved him. It is too hot, I expect. It exhausts him.'

- 4 'Do you remember when we were in the Pantheon at Paris, that empty church where we heard the echo, that they had a ball suspended from the centre of the dome. I remarked at the time that it did not hang central, but several inches on one side. They are now making use of it to show the movement of the earth on its axis. It seems it revolves round the centre. They have got the place railed in for people to look at it, and they can see the movement, so many degrees in an hour. It was thought at first that it should take 24 hours to revolve, but it takes 32. It would take 24 near the pole, and not revolve at all at the equator. They are already showing it in London. It can even be shown in a dwelling-house, although the higher the ceiling the better.' Quite a novelty when tried from the Eiffel-tower forty years later! In spite of his isolation and absence from ordinary young life, he writes a sympathetic account of my eldest brother's departure for Manilla, having taken him to Southampton to the steamer. 'I wish he had come a few days sooner, to have seen London. . . . But I gave him as large a sweep of it in one day as I could; and what with walking, and riding on the tops of omnibuses on Good Friday, we got over all the principal parts, and had a glance at them. But it was only a glance, . . . though I took him down to the East India Docks, and from the Blackwall railway he had a view of the wilderness of house-tops that is seen therefrom. He was so fortunate also as to get into the Exhibition, and see what few Cockneys have yet seen. So that he goes to Manilla with the world's wonder in his head.' The 'world's wonder' is attracting many to London. 'There are a number of Straven folks here at present. John Tennant, the postman, Mr and Mrs Ferguson (Ellen Simpson *née*), (afterwards of Auchenheath),

12th April
1861.

20th April
1861.
James to
John.

8th July
1861.
James to
John.

Mr. and Mrs. Millar, Thomas and James Cochrane, and a Mr. Harvey. There is also a daughter of Margaret Vallance, Margaret Vallance by name. I was at the theatre with the most of them last night. John Tennant wears well. He is a thoroughbred Stravenite, a clever man. I knew him at once in the Exhibition, and walked seven hours with him there. He had been two hours before I met him, and he did not seem to be fatigued. In fact, people seldom are fatigued in the Exhibition. It is curious that people who can walk nowhere else, can walk there very freely.'

2nd Jan.
1861.

Allan Thomas Attwood, Knaresborough, is one of his correspondents who discusses his views intelligently and sympathetically. 'Believe me, none appreciate your articles in the *Family Herald* in a higher degree than do I and Mrs. Attwood. I read out to-day those of the part current to both her and another lady now in the house, and exceedingly interested and instructed we were by them. It is refreshing, amid the din of party controversy, to read the opinions of a *spectator ab extra*, and though I do not agree with all your analogies, to your conclusion I unfeignedly subscribe; in fact, have been preaching a series of sermons during Advent, in which I attempted to show that we want the Universal Teacher, the Universal Restorer, the Universal King. I fancy many more people, especially among the clergy, hold views favourable to the millennial theory than you are perhaps aware of.' There is a voluminous correspondence with this clergyman, to whom he also sends a letter from *Sanctus Wilfridus*, Edinburgh, discussing Romanism. 'Knowing your objection to a *bound book*, I will not press the suggestion of the "Neophyte," about republication of your essays, but I think it a very good one, and should be very glad to become a subscriber to the volume, as well as to canvass for others,' so that he takes calmly Smith's attacks upon his own church. *Sanctus Wilfridus* is, however, soon forgotten in a new rival, who signs himself

+ Ignatius M. }
P.P. }

a signature that Attwood suggests a name for: 'The curse is dreadful as to language and spirit. . . . Is not "Father Ignatius" the author of the Anathema? no one but a crack-brained enthusiast could have written it, one would hope: and from all accounts Mr. Spencer, Father Ignatius of St. Paul's, is just the man.' The 'iligant language' was especially called forth by the publication of the contents of this note:—

✓ 'Permit me to state to you the following facts which recently occurred in a Catholic family residing in Hammer-smith. A female member of the family, a young lady in her 18th year, having been detected in the *atrocious* act of having eaten meat on a fast day, was ordered by the priest visiting the family, who is of the order of Jesuits, to receive a flagellation, which was actually administered on her naked person with a birch rod. The punishment was as severe as the nature of the instrument would admit of, the poor girl having been previously secured on a sofa, so as to render resistance useless. The above facts, which I can fully prove to be strictly true, I have taken the liberty of troubling you with, in hopes, by your kindly noticing them, it will prevent a repetition of such disgusting proceedings in future. I have written this by the wish of a relative of the young lady, who was an eye-witness of the punishment, which she describes as being of the most severe description, being administered by a powerful woman, an old servant of the family, who, like the rest, are entirely under the influence of the miserable priest. She states the number of stripes to have been at least 60 or 70, two rods having been used on the occasion. If you will kindly notice this, I think you would be doing a service, as your paper is constantly read by the family I write of. P.S.—I am at liberty to give the real name and address of all the parties.'

'The Curse.'

'"For your assaults on our holy religion, I shall prohibit your dirty publication from being read by any of the

faithful under my direction. For such vile fellows as you there is but one course, *i.e.*, to surround you with a heap of your filthy trash and burn you to ashes, so that your poetical carcase might taste of the fire which will consume your soul in hell for ever and ever!

“Anathema! in the name of the Blessed Trinity, I curse you and yours: in the name of the Holy Virgin, St. Joseph and St. James, I curse you. Anathema! Amen! Amen!”

To balance this remarkable production is one that must have pained him more deeply. It commences ‘My Dear and Honoured Lord and Master,’ confesses the sin and unworthiness of the writer, evidently a woman of education, and concludes by confessing her faith in him as the expected Messiah! The danger to weak minds of constant introspection and discussion of such questions as were his ‘daily food’ must have been thus brought strongly home to him.

His brother and sister-in-law, like all the world, had been to London from Perth to the world’s show, and with that peculiar fear of being in the way when paying calls, which careful provincial housewives had in the old days, had blundered.

‘You gave great offence to Dr. Vallance by not calling. Miss Currie (2) were there at the time, staying with the Doctor; and John has given great offence to Mrs. Henderson by not calling; James (his nephew) and Miss Garland took tea with her last night; and also to Mr. Cousins for not calling, so that you have made a few enemies by your own scrupulousness. . . . I went to Kew Gardens and Fern House with Misses Currie. They are going all to America for ever.’

North once more in Scotland, his native air seems to stimulate conflict. He writes from Glasgow on his way back to London,—‘I know Professor Maurice a little, and have read a little of his writings, and have also read the review you allude to. He aims at universality, but is hampered by the position which he occupies in the Church. He is not a free man. But even if he were free he wants

July 1851.
Dfracombe.

James to my
dear sister
Mrs. S.
18th Sept.
1851.

Catholicity, and sings the old song of the Christian priesthood, which he would fain invest with an authority that it never can possess. . . . He wants to show that Christ has an organised kingdom here on earth, but in attempting to show it he proves too much, for he proves that it is not in Rome and not in Scotland, but only in England, and yet not even there either. So that after all he proves it out of the world : that is just where it really is.'

'Manchester has very much improved since I saw it last. I thought it much cleaner, and I saw nothing like the wretchedness I saw in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Even the oldest and the dirtiest brick lanes seemed to have comfortable houses, and the windows and the interior had all a cleanly appearance'—while he dilates upon the filth he had seen in the Scotch cities. The great question of employment for his nephews causes him to discuss professions and business. 'The Church is becoming less and less eligible as

29th Nov.
1851.

a sphere of employment either in town or country, for the press is gradually superseding the pulpit, and will ere long do the business for it. But nobody can be trained for the press. Though some make their thousands a year by it they were not educated for it. Each man takes it up for himself, or is drawn into it by Providence, he knows not how. It is a miserable employment for a man who merely wants to make a trade of it. It is enough to drive him to his wits' end. It invariably leads to poverty, for such a man having no other object but that of making money is so much engaged with thinking of what will take or sell, that he neglects to think of what is just and true, and therefore sinks like a stone.' Once more revolution has swept over France, 'a windfall for Popery and Despotism.'

'Louis Napoleon, like all supreme rulers, means to be liberal if the people will let him be so in his own way. . . . He will sit upon bayonets. I think it a good thing for France for a while at least. The intellectual or doctrinal propaganda of Paris was as complete a Babel as ever

23rd Dec.
1851.

aspired to heaven, and Louis Napoleon has done good service to the civilised world by bringing it all down about the ears of the Babel builders. But the intellect of France is a young giant, or rather a hydra with a thousand heads and a thousand resources. It is a spirit that is not to be checked or restrained by any physical force whatever. There can be little doubt that, however long Louis Napoleon's power may last, it must meet with tremendous opposition, that will provoke him to use his utmost strength; and if he should throw himself into the arms of the priests, as he will be strongly tempted to do, he will awake the spirit of blasphemy in greater strength than ever. Of late the priests have been gaining great power; and so much power have they in the University now, that they have lately expelled the *Vicar of Wakefield* as a class-book from the English classes, and substituted Bacon's Essays in its stead. The Vicar of Wakefield is a Protestant parson, and they cannot admit such a man to be a model of virtue, and withal a married man. Lord Bacon's first essay on "Unity in Religion" is Catholic, and it justifies persecution of heretics. All this was done before Louis Napoleon's *coup d'etat*, and much more will be done now, for the priests are creeping back, and they have received £12,000,000 of the property that was taken from them at the first Revolution. One of the first acts of the emancipated President was to restore the Pantheon to the Church. But the Archbishop demurred: the reason is obvious. It contains the bones of Voltaire and other infidels. He wants it purified. I go to Southfield on Thursday, where I always take my Christmas dinner ever since they (the Garlands) went there eleven years ago. I shall come home on Saturday, when I am to dine with Borthwick, who advocates warmly Louis Napoleon's cause, from which it may be concluded that Palmerston is friendly to it, for Borthwick sticks to Palmerston through thick and thin.'

'Cousins has now become a printer's-ink maker ; he has discovered a new kind of ink that dries in two or three minutes, and has no turpentine or any other spirit in it. He is succeeding very well ; it is taking amazingly. . . . The ink-makers have already reduced their prices considerably in order to compete with him.' He explains that most printers are in the hands of the ink-makers—who are the great capitalists—as the brewers control the publicans. The state of his eyesight seems to have made him more disposed to friendly intercourse. ' My health has been pretty good, but my spirits have been flat for a long time, and my eyes are not good enough for constant reading, especially by candle-light. So that of late I found it rather a difficult matter to spend my evenings comfortably. I generally spend one evening in the week with Doherty, and occasionally I go to some evening party. . . . I see Jock Aiton has been publishing a book of travels in the East. It is reviewed in the current number of Blackwood, which you ought to read. Jock has been making a triumphant entry into Jerusalem, riding on a donkey I suppose, and dressed in white linen, with a turban on his head and a huge cotton umbrella spread over him in one hand, whilst the other was engaged picking wasps out of his ears and his nose alternately, and his mouth, when he opened it wide enough for their entrance, was filled with winged vermin flying down his throat. Blackwood says none but a member of Presbytery could have written the book, and none but himself could have made it so amusing, and withal so absurd.'

17th Dec.
1852.
James to
John.

The danger of being attached solely to one periodical is now being felt. ' I know nothing about the *Herald* getting on, but I suppose much the same as ever. Biggs and I have little intercourse, and I often think he would like to get rid of me. But this is merely a suspicion. I have no special reason for thinking so. But I think a change will come ere long, and I wish to be prepared for it. I daresay

9th Sept.
1853.
James to
John.

it is all right enough, for I have long felt that I have been buried in the *Herald*. But there were good reasons for it, and I am not blaming Biggs, for I believe he will act honourably, but the paper itself does not furnish me with scope enough, and I want another field of action.' This it was never his fate to find or create.

CHAPTER XXI.

LADY LYTTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have seen that two of those who attended his early lectures in London in opposition to Materialism were Mrs Wheeler and her daughter, afterwards Lady Bulwer Lytton. The intimacy with Mrs Wheeler continued for many years, although they seem never to have had much real mental sympathy except in the joint effort to promote what each considered the happiness of mankind, and, more especially in her case, the emancipation of women, a subject that always interested James Smith deeply. He acknowledges to have learned much from this remarkable woman, who introduced him to the advanced thought of the time.

In the meantime the daughter married Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, and very shortly thereafter commenced those misunderstandings, and misconduct on the part of Bulwer Lytton, which culminated in one of the great public scandals of the period. Lady Lytton's letters to James Smith were brilliant and voluminous, her intimacy with him having recommenced from seeking publicity for her wrongs in the columns of the '*Family Herald*.' In page 602 of the eighth volume, in answer to '*Rebecca*,' the first part of the story is summarised; and to *Rebecca* (*Miss Ryves*) the first Miss Ryves, letters of James Smith were written, not knowing at the time who the lady was. The bulk of the correspondence was destroyed by the late Dr. R. Angus Smith, into whose hands James Smith's papers passed. His reason for their

destruction was the atrocity of the revelations, and the fear that they should one day be made public. He consequently used afterwards to declare that no one held Lord Edward Lytton Bulwer Lytton in more absolute contempt morally than he did; and yet no one had done more for his reputation! The late Mr. William White, author of the *Life of Swedenborg*, agreed with the present writer that the letters were so witty, so clever, and so brilliant, that literature lost more than morality could gain by their suppression—a matter of opinion! It is always an invidious task to publish private letters of any kind; yet only by such letters can the mind of the writer, when in dishabille, be seen; and the private letters of Smith to strangers are so few that we make no excuse for publishing his correspondence with one of the most brilliant women of her time. If the reputation of a great English classic should suffer in the course thereof, it is merely what James Smith himself would have called a 'fact,'—it is so ordered,—not an object. In his letters to my father he is always so far in restraint, he is more a philosopher discussing philosophy with a brother of the craft. With Lady Lytton he is genial, good-humoured, and playful, with an undercurrent of sadness which he cannot restrain. The correspondence is sufficiently unrestrained, as, under the peculiar circumstances of the case, it was almost bound to become, seeing Lady Lytton's whole story turned on the intercourse of the sexes.

11th Jan.
1861.
To Rebecca,
Miss Ryves.

'Madame or Mademoiselle,—I return you the enclosed, with many thanks for your interesting but melancholy communications, but I hope you will pardon me for saying that I am still at a loss to understand the subject. I can well understand how a man and his wife may separate for life, but it is difficult to understand how a father, mother, and daughter can be separated with such concomitant circumstances as you describe. The daughter was turned out of doors by her father: why did she not go to her mother's house? Again, the mother visited the daughter in her last illness, and the

mother was turned out of the daughter's miserable lodgings. She must have been turned out by the father, or the father's orders, for none but such a father could have been guilty of such an act of cruelty. The father therefore had still kept the supervision of his daughter: he in fact was the real occupier of her lodgings, and exercised control over her and her desolate home. It reminds one of the story of Beatrice Cenci, of which Shelley has made such a heartrending use. But the story of Beatrice is intelligible, whereas, so far as I have yet learned that of Miss Lytton, I am at a loss to comprehend the relative position of father and child.

‘I did not doubt the truth of your story when I said, can this be true?—but feeling convinced that my readers would naturally start such objections as I have just given expression to, I merely anticipated their doubt by way of self-defence. It is a melancholy and tragic story, the secret details of which can only be known to the principal actors of the drama—but love (including self-love) is at the bottom of it all. Love is a monster when thwarted or disappointed, or transformed into jealousy: it is the kindest or the most cruel of all our passions; and in proportion to its primitive strength, will be its ultimate ferocity when once it is corrupted. I believe that murder and suicide are more frequently contemplated by love, and what was once love, and still in fact is love on the rack, than by any other passion. “Love is strong as death,” says Solomon; “jealousy cruel as the grave.” What sort of man Sir E. is I know not, I never saw him; I know not whether he is tall or short, stout or slender. But from what I have heard, he is a vain man, and therefore selfish, and demands a monopoly of respect, admiration, and affection. According to your last letter, he was jealous even of his own infant, and would not even share his wife's affection with it. He must have it all to himself. I have no doubt that originally his love for Lady B. was excessive, too much so to last—fretfully so—impatiently so; and not being able to mould her to his will, for such

wills in general have no definite meaning, the angel of love was transformed into a demon. This is very often the case. My weekly correspondence reveals many frightful cases of such transformation, too bad for publication. This demon he seems to nourish, and in so doing has made a moral wreck of his conjugal and paternal feelings. What poor things education, philosophy, poetry, literature, and artistic taste or æsthetics are for making men moral, good, and wise. Bigotry is better, Quakerism is better: without religious fear of some kind, that reverential fear that chastens the spirit, refinement itself only tends to sensuality. Religion has yet to be married to philosophy. They are at present at variance: though man and wife by nature, they are at present either living apart or quarrelling with each other. "The marriage of the Lamb" has not yet come, that great or universal marriage that unites the discordant elements of society, and converts the two cross-keys of gentile Christianity into one. Till then, society will be full of antagonism, families full of discord; and love, the noblest and even the most prolific of all the passions, morally and intellectually, tortured like a martyr. I have long been convinced of this fact, and therefore compare religion with philosophy and science in all my popular prelections, for some of the greatest sensualists I ever met were irreligious philosophers and men of taste. Man is not more fit for liberty than woman is, but he has more of it, and a bad use he makes of it. A stringent law of morals and manners is sadly wanted, but we have nothing but financial legislation at present; we enjoy moral liberty. If I thought that the Romish confessional were a good check upon private immorality, I should not hesitate to advocate it. But it is not. That which is now whispered in the ear must be proclaimed on the house-top. There is nothing so fearful as open shame; and if the law of honour were what it pretends to be, the man of dishonour would be an outcast from society, however great his wealth, his talent, or his patronage.

'I fear I have written you an article instead of a letter. —With kind regards to Lady Lytton, for my perhaps as yet unintelligible behaviour to whom my memory often vexes me, I remain,
'E. F.H.'

'Madam,—I return you the enclosed letters which you were so kind as to forward for my perusal. I understand the matter now much better than when I wrote you last, for, as you must have observed, I had not then received your last communication, and had no idea of the manner in which Sir Edward had disposed of his children. I was very much affected with his letter to his wife,—it seemed to me, whilst reading it, such a full, free, and frank confession of the wrong that he had done her. The total absence of all re- crimination, also the self-abasement and humiliation, the abhorrence of himself for what he had done, exhibited such an appearance of genuine penitence, that I pitied the man, and admired him for his candour.

21st Jan.
1851.
To Rebecca,
Miss Ryves.

'But if he retracts and denies it all after he has written it, why, then, I can make nothing of him, and suffer the impression which he made to be effaced. His conduct in the affair of Mrs. S. shows a heartlessness which I fear is too common at present. I have seen quite enough of that to disgust me. Married gentlemen, professed admirers of chivalry, subduing their wives, I suppose, by ferocious curtain lectures and threats, to permit them to use all sorts of gallantries with gay ladies, such as kneeling at their feet, kissing their hands, and even, if the young ladies will permit it, laying their heads on their knees, whilst sitting on the ground before them. The wives say nothing, but they do not like it. I suppose it is some imaginary revival of mediæval chivalry, coming in hand-in-hand with, or rather vis-a-vis to, Puseyism, as its licentious counterpart. The scene you describe on the vessel is identical with scenes that I have seen repeatedly, in silent meditation on the character of the respective performers, and the training by

which they all had been respectively brought to do and to tolerate such things. The Bible and the Pistol in your description let one into the secret behind the curtain. As if an effort were being made to debauch young men, fathers will do such things before their sons. Youth is naturally modest, but its warm passions are easily corrupted, especially by the example of elders. I have received one very strong letter from a lady who calls herself *Veritas*, in reference to the answer to Rebecca. It is painful for me to transcribe it, but I think it my duty to do so, in order to show you what a pickle I should soon be in were I to enter into such personalities in the columns of a periodical. Who the lady is I know not, but she says she knows Lady Lytton perfectly, and she gives her a most atrocious character. Of course I do not believe her anonymous testimony, nor would I believe it were it not anonymous, but I give it to you verbatim, to shew you what a legion of devils I might conjure up if I said much more about the subject. I send you only a copy, but I will preserve the original.

See *F. H.*,
vol. viii.
p. 602.

“Sir,—Having observed in your journal of the 18th the mention of Rebecca’s story in the notice to correspondents, I can assure you, from a perfect knowledge of the lady in question, that no faith can be placed in her statements. The story of her daughter is a fabrication, though there are circumstances connected with it sufficient to give a colouring of truth to her assertion, but it is ‘merely a thread of candour with a web of wiles.’ She drove her husband to desperation by her violent temper, unfeminine propensities, and outrageous conduct. In appearance she is not fit to be admitted into decent society, in money matters she is fraudulently dishonourable, and she has been well described as a ‘painted swindler.’ If you love justice, you ought to give publicity to this counter-statement, as the eminent position of the husband, whom it is impossible not to

recognise from the description, demands this reparation at your hands.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, a constant reader,
 ‘“VERITAS.”’

‘A female hand, fluent and somewhat dashing and careless. Bold and self-possessed, she seems to be evidently a violent partisan in the matter. I have answered her, but my answer will not satisfy her. I fear I shall hear more from her, and have to fight her in self-defence.

‘Your invitation I have thought proper to decline accepting at present. I may possibly come and see you both on some future occasion, but not pending the present controversy. Indeed, I somewhat fear it. I am not at all adapted by nature for personalities, and have scrupulously avoided them all my life; my nerves and my presence of mind are not sufficiently strong for them. I am sensitive, timid, retiring, and solitary, and afraid both of giving and receiving offence. But I believe I have heart enough always to sympathise with the injured, especially with children. I cannot read paragraphs in papers about children burnt or mutilated, or cruelly used. Miss Lytton’s story is to me much more heartrending than Lady Lytton’s, and yet I have no doubt that Lady Lytton has suffered a hundredfold more.

‘I leave it entirely to your discretion whether to show Lady Lytton the letter I have transcribed or not. You know best how she will receive it. But it is unnecessary to put yourself to the trouble of a refutation, as I do not believe it. It is too strong to be credited, and is, moreover, contradicted by Sir Edward’s own certificate of her character. His letter alone is an unanswerable retort to all such malicious insinuations against her.—I am, yours, &c.

‘E. F.H.’

‘Madam,— I do not know Mr. Hyde, but as I have no doubt whatever of the truth of Lady Lytton’s statements respecting her husband’s behaviour, I do not require any con-

firmation. Sir Edward's conduct has been infamous, even supposing him to have received the greatest provocation which a lady of Lady Lytton's character, education, and position in life could possibly have given to a man. But according to his own acknowledgment, that provocation was not given. Till I saw that letter I thought it probable that Lady Lytton, being a spirited woman, might, as women often do, have expended her wit and resentment, or even jealousy, upon him in a very provoking manner. But his own confession puts a negative on all these suspicions, which are very natural. Though not a married man myself, I have seen and heard, and read weekly almost in my correspondence, quite enough to enlighten me upon that subject. I have shown the letters to several friends of both sexes. They all condemn him, the ladies especially. But one married man, whose wife bothers him a little, remarked, after a frank acknowledgment that Sir E.'s conduct was most atrocious, "But I don't know: some women are enough to drive a man mad. You don't know them, you don't know them,"—and he shook his head most mournfully. However, that has nothing to do with the case of the children. I shall have no objection to see Mr. Hyde if it be necessary for me to take further notice of the matter. But I do not suppose I shall hear more of it, and I do not think it would be advisable in Lady Lytton to push it into notoriety by such a channel. I think it would be better to be quiet for a little. —With kind regards to Lady Lytton, I remain, yours, &c.,
'E. F.H.'

29th April
 1851.
 To Lady
 Lytton.

'My Dear Lady Lytton,—After so many letters have passed between us, I think it a very foolish thing in me to preserve my incognito any longer. I felt disposed to make an exception in favour of your Ladyship at the first, but the force of habit and a general indifference to the formation of new acquaintances prevailed, and led me to treat you as an ordinary correspondent. It was not, however, because I

regarded you in that light, for I had many reasons both of personal respect for yourself and for the memory of your mother to single you out as one who was entitled to any confidence and service it was in my power to bestow. I always meant some day to break silence, but the day was put off by a sort of fatality so very long, that had you not of late renewed our acquaintanceship, I should, from pure shame, have kept silence for ever. You perhaps remember directing my attention to a piece of poetry of yours in *Bell's Weekly Messenger*. Well, I never was able to procure a sight of it. I told the shopman at the office to procure the paper for me; he deferred doing so till Saturday or Monday, I forget which, then it was all sold off. I told him then to procure it at any price, and he employed several newsvenders to look for a copy in coffee-houses or anywhere, but none could be found. It seems almost incredible, but such was the fact. Mr. Biggs also, the publisher and proprietor of the *Family Herald*, did his utmost, and sent to several coffee-houses in the neighbourhood, but not a copy could be procured, and I never saw it. A similar fatality attended the *Peer's Daughter*. Not being connected with any circulating library, I sent our servant out to several in the neighbourhood, but all in vain. I then gradually fell into another train of thought, and calmly waited an opportunity. The whole affair, however, has annoyed me considerably, and has, in fact, become one of the permanent stings by which my repose is at times disturbed and my conscience troubled. Moreover, it is of no use for you to forgive me, even if you could, for the punishment of sin is eternal, and I think if I had exerted myself more I might have succeeded.

The *Peer's Daughter*.
1849.
Novel by
Lady
Lytton.

'Having settled this old bill, I come down the stream of time to more recent matters. I am just reading your autobiography, and am delighted as well as surprised with the talent it displays. It exceeds my expectations. But as I have not yet finished it, I shall not enter at present into details. I am only in the second volume. I read the first

more than a week ago, but before I could begin the second I had a visit from a nephew on his way to India, or rather Manilla, and I had to walk, ride, or *drive* about with him to show him the lions and lionesses, and then to accompany him to Southampton, where he embarked for Alexandria on board the "Ripon" on Easter Sunday. From Southampton I went to Salisbury, and heard divine service in the cathedral on the same day, and then I came home to my usual avocations. In a day or two, however, I was reminded of a promise to visit some friends in Kent. So off by train again I went for three days, and returned on Saturday last, and then I found, in addition to my public correspondence, some special ones that begged for private answers, &c. Not to tire your patience out with this uninteresting gossip, suffice it to say that with all this surplus of employment, I have not been able to get beyond the middle of the second volume. The three volumes, however, were read in as many days by a young lady who picked it up on my table. I must now tell you who I myself am—*Nobody*. I belong to no sect or party in Church or State, and have no heart to work with or for any of them. I both hate and love them. I am misanthropist and philanthropist, and I include myself in my hatred as well as others, for I am not at all satisfied with myself. I am a Scotchman by birth and descent, and belong to the greatest family in the world—the family of the Smiths, the superlative greatness of which was never, I believe, disputed till within the last few months, when a feeble and paltry attempt was made to set up the Jones-es as rivals, they being merely a Welsh family, and not universal as ours is, or rather as "my family" is. I was educated for the Kirk, and am a licentiate of the Established Church of Scotland, therefore entitled by courtesy to the epithet of Reverend—as John Russel, gent, to that of Lord. I don't care much for my titles, but I preserve them notwithstanding, for they are passports in society. In addition to this antecedent title, I have a postcedent one, which I obtained

by undergoing successfully an examination by five or six Professors in black geneva gowns, concluding with an installation, in which my head was surmounted by a black velvet cap, not unlike the one in which judges are wont to condemn murderers to be hanged. This ceremony authorised me to put M.A. after my name. That is all I have to boast of.

'Being thus spiritually allied to John Calvin, you may perhaps imagine that I was not well pleased with the liberties which you and your worthy uncle have taken with John's reputation. But I am quite indifferent about John's renown, and have not hesitated myself to give him a kick, as I passed, for his bigotry and intolerance. I should be very sorry to live under John's reign, or anything resembling it. And though the modern Church of Scotland is very different in spirit from Calvin, though falsely professing to hold by the letter of his doctrine, yet there is so much in the Church of Scotland of what is common to all religious sects, namely, of injustice in respect to the doctrine of sin and Divine judgment, that I conscientiously resolved to preach myself out of it by preaching the doctrine of universal redemption. I did so for two years, got the name of a heretic, and quietly escaped from my native land, and have never since visited it. I left it, however, without a moral spot upon my character; my only reproach was that of heresy.

'I came to London just to see what Providence would do for me. I commenced lecturing, and one day after a lecture your mother waited and introduced herself, and this was only a short time before I first saw you. I was for many years a bit of a favourite with your mother: she often sent for me, and many a letter I have received from her. I have even preserved some, though I generally burn all the letters I receive. At last a sort of coldness arose between us. I had always found fault with her tendency to Materialism; and she often acknowledged that Faith, if one could have it, was a great acquisition, and very often, in her happier moods of mind, I found her reconciled to the idea of religion as I

presented it before her, and she often said that if anyone could make a Christian of her it would be myself. But then, again, the philosophical spirit once more prevailed, and uttered eloquent invectives against everything that assumed the form of religion; then she murmured and complained, and then I reminded her that philosophy was of little value if it could not give repose to the mind under affliction, and then she became angry, and upbraided and reproached me as a sample of all other men-tyrants and monsters—we often fell out in this way, and became friends again. But on one occasion I deeply offended her, and she resented it more than usual, not only in a strong and powerfully written letter, but with a *viva voce* upbraiding when we met. I felt wounded by the treatment, which I thought too severe; and though we parted friends, I resolved not to go back again until she sent for me. She never did. She changed her residence soon after and went far away, where I never saw her. She was a remarkable woman, and her children could scarcely fail to be possessors of great talent. Moreover, though I never could adopt her philosophical notions of creation and destiny, I am deeply indebted to her for directing my attention to social questions such as Owenism, St. Simonism, and Fourierism, and introducing me to gentlemen with whom I conferred upon these subjects, and thus became initiated into many of the mysteries of popular philosophy, to which I had been previously an utter stranger, but which have since been indispensable to qualify me for my own individual mission as a public writer. Indeed, I always regard my introduction to Mrs. Wheeler as a most important providential epoch in my life.

‘I have now lived eighteen years in London, supporting myself chiefly by my pen. Being isolated, having lost caste, like Joseph, by parting from old brethren, and not having found new ones, I determined to live a single life, for my heart could never bear the idea of entailing any of my own reproach upon a woman, or suffering reproach from one for

thinking differently from other men. So that unless God created a woman on purpose for me, I felt that marriage was not for me. But I have all my life entertained the most exalted ideas of Love, so much so as to make a religion of it. Even heaven itself I regard as a state in which love between the sexes will be realised and perfected, and surpass even all that imagination can conceive. And since my liberation from church creeds, I have found revelation speaking a new language, and the book opening itself to my mind and revealing wonderful but secret things—things almost unutterable, but true. I have been, upon the whole, well rewarded for my heresy; and though the ladies know nothing of me personally, and but little of my opinions, for I cannot freely speak out, yet it seems that my spirit has some attraction for them, for I daresay few of my sex, not even Catholic confessors excepted, have more correspondence with “British females” than I have. Do not, however, let any wicked thoughts enter into your head, for I have never seen one of them personally. It is all in spirit. Love can not be realised in this world. Even when a young man I believed this, and did not attempt to realise it. And now that I am an old bachelor, I should only be a fool to try it. One of the greatest blessings of heaven is love, and it is only there that men and women will thoroughly enjoy one another, and bless God for making man double. There is a curse upon this world. It is merely a school of evil for juvenile training. Our home is in heaven, where we shall all go very soon.

“A few short years of evil past,
 We reach that happy shore,
 Where death-divided friends at last
 Shall meet to part no more.”

‘Hoping that I have not entirely exhausted your patience with this long letter, I remain, your Ladyship’s most obt.,
 ‘J. E. SMITH.’

'I certainly admire the Amazon for the intensity and eagerness of expression, and the natural ease and determination of attitude. I have not minutely examined it all, and therefore am not aware of the errors you speak of, except perhaps in the loins, which are masculine-looking. It is not intended for a beauty. I therefore did not look for feminine beauty, but a sort of masculine femininity. It is a brazen kiss, as you observe—in more senses, however, than one, as it is a kiss for sale. Brass for brass, old brass for new, as the young lassie said when she married the rich old man. The veiled nuns are beautiful. They were something new to me.

Miriam
Sedley.
1851.
Novel.

'I have just read the notice in *Bell's New Weekly Messenger*. It is very good and very clever. The writer has taken a most judicious as well as friendly view of the book. I still hope, however, that notwithstanding all your personal grievances, you will forget them in your next book (if too great an effort, let it be a short one; bottle up your gall and vinegar, and make *preserves* instead of *pickles*. I should like you to do this, both for present and posthumous fame. I am not at all sorry that the programme has been published. But I would rather that some one else had done it. So long as your Ladyship fights so valiantly in your own cause, it is impossible for a champion ever to come forward. Such a programme would prove a shield for the foe, and ward off a thousand *coups d'épée* and barbed arrows. But, of course, you know the men and the matters better than I do, and have made your resolution. I know them not, and never shall; their sphere is not my sphere. I am not a reader either of old plays or new ones, nor an admirer of men who think there is any greatness or evidence of genius in playing the parts either of fashionable roués, soft-pates, or sneaks. Much sickening stuff is written about actors, who occupy a position in the columns of the press which they are not well entitled to; and literary men who are fond of notoriety, in my humble opinion, lower the dignity of their

calling as public instructors by playing the parts of *the vilest of men*. Why do play-writers always select rogues, blacklegs, sneaks, doodles, dodgers, and such wretches for their principal characters? Is it because they cannot sketch the character of gentlemen, or because the public do not admire their likeness? Johnson said of Garrick that he could play every character but a gentleman. I should like to see any of the Devonshire strolling band attempt such a part. I suppose the playwright has judiciously refrained from introducing a gentleman into the piece. It is curious that he should have selected such a low, vagabond set of characters expressly for literary men to represent. It was no compliment to them, however judicious for him.—With kind regards to Miss Ryves, whom I had almost again called Rebecca, I remain, yours Jacobitically, 'JAMES SMITH.

'I have made a few short extracts from *Miriam Sedley* as I go along, and one, I hope, will appear in the ensuing number. If I can find a long episode, I will extract it. That about Goldsmith's cuffs seems at present very suitable. It is admirably told, and will be generally interesting. I think it is partly historical. If I mistake not, there is something resembling it in Irving's *Life of Goldsmith*, only not so copious, graphic, and rich with detail. But I have not the book at hand to compare them. I have said a few words after one of the extracts, by way of commendation. I hope, however, to find some other and better opportunity of recommending it. I am glad to see that it sells well.'

'My Dear Lady Lytton,—I received your kind letter in due season, with its interesting contents, which I will restore to you when I have the pleasure of shaking hands with you, which I hope to have on Sunday evening, if by that time you are so fortunate as to have got rid of your troublesome visitor. I shall be very happy also to see Rebecca, and then you will be the first two correspondents of the *Family*

2nd May
1851.
To Lady
Lytton.

Supporters
of the
'Shepherd.'

Herald of whom I have made the personal acquaintance. But I once corresponded with two ladies almost weekly for five years before I became acquainted with them.

'I am not at all afraid of meeting anyone. I put you under no restrictions whatsoever, and give you no secrets to keep. A man who cannot keep his own secrets has no right to impose them on other people, more especially on ladies, who are reputedly fond of proclaiming them.

'I hope you will not be very severe on old ladies, but prepare yourself for learning the wisdom that old-ladyship is well calculated to teach when it comes upon you. I am quite clear of all slander or disrespectful language spoken or written against them. I am sometimes severe on old bachelors, but not upon old ladies, married or single. . . . Moreover, I decidedly prefer the spirit of amiable old ladies to that of old politicians. Even their superstition is more venerable and poetical than politics, and their religion, at the worst, is more moral in its tendency than that mongrel philosophy of modern times which attempts to improve on the philosophy of the ancients by robbing it of its virtue. Woman has a splendid destiny in reserve for her. I have often reasoned myself into a wish that I were a woman. She was last created, and is therefore the pinnacle of creation,—the last shall be first, and the first last. Man will be her servant and not her master in the reign of eternal chivalry. Be patient and wait in faith and hope.

Novel.

'I am delighted to hear that you have treated the question of pre-existence in the *Peer's Daughter*,—so much the greater treat is reserved for me. There is much to favour it in the whole spirit and tenor of the Law of Moses. Pierre Leroux, a French socialist and singularly Catholic writer, advocates it with great talent.

'The *Times* gave Sir Edward a contemptuous brush with its wing as it passed him the other day. Literature certainly requires reform as much as religion or politics. All the world requires it together; we all want a moral tiger

to lick us into shape. The wrong is universal; not here or there, but everywhere. It is the School of Evil. It is our duty to fight against it even to the last.—I have only now to say, I remain your Ladyship's servant, 'J. E. SMITH.'

'My Dear Lady Lytton,—I am extremely obliged to you for directing my attention to the little paragraph from Newman's lecture, and also for sending me the lecture itself, which I herewith return along with the six stamps, as I consider myself the debtor and not the creditor. I had not even noticed the paragraph. We have the son of a clergyman of the Church of England constantly engaged on the paper, and he supplies the most of the small paragraphs, picked up by reading. I believe him to be very impartial in so doing; when he errs it must be by being too hasty. Now, I cannot blame him in this matter, although he has not stated the case as it might be stated. He could not go into all the details, so he chose the most unexceptionable mode of stating the case. After reading the lecture, I cannot convince myself that Newman has acted honestly. He represents the speech as in the first place a supposition of his own—indeed both speaker and speech are represented as suppositions; then he pretends to find, *apropos*, a fact in a private correspondence which converts his supposition into a reality; and then he gives his supposed speech "*as it may be supposed to stand in the morning print.*" A most disingenuous piece of mystification, which I *suppose* he justifies by means of his newly-adopted Jesuitical casuistry. I have put three gentle pencil-crosses on pages 24 and 25, to which I call your attention. They can be easily erased with a piece of india-rubber. It would be more to Newman's honour if, instead of inventing such puerile absurdities, he were to attempt a serious answer to such books as Elliot's *Horæ Apocalypticæ*, in which the whole subject of the prophetic numbers and symbols is treated historically, legitimately, and seriously. But Catholics are afraid to touch

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1851.

upon these subjects, and they make much more impression upon their own flock by merely laughing at them. Newman seems to be losing his logical faculties, or he would not have adduced the story of the two knights in pages 4 and 5, for the story tells against himself. If the two knights found themselves wrong at last, so should Protestants and Catholics, as I firmly believe they will. But according to Father Newman, the Catholics must find themselves right. It is a singular specimen of the *argumentum ad absurdum*, such as one might expect from Hanwell Asylum, or any other curative hospital for illogical controversialists.

'However, a correspondent has just sent the paragraph, as your Ladyship has done, making some enquiries about it, and I will state the case as it is. I should be very sorry to do injustice to any man, the more so as I do not belong to either party, and have sympathies and antipathies with and to them both.

Strathaven.

'I have been so dragged about of late with friends from the country that I am become quite a vagabond. I have met eleven persons from the village where I was at school in Scotland, and at present I have my elder brother and his wife staying with me, and this is the first day's solitude I have had since Wednesday. They are just gone out for the first time without me. I begged to be excused, not from unwillingness to go, for I am very glad to see them (my sister-in-law I have not seen for nineteen years), but I must make up for lost time, that I may go out with them the next time with the clearer conscience.

'Your little story of "Mary Horneck" is very interesting: it would have made a nice little appendage to that of the "Lace Ruffles." But you may find an opportunity of introducing it in some other manner. I hope you are proceeding right merrily and successfully with your tragedy, and that you will give us a little fun in it like Shakespeare, and not make it so demure as those of Racine and Corneille, although I must confess that the taste of the latter is more correct in

that respect. I was amusing myself, before I was interrupted by my visitors, by writing a little conceit, which seems to be swelling unintentionally into a volume. It is called "The Handwriting on the Wall." The scene is laid at Rome, at a banquet given by Bulcæsar. The Handwriting is a curious mystical fact in the history of England, never before perceived by mortal man, and known only to myself. After appearing amid numerous mysterious concomitants in which the destiny of woman seems particularly concerned, it becomes the subject of discussion of the banquet, and each party is allowed (for the day) the utmost liberty of speech. What may come out of it I know not, but I become more and more interested in it as I proceed, and I should prefer working at it by express, to driving and walking amid the wildernesses of modern society, in which my heart takes but little interest. The singing still continues in my left ear: it matters not, quod est optimum est—or at least it will be good at last, if not now. I have applied to a physician. He thinks it will go by degrees if well protected from draughts.—I am glad to hear of Rebecca's welfare. Remember me kindly to her, and believe me, yours sincerely,

'J. SMITH.'

'Bulcæsar's
Feast.'
Never
published.

That Smith was not alone in his views of Newman may be noted in Abbott's *Antidote against Credulity*. 'Statements which appear to Mr. R. H. Hutton so very true as to be truisms, and to Professor Huxley so very false as to be almost insolent, Mr. Abbott tries to show are indeed true, so very true that they would be scarcely deserving of deliberate examination if they were not almost always used by Newman in such a context as to suggest, a little later on, some other and quite different statement, which, besides being not a truism, is also not true.'

'My Dear Lady Lytton,—I ought to have thanked you long ere this for the two pamphlets which you had the kindness

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to send me, but I have been quite surrounded with brothers, sister, and nephew, four constant visitors, besides now and then a friend or two of theirs. The change is somewhat *stunning*, as the rising generation are in the habit of saying; and I sometimes long just for one day to myself, but I can scarcely say that I have had even one for the last month. However, I think it has been of some physical advantage to me. It is perhaps quite as good as a trip to the Continent for a fortnight, or a tour through the provinces of England and Wales.

‘I have read all the lectures you have sent me of the apostate Newman, and I must allow that he speaks many truths against the Protestants. But I should rather hear them from some one else than from him. I never like apostates who attack their old friends and associates, or the Church from which they have separated, nor do I like that one-sided devotion which throws the mantle of charity over its own connexion, and becomes the merciless accuser of all other corporations but its own. Newman is an idolatrous worshipper of episcopal infallibility. With him, as with Henry of Exeter, “there is no Church without a bishop,” and that bishop means a prelate, a lord, who governs both temporarily and spiritually if he can. He even worships corruption if the Church accepts and approves of it, for he believes his corporation of bishops can do no wrong. This is much greater blasphemy than the English notion of Royal impeccability. Our Queen does no wrong, because she is not responsible for what is royally done, and what is done may be undone; but the Roman Church is morally responsible for its own doings, and it never, like the British Government, amends or reforms itself, but doggedly maintains its own infallibility, in direct opposition to all experience and common sense.

‘Much that Newman says about clerical marriage is true. I should not make it a rule for clergymen not to marry, but I think a church is the better of a choir of unmarried

ministers of both sexes ; and as for moral conduct, although that is a secret subject, on which few can speak positively, I am decidedly of opinion that unmarried men in general, both lay and clerical, are more chaste than married men are. My own observation has long since led me to this conclusion, and on one occasion it was confirmed in the most decided manner in my hearing by a physician of very great experience. He said that married men were decidedly the most unchaste. There are habits of chastity as well as of smoking and chewing, and once acquired they become a second nature. One half of the world knows little of the other, but I must assert, for it is a truth, that the most obscene conversation, the most impure jesting and punning that I have ever heard in my life, has always come from married men. Indeed, the unmarried men of my acquaintance are particularly pure, but several of my married friends I positively fear because of their tendency to utter impure jests. Judging also from personal experience, I find that a sort of feminine sense of delicacy and propriety naturally grows upon a bachelor, for he feels that society entertains a suspicion of him, and he becomes as timid and sensitive as a woman. For this reason I have always defended the Roman priests from the accusations of Protestants, admitting always of many exceptional cases, which, according to the old saying, are ever indispensable to prove the rule.

‘I should like Newman much better if he would candidly admit that in some respects Protestantism is better than Catholicism. But this he dares not do, if even disposed to do it. His church would not suffer him. He must praise his friends and damn his enemies,—a most unchristian spirit, but a genuine sectarian spirit. He speaks with ludicrous indignation and sorrow of a nine months’ persecution in England of a set of men who, if they had as much power over us as we have over them, would fine us, imprison us, gag us, and torture us without mercy, as they do in their

own Roman capital at this day,—persecution in a country which he is freely abusing with tongue and pen,—in a country where no censorship exists, and where he may publish with impunity the most acrimonious diatribes against the Established Church, and the most wanton abuse or ridiculous caricatures of its worship and its priesthood. The great fault of England and of every other country is the want of the true spirit of persecution. Every good moral government ought to be a persecuting government. It ought to persecute moral evil. It ought to punish moral evil without mercy, first and most severely in its chief ministers, its Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and all its dignitaries, and lastly and least severely in those who are tempted by want and misfortune to commit crime.

But persecution has never in any country taken the proper direction. It generally attacks the weak, and shows indulgence to the strong: a king, a prince, a grand duke, or a great landed proprietor, in Italy as in England, may with perfect impunity commit daily breaches of almost all the decalogue, and run amuck upon morality and common decency, if he merely show a ceremonial respect to the priesthood, and go through the forms of acquiescence in the reign apostolical. Dogma is all in all; and persecution, like all other apostate spirits in this world, instead of venting its wrath upon that which is morally evil, expends all its indignation upon that which is only *intellectually heretical*. Persecution is perfectly legitimate. I long to see the day *when the reign of persecution will begin in right earnest*. But that will not be in Rome, for Rome will never persecute herself; and the persecution which does not persecute Rome is not of the right sort.

‘I am happy to hear that you derive so much pleasure from writing your tragedy, and that it proceeds so rapidly towards its completion. I hope you have now recovered from your indisposition. Had I been a lady I should have called to see you, and if I had had a carriage I should have

sent it to inquire. But as I am a British male, minus a carriage, I did nothing but wish your speedy recovery, for in truth I am very much fatigued, and withal so sleepy that I cannot read. Writing keeps me awake, but I fear I have inflicted a soporific upon you with this long letter in royal octavo.—With kind remembrances to Rebecca, I remain,
yours faithfully,
‘J. SMITH.’

‘My Dear Lady Lytton,—I forgot in my last letter to answer two items in your former epistle. They occurred to my mind as soon as I had sent it off to the letter-box. In the first place, the poetry is very good, and I will send it to the printer to fill up a corner at discretion. In the second place, “The Handwriting on the Wall” is nearly finished, but what to do with it then I have not determined. I am afraid it is too original; and though there be much plain wisdom in it, there is much wildness, and not a little that will give great offence. Now, as the Master Teacher says: “It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto that man by whom they come; it were better for him that a millstone were hung about his neck and be cast into the sea.” The penalty, therefore, seems somewhat alarming. But I do not mean to think any more about it till I return from Scotland.

‘As for my misogamy, you suspected it, did you? But do not misapprehend it. It is impossible for man to hate woman in the absolute, and every man must be attracted towards woman in some mode or other. But he may have his preferences. He may prefer this mode to that, and his mode may be better or worse than the average. The average is marriage. Below the average is debauchery. Instead of the average, it may be called the standard for this world. But it is merely for time, a temporary expedient, not for eternity. Therefore says the Great Teacher, “in heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage,” for there love is perfectly free. Sexual love too—perfect sexual love.

Sept. 27,
1851.

That is my idea of heaven. So far I am a pure Mahometan. But as I not only admit the equality of the sexes in that perfect state, but the precedence of women, as the last created and therefore the top or apex of creation, I do not agree with Mr. Mahomet in giving so many female attendants to one man. That was merely an Eastern adaptation, suitable for the time and place of the Revelation. Heaven is love, pure and perfect between man and woman. Now, when I was a young man, and was mentally engaged in elaborating my analogical theology, I used to have such beatific visions of this sort of love, that I looked with a sort of contempt on earthly love,¹ and especially upon reproductive love that brings forth children, and even now I look with pity on those who have children. This idea of generation led me to re-generation as its successor, and this led me to look with contempt on those puerile notions of re-generation which make it consist in water baptism, a mere phantom. Generation is the curse of sexual love, and re-generation is its blessing. My love, then, for woman was chiefly transferred to the world beyond this one: so great was my faith, that the hope of its future enjoyment was a sort of half reality. Of course, I could not communicate such feelings to others. It was a spiritual world, in which I must walk alone. But it let me into some of the secrets of the olden monks, who attempted to realise it with the mens! I never had such a chance, and besides my principles taught me that it could not be realised, for it requires a new body, and that new body I even found mysteriously described in Scripture. Living in this ideal world, apparently indifferent to the female sex, but in reality adoring them in spirit more perhaps than, or at least as much as, any other living man, I have kept clear of the yoke, like the Founder of the Church, and some of his leading apostles, and indeed the greatest of all the genuine Saints of the Christian Era. I have deter-

¹ By this expression, and 'generation,' he refers to carnal love in place of spiritual communion, to which alone he aspired.

mined rather to wait for the best and richest of all loves than bother myself much with the worst.

‘Now, I think it will be no easy matter for you to prove me a woman-hater. In one sense I am both man-hater and woman-hater, for I have been so much in the habit of thinking of both as what they should be, rather than as what they really are, that I am very difficult to please, and cannot find anyone to come up to my standard. But I am fully more displeased with myself than with others, for I am all wrong together, every inch of me.

‘Your lot seems to have fallen amongst a very bad set of men. I have little knowledge of such devils as you describe. I know many pure-minded men, who never gave utterance to an impure thought. I was reared amongst such men, under very severe discipline. But then the purity was produced by bigotry, which was a great evil, a tyranny, but a moral tyranny. Though I have lost my bigotry, and in fact always protested against its excess, I have a respect for its moral influence. I suppose I never once in my whole life gave utterance to a profane oath, and my speech has always been free from obscenity, immodesty, or indelicacy, scrupulously free, so that I even hate it, and have often thrown down Shakespeare because my feelings were irritated by it. I have even envied those that could read it. I have actually tried to overcome the weakness, and cannot; and yet, what is apparently inconsistent with this, I have written letters to friends which, if discovered and published, would look almost as obscene as Deus’ Theology—analagical letters to theologians, treating of the spiritual analogies of the whole human body. These letters I wrote in pure faith, but a person reading them without faith would give me credit for pure lasciviousness.

‘So little is one person qualified to judge of another, I often say with St. Paul I will not suffer myself to be judged by any man or woman. He who judgeth me is the Lord, and for a similar reason I do not feel much disposed to

judge other people. We are all mysteries to one another, great mysteries. We cannot even reveal our own secret to each other—words are insufficient even if we felt disposed.

‘But the greatest comfort in this world is to be found in a strong religious faith: any religion is better than none. But faith will not make us agreeable to each other; it often makes us quite the reverse. Charity tempers it, purifies it, and polishes and teaches good manners, without which good morals are of little avail for private happiness. I mean to leave London by the evening mail train on Monday.—With kind remembrances to Rebecca, I remain, your Ladyship’s most obedient,

‘J. E. SMITH.

‘My trip will last three weeks.’

‘My Dear Lady Lytton,—I have now returned in safety from my native land, having visited Auld Reekie, and stood upon the top of Arthur’s Seat, seen Mons Meg, and peeped into the filthy closes of the Cowgate and the Canongate, stood also on the shores of Loch Lomond, ascended Mount Misery which overlooks the loch, and found my way at last as far as Dunkeld, where I visited the Hall of Ossian, as a modern tea or coffee house is called which looks into a waterfall.

‘I felt very much refreshed with my native air, drank a goodly amount of Scotch toddy, and took one potation of Athole brose at the peremptory request of an old lady, who assured me, I suppose from her own experience, that I should find the comfort of it when climbing the hills. I had good weather, good health, and kind friends, and saw many faces which I had not seen for twenty years. I was surprised at the little change which time had made upon some of them, and they were as much surprised at the preservation of my identity, for though a little, that is a *deal*, stouter, as one of your heroines would say, I was identically myself notwithstanding.

'I think my health is somewhat improved by my trip, if I can only preserve it so till I take another, but my ears are much the same, and I am puzzled what to do about them. However, they are no worse, and my hearing is but little affected. I hope you still continue to enjoy health, and that you have increased your stock of good spirits—I don't mean Athole brose—and that you have discovered some brighter aspect of nature or humanity than when I last had the pleasure of hearing from you. I am now, I believe, under a promise to come and see you, but I myself am so little worth seeing that I almost fear to impose my presence upon anyone. However, as you do not seem to regard it as an impost, I have good reason for divesting myself of all apprehension. I shall come on Sunday evening if convenient, but almost any other evening will suit me as well.—With kind regards to Rebecca, whom I also hope to see soon, I remain, yours faithfully,

'J. E. SMITH.'

'My Dear Lady Lytton,—I suppose I must make this a very short letter, as I have not a larger sheet of paper in my possession, excepting only huge folio and transparent foreign-post. But small as it is it will be sufficient to say that it was not convenient for me to come last Sunday, as, besides my visit to the country, I had some other engagements which arose out of it, and amongst the rest a majority, or the entrée of a youth into the era of manhood, all which coming upon me like rapids in quick succession, not only left me in arrears, but actually pining for solitude. I have now commenced the new year very comfortably, and for the last two hours have been most agreeably absorbed in the tragedy of Moliere. I am delighted with it, so far as I have gone, and anticipate for it a much more gracious reception than the last was honoured with. By this I hope to test the spirit by which the gentlemen of the press who criticise your Ladyship's writings are actuated, for I am determined not to hang one of them until I have tried him.

2nd Jan.
1852.

'Moliere's
Life and
Times: or,
the School
for Hus-
bands,' 1851.

The narrative of Moliere's marriage is a chef-d'œuvre. I am not a good hand at reading tales now, with a few superb exceptions, and the fact of my total absorption and forgetfulness of time and space when musing on the eccentric old comedian and his little torment, is perhaps as good a compliment as I can pay to the composition. I was alarmed at first with some of the new English words, as *bicoche* for cake, and I should have preferred every sentence of it exclusively English, but the subject renders a slight departure from this classical rule at least pardonable, and my fears were soon lost in my unqualified satisfaction. I only trust it may be so with those who know nothing at all of French, and these are the nation.

'I mean to try to find your Ladyship out, if convenient to you, on Sunday evening. The address is Thurloe Cottage, Thurloe Square. From this I would understand that the cottage is in the square, although it has no number. But this I daresay will become clear enough on the spot, although at present it is wrapt up in a little mystery in my imagination.

With the usual compliments of the season to you and Rebecca, I add the hope of a favourable reception to the Comedian's Tragedy: though it is rather too bad to indulge the hope that the public may reap enjoyment from another man's misery.—I am, your Ladyship's most obedient,

'JAMES SMITH.'

'My Dear Lady Lytton,—I received yours in due time, but deferred answering it because I was under a half-engagement to go to the country on Thursday next, and I am not yet sure how I stand with it, but I will be sure to come to Thurloe Cottage if I do not leave town. I am no *party* man, as I have before told you, but I will try if I can play the part of a partisan just to please you.

'I have been stirring about with my Handwriting on the Wall, and met with one or two rebuffs. I can find plenty to

8th May
1852.

publish it at my expense, but that is not precisely what I want. I have, however, found a printer who is willing to be at the risk of printing and paper, which is more than half-way towards it, and there I stand at present. However, I am preparing it as if it were destined to be published, without being at all very decided about my own movements in the matter. As a few, however, now know of it, it may be pushed into existence under permanent form: whether into circulation or not, will depend on the advertisements and its own merits.

'Mr. Borthwick went off to Italy to-day for his health; he has been confined at home for three months with diabetes, which English doctors call an incurable complaint, and has scarcely written a leader for the *Post* all that time. He has killed himself with hard work. It is a grievous labour managing a daily paper. It is a sentence of death on even a strong man, unless he is well assisted: working all night, sleeping by day, and breakfasting in the afternoon—fashionable hours without the ease and the repose that wealth procures. His poor wife is worn almost to a skeleton with anxiety: she seems to have suffered more than he: they have gone together, along with Mr. and Mrs. Crompton, proprietors of the *Morning Post*. I hope it may do him good, but I fear he is broken down, and will never be able for hard work any more.

'I will let you know in a few days how my engagement stands.—Meanwhile, with kind regards to Rebecca, I remain,
yours truly,
'J. E. SMITH.'

'*Thurloe Cottage,*

'*Monday, May 31st, 1852.*

'Dear Mr. Smith,—I beg to acknowledge, with many thanks, the safe arrival of M. de Birard's *bad* book and your very witty letter. According to your astronomical pedigree, it would seem, with regard to those patent monsters the

Bulwers, that "their stars are more in fault than they"!—at all events, I wish I had begun by taking the Bull by the horns, and then perhaps the mad brute might not have succeeded in goring my whole life as he has.

'I am glad my opinion of Mr. Mackay's book is borne out by so wise a head and clear judgment as yours. There is a demoniacal wickedness in systematically and scientifically trying to shake people's faith, that is unpardonable,—and is about as humane and *beneficial* as if some German chemist, from behind a *chevaux-de-frise* of Leyden jars, had hit upon a method of depriving his fellow-creatures of the power of inhaling the common air from whence they derived their existence, and not content with so brilliant and *useful* a discovery, then wrote reams of nonsense to insist upon the importance of having his wholesale annihilation plan generally adopted. I also quite agree with you that Mr. Mackay does not quite comprehend what he would be at himself, which reminds me strongly of an anecdote that I was told by a friend of mine who was very intimate with Goethe, when she was at Weimar. She had been reading some mystification of Jean Paul's in a magazine; and not being able to make head or tail of it, took it to Gothe (*sic*) and asked him to be Sphinx on the occasion, and discover its meaning; but after reading and re-reading the article carefully—marking, learning, and inwardly digesting it, he was obliged to confess that if meaning it had, he could not arrive at it, but added,—“I am going to write to Richter to-morrow, and I will ask him to explain the meaning of this last article of his.” In due time he received the following reply from Jean Paul:—

“My Dear Wolfgang,—Touching my last article, I have no doubt I had *some glimmering* of what I meant when I wrote it; but upon re-reading it, hang me if I can make out what the deuce I would be at any more than yourself; but never mind—the public will only think it the more - *profound* from being incomprehensible!”

'I am longing to see *The Handwriting on the Wall*, but hope in the meanwhile I shall have the pleasure of seeing its author soon again.—And with Rebecca's kind regards, believe me, Dear Mr. Smith, very truly yours,

'ROSINA BULWER LYTTON.'

'My Dear Lady Lytton,—I received yours on Saturday night, with its enclosure, a little before midnight, after returning from a visit to the country, and I cannot tell whether I was more vexed or angry both with myself and you. But nothing will persuade me to make use of the money. I shall be busy all day, and will not take off my slippers till the evening, but to-morrow I shall go and convert the order into another, and send it to you, with many thanks, however, for your generosity, and not a little admiration of the heart that prompts you to such generous actions, which no doubt must often injure yourself without benefiting the most deserving.

5th July
1852.

'The person for whom you intended the money does not deserve your compassion. He is one of the male monsters. He used one wife very cruelly and deserted another, and than married illegally, and was sent to Newgate to be tried for bigamy, but the matter was compromised. But he was ruined, having previously made nearly a thousand a year as a medical man. In Newgate he wrote to me begging me to raise a subscription for his defence. I answered the impertinent letter by saying that I could not afford to keep one wife, and I did not mean to raise money to enable another man to keep two. This occasioned a quarrel, and I never more heard of him till, in his last extremity, he wrote me once more begging me to raise £25 to enable him to leave England for ever to go and reside in Ticini, in the Austrian Switzerland, inhabited by Italians, where his sister has landed property, but no cash. He is now gone, but before he went he begged once more to be permitted to shake hands with me. I saw him for ten minutes after all

De Prati.

arrangements were made for his departure. He is a man of great learning and talent, but without any heart that I could ever perceive. I was the best friend he ever had in England. I was the means of raising him from the most abject poverty, in which he was meditating suicide as his only hope of deliverance; yet when he got up into affluence and apparent independence, he never once invited me to his house, and when I met him and his wife, as I several times did, he never even introduced me to her. What I have done for him I have done from a motive of mercy alone, independent of justice, which it is not my prerogative to administer to anyone, but I should be very sorry to ask any one blindfold to contribute a farthing to promote such a cause, and therefore I asked aid of those only who knew the man almost, if not quite, as well as I did myself. But ladies were not asked, nor do I think it right that they should contribute, more especially as so many of their own sex have far more urgent claims upon their compassion than our vagabond sex ever can have.

‘Prepare, therefore, to resume possession of the money to-morrow or Wednesday, for I will not send out anyone to procure the order, but go myself.

‘As for my book, there is the mark of Cain written on its forehead. I believe the publishers think they see either that or the mark of the beast, which is quite as bad, for they will not have it on any terms—I mean the respectable publishers. One seemed to be willing, but my printer doubted his solvency, and the manuscript was taken away. I now begin to think myself a very bad fellow, a most impious heretic, and a most designing scoundrel,—a good symptom according to the evangelical divines, for that is the way divine grace begins to act upon the soul. I fear, however, that mine is not the result of the agency of the Holy Ghost of the pulpit, but the unholy ghost of Pater-noster Row.

‘My manuscript is lying at the printer’s, but I think of

taking it away for a season, and perhaps rewriting it, or modifying it in part. I fear, however, that I shall spoil it if I try to darn and mend it. Indeed, it is pretty well darned already, all by way of accommodation. So that it is like the Portland vase at the British Museum, put together with diamond cement, and destined yet, I fear, to be cemented still more, as I am doomed even to break it myself in order to improve it by mending it.

'It is a weary world, but I daresay it is all right for a while, though not for ever, and it may even be right that my manuscript be rejected this year, and reserved for the next, or for eternity, to be cast perhaps into the river of Lethe—not Leith Water.

'This is not a good time for publication now, very few new books are advertised, and I think the publishers are in a state of chrysalis, owing to the new mode of transacting business. It may be some time before they recover their former elasticity and confidence.

'I hope you found the Chevalier's books paid when you received them. I forgot to write *paid* on the parcel, and had reason afterwards to suspect my messenger.—With kind remembrances to Rebecca, I remain, your Ladyship's most obedt.,

'J. E. SMITH.'

'My Dear Lady Lytton,—I return you the order according to resolution and predetermined purpose, for I think it more expedient that your own conscience may be enlightened respecting the precise manner in which your bounty is bestowed. I am very sensible of the compliment you pay me, but I would rather not be the means of distributing the charities of others, unless I were either the parson of a parish, or the accredited agent of some benevolent institution, which I am not.

'Moreover, I feel a peculiar delicacy in the present matter. I happened to make allusion to the case of the Italian, an old friend of your mother's, who introduced us to each

other, and whenever your Ladyship made an offer of your generous aid, I felt self-convicted of having inadvertently acted as if I were seeking a contribution, a thing I never thought of until you compelled me to think of it, and so soon as the idea entered my mind, the resolution came along with it not to accept one farthing so surreptitiously or cunningly obtained; and I merely carry out that primitive resolution by my present conduct, which therefore I hope you will mercifully excuse.

'I am sorry to hear of Rebecca's mishap; surely her ma' has taken too much care of her in infancy, that she had not the measles long ago.

'I am not much concerned about my manuscript, for I think that a more favourable time is rapidly approaching for it, and many other subjects akin to those of which it treats. Besides, this is now not the favourable season of the year for publication.

'With best wishes for your welfare and Rebecca's speedy recovery, I remain, yours sincerely, 'J. SMITH.'

*Copy of Letter written to The Rev. James Smith
by Lady Bulwer Lytton.*

*'Thurloe Cottage,
'Monday, July 19th, 1852.*

'My Dear Mr. Smith,—I hope neither you nor Fido have died of the stupidity and the long walk of yesterday evening—he is a most darling dog, with the most innocent way of begging I ever saw; and the next time he comes to see me, he shall find me, like the general run of "British females," une femme *moutonnaire*, which is what all puppies, whether quadrupeds or bipeds, prefer. I send you my squib of Jew-de-brass, wherein you will perceive I have taken Horace's advice and *unstrung* my lyre—before I began my lampoon

—so that the ultra-doggerel is intentional—to suit the weathercockism of the subject. You must know that it is a *fact*, and no invention of mine, that in the year 1835, when Disraeli first burst upon the London world, he did so in *green velvet* trousers!! black stockings, with broad crimson ribs, and point-lace ruffles. I remember taking him one night to old Lady Cork's in this costume, when unfortunately, after indulging in the *dolce far niente* upon a cane-bottom rout-bench, he rose with the skirts of his coat over his arms, and consequently, as he strutted across the room, the anti-cherubonical! portion of his green velvets displayed a fine flowing arabesque pattern from the cane-bottom seat. "Who on earth is that?" said Rogers (the poet) to me. "Disraeli, the Jew," I replied, "and evidently the *wandering Jew*, for you see he has the brand of Cain (*cane*) upon him." After starting first as a Radical, then as a Tory, then as a Whig, then back as a Tory again, he tried a little private infamy in the way of getting up an intrigue with the Lady Sykes of that day, who had already two other lovers in the persons of Lord Lyndhurst and M'Lise the painter. This charming parti carré made a tour up the Rhine, during which time Dizzy tacked himself firmly on to Lord Lyndhurst. On his return, his present old wife (then Mrs Wyndham Lewis) made a dead set at him, but he could not endure her, generally rushing out of the room with his hands to his head when she appeared, saying, "I can stand anything but that d——d vulgar, illiterate woman." And when I used to say, "Oh, nonsense; you must talk to her," he used to put his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, and resigning himself to his fate, say, "Well, God is great!" But soon he began to adulate her and her money in the most fulsome manner, the result of which was that she made her poor obedient fool of a husband return him (Disraeli), with his money, for Maidstone. Some months after I had been turned out of my home, on returning from Ireland I drove to Grosvenor Gate, where I found the house in great con-

fusion, as they said poor Mr Wyndham Lewis had fallen back in his chair and died suddenly half an hour before, while signing a cheque for his wife's opera-box. I was going away much shocked (for I had known him for sixteen years), when the butler came running after the carriage, saying that his mistress would see me. When I went in, to do her justice she was not hypocrite enough to affect even the decency of grief, but flinging herself into my arms said, "Oh, Rosy! I have *so* much to tell you. Disraeli has been here, and he has made me an offer! I never saw a man so madly in love"!!!! ????? "Good God!" said I, "don't talk of such things at this moment."

'A few days after, she showed me some of his precious epistles, which put the finishing-stroke to my contempt for and disgust of that man, as no Don Juan writing to a houri of fifteen, let alone an old woman of fifty-four, could have written anything more passionate or more gross, and yet this very woman, four months after, when I wrote to her in despair at the death of a dog I had that I greatly loved, had the effrontery to reply to me by saying she did not know how I could presume to talk *to her* of my grief for the loss of a dog, when *she* had lost a husband!!! I could not resist reminding her that I loved my dead dog more faithfully and sincerely than she had ever loved her living husband—but I saw clearly how it was, Disraeli's game was to toady the Bulwers, and so he had ordered her to cancel the *soi disant* friendship (??) of sixteen years, and get up a German quarrel with me. Though she is still as illiterate as in the days when he used to screw his courage to the sticking-point with "God is great!" before he could talk to her, yet that has not prevented his dedicating one of his novels to her as the "sternest of critics!!! and the most indulgent of wives," for she has wisely had her money settled on herself. I have been obliged to bore you with these details to make Jew-de-brass intelligible to you.

'With Rebecca's kind regards and our united loves to II

Pastor, or rather Il Principe Fido, believe me, dear Mr. Smith, ever sincerely yours, 'ROSINA BULWER LYTTON.

'Forgive the dirty copy of Jew-de-brass ; but not having one, I borrowed it from a friend.'

'My Dear Lady Lytton,—I have just received the melancholy intelligence of the death of poor Fido; he was drowned in the river. The boy to whom he was intrusted to bathe him let him go into the water with his chain on, along with a Newfoundland dog. Poor Fido's chain entangled him, and, I suppose, he pulled his own head down ; and here am I in a state of hesitation whether or not to deplore his loss. *Fortuna per acta est jam sua*—his fortune is now made. "I am very glad to hear of it," said an old Platonic friend of mine whenever he heard of anyone's death. I saw him in his coffin, and I thought of that saying, and have thought of it often since, and even made use of it on suitable occasions. There is a paradise for dogs, I hope, as well as for fools. Why should there be no brute beasts in heaven? It will be a dull place without them, for brute ignorance is the source of many virtues, except when it takes the shape of God's own image. Poor Fido's death may bring consolation to Rebecca's finger, for, as he died in the water, taking a voluntary bath, he was not afflicted with hydrophobia, and never will be. The finger is safe, therefore, both in respect to the past and the future, and even the *paulo-post futurum*, which is somewhat beyond the future. As for an elegy, a bit of Tam Samson's, by Burns, will do for Fido :

"Heaven rest his saul whare'er he be
Is the wish o' mony mae than me ;
He had twa fauts, or maybe three,
Yet what remead.
As social, honest dog want we—
Poor Fido's dead !"

24th July
1852.
Saturday.

‘After Fido comes Infido, or *Jew de Brass*, which I received in due time, but have not yet finished, but have already seen lots of wit, as was to be expected from the *bel esprit* that excogitated it. I have been very busy this week in the service of the ladies, a most unusual thing with me. But, strange to tell, no less than three ladies surrounded me at once, and compelled me to divide myself amongst them. One of them I shipped off to Jersey, another I trained off to Lancashire, and a third I conducted to the North Kent Railway. This, with cabbing and calling, for they were old friends from the country, gave me such a baking in the hot sunshine that my eyes have been almost useless. Bad they are now at the best, but they never were worse than they have been this week, for they make me love darkness rather than light, as if my deeds were evil.

‘I had no idea that the *Satire* was in print, but it has no date. It looks as if you had sent me the proof-sheet, but it must have been written before the death of Sir Robert Peel. Perhaps I shall find out a little more as I proceed. I see that you have introduced the humorous story of the green velvet unutterables. Good old times those, when men were not as now compelled by fashion to blacken themselves, and when they might play the *vert galant* without being suspected of being too green to burn either themselves or others. Now the devil has given his own livery to society, and thus consummated its progress, in our sex at least. *Jew de Brass* appears to have the honour of representing in his own history the final transmutation; he is no longer green, nor is he white for the harvest, but, like the principles he *makes*, he has got the blight or the black rust, the very sight of which makes the farmers blue. I called at the *Morning Post* last night, and heard that your friend guest (the friendly critic), poor fellow—for I know you will pity him at last—has been seized with congestion of the brain, occasioned by the heat of the weather, working during the night by strong gas-light in a house filled with gas-burners and heated like

an oven. Borthwick is expected home from Italy at the end of next week; he is a little improved with the change of climate, but his son says he can never return to his old position at the *Morning Post*. *Sic transit gloria mundi*—we must all pass away. How my old friend, James Pierrepont Greaves, would rejoice, if he were not a dead man, to hear of people being knocked up! It was his delight to hear of ailments as well as of deaths, but chiefly because the ailments were the messengers of death. We shall soon get rid of all our enemies; they will be cracked like nuts with eternal smash into sleep everlasting, but damn their bodies! as the Psalmist says, or means at least, though they put worse words in his mouth. What horrible slavery is endured merely to feed the people with what they call intelligence! The poor reporters for the last three weeks have been reporting speeches by day, then taking the trains, with a little lamp in their hands, and writing out the reports on their knees for the press as they hurry along to the great metropolis, where, having arrived, the first thing they think of is not rest, but copy—copy—copy—more copy, and yet all this intelligence is but rays of darkness—black light, like that which poor Fido has gone to:—

“ Now he is gone to the land of grim fellows,
Where the shadows Rembrandtical fall,
Where the light blackly strikes, and the scene never mellows,
And where darkness is horrid withal.”

—Yours ever,

‘ J. E. SMITH.’

‘ My Dear Lady Lytton,—I have read your Poem or *Satire* long ago; but, last week, when I was going to write you about it and about your sympathetic tears for poor Fido, I found that I had not a single sheet of paper, excepting only blue paper, which you dislike, I daresay. I have made that an excuse for not writing letters ever since. But yesterday I got in another half-ream, which, I daresay, will soon vanish, if used as some of the former was for writing

The mystic
and author,
See p. 198.

the servant's love-letters ; and not only hers, but her lover's in return, which came to the house even wrapped in my own envelopes. All fair with an old bachelor, you will say, no doubt ; and I cannot say that I am at all angry with the girl. For although petty theft is accounted very mean by people of high spirit and honour, I am of opinion that the pettier a crime of any kind is the better. *Jew de Brass* contains many admirable touches of wit ; I think I must read it over again to collect them. Many of them are useful in suggesting or illustrating thoughts. The prosaic metre tends very much to break the monotony of couplets, which have a tendency to degenerate into a drone ; you keep up the speech by the irregularity of the metre. You did not say whether I was to return it or not ; but I suppose not, though, having many press corrections in it, I was not sure.

' You almost made me cry for Fido also, when you told me of your own tears. Poor Fido had no idea that he was to be so highly honoured, and that so soon. I could almost wish to die myself to be so lamented ; only I would not like to be the cause of a tear, or of tearless sorrow ; and how one can be lamented without sorrow is a problem for not such wit as mine to solve. However, I am beginning now in right earnest to envy the dead. It saves one the trouble of envying the living, who are all under sentence of death, and therefore not real objects of envy. " No man can be called fortunate until he is dead " said an ancient wiseacre ; and a Manchester man has improved the saying by thus transforming it, " The great thing in life is to get well dead. " Well dead ! what a blessing. Count D'Orsay is dead, and once dead it is all over ; but he is said to have died a very painful death, and to have been an old man before his time, for he was only 50, and the papers talk of his decay and decrepitude. He has lain down beside his mother, and wife as many suppose. He married Lord Blessington's daughter, and took to the Lord's wife. The poor wife of civil marriage was treated as other wives are treated. Ceremonial

Tired of
Life.

marriage seems to have a magical effect upon love in destroying it. In heaven there is to be no marriage, for it is the kingdom of love. Marriage is only wanted where love is not wanted. So says a sour old bachelor.

'By the by, I have on two occasions lately been treated rudely by two married men simply for being a bachelor. One was a religious old gentleman, who said it was positively sinful. . . .'

'My Dear Lady Lytton,—I received yours, with its en- Monday closed, but have done nothing with the latter as yet, for several reasons.

'In the first place, I cannot hand it to the writer of the leader, for I know not who he is. It is not Borthwick, who is now reduced almost to a skeleton, and has done no literary work for four or five months. I could not send it to him, for the house is a house of sorrow, and I know not how sad it may be even now, and I could not take it personally, because it would involve me in a painful subject of conversation, which I would rather avoid, more especially with such strong and insulting epithets employed by the party whose side I should naturally be disposed to take.

'How glad should I be if I could persuade your Ladyship how much stronger your language would be if it were less violent. But such a wish appears to be a hopeless one; nevertheless it is my duty, so long as I know you, for your own sake and your mother's sake, never to shrink from reminding you of a solemn truth, the consciousness of which seems to be all that is wanting to secure to you the favour even of the press, which you regard as your collective and accomplice enemy. As for Borthwick, he does not know Sir Edward Lytton personally; and moreover, he is no admirer of him. I have heard him repeatedly speak in severe and censorious terms of him. As for editorial articles, they are written by different persons; and not long ago I heard Borthwick complaining bitterly of a stupid article

that had been put into leader type. I did not see the article you speak of, but I shall call in a day or two at the house of the editor and inquire about it, in a quiet way. I am sorry to hear of your illness, and fear it is mental or nervous excitement, as last time you wrote to the editor of the *Morning Post* you were also in bed. It is not the best place for writing, for, however true the feelings and the words of a sickbed, they are not so well adapted for the ears of the busy and the active world, which must always listen more respectfully to the words of mundane expediency than to those of individual vexation.

‘Bear, and avenge not yourself, or you will lose the divine reward of suffering. Remember the example of Him who suffered, the just for the unjust. There is a merit in suffering patiently; and depend upon it the rewards of God at last are better than any you can expect from man at first. How deeply wronged all men and women are, none but God can tell; and none but He can judge all secret things, thoughts, and feelings.—I am, yours ever,
 ‘J. E. SMITH.’

‘My Dear Lady,—I return you the heads of Her Most Gracious Majesty without any decapitation; but if they return, I will then commence the process of decollation, and put one on each of the envelopes as I return them, or paste them all on one at once, and astonish the letter-carrier. I know you are very angry with me, but I cannot help it: if I have offended your nature, you have offended mine; and we must each stand on our own rights.—Yours, ever the same,
 ‘J. SMITH.’

21st Dec.
1869.

‘My Dear Lady Lytton,—Your well-known lady-like epistle made its welcome appearance this morning, along with a cup of coffee, and awakened a number of painful sensations and cogitations on this life of sorrow; and now, in a state of mental bewilderment, like an old Philistine biting his nails over Samson’s riddle, I sit down to answer it.

'I have indeed lost an old friend, one who for twenty-eight years or more has always welcomed me with a smile, and with whom I have never had one angry word. But we were rather personal friends for old acquaintance sake, than because of any mental or spiritual communion that existed between us. He was a politician; I am not. We parted in spirit long ago on that very point. He went into the world, and I went out of it; and the world has killed him; me it has not thought it worth its while to kill, though I hate it more than he did, and rejoice to see all politicians come down and be laughed at, for they (the fallers) have previously rejoiced at the downfall of others, and done their best to cause it.

'I see you are angry with me for not calling upon you unasked: well, perhaps I was wrong in being so backward, considering the kindness with which you have always received me. But I told you at the first what sort of man I was, and how very reluctant to go into society, for the fact is I am not an individual, but many individuals, having a host of spiritual beings always with me, whose chief object seems to be to wean me from the world, and who are never comfortable unless I am thinking of super-worldly things. These beings hoot and spit at politics, and tell me it is all up with human legislation; and they laugh at everything earthly as a mere vanity, and regard the downfall of parties and the sorrows of individuals as merely the passing clouds of a landscape. They are devils like myself. How, then, can they be fit company for your Ladyship.

'It grieves me much to give your Ladyship any pain, but what can a poor man do who is possessed? Did I make myself? or did I even wish to be made at all? Did I place myself where I now am, with all my present annoyances and grievances? Not I. Had I it in my power I would change everything. I would even change your Ladyship, and keep on adding and adding to all your attractions, physical, intellectual, and moral, till I myself actually swooned away

in the fulness thereof. But not having such power, I can only wish I may get it; and I think it quite as reasonable to entertain such wishes, as to brood over grievances which I cannot remedy, and regrets which are useless.

'Although I have not seen you for a long time, you must not suppose that I have not been thinking of you. The fact is, that you are a sort of study for me, and I often think that you must have caused a great many to love and a great many to hate you. I think you must be well hated, and yet I believe few women ever were better calculated by nature and education for creating a romantic passion. An old, greyheaded, baldheaded fellow like me can study such a subject very quietly now, but humanity must ever be the study of human beings to the last. And my last, I mean the last of my mortality, I hope is not far off: I am tired of dust.

Tired of
Life.

'I suppose you have heard of the American Spirit-Rappers. You may be sure I should go and hear them. That is just the subject for me—a ghost! Oh how delightful 'tis to see, but especially to hear. I went and raised the spirit of my own father, who gave me the evidence of his identity or intimate acquaintanceship with our family history by telling me his christian name, the date of his death, the name of my youngest brother deceased, &c., and who also sent me a communication from the other world. The raps are very distinctly heard on the table or anywhere else,—I got some on the sofa; and they communicate by means of an alphabet rapping out the letters of the words in succession, as you run over the alphabet with a pencil. It is a very wonderful phenomenon, and is I hope the dawn of that better time when the intercourse between this world and the next will be completely opened up, and the dead shall appear and converse with the living as one friend with another. This must take place during the millennium, which will be enjoyed by all those who have lived, as well as by those who have not died, for the two worlds will be united,

the one being the spiritual protector and guardian of the other. That is what I think most about. Hang all politics and D'Israels!—I want Israel, which is the redeemed Churches, two in one: no Dis-Israel or De-Israel, which is the unredeemed old-clothes Church, which I don't want to belong to, even although it were graced with all the aristocracy of England, who after all are nothing but dust.

'I have got a very nice book about the rapping spirits, which I should send you if I thought you would take any interest in it; and if you do not take any interest in it, how then can I take any interest in you, for the only great subject that embraces all other subjects of any enduring interest is the Kingdom of God.

'I think I hear you say now, what a fanatic that fellow is! You are quite right: I am a fanatic; I am tired of the mortal and corruptible, and long for the immortal and incorruptible, and envy nobody but those who have gone to enjoy those. I am sorry for nobody who dies, but only for those who are left behind, so that I shall not be sorry to hear of your Ladyship's death, as I also hope you will not be sorry to hear of mine.

'What a melancholy letter, in reply to one so full of wit and fun; but I shall conclude it with a dance and a song, for I am actually invited to a dance to-morrow evening, and mean to go too. I like to see a dance: it gives me a pictorial idea of order and harmony and love; and although it is merely an idea, yet I like it. I like also to see a ballet: it is generally the representation of a paradisaical state, with none of the foul passions of the tragedy and the comedy, which I hate, especially the tragedy. This taste I hope will redeem the character of my fanaticism, for it is not of the morose or the exclusive sort, but particularly fond of innocence and mirth and cheerfulness, and only abhorrent of politics and sectarianism, which are the twin curses of this world, without which we could easily settle all the affairs of society in such a way as would give entire satisfaction even to your Lady-

Likes to see
a ballet.

ship, for I know you just want everybody to be happy, not even excepting your enemies, after they have received a good flogging.

(Borthwick.) 'Peter is to be buried on Christmas eve, or rather Peter's body, not Peter himself. . . . I mean to go and assist at the mournful ceremony. I was at his wedding funeral—breakfast I mean, and mean to conclude the drama of our acquaintanceship by attending the death-funeral; and if I can shed a few tears I shall be very glad, for really tears do me good, and at present I feel so very feverish and such a nervous excitement that I know that tears will do me good. But I don't think they will be tears of grief. I think Peter and I are better friends now than we were before. He has got into the spiritual world like myself, out of politics, for which he now, I daresay, cares not one rush, whereas those things that I chiefly care for are everlasting, and I am sure he cares for them now more than ever he did. I know you have a little spite against him. But had you known him personally you would have liked him, and he never spoke evil of you, nor did he write those articles that gave you offence; and though, as responsible editor, he was responsible for them, yet he has only been the nominal editor for twelve months, and has written almost nothing, sometimes nothing for months in succession. His sorrows were begun when he corresponded with you, and he was then told by Dr. Bence Jones that he could not live three months. He became anxious about his family, and perhaps fretful and abrupt. But as I told you at the time, the letter you sent him was an unfavourable specimen of yourself, and therefore he had not the best material for forming a good judgment. This, I know, will not convince you, but we are both alike invincible.

'Remember me kindly to Rebecca; and believe me to be, yours never angry, though you should kill me,

'JAMES SMITH.

'By the by, I hear that Sir Edward B. L. has been rapping up his mother.'

'My Dear Lady Lytton,—I think you deserve a rap for reading the title-page of Mr. Adin Ballou's book wrong, but it is Mr. Stone's fault, for he has appropriated the chairman's seat, and turned poor Ballou out of his own house. Stone did not write one word of the book—not even the introduction by G. W. Stone. All the information you want is contained in the book, either in the introduction, or in the advertisement at the end, neither of which I suppose you had read, being so very anxious to get to the heart of it that you did not even think of looking at its extremities.

29th Dec.
1852.

'I have just been reading another called *Supernal Theology*, which is still better, and gives one a very pleasing idea of the next world, and makes one quite long to die. Poor Mrs. Hayden, the medium in London, says it is the joy of her life merely to indulge the hope of joining these happy spirits. She has been very ill, having had a miscarriage, caused by sea-sickness, so that she has not been able to go out. But I gave her a call the other night (Monday), and found her accouched on a sofa, and I made her laugh by telling her what you said about the son making compensation to the mother for knocking her down by rapping her up. She then said very thoughtfully, "That accounts for the difficulty he has always had in getting raps from her. I accounted for it by his want of faith, his sceptical and suspicious habit of mind, but what you say seems to throw another light on the subject."

See last
letter.

'A friend of mine has found an English medium in one of his old servants (Sally). The raps come very distinctly. I know also a family where they are beginning. I have also just heard of a case of a young woman whose cotton balls and other feminine implements jump out of her lap, and dance from table to table, as if they were alive, and then come back again. So that the English are getting on—we shall soon have *demonstrations* enow.

'According to the *Supernal Theology*, which I have just been reading, there are eight spheres altogether around this

world, all inhabited. The one we live in is the first or lowest sphere. Heaven is the highest. The intermediate six we must pass through. The spirits live as we do here, only more simply and comfortably. They have bodies to them as solid as ours to us, and they have dresses and music, and musical instruments and books, and they draw and paint, and write music and poetry, and have concerts and dances, and assemblies, orations, &c. They rise from sphere to sphere, in longer or shorter time, according to progress. In the second or the lowest spiritual sphere, they begin to shake off their terrestrial errors and infirmities: children do not require to remain in this, but go up, up, up, sometimes to the sixth or seventh at once. It is chiefly people who die in advanced life, and have contracted much terrestrial infirmity, that require to linger in the lower regions—such as politicians, railway directors, lawyers, and their wives and mistresses, &c. Simple, honest people get up over their heads very easily. The passage from one sphere to another is almost like a death; and in passing from the seventh sphere to the eighth, it is as great a change as death is to us, for the spirits of the eighth sphere become as invisible to those beneath them as spirits to us. I had a long conversation with my father's spirit about the other world, but I find he differs from others, as in fact they all more or less do. He tells me that the centre of the earth is inhabited, and is a very luminous and happy place, into which the spirits of the third sphere may enter, but not those of the second. It is a most curious thing—there can be no doubt of the spiritual agency, no human power could do what is done, but the spiritual responses are very deceptive. There are evidently some very waggish spirits, that answer the questions with the thumb upon the nose, as Hooky Walker would do it; but others are very honest, or rather, perhaps, they are all honest at one time, and dishonest at another, as if to bewilder us. But it matters not—the fact is still wonderful; and when we think that there are thousands of

mediums in the United States, and yet not enough to satisfy the curiosity of inquirers, we are justified in supposing that something strange must be intended, and that a revolution is beginning in the religious faith of the world.

It will shake the Church to its foundations if it go on according to promise and the ratio of its late rapid progress.

‘Mr. Stone, as you will see from the book, is merely the Barnum that brought over Mrs. Hayden, whose husband accompanied her. Hayden is the editor of an American journal, what else I know not; a simple, honest-looking young man. Mrs. Hayden is an equally honest-looking, pale and delicate-looking woman. Further than this I know not, except that they have been much in request, but unable to accept engagements. But Lord Eglinton, Lord Ros, and a large party of ladies and gentlemen had them once at the Clarendon Hotel, and again somewhere else, and several other grandees have had them, or rather her, for Mr. Hayden merely takes her to the door in a cab, leaves, and returns for her: this to allay suspicion of collusion. Now, are you satisfied or excited?—I am, yours ever, ‘J. E. SMITH.’

‘*Twelfth Day* (miserable),

‘*5 Palace Row, Lambeth.*’

(*Post-mark*)—*Brighton, 7th January 1853.*

‘My Dear Lady Lytton,—Lady Hotham and you have set me a task which is not well adapted to my capacity or disposition. Not that I am afraid of the spirits like your male grenadier, but I am afraid of myself too much in fact to have ever put a question to the spirits respecting temporal things, and especially of life and death. I have seen the tables move without experiencing any fear or even a thrill. I put down my hand once on purpose to see if a spirit would shake hands with me below the table, but it did not. What I should have felt had I got a nice, delicious, fond squeeze of

a fine plump hand on the occasion, I know not, but I had the courage to try! But I have not the courage to enquire respecting the death of a fellow-creature, for then I should be sure that the responses were made by a host of murderers, the souls of Rush and Greenacre and Good, and some hundreds of others, who have been hanged in England for the last hundred years. In this manner witchcraft arose in the Middle Ages, and we are told it may yet again arise if people encourage the same class of spirits, which could not fail to be the case if such inquiries as yours were made. It is well that you and I and Lady Hotham do not live in the 16th century, for your letter would be sufficient evidence against us all, first to render your two Ladyships liable to the penalty of being thrown into the water to see if you could swim, and me to be incarcerated till you were disposed of by being dried in the fire after being taken out of the water, as I have no doubt that both of you would float very easily.

‘Were the rapping manifestations a fortune-telling affair I should never have taken any interest in them. It was because they were of a religious, spiritual, and beautifully devotional character that I was attracted to them. I have no objection to try the skill of an astrologer in fortune-telling, because he professes science, and I wish to know whether it deserves the name of a science or not. But the spirits do not profess to tell fortunes, nor do they approve of such questions, nor do they regard worldly prosperity as a matter of importance, but rather a thing of paltry insignificance that is very soon to be left behind, to rot in its own graveyard. But the ides of March will soon be here, and your astrologer’s science put to the test. I would not give a sixpence, however, for his chance of being right, and would have no fear whatever of betting 100 to 1 against him.

‘However, I don’t like to think of the subject: I am sorry you mentioned it to me. For although I can find numerous

justifications for you, and consider it quite natural for a *femina converti* in such circumstances to long to be *deconverti*, yet I should prefer a pious and silent resignation to the will of Heaven to any application to inferior agents, either to discover or control your destiny.

‘I have not seen Mrs. Hayden since I wrote you last, nor did I mean to call often, because I do not wish to cultivate any intimacy, nor to be under any obligation. They might expect from me, in return, more than my conscience or discretionary power could ever accord. With Mrs. Hayden alone I should have less fear (don’t pun upon this, I beseech you; it is a lapsus, but I will not erase it), but Stone is the man of business, the man for the dollars, and I wish to keep him at a respectful distance.

‘I am sorry to hear that you are so disquieted in mind and body, and so very erratic. It seems all a mystery to me. But your blood circulates faster than mine, and gives you a disposition as well as a destiny that is incomprehensible to me. A young lady once said to me, “Men are most mysterious beings; I cannot comprehend them,” but the mystery to me hangs chiefly over the other sex, and you as one of the chief of them. What Lady Hotham is I have no idea; but if you two ladies have any design of reviving the absolute order of witchcraft or sorcery, I congratulate myself in being too humble a person ever to be regarded as a model form of your many images, or even for one of your clay ones.

‘However, once the ides of March are past, I hope you will be cured, and, thus vaccinated, that you will ever after be warranted free from all mischief but that which contemplates the happiness of its victim, the only legitimate witchcraft for the sex that was intended for a comfort to ours, “but marred in the making.” These latter are not my words, but those of an old gentleman of much experience, who had a wife, which I never had, and therefore cannot speak either for or against your deplorable sex.

'You seem, however, to think a wife a blessing to a man, as you wish me a pop so very early, a long time before you yourself can perpetrate the crime again. When God sends me a wife I will take her, even as Adam took Eve when she was brought unto him. But I don't mean to go out in search of one. I am sure I should make a blunder if I did, and pick up a jade. But even if God send a jade, I will take her and submit, and say "I was dumb and opened not my mouth, because thou hast done it." I shall have my natural partner when I go to the spiritual world: there each finds his other half, and love is certain, but it is impossible permanently to love any other.—I am, yours ever,

'J. E. SMITH.'

1

'5 Palace New Road, Lambeth, 12th July 1853.

'I was long wondering what had become of your Ladyship, but for want of a divining rod was unable to discover, and I had not even sufficient faith in the spirits to put the question to them. Now, at last, the mystery has resolved itself into a simple and not at all surprising maladministration of pecuniary affairs, or which is the same thing, misplaced confidence in professional honesty. I am puzzled whether to condole with you, or to congratulate you on your loss. I envy you the happiness of living in so retired and so lovely a spot.

'Remote from man, with God to spend your days, and your artistic description of the vale of Llangollen, painted by nature in fresh water-colours, sweetened with the perfume of human kindness and Welsh hospitality, revives the long mortified feelings or rather passions of my youth for landscape scenery, by presenting to it almost my young *beau idéal* of a life of repose. Nothing seems to be wanting, for though you have wickedly forgotten to make allusion to Sweet Jenny Jones, I have used the liberty of putting in the figure myself into your smiling landscape, and now it is

complete, we have finished the picture between us, as the old masters used to do. But after all, I have spoiled it. What have turbid writers to do with Jenny Jones? You yourself are the proper heroine of the scene you have painted, so out goes Jenny: I cannot improve your picture.

'I am drudging away in the old place, too lazy even to move quietly, waiting for the last enemy to take me away from the very spot, if he pleases and when he pleases. I think as little of this world as I can. It forces itself more than enough upon me, and in all its aspects it annoys me. I literally hate it. I am a complete misanthropist, and misogamist also; remember I hate all women. What has spoiled them I know not, or whether they have been spoiled or not I know not. But I wish both myself and them to be what neither of us is or ever will be in this water-coloured landscape. As for men, they—*i.e.*, we—may all say with Coleridge in Lines to an Ass, "Innocent Ass! thou poor despised forlorn! I hail thee brother!"

'I have no news to tell you, but I send you a specimen of a spirit. It may amuse your Ladyship, astonish the parson, and horrify his wife. It has come out by direct lineal descent from the American manifestations, as you may see; they are chiefly Americans who conduct it. The *Ecce Homo*, however, is a young Englishman of twenty-two, brought up a Roman Catholic. The spirit has ordered the youth to be dressed in a white linen robe, and also a crimson robe, purple cap, high-heeled boots, and other insignia of royalty, and Mr. Isham is a wealthy American gentleman, a merchant, at present in England on business, who has been caught by the spirit, and made to assist in doing his work. He is a very mild, gentlemanly man, and is completely entranced, and persuaded of its divine reality. I have met him several times. But they were all ordered to leave London, and go to Cheltenham, where they are now engaged in making the dresses for the *Ecce Homo*. What pranks the devils do play with us poor, wretched mortals. I

often think that this is merely a dream, and not a serious reality; that the disembodied spirits only laugh at our misfortunes, and mock when our fears come upon us; and whensoever they establish a communion with us, they treat us with the wildest and most delirious gammon. It is Goldsmith, your favourite, who says that the pleasures and the sorrows of this life are matters of indifference, and that Providence neither rewards us with the one, nor punishes us with the other. But the Scriptures go forth and say that He gives the sorrows to his favourites, and prosperity to the wicked. — He sets vile men on horseback, and makes good men *like me* trudge it on foot, with a bundle on their back.

‘I am glad to hear of Tiber’s welfare. He rejoices in his mistress’s misfortunes, and converts her sorrows into his own pleasures. Happy dog! not unlike men in that respect, only more true and devoted. I have lately lost a little favourite dog, which however did not live here, but in the country. It has owned me as its only lord and master for the last twelve years, but last year its eyes became bad, and this year it lost its sight entirely, yet it walked about pretty freely, but one day it fell into a well and discovered the grand secret. It was a beautiful terrier, by name Fox; now I am dogless.

‘I am glad to hear of Rebecca’s welfare. But you were too good friends to be long united. The devil won’t permit that, and he is the god regnant. I hope you will take care of the other half of your income, and not be persuaded by a swindler to send it out in search of its fellow.—I am, yours very truly,

‘J. SMITH.

‘Perhaps you will translate the tract into Welsh; your translation might have the effect of frightening the devils.’

20th Aug.
1853.

‘May it please your Ladyship!—I have got some black ink now—that is, such black ink as I can use, for I had forsworn the use of the old black ink and taken to violet (not *blue*, as your Ladyship called it), because I found that my ink-bottles

became so dirty and clotted and barked with it in a few days, and the ink itself became so unmanageable with beeswing skin and mould, and a thousand other perversities, that I had lost all patience with it, and given it a bill of divorcement, as the old Jewish rabbis did to their wives when they ceased to please them.

‘The ink with which I now write I made myself. It is a perfect fluid even as water itself, has no skin, sediment, or mould, and leaves the bottle clean and tidy. It flows very freely, and looks well. It has no acid in it, and is therefore very good-natured, so that I hope you will not find fault with it, unless at the same time you find fault with good-nature itself, which some critics do, as they say it is apt to be destitute of spirit. But one cannot get all the perfection concentrated into one perfection, in this life at least—we must wait a little longer.

‘I thought of you yesterday and to-day as I was reading about Mr. and Mrs. Norton in the papers. It seems that he withholds her allowance also, and pays, when he does pay, very reluctantly. Money and love try people’s tempers fearfully. Robert Owen is going to get rid of money on this very account. But who will ever succeed in ridding us of love? for I suppose there can be no love without its counterpart, jealousy; and the more romantic young love is, the less likely to be permanent. It is a sad thing to fall from the heights of romance into the nettles and rubbish of commonplace. I know what that is; for in my young days, when I was walking along the top of the Mound in Edinburgh, all alone, I saw a beautiful young lady coming right a-face of me. I felt a sort of thrill at the sight of her, and just as I felt it her parasol was caught by the wind and precipitated down to the bottom of the plain. There was no garden then at the bottom, but heaps of stones and abundance of nettles. In a moment I felt myself descending after the parasol, but my feet slipped and I was precipitated with great force amongst the nettles and the

stones. I was stung all over, and bruised at the same time. But I secured the parasol, and walked triumphantly up to present it in person to its charming owner, expecting at least a smile of satisfaction, if not of gratitude, from so fair a countenance. What was my astonishment when she merely took the parasol roughly from my hand, and without a word or a smile or a look that I considered worth recording in my memory—she walked away! The nettles were nothing, the bruises were nothing, but that cold, unmannerly or heartless indifference almost made me cry. And yet I have often since thought that perhaps the poor soul was overpowered with feeling, and knew not what to say or do, for it was on my part a very foolish action—an impulse. However, it broke the spell, and many have had their young spells broken in a manner somewhat analogous. Poor Mrs Norton! I pitied her when I read her case. I know that you think her not what she should be. But I cannot judge her, and it is no business of mine. Whether she be innocent or guilty is nothing to me. I pity the guilty, and I pity the young romantic love that slips as I did and falls amongst the stones and the nettles.

‘It is a horrid thing love, at least such love as this world furnishes. I scarcely ever met a specimen of it that excited my envy. Now I never do. The exceptions must have been in my young days. The more one thinks of holy matrimony, the more it dwindles down into a profane bargain or barter of one person for another. A commercial transaction, clothed with apparent sanctity by means of an ecclesiastical consecration. It will never be what it professes to be. Man is not made for it—I mean both sexes. For unless women are shut up as in Turkey, there must be mixed society, and it is quite impossible for men to see fine women without admiring them and delighting to converse with them, and this alone is enough to create misery. Men are not all guilty who seek the society of fine women, nor are women all guilty who seek the society of men. There

are men who cultivate a purely moral passion for one or more women. I once heard even an acknowledged rake say that he himself did so, and that the women he liked above all others were such women. The spell is broken by going further. This refinement may not be common, but I can perfectly well imagine how Lord Melbourne may have been personally attached, even romantically attached, to Mrs. Norton, and yet free from all reproach, and I can believe it of others as well as of him. But whether this be a reality or not, there can be no doubt of this fact, that so long as we have mixed society at all there must be jealousy, and the man who marries a fine woman begins immediately to be haunted with a host of disagreeable visions, and to enter into a series of schemes for self-protection which cannot fail to be disagreeable to any lady's feelings, and run counter to her own designs. I do not see how it can be avoided. The devil is in it. The Orientals knew that well, and just locked women up, and forbade the association of the two sexes as it is practised in the West. The ladies in the West have accomplished their emancipation from this restraint, and they want more emancipation. But how they are to escape from the green eyes of jealousy, and protect themselves from its effects, I cannot imagine, unless by doing as the Thibetian ladies do, disfiguring their faces, and making themselves as ugly as possible,—an excellent and effectual system. But the civilised system of female decoration is an infallible receipt for destroying peace on earth and good-will amongst men, and nothing short of miraculous Providence will ever improve the social condition of individuals and families so long as it prevails. And it must prevail, so there is no hope for us. God be praised that we are not immortal: I should be sorry to make use of the elixir of immortality, even if I had it.

‘Though my ink be black, my devils are still blue enough. But I don't think I shall trouble you any more with the violet ink, and certainly never with blue, which I dislike.

'Trusting that you are deriving both corporeal and psychical benefit from the Dee water and the mountain air, I remain, as ever, yours sincerely, 'J. E. SMITH.'

'My Dear Lady Bulwer,—I have sent you a copy of the *Times*, with Mr. Norton's history of his domestic afflictions.

25th Aug.
1853.

'If his edition be correct, she is a——what shall I call her? something not very pleasing to ears polite. But I daresay we shall have another edition ere long, for now that our legislators are on the moors, the papers are at a loss for *interesting* news.

'The *Daily News* calls the affair the Drawing-room Pot and Kettle affair, or Low Life Above Stairs; and hopes, as the two belligerents have £4500 between them, that they will henceforth contrive to pay their tradesmen's bills, without troubling the public with any of the particulars. And seeing that they consented before the holy man and the altar to take each other for better, for worse, they ought to be dumb and open not their mouths. Some, however, think that the marriage vow does not interdict conjugal quarrelling, as it merely binds the parties to take what they get. Women are devils when their backs are up. I should not like to come in conflict with one in open court. They get up such a scene, that a man has no chance with them. I hope there is a separate hell for both sexes. It will be an awful scene if there is not. We are of our father the devil, as the Scriptures say; and there is not a plainer text in the Bible than that. I am just going into the country for a day or two, and will not answer your last letter at present. Mr. Norton's, however, will be a very good substitute till I return. I am glad to hear that Rebecca is well, and that she is not yet chained to a devil.—With kind remembrances to her when you write, I remain, yours on both sides of the grave,

'J. SMITH.'

‘My Dear Lady Lytton,—I send you t’other side of the ^{2nd Sept. 1853.} question, in order that the lady may have justice done her. W—— or not I do not condemn her, as I believe there are worse women and even men than w——s in the world, and so thought the Saviour when he gave them the precedence to scribes, of whom I am one. I think there can be little doubt that *he* himself, that is, Norton, is a bit of the great man-monster.

‘You call yourself an ass for asking me the favour of negotiating a matter of business for you with a publisher. Perhaps it did not show much wisdom on your part to select so incompetent a person, for I may say that I do not know a single publisher, and have scrupulously kept aloof from the whole fraternity. As I told you before, I do not consider myself a literary man at all at all. I am only a Robinson Crusoe in literature, and live on a desert island. I am therefore not at all adapted for negotiation, but what I am capable of doing well I am very willing to do for your Ladyship, only the difficulty is to discover what it is that I am capable of doing well. The usual way of transacting such matters now is to employ a commissioner. There are men who undertake this office for a small percentage in case of success. As they make it a business, and move about, and talk freely, and have plenty of cheek, which is more than I have, they learn to manage such matters very adroitly, and it is not necessary that the person should know who the author is, as the author’s name may be concealed behind a confidential person’s opaque or lay figure. By adopting this plan you may be metamorphosed back again from the noble and sacred animal whom you now so-disantement represent, to your own authentic and pulchrior visu personality.

‘I am happy to hear that you are about to personify our august sex, and show us what we ought to be. I hope you will not be too sore upon us, however, but remember that as we show mercy to others we hope to obtain it for ourselves.

Severe judges will be severely judged. So blame the devil whenever you possibly can, and admit of extenuating circumstances for both man and woman so often as justice and mercy in cordial agreement will permit. The provocations are great you know, and the temptations are great you are well aware, and it is a difficult task to go through the world without being misled either by persuasion or provocation from without, or by excitement or incitement from within.

Life to me has been a struggle, and still is, and I know many and hear from many to whom it is an awful burden, a burden to which even annihilation itself would be preferred. Many more are driven to madness by it than the lists of the lunatic asylums enumerate. Private and undeclared madness is very abundant, and not likely to be reduced in amount by the progress of what men call civilisation. Civilisation is merely the outward covering of barbarism, and like baptismal regeneration it washes iniquity in instead of out. All attempts to wash the nigger white have yet failed. Therefore be merciful.—Yours, &c.,

‘J. E. SMITH.’

19th Sept.
1853.

‘My Dear Wife,—I accept the title with which you have honoured me, and claim the privilege of abusing you henceforth whenever I feel disposed. That will not be often I hope, but it is a comfort to think that I enjoy the right. I am glad to find that, brute and beast as I am, and must henceforth be, like the rest of my sex, we agree upon some points, that with me you believe that hatred is merely the shadow of love, and perhaps that Love is nothing more than the mask of hatred. . . . Dog I am, and dog I must be, and must ever be despised and contemned by you for not being a woman. It is frightful to look into such a vista of the future, and galling to think that I should be so severely punished for being what God himself made me. But there are martyrs for all things, and martyrs for sex too; and if I should be martyred for representing in my

own person a faithful and true picture of my own sex, I shall have my reward. I am so trained to sorrow, for I have been a man of sorrow from time immemorial, that a little more will add little to the weight, but it may still be sufficient to complete the martyrdom and give me possession of the crown; and as a man can find in this world no greater enemy than his wife, I think I have found my executioner now, that is, if she prove faithful to herself and her sex.

'I am happy to hear that you have still a little mercy left. In that there is hope for others if not for me, except in a sanguinary sense, for a leech betokens still greater blood-thirstiness than that of the pin, which is comparatively harmless. I am glad that you like my thoughts upon China though you despise myself. By and by my thoughts will be all that is left of me, and I shall myself get rid of what perhaps I detest even more than you do—my own person.—Meanwhile, believe me to be your own despised and afflicted

*Essay in
F. Herald.*

'HUSBAND.'

'Beatrice Beata é Carissima,—I am very sorry to hear of your ailment, but judging from the usual beauty of the handwriting, I have reason to hope that it is not unto death. Were you a member of the male fraternity, the fact of your being brought to bed by a cold, or anything short of some grave commissioner from the three fatal sisters, might prove a cause of some little astonishment. But women take to bed so very naturally that they often die before people believe that there is much the matter with them. It is their sovereign remedy. I should think it time for me to make my will if I were bedded at noonday. But ladies go to bed at all hours, and even take breakfast and write letters in bed, which I never do. Don't suppose I grudge you the comfort and the remedy. I am too happy to think that they are both at your disposal. But still I fear that depression of spirit, weariness and ennui, and want of strong motive to be up in a more active position, are as much to be

17th Sept.
1858.

charged with your supine condition as the fruits of the picnic.

Continuing
the wedding
joke.

‘I must tell you a dream I had on my wedding-night, the only bit of comfort I had on the occasion. It was a very short one, but it made so vivid an impression that I remember it as if it were a matter of historical and material reality. I saw a lady, fine-looking, healthy lady, in full dress and bonnet, with a rope about her neck. She had put her own head in the noose, and the rope was attached to the ceiling. She asked me if I would help her to hang herself. I said I would, and went near and took hold of her, and told her, as the rope was just about an inch too long, to bend her knees and hold up her feet. She did so, and swung very nicely for a little. Then she put her feet to the ground and stood erect, and said she could not do it. I then began to reason with her, and asked her if it was necessary that she should die. Oh no, she said; not at all necessary. And thus we continued talking very comfortably together, when the dream vanished. . . .

I am glad you defer the fight for some time, for I am rather afraid of it at present, the more so as I am very much excited with another subject.

‘I am seriously engaged in writing a book; not a squib like the last, to which I did not mean to put my name, but something on which I mean to rest my reputation for generations yet unborn.

‘It is on a solemn, and I think it will prove an interesting subject. I hope to have it finished by Christmas. It will be merely one volume. Last week I was so deeply immersed in it that I began to fear that it would fever me before I could complete it. I became so excited, and forgot everything, and would sit at it from breakfast-time till bed-time, and then go to bed without being able to sleep. I fear this. I have known by sad experience the effects of it, and mean to guard against it. But if, in addition to all this, I should have a domestic quarrel, it would be too much for me; so if

you have no objection to put off the broil till Christmas, I shall be much indebted to you, and take it as an earnest of that patient and indulgent spirit which is far more beautiful and becoming, both in man and woman, than either military prowess or controversial skill.

‘The subject is a very fine one; and if I succeed in giving expression to my own ideas of it, I have no doubt whatever that it will improve my position in many respects. I have been writing for the many long enough without being personally heard of. Now I mean to write for the few, and give myself a status; for though it is very probable that I may be damned by some, I feel morally certain that I will gain the approbation of others. I actually thought, when I commenced the book, that I was but half a man, and unfit for such a task. Now, however, that I am complete, I hope the omen is good, and that the woman who was *brought unto the man* will present him with the good and not the evil fruit. She has both in her power; for though all that I said of woman in my last be true, her medal has its reverse, and there is no greater or purer enjoyment for man, in this or the other life, than that which he receives through the instrumentality of woman.

See letter
7th Jan.
1853.

‘I see Sir J. Bailey has inserted a stunning letter in the *Times* against Norton. It makes quite a rascal of him. He speaks very highly of Mrs. Norton, and regards her as an injured and innocent woman. This I believe is now the general opinion, and nobody seems to give any credit whatever to the story of Sidney Herbert and the £600 a year; for if there was any truth in it, Norton would have adduced it against her, as he could not have failed to hear of it. But I care not which is true, though I always prefer to give the ladies the favourable side of the question in such matters, so long as there are any plausible appearances to warrant me in so doing. I am determined, so long as I live, to lean to the side of mercy, and leave judgment to God.

‘Hoping that you are getting on prosperously with your

sermons, and showing no appearance of any wrath or personal inquietude in the use of your points and the application of your stinging nettles,—I remain, your dutiful, and I trust successful, counsellor and friend, ‘FRIAR BENEDICT.’

23rd Sept.
1858.

‘Beatrice mia ! del Divina Dramma se non della Divina Commedia. I admire your taste in not choosing to identify yourself with the Beatrice of the Divine Farce. A monstrous production, in any of whose trilogical spheres I should be very sorry for mine or me to hold a place, however exalted. To live in such a heaven and look down on such a hell is enough to make an archangel or even a woman curse God and call out for annihilation. I would rather make a Heathen Goddess of you. What say you to the name of Juno ? She was a splendid woman, and came out strong when she did come out. Minerva will not do for you, for she was a maid, yet her splendid armour and her gorgeous shield, that made man tremble and armies run, are well adapted for the part you seem most anxious to perform. But Juno has a husband, and can fight like Pallas when she will. I used when a boy to think of Juno, with the beautiful arms, and wondered that Paris gave the preference to Venus, so entirely devoted to the animal nature of man. But she was difficult to manage, Juno was. She even sneered at the thunderbolts of Jove. The Cloud-Compeller could compel anything but her ; and she had her own way with poor Troy at the last, notwithstanding the will and strong endeavour of Jove to save it. But how shall I be able to play the part of the Thunderer, in such a way as that you may laugh at it, at all events, as Juno did ? and if the world will not condescend to tremble, it is because *we* will not condescend to show it our power. It will be a new occupation, thundering, to me ; but having now got a provocation, I suppose I must try.

‘You must not expect me to come out so soon as Christmas. I hope to be able to finish the manuscript by that time, and then the chief labour will be over, but it will

not be till the beginning of the ensuing spring that I shall be able to appear in full feather. It will be about the time when the birds begin to woo, I hope. I am working very hard, and grudge every hour that I devote to anything extraneous; and were it not for my health, I could patiently, and even energetically, sit and write from morn till midnight.

'I am glad to hear that you are so actively engaged in the works of charity and of mercy. I envy you the possession of a heart for such a generous employment of your time. It would cover a multitude of imperfections, according to Scripture, and I suppose you do not expect me to flatter you so very butteraceously as to say that you have none. I am glad, however, to think that you have got a cloak to cover them, better than any of those needlewomen's productions, the want of which you so lately deplored.

'I hope, when you do come out strong, that you do not Bulwer. mean to come out riding on a devil, because you must be aware that the present age has lost its faith in devils, and does not look upon them with that holy fear and sacred reverence with which our ancestors espied the monsters. Let it be a fine, spirited Arabian, not a centaur, or a huge Bellerophon, nor a tiger-like Ariadne, the wife of Bacchus, tame as hers was, nor a Satyr, nor anything utterly unsympathetic with man; for, after all, you belong to the genus homo yourself, and in your new masculine capacity will be quite en homme.

'But Juno will have her own way, I doubt not. So I leave her to the Three Sisters, and subscribe myself her affectionate Spouse and Brother, 'THE CLOUD-COMPELLER.

'Respect this.'

'My Dear Hera,—It was too bad of you to send me to hell so soon. I certainly expected to be tantalised at last, but to be put on the wheel in the very lowest abyss, by one stroke of your pen, without any warning or transition state of coolness or indifference, was what I did not con-

Greek for
Juno.
3rd Oct.
1853.

template at all, and I did not expect the doom of Tantalus before Christmas at least. But woman was always known to be cruel by nature, and fond of exercising her power by creating fear amongst the many, and love only amongst the few. I belong to the *oi polloi* I suppose, or I would never have been sentenced to so frightful a doom as that of Ixion's wheel. But I will not follow your example of cruelty by taking revenge; I will rather show you an example of forgiveness by returning good for evil. At first I thought of dragging you down to Tantalus after me and making you the Queen of the Dismals—Proserpine by name, and taking my seat beside you, under the grim appellation of Pluto. But I must refer that to some future period. It would seem too much like retaliation to do it now.

'I return you the letter of Caroline Fieski, or whatever her name may be. She is a mother, and must be indulged a little. Mothers are all selfish creatures, and very disagreeable except to their own sprouts. Marriage spoils all the romance and poetry of the sex, and therefore novelists all do well to close with the marriage before the brats arrive. Literature would not have been light but heavy literature if the heroes and heroines had been Caroline Fieski's. Commend me rather, Protestant as I am, to a sister of mercy, and who looks the Devil and Death boldly in the face, and yields to the natural promptings of sympathy. I hope you have succeeded in curing your patients, and that also with impunity to yourself. I should be sorry to hear of your being laid up or thrown down in such a generous warfare, but better even that than, coward-like, to run and leave the sick to take care of themselves.

'So you are not properly domiciled yet? You are like a rolling stone—you will never gather moss; but, what with your washing and your rubbing and your rolling, you will become as smooth, but I hope not as hard, as a pebble. You are now, I suppose, about to go to your 17 county castle.

That is one movement, and the movement from the castle is another, and the movement to the hotel is a third, and it is a common saying that three flittings are as bad as a fire; no wonder, then, that you will want plenty of cold water—it is just the specific that the evil requires. And what will be the next move? Here am I, as fixed as a lamp-post, in the same identical spot in which I wrote my first letter to you, and in that short time I can scarcely even enumerate the various residences from which you have written to me; and as I do not keep letters but destroy all that do not contain some special fact which I consider it of importance to remember, I shall find it no easy matter to write your life if you should take it into your head to re-ascend to Olympus before me. You are something like Cain—a fugitive, but not a vagabond on the face of the earth; the likeness is only a profile. But if it be really true what the Psalmist says, that the wicked flourish like the green bay tree, and the righteous only are opprest, then you have great reason to rejoice in your tribulation, and that here you have no continuing city, no fixed place of abode.

She lived
till 1882.

'I have been down in Kent for two days seeing the hops, but I had frightful weather. The sniff of caller air, however, and a cool drive of some twenty miles in a gig, refreshed me a little, and I contemplate another short trip ere long to Oxford, Warwick, and Birmingham, amongst the hotel-keepers. But I shall take care they do not skin me much by not taking muckle skin along wi' me.

'With my blessing, if it be worth accepting, I remain, as heretofore,
'NOT IXION.'

'My Dear Lady Lytton,—It seems you are in trouble again—in the hands of the dissector too—a man who cuts up human flesh with as much sang-froid as one might cut an orange. It is a sad predicament^a—what guardian spirit has brought you into that condition, and for what good purpose could it have been ordained? Did you require the chasten-

2nd Dec.
1853.
To Lady
Lytton at
Llangollen.

ing hand, or is it merely an act of spite on the part of an undeveloped spirit, as the American manifesters call the mischievous ones? I hope it will do you good, although it is a very uncomfortable mode of receiving it. Who can tell? We are a mystery to ourselves, and bodily good comes as frequently out of bodily evil as flowers from roots.

“The root may have a bitter taste,
But sweet may be the flower,”

says Cowper, and it is to be hoped the truth of this saying may be realised in your present case. It was a very pretty idea that of yours respecting the root being cut away from one in the loss of a parent. It leaves one alive without an apparent origin. I was half tempted, so long as my mother lived, to regard myself as a boy, as a man *without a wife* is very apt to do; but now I must think no more of boyhood, for I feel myself in the front ranks, just before the long scythe of Death, the forlorn hope; my time comes next; the generation beyond are pushing us out, and occupying our places. However, I don't consider the old gentleman as the King of Terrors. I am getting familiarised with him, and prepared for him; and I hope, when he comes, I shall be able to hold out my hand in a friendly way, and say, I am happy to see you, old feller.

‘I have no news to tell you. The papers are full of war, but the killing goes on very slowly. I think they pop one another from behind the ramparts, and take care of No. 1, as I should do were I a murderer. But many, I daresay, who deserve hanging will be shot, and none, according to your estimate of us unfortunate males, will meet an undeserved fate. However, if people are better off after death than before it, we should rather keep rascals alive, than kill them and give them a happy release.—Hoping that this will find you well again, I remain, yours as ever,

‘J. SMITH.’

'My Dear Dreadnought,—What, then, am I to do? I am still puzzled. Remember that although your meaning may be very clear to your own mind, it must be expressed before it can come clearly into mine. You gave me some general idea of the book, but not of its size or value, nor did you empower me to negotiate for you; and my only idea of the matter was this, that you wanted a publisher who would publish on his own responsibility, and with whom you could negotiate afterwards. I believe the book would be well published by Bosworth, and that you would be as well dealt with by him as by any man in London. I have heard him very highly spoken of. But that is all I know. But if you want a sum of money instanter, without a sight of the manuscript, or any further knowledge of it than you have transmitted to me, it may turn out to be a very tardy negotiation. However, if you will only state your own terms, or write me something which I can show to a publisher, I shall go with the conditions to Bosworth, or any other whom you may think a likely person to take the bait. But remember this, that you have often told me that your husband had corrupted or threatened the London publishers, and set them against you by direct and indirect means, and this intimation of yours makes one a little apprehensive lest in making a call it should only be to one of the gang. My firm belief is that you will make much more of the book by just giving it to Bosworth to publish on his own responsibility, giving him a share of the profits. He holds a much higher position in the trade than either of your two last publishers, who are little known. However, a publisher who has published for you before knows the mercantile value of your book in the market. A stranger does not; for unless a book runs through several editions and makes a sensation, the trade cannot tell whether it be a loss or a gain to the publisher. In going, therefore, to a publisher for the first time after changing your publisher so often, you give up the ground you have previously gained, and begin *de novo*, always dis-

24th Dec.
1853.
To Llan-
gollen.

advantageous, for the first question naturally is, "Why does she change her publisher, and why so often?" and suspicions, once aroused, can never be allayed by reasoning, for it is like reasoning to a jealous woman—the more you reason, the more she is not convinced. However, give me definite instructions and I will follow them, and bother you no more with my preliminaries.—Yours ever,
 'J. SMITH.'

6th Jan.
1854.

'My Dear Aleiphron,—I have been wondering what has become of you. I hope you are still alive and well, notwithstanding the lugubrious import of your last, which I scarcely knew whether to take in a serious or an unserious meaning. But as I have been looking out every day for the parcel, I begin now to fear that it was quite true, and that I shall have to wear black for more reasons than one. However, you shall rejoice even if I should mourn. At least so I hope, for I do not suppose that you will go to the Terra del Fuego. However, I shall hope for the best until I hear the worst. Now that the holidays are nearly over, and this is old Christmas-day, I bid you God-speed with all your good endeavours, and my hearty wishes that you may not live a hundred years, but make your escape from this inferior stage of spiritual and physical being into some more elevated region, where you will have more loves and fewer hatreds, for it is awful to live where loves are in the minority, or even where they have a large minority, and I suspect that your loves are very few, seeing that you hate the whole of our sex, and if I mistake not, almost the whole of your own. Thank God that you are fond of dogs and other wise, moral, and indulgent animals, otherwise there would not be a single oasis in the desert left for your soul to smile upon.

She died in
her 80th
year.

'I had half a mind to send back your queen's heads, only I admired the delicacy of the act of sending them. All your sex do not treat me so. One lady last year asked me to get her a box at the theatre. I did so, and she complained of

it, she did not like it, but she has never offered to pay for it to this day. I had not even the satisfaction of being invited to share it. Another once asked me to receive a mercer's parcel and send it. I did so, and have now lost all hope of repayment. Another borrowed £6 from me, and paid me with a five pound note. But our sex is quite as bad. So that when I meet a scrupulous person I entertain a respect for it, as something to be cherished. However, I do believe the above-mentioned ladies forgot, for they are in good, easy circumstances, and also generous-minded.—Hoping ere long to hear of your recovery, and manuscript, I remain, yours ever,

‘J. SMITH.’

Troubles of
a bachelor.

Charitable
construction.

‘After sending out your letter to the post last night, I discovered that I had omitted to inclose the inclosed. I hope you have it now safe in hand; it is a singular production, mysterious and humbuggical-looking. Why not tell all? Why mystify so? It is provokingly woman-like—gipsy-like, I mean. She is no great shakes at writing: what she may be personally I cannot surmise, but I should not fall in love with her for her accomplishments, I guess. But I once heard a rake say that he did not like accomplished women. He considered them above that sort of thing, and he always treated them with profound respect. Perhaps the gentleman alluded to may be one of that sort if the woman be what you seem to insinuate. But these are deep subjects, of which I am no judge, only they seem to cause a goodly amount of botheration to both sexes. I see, from the American papers, that they are trying to preach up celibacy there, even amongst the Liberals. I should not wonder if marriage should encounter a revolution some day. There is none in heaven, you know; there men and women make love to each other just as they please without restraint, for there is no generation there. It is generation that plays the devil with the world. Therefore the kingdom of heaven is called the Regeneration, which, whatever it be, is not generation. Of

7th Jan.
1854.

that I am very glad, for I consider it the very devil.—It is quite dark, and I have only light to sign myself, yours ever,
‘J. SMITH.’

9th Jan.
1854.

‘My Dear Lady Lytton,—Your parcel has arrived. I understand it all now. It came by one of Mudie’s agents, and as Mudie sends books to me every Monday, he kept it by him till Monday came. And thus it has been lying all the past week in his shop, in place of being put into the parcels delivery office and despatched immediately. However, I am glad it has arrived, and will not call him a beast for overlooking it, as I know he has quite enough to puzzle him, for he promises more than he performs, like myself.

‘I shall try and not forget your letters this week; they are both lying before my nose, but that is no security, for I am so absorbed that I forget everything, and feel myself unfit to be entrusted with anything. And then, you ladies are such merciless judges and critics. I have more fear of one woman than of ten men.

Irish.

‘I am sorry to hear of the continued accumulation of your miseries, and of the addition of another item to your list of hatreds. I fear it is not one of the least sources of your misery. But we must all fulfil our destiny and drink the cup. However, we never fail to help to fill it ourselves, as I can testify in my own experience; for, with all my Scotch caution, I have got my foot into many a bog, which with a little more caution I might have avoided. Your nation are particularly famed for getting into scrapes. But I suppose they get out of them also, though often with broken heads and empty purses. But it is life, game, sport, and all that sort of thing. They like it, and why should not you also, if you like the cause of it, and hate the caution that avoids it?—
Yours ever,
‘J. SMITH.’

20th Jan.
1854.
To Llan-
dudno.

‘My Dear Mistress,—I suspected that there was something wrong as soon as I received yours this morning. So I wrote

immediately to Bosworth, and told him I would call personally to-day. Well, off I went in due time in an omnibus, and have just returned, all to no purpose. I did not see him, and there was no message left ; he had not received my letter, for he was out all day, and would not be in till six. So I will call to-morrow. I was under an impression that you were in correspondence with him, as last week I sent him my address, stating that if not in correspondence with you, he might notify to me what his determination was, to which letter I have not received an answer. I begin to fear that I have not even sent him my address. I am not at all inclined to blame him in the matter, for I think he is very civil, and naturally obliging, and especially to your sex, for you have all the honours and we have none, unless we are in office and have it in our power to confer favours, which we seldom have. I shall write you again to-morrow. I have been distracted for some time with faceache, and called on a dentist on my way home ; he says it is a cold in a tooth that he stopped a year ago. It seems the artificial teeth have more feeling than the natural ones. There must be a devil.

‘I think fate has taken us both in her grip at once, for a fatality has attended my book for a whole month. They ordered new type for the notes, it was promised in four days. In about a fortnight some of it came, the rest was on the road. In a week afterwards the rest came, and then the letter N was wanting. They had to send to Scotland, where the foundry is, for it, and it was promised on Monday last, and it only came to-day. A whole month has been lost in this manner. It is very provoking. However, all but a few notes of five sheets were set up, so that it is not all lost time. But it has kept me a whole month in suspense. They begin to print to-morrow, however, unless Miss Fortune has another lark with me. I hope she will turn the tables for us both soon. However, there is no use in grumbling ; I like a cheerful spirit. So don't send me a mourning letter ; I will allow you to begin it mourningly if you please, as black

as midnight, but remove the veil of darkness before you close, as you look a thousand times more beautiful smiling than frowning; and now that you have got a tail, wag it, and show that there's humour in it, not bad humour.

'Those are kind letters of the Chevalier. He is a nice old gentleman. But then he belongs to a polished nation. I am a bear—from the North—Boreas, a cold wind. But you and I seem to have exchanged positions, and you are as familiar with snow and ice as I am with Scotch prudence; you have your snow and ice outside, I have it inside. But it does not do for all the world to be alike. You and I would have quarrelled long ago if we had even resembled one another, for we should have been a pair of bellows to each other's fire, or we should have thrown snowballs at each other till the ice broke. But I see the hour of post has arrived, and the printer's devil has just brought me a proof, with a surly intimation that it is wanted as soon as (possible). So, what with ladies on one side of me and devils on the other, I am in a pretty hurry, and you know what the Scotch poet says—

"They gallop fast whom
Deils and lasses drive"—

which accounts for the haste with which I subscribe myself,
your obedient servant,

'J. SMITH.

'Don't mention trouble any more. I like neither praise nor blame for doing my duty.'

'My Dear Lady Lytton,—I enclose Bosworth's answer. He declines, and has returned the MS., which is now in my possession, sealed up, or as good as sealed up as at first.

'What is to be done next is for you to decide. I shall be happy to call on any other whom you may name, but I shall prefer you naming some one, as I am well aware of the delay that will be the result of another experiment, and do not like to undertake the responsibility of it. It seems I have been unlucky with my first attempt, and I fear that

not much luck will attend any of my efforts, for I am a bad man of business, not being a fighting, driving, pushing, and urging fellow—the best sort of man for a negotiation in London. I expect a very indignant letter from you next time, and with some reason, for I do not think that Bosworth has behaved well; not in declining, for that is optional with every publisher, but simply with keeping the MS. so long.—I remain, yours ever,

‘J. SMITH.’

‘You are an awful woman!’

‘You have begun to talk about fighting already. Whatever can put such mischief into your head? I hope you are not going to put me in the front of the battle of Bosworth Field. But even if you do, I am pretty sure you will be there yourself, and not like Queen Mary of Scotland, sitting on your saddle at a distance ready to run whenever the tide of war was against you. I said nothing about money to the man Bosworth, and I do not suppose he would be inclined to buy the manuscript, but merely to publish it for you at his risk. He is a young man only commencing business; and though spirited in his way, I do not think he is a man of capital, to pay large sums at once. Nevertheless, I have heard him highly spoken of, and I was advised by a friend who knew something of him to ask him to publish my book, which I possibly may, though I would prefer a publisher who has a house in America, as I expect as much sale for my book in the United States as here. It was on that account that I thought of Bailliere, though he is not very suitable in other respects. But I suppose you mean to send the manuscript before any negotiations are entered into. You say nothing about that, and I do not know what your custom is in that respect. Bosworth expects to see the manuscript before any arrangements are made. After that you can correspond with him yourself, and fight with him in close combat. I should like to keep clear of the fight; I am an awful coward.

'My book is in the printer's hands, and from Christmas I expect to be weekly provided with two or more sheets of proof. It will take three months at least to go through the press. I don't want to hurry it, for I want to make it without a literal error if possible. I have not yet finished the manuscript, but I have only a chapter or two of concluding matter to write, and I want to ruminate over it for a little. I have not even sought for a publisher, nor do I mean to do so till perhaps it is nearly through the press. I have taken your advice about the print and paper. It will be got up in the very best style.—I am, yours ever, 'J. SMITH.'

'September 18th, 1854.

'P.S.—Woman can easily perceive the offence that she receives, but not what she gives. If man be blind of one eye, woman is blind of the other. I admire the sagacity of the devil in choosing woman for his instrument. He could not possibly discover a better, nor one more likely to lead man astray: of all the torments that God has inflicted upon man, woman is the greatest. She was made for a blessing, but marred in the making. A woman once advised me to treat all women alike, for 'if ever I made a distinction I would repent. The heart of woman is prone to mischief, and she wraps herself up in a moral miasma, poisonous to the soul of man and ruinous to his body. God grant that her regeneration be not far distant: with woman as she is, I have no hope of even a comfortable existence. Strange epithalamium for my wedding-day, but not more strange than true.

'However, I believe in regeneration, though not in penitence for a fault that is not perceived; and though I cannot forgive a fault that is not owned, for it is ever committed until it be owned, yet I can at least refrain from taking revenge.—Yours ever, for better or worse, till death do us part.'

Enclosed.

'Can you tell me the meaning of this letter? I have read it all over, and don't understand it. Singular to say, your

last came to me along with a letter from a gentleman who complained of the life of misery that he led with his wife. She slams the doors and rattles the fire-irons when he reads or writes, smashes dishes, kicks tables and chairs and stools, and she nags and abuses him like a very difficult. He means to leave her as soon as he can provide for her and his children. He says, however, that she is a good mother, and he means to let her have all the children. Her story I have also had from herself. She accuses him of meddling with her religious principles. It seems to be all about the love of God that they are quarrelling! Probably they have both mistaken the devil for God. A third letter came at the same time. It was from an old maid. It was the very type of comfort. I myself, an old bachelor—at least I was so then, though not now—completed the series. I shall be puzzled what to call myself now. Benedict! And when I cannot answer Beatrice's wit in kind, I must make it up in change, by giving her silver for her gold. But my resolution is to abuse henceforth your sex so long as you abuse ours, and when you cease I cease. I mean to have no mercy whatever on womankind.'

We have no further correspondence retained, but it is probable that, being unable to make arrangements with a publisher to meet her wishes, she threw him over, or said something too keen, and perhaps too true, for his spirit to bear. It is evident from the tone of the correspondence that this was always a near possibility with such a high-spirited woman, who ever declined to leave her wrongs in anyone's hands but her own.

CHAPTER XXII.

OCCULT STUDIES.

‘ALTHOUGH I have no faith in astrological predictions, I cannot cease from admiring astrology, and regarding it as the germ of some universal science of analogy not yet conceived, or but faintly figured in the dim and shadowy visions of Genius in a reverie.’

See page 374.

Given a highly imaginative spiritual mind, trained in all the metaphysical subtleties of the Church of Scotland, subjected to the millennial enthusiasm of Edward Irving, driven into the prophetic camp where the Doctrine of the Woman held sway, thence running the gauntlet of all the social and religious ‘heresies’ of the time, and we have surely a mind prepared to examine and consider the greatest extravagances of any time! James Smith considered that whatever proceeded from the mind of humanity emanated from the Divine mind—where else could it come from? Divinity was to him the only motive power. The fact, therefore, that astrology had been an important study with the ancients, that it had passed through the alembic of many generations of cultivated minds, was to him a proof of vitality, and consequently of a certain reality. The handling of figures until they became living things, in his mathematical examination of the prophetic numbers, no doubt conduced to this end; and the analogical faculty that found relationship and similitude between all things animate and inanimate—and, indeed, hardly admitted of the latter term—aided in the formation of a Catholic spirit towards all human thought. As he proceeded he formed a sort of Cave of Adullam, to which

a multitude, often bordering upon lunacy, and sometimes overstepping the boundary, resorted. This correspondence would form a strange and informing volume of itself, but a somewhat sad one; although occasionally he has preserved some burst of humorous doggrel, or imitative prophecy, as a protest of common sense and the outer world against too constant communings with the shadowings of the Divine mind. But he held that *his* mind was quite safe. Secularism may go crazy, but Charity never—was his view of the matter. His Universalism was to keep him sane! At a very early period he must have imbibed a taste for astrology, but the first time he calls special attention to it seems to have been in a letter to his brother, having studied its principles to meet correspondence! ‘Did you ever look at the principles of astrology? I have collected a number of nativities, and learned to read them. They are very interesting. It seems to me much more definite and correct than phrenology. I have just got a copy of Lamartine’s nativity, and have been applying the rules to it. He is a splendid orator. The rules (thousands of years old, remember) say—a sextile of Mercury and the Moon makes good orators, wits, &c. Well, on looking to his nativity, it strikes you at once. A perfect sextile of Mercury and the Moon—the Moon also in the mid-heaven, an eminent position. There is also a sextile of Mars and the Sun—that also makes orators, poets, &c. He has therefore two oratorical aspects—Mars also is in mid-heaven, an eminent position. But then he has an unfortunate opposition of Saturn and Jupiter. This aspect causes a man to be unfortunate, and to disappoint any high expectations that may be formed of him. Louis Philippe I have also. He has Saturn in his 10th house. The rule says a man born with Saturn in his 10th house is liable to reverses of fortune at last, however exalted he may be at first. . . . It is astonishing what hits are made in this respect. I know a lady who last year was told by an astrologer the precise time when she was to be in

10th Jan.
1848.

danger of losing her life by an accident. He told her several weeks before the time, and mentioned it to her friends to caution them. Well, precisely at the time, she was walking along Oxford Street, and as she came to a ladder raised for repairing a house, she was struck to the ground by a brick which fell upon her shoulder. She was carried home, and confined to bed and the house for several weeks. The astrologer who foretold this is particularly clever at calculation, but his whole soul is absorbed in it. He thinks of nothing but the planets. If you say to him—'How do you do, Mr. Johnson?' He very probably replies—'Not very well—there's an evil deviation—a square of Saturn and the Moon operating upon me at present, but I shall be better in a week or two, when the moon in my nativity comes to a time of Venus.' I have been taking some lessons from him. Zadkiel (Lieutenant Morison) has published a grammar of astrology, which makes the subject very plain. I bought it many years ago, but paid little attention to it till of late, when, receiving several letters about astrology, and meeting occasionally with persons who know something of it, I considered it my duty to learn the principles. I can now cast a nativity, or set a figure of the heavens. But I should never use it for prognostication of events. For character and general destiny, however, it is worth studying. Napoleon has a splendid Mars in his nativity, which makes him a successful soldier, by all the rules of the science. But he has a frightful opposition of Saturn and the Moon, which Johnson and the rule says makes a man cruel, unprincipled, and ultimately unfortunate when evil directions fall. I know Zadkiel personally. He is a gentleman by birth and education, and is married to a lady who is very highly connected. He has an independence of some £250 a year, besides what he makes by the stars, which is not much. Johnson is very poor, but very honest, simple, and inoffensive—the very opposite of a rogue—but he has a most unfortunate nativity

—for fortune. All his planets, too, or the most of them, are huddled together in the 9th House, the House of Mystery! Faith, Credulity, Superstition, &c. He could scarcely fail to be an astrologer, or something of the sort.'

Yet he had no such faith in astrology as this would lead one to suppose, and he probably stated his *unorthodox* views strongly to his orthodox brother, partly from contrariness, and partly to stir up a reply.

'There seems some remarkable analogy between a man's nativity and the general character of his mind, and in this respect it is as clear as phrenology; but when a calculator comes to reading events and times, he is decidedly at sea, and merely guesses like a woman reading cards or a tea-cup, for instance; we find that her rules are as definite as his, and her signs as precise; . . . and there is as good reason for supposing that the tea-cup is an oracle as that the stars are.'

There are many letters on astrology and 'spiritualism' by Morison (Zadkiel), all showing that he was anything but a worldly man. After a discussion on 'spiritualism,' he observes:—'One good will come out of all this. It will be an antidote to the Sadduceeism and infidelity of the age, and as Providence rules *all* things, it no doubt has revived all these spiritual matters to overthrow that outwork of Atheism.' In a lengthy discussion of 'Divination,' in which the religious character of the writer's mind is strangely displayed, Zadkiel proceeds:—'It seems to me that Divination is a *principle inherent* in the human heart. All men use it in some way or other, even those who preach against it, always excepting yourself. It has been ever in use all over the world, among savages and civilised men, from the *Obi* of the Africans to the Pythoness of the refined Greeks, from the Hindoo astrologer to the European star-gazer. All men naturally and *necessarily* desire to know the *future*, the *result* of their enterprises, sicknesses, sufferings, &c., &c. Surely so strong, so universal, so *valuable* a feeling could never have arisen in the human breast without the express

31st Mar.
1852.
Zadkiel.

James
opposed to
Divination.
14th April
1852.

INTENT of Providence! Solomon expressly speaks thus: "the fools die for want of *wisdom*," and surely this implies lack of "foreseeing the evil," as he calls it.' A disputation as to Napoleon's horoscope follows, of a curious character, in which Zadkiel maintains his views against criticism: ' He has been very popular with the multitude since Jupiter has been hanging about his mid-heaven, and they *say* he is to be Emperor forthwith, which may take place, and yet be no real addition to his power of wealth.' Further, he declares that Napoleon has the same danger in his horoscope as his uncle had, and as Pitt had: '*they* fell from power, so will he fall.' Zadkiel seems to have a difficulty in indoctrinating his friend with his views. On another occasion he writes:—'However, clod as you are, I wish I had you here to shake hands.' He is influenced in turn, however, by his friend's opinions. 'Your letter of this morning has greatly interested me. I had already concluded that there was a mixture of truth and untruth in these "rapping" affairs; and I am now certain of it. Just so with the *Crystal* spirits. But why so? Your idea is perhaps right, that too much evidence of the spiritual world would do away with the use of judgment. No doubt these various phases of "communion of spirits" have an *end* in view. The dire and crass worldliness of mankind may require this balance. The love of pelf and self, and lust of the eye and pride of life, have smothered true faith, of which little is to be found in the world now-a-days. . . . I fear the professed "communion of spirits" that we hear in the Church is a mockery; for none I have ever asked could tell me *what they did mean* when they repeated the words.' The statement that, when made lately in Glasgow in connection with the Max Müller lectures, raised such an outcry, is made here by Zadkiel: 'I find the clergy even very chary of admitting in private *all* they preach in public. They preach a *particular providence*; but ask them to admit it in *all things*, and they shake their heads.'

16th Oct.
1852.
R. J. Mor-
son. 'Zad-
kiel.'

See figures.

29th Oct.
1852.
Zadkiel.

A congenial lot of 'spirits' are investigating the new 'spiritual' phenomena with great interest. Hugh Doherty, W. H. Halse, R. J. Morison, W. Salter Herrick the portrait painter, and others. The 'mediums' at that period were Mr. and Mrs. Hayden, Manager G. W. Stone, Hayden. from whom letters arranging meetings are extant. Halse (of Galvanism fame) writes:—'I shall be glad of Mr. Doherty's company, and dinner with you, say four o'clock' (Doherty was now a Medical Galvanist and Kinesipathist). 20th Nov. 1852. 'I cannot reply about Dr. Wilkinson, as Mr. Stone expressed a desire that no one but you and myself should be present. I shall give you a roast fowl and some pickled pork, and then for the "rappings."' So that Dr. Garth Wilkinson now joined in the enquiry. Mr. Halse has commenced it in his family circle. Present, 'myself, Sally (?), and her sister.' The results were so satisfactory that he wished the servant to hear them, but the moment she appeared all results stopped. It turned out 'that Mary's 3rd Dec. 1852. sweetheart was down in the kitchen, and she therefore no doubt wished the whole of us, spirit-rappers included, to the old gentleman. I hope you have now read Dickens' article on the subject. He tells you how it is all done. The whole mystery lies in the fire, the toe-nails, and the shoes!!!'

‡ Doherty, Halse, and Stone all seem to have started in branches of the same department, and the name Electro-biology is coming in. 'I have Mr. Bendall (the lessee of the Hall of Science, City Road) as a patient. He is paralysed. W. H. Halse. 24th Dec. 1852. He tells me that a Mr. Hardinge, one of his lecturers on Electro-biology, has a patient who must be a *moving medium*, as balls of cotton will fly out of her lap on to the table, and will move from one table to another without any visible agency.' But Halse says he had lectured the spirits on untruthfulness, and they had quite left him!

It is quite certain that they are all men in earnest, investigating the new phenomena which were cognate to the

Galvanism, Mesmerism, or Electro-biology with which they were practically acquainted. The claim that 'spirits' were the prime movers was what upset their calculations, and removed the subject out of their control.

31st Jan.
1853.

'Dr. Zimpel was with me this morning. He went to Dr. Roberts' last evening, and they (that is the Doctor's familiars) have thoroughly convinced him that Mrs. Hayden's rappers are all a parcel of devils. His mother told him at the Doctor's that she was not present at all at Mrs. Hayden's; that some one else rapped in her name. . . . This is, however, very strange. I think it all depends on the *minds* of the mediums. *Nothing like leather.* A fanatical medium cannot conceive the possibility of *good* spirits communicating through a medium having no religion at all, consequently all her rappers must be devils. A really good medium who does not require to touch the table considers all who cannot get any manifestations *without* touching the table as impostors. This I believe to be the true explanation.'

This Dr. Zimpel was an early 'convert' of James Smith's, who brought him over from Materialism; he carried on a voluminous correspondence with him from all parts of Europe, as well as Syria, &c. Earnest men all—no imposture certainly; but an increasing desire for occult knowledge, or some rational explanation of phenomena. As James Smith has always been considered the 'pioneer' of spiritualistic phenomena in this country, the subject is interesting.

James to
John.
24th May
1853.

'I have sent a Spirit-Rapping paper, just come out. Not intended to be regularly continued, and perhaps not continued at all. The subject is exciting great interest here. Table-moving especially prevails. Last night I called on Marston the dramatic poet, and we all, Mrs. Marston, Mrs. Crowe (Night-side of Nature), Mrs. Hervey, wife of editor of Athenæum, and myself and another, sat down to a table, and in a short time it moved very freely and answered a great many questions. . . . I hear that Robert

Chambers' five daughters are all rapping-mediums, though the journal speaks timidly on the subject. We had it beautifully last night, all private, no professional medium present. I know persons who can get an answer from a chest of drawers; the bureau will rise up and come down with a thump, and large dining-tables run along the floor under some mediums.' These were what Mr. Doherty justly called the 'lower manifestations.'

In consequence of a meeting with Mrs. de Morgan, Alfred Wm. Hobson writes:—'that probably you would be able to inform me where I could get one of the "crystals" for the purpose of "visions," such as she herself has. I have for many years taken a deep interest in these subjects, and more especially so since the recent era of "spirit manifestations." I have, indeed, long contemplated a work on this and other allied subjects, but am desirous of obtaining perfectly satisfactory and accurate evidence to which I can give my own personal testimony. I have already received a considerable amount of such evidence.'

A. W. Hobson, curate of Horn Church.

General interest was abroad on these subjects. A hundred years ago the magnetic telegraph might have been set down as the 'work of the devil.' 'Why not expect greater wonders than have ever yet appeared, even to the permanent establishment of a spiritual telegraph,' writes one Roger Casement.

20th Mar. 1854.

'As there is a backward current of electricity, why should not there be a backward current of life?' asked Dr. Joule, the eminent physicist, in explanation of such a possibility as 'ghosts.'

Mr. Hayden, the medium, writes from Boston that 'we have occasionally heard from you though the mediumship of Mr. Howitt and the *New Era*. We were very sorry indeed to hear such unpleasant news of Mrs. Crow, and I must be allowed to say that I think there must be some mistake in regard to the cause of her temporary insanity, as I believe she is a woman possessed of too much sound sense to

3rd July 1854.

Nightside of Nature.

be easily unbalanced by so cheering a subject as spiritualism, but I may have erred in my judgment. . . . There is a great demand for good test mediums here, and were Mrs. Hayden sitting at the present time, we could not receive one half or one *eighth* of the company that would come to her. There is but one public medium at present in Boston, and she is engaged for three weeks ahead. We have had a three days' convention of the spiritualists here in this city. . . . I have just finished writing my book, which I intend to have published this fall, entitled—"Three Years with the Spirits, in the Old and New World." An Edinburgh correspondent writes:—"I am still of opinion that all the phenomena therewith connected are the result of *will*, sustained and invigorated by faith—the same power which enabled Elijah to call fire from heaven, and Christ to still the storm. By faith the finite lays hold on the infinite, and the human is interpenetrated with the divine. I object to the speciality of claim to the term "spiritual" for these manifestations, as I believe *all life* to be a spiritual manifestation, and in so far am a Swedenborgian, considering *this* the sphere of effects, of which the causes lie beyond.'

It is unnecessary to allude to the extraordinary character of many of the communications sent him at this time, but when *hypnotism* is so fashionable, it may be interesting to note what a lady says of her son, a remarkable medium:—"He says that when in a trance his spirit leaves his body and passes into the world of spirits, *while an inhabitant of that world takes possession of his body.*' When out *receiving visions*, 'no rain would fall upon him,' although at other times it wet him like others! E. V. Rippingill, the artist I presume, treats the matter solidly. 'The very bias of the day towards a philosophy of numbers, weights, and measures is the very thing in favour of a work which does quite violence enough to prejudices, all material, on taking a position among speculative things, instead of jumping at once into the seventh heaven of the visionary and the marvellous.

Valentine.
1856.
E. V. Ripping-
gill.

What I have said is simply not to shut the door upon so large a body, but cautiously to leave it ajar to all comers. Occult philosophy excludes nobody and nothing, at the same time that it does not pledge and commit itself to anything. Now Spiritualism dashes at once into the ocean with a sink or swim temerity, and fairly begs the question in an inquiry which is just come into existence, and upon which, as you say, it is yet too early to theorise. I think, therefore, such a source, such a means of information, is invaluable, inestimable, and that no theory should be allowed to interfere with it. I must observe that I don't think Rogers has proved anything, the motive power being odylic force, and the intelligence, the automatic action of brain, is mere nonsense. In one word, all should be left to facts. Spiritualism is an assumption, and opposes this. I know you are too liberal to see anything in these objections but a love of truth and a desire for investigation.'

It was difficult to steer a medium course in his public utterances, still more to keep his 'organ' clear of tender places. In a paragraph in the *Family Herald* occurred :— 'The gift of prophecy is not within the power of mortals. No one can tell your destiny. To pretend to do so is imposture of the most barefaced kind, to believe it is credulity of the grossest description.' This brought his friend Zadkiel to the front. 'It is rare that we find such a specimen of bigotry and illiberal feeling in the *Family Herald*. It is very much opposed to what the Editor often writes on the subject of condemning everything hard to understand as *imposture*, a thing too often done by the 19th century men. Of course the writer, before he condemned in such sweeping terms all the occult arts, and all the systems of divination, must have made some investigation into their character and pretensions. And if so, it is not his fault if he is no conjuror. Really to condemn all the great men who have practised, and I may say all the clever persons who do practise, the various arts of divination, as gross *impostors*, is disgraceful to a

Zadkiel.
23rd Feb.
1856.

liberal periodical. For my part I have examined nearly every system of foretelling the destiny of individuals, and am prepared to prove, by indisputable facts, that they all contain some germ of truth, many of them much truth.' He recurs to the subject again in protest, and continues: 'But I must make known to you a new era in the art of Crystal seeing. If you will read the pamphlets (sent), *in the order* I have placed them, you will see that a great improvement is made regarding Crystal science. This brings us, for the first time for ages, acquainted with the *higher class* of angelic beings, and shows *why* the crystal has misled so many persons hitherto. The revelation I have had from my own guardian angel, named Hartliel, are very wonderful, and very interesting and instructive. He will not appear in *Lady Blessington's crystal*, as "aerial" and evil spirits have been and are in it. But he appears in Mr. Brown's crystal, and in a new one I have.' He wishes to see Smith and introduce him to his wife, seemingly his third! So that he did not live entirely in the other world.

1st Mar.
1856.

Figures
from Lady
Blessington's
crystal.

During this period he became acquainted with an American widow lady, one Mrs. Branch, who, even according to her own account, has been greatly attracted by his personality as well as by his works. She writes with great 'abandon' and kindly feeling, but not with 'gush.' 'Will you keep me "posted up" (Yankeeism), from time to time (not to encroach upon your time), with the progression of Spiritualism in England, just as you and I understand it, for I have some articles to write for the *C. Spiritualist*, and of course I want to *borrow your brain* to help me along.' *Julia*, as she signs herself, claims *cousinship*, seeing her grandmother was a Smith, and came from England! Her letters show a vivacious, high-spirited, eager-minded woman, full of mental energy, a sister apparently of H. H. Day, New York, 'the Great India-Rubber Man,' and whose 'Great India-Rubber Litigation,' in every State in the Union, was a great *cause célèbre*. She acknowledges that her correspondent occupies a

2nd April
1856.

very large space amongst her pleasantest recollections, and she wonders what her visit to London would have been without him.

'And—and—you say you have been looking for some of my contributions. I *almost* tremble when I tell you that I am afraid you will not see many of mine, but I cut *huge slices* from your letters and sent them to be published. I haven't seen the paper to see how it looks in print, but it was such a pity that I should keep hoarded up, for my especial benefit, what would do the many good to read.' The climate of England suited her better than America, but 'it is the mental only that has thus reduced me physically, for I have no disease, and I have done myself great injustice by taking medicine to cure mental or heart sickness. I wish often that you were on this side of the water, and many times while I am walking with my sister I say "Mr. Smith would enjoy this, or how I would like him to see that." Her sister thinks she is too enthusiastic, and jokes about her being Smit(h)ten. 'She says she thinks she likes you already by my description, and says—"What a pity such a nice man should never get married: if he had been in America the ladies would never have allowed it". . . . If you say *truly* "yours," then, as there is no time or distance to the spirit, it will be always "yours." But I won't tease you; though, if you belong to me in spirit—spiritual brotherhood—then I would have no limitation to spirit, and what is mine is *mine* always by the existing laws of Deity.—P.S. 7th July. . . . I have seen the *Christian Spiritualist*, and your article looks beautifully in print; I wish my remarks had been more appropriate, and I had *copied more from your second letter*. Am I saucy?' Her last letter dates from Washington, and gives a long account of the capital and congress, especially the closing day of the session—some 20 pp. of small writing. She delays sending it till she sees Mr. Doherty, who has gone to New York.

29th June
1856.
Brooklyn,
Mrs Branch.

5th Aug.
1856,
Washington
to
30th Aug.
1856.

'Mr. Doherty I thought charming, very much like your-

self, for he reminded me continually of you. I was glad to see him, because in the first place he came from you, and the second, because he came from Europe, where my heart at times turns with many longings. He reminds me of you, for he has the same pure heart; and one feels refreshed to come into the presence of men who have lived to his age in the world, and yet have not partaken of its vices. I wish sometimes I did not know men so thoroughly; that my heart had retained its childlike purity of trustful confidence. But it is not so, and I am now too well initiated into the mainsprings that govern humanity to ever recall again that which belongs to youth and its aspirations: perhaps I can more truly appreciate those who have passed unscathed. Mr. Doherty is to start a new paper. Mr. D. says he shall want you to write in the paper. It will be devoted to scientific spiritualism: we have heard the lower manifestations, and now it must be elevated, and combined with everything in science.'

Smith's meeting with his correspondent was probably at Mrs. Rymer's, but 'I am sorry you did not invite me to visit you; I thought of it many times, and was in hopes you would ask me. I have no false delicacy in regard to such things, and I wonder at Miss Jane (medium): still, her ideas of propriety are different from mine. I like to see my friends at home, and then I can steal in in spirit and sit down—bother them, too—perhaps as much as if I was really there physically. I believe we have the power of conversing with friends in the body just as much as with those out. Why not?' (She means at a distance.) There is a naïveté about the ending that is intensely human. 'What a lot of mischief women make in the world! you are a fortunate man to be a bachelor, and I think, with you, that some people ought never to be married. I am of that class, and the idea of the marriage relations as they exist now are growing every year more intolerant (-able?) to me. I shall never marry again; at least I think so now. Tell me what are your ideas

in relation to the spiritual union of man and woman. Is there to be an indissoluble union of two throughout all time—living, growing eternally together—or do we form our ideal, and love affinities? Will our ideal ever be reached? When you speak of woman in the Divine Drama, it is relatively. Will you give me your opinion of her position as she should exist to man spiritually, whether in or out of the body? We spoke of that subject once, but I am not sure that I got at your true meaning of the "Universal man being married to the Universal woman." I have gone over the whole subject, and cannot bring it to mind as yet, even for a spiritual state; perhaps you may convince me. But I will finish now with God bless you, my good cousin.'

That reservation, 'at least I think so now,' is delightful! Her 'cousin,' to whom she had taken so kindly, probably never lived to answer this long and interesting letter.

His old friend Doherty wrote a kindly letter, too, from New York. He is charmed with the country and the freedom of thought. 'The Professors of the "New York Medical College" are very friendly, and offer me every facility I want. I can do well here if I like to stay. . . . I have not seen much of the spiritualists here yet, but I went to hear Judge Edmunds preach last Sunday, and was very much pleased. He had a congregation of some twelve hundred people. There is life in this country for all new ideas. If not so quiet and refined as Europe, it is not so stifling and oppressive.'

We prefer, if possible, to let others speak as to James Smith's position in regard to the then latest development of Occultism. The *Spiritual Magazine* of May 1st, 1874, in reprinting the *Family Herald* articles, gives a short sketch of the author's life, and continues:—'Mr. Smith was a spiritualist and had experience of spirit-communion long before the advent of modern Spiritualism. His *Legends and Miracles*, published fifteen years before that date, was a penny weekly journal, with quaint woodcuts, and contains many stock

12th Sept.
1866.

stories of the supernatural, as the "Drummer of Tedworth," &c. &c. In short, it was the *Spiritual Magazine* of its time, though only a dozen numbers of it were published, making a thin volume, now very scarce. He was one of the editors of the *Spiritual Herald*, published monthly from February to July 1856, and to which Dr. J. Garth Wilkinson, Elihu Rich, John James Bird, and Colonel Fawcett were contributors—a magazine that was the precursor of our own. In his *Divine Drama*, the author discourses on Spiritualism as a "Gentile Dispensation," and in the *Coming Man* he illustrates it by visions, revelations, and other spiritual experiences. When the mysterious rappings began at Rochester, New York, in 1848, Mr. Smith kept his readers of the *Family Herald* acquainted, from week to week, with what was going on. He watched the development of the new manifestations with interest, and in September 1854 and January 1855 there appeared three leading articles on the subject by him in that journal. There had been skirmishes on the question in newspapers and secular journals, but these papers in the *Family Herald* were, we believe, the first series of leading articles in an English journal, giving to the British public reliable information concerning the movement of modern Spiritualism, which had already taken such deep root on the American Continent. They excited considerable interest, and some who have long been workers in our ranks owe to them their first introduction to the subject. We reproduce the first series of articles *in extenso* as a link connecting the movement in America and in England.' The writer adds:—'To some of the strictures in these articles we think exception might be fairly taken. In conclusion we would say, all honour to this brave pioneer of Spiritualism and kindred truths, for his manly, open assertion and dissemination of facts, and conclusions concerning them, then universally unpopular, and therefore the more needed.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

SOME PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

A MIND so 'liberally hospitable to all manner of ideas' must of necessity have had a varied correspondence, but he tells us himself that he destroyed most of it. For this we are personally thankful, as we have waded through amongst what remains, a mass of unsteady, bewildered, groping, and yet on the whole high-minded and honourable correspondence, sufficient to shake any mental equilibrium. We hope something of the 'charity that believeth all things,' to which James Smith attributed his own sanity, has preserved us; and if any lack of it has been shown in our choice of material, it has been through lack of judgment, not through lack of desire to be charitable to all men. The very questionable manner in which he was led into financial annoyance through Godwin, Shelley's father-in-law, and the otherwise absence of profusion of the needful throughout his life, were subsidiary matters even in his own estimation, although they undoubtedly caused him very great annoyance. Like his brothers, and especially Dr. R. Angus Smith, his amiability under any circumstances would have prevented him having a surplus; and the calls upon him from all sides, in consequence, forced him still more to be 'dependent upon Providence' and indefatigable labour! The most striking effect of the mental conditions amidst which he always found himself, or placed himself, is the evidence of intense intellectual activity that could scarcely otherwise have been evoked. The desire for knowledge, and the straining after a higher intellectual and moral standard, was stimulating the minds.

of classes that could never have been reached by the 'mechanism' of the schools. A great spiritual awakening, kept up by mutual communion of cognate minds, had spread over the land; and whatever one may think of the special or individual manifestations, one cannot doubt that a work was being done that could not otherwise have been produced. The immense power of such a moral and spiritual awakening as he had passed through, upon all classes of the community, no doubt influenced James Smith in his views of the inadequacy of all material progress, and its trifling character compared with the power and vitality of an *idea*. The power of the 'Spirit' and the 'wisdom' it produced, compared with mere 'knowledge,' whether of the schools or of life, appealed more especially to men and women who were somewhat devoid of education, but not wanting in that culture of heart and mind that no school can give, and no knowledge *per se* satisfy. We consequently find much of his correspondence with refined women, and untrained but spiritually-minded men. This, no doubt, helped to prove to Smith the truth of his 'mission,' the stereotyped intellects of the schools not being liberal to any class of ideas but their own, at any period of the world's history. '. . . I am no producer of knowledge, but, though the means of a journeyman baker are small, it gives me great pleasure at times to turn diffusionist. It is my desire to disseminate truth among our "Norland chiefs" that causes this intrusion on your usefulness, and bids me ask if you will be so kind as send a brother "*Maniac*" one copy of your "*Antichrist*" (in boards), one of the "*Refutation of Owenism*," and "*Reply*," and one of "*New Christianity*." Also, if the money goes the length, any of your other lectures published,'—this is a type of his followers. His lifelong friends were the Garlands, whom he first lived in great intimacy with in Ashton-under-Lyme, when they were of the same way of thinking as himself. Afterwards he lived with them in London, until, by the death of a relative, they came into a small freehold property

at Southfleet. His regard for the whole family was very marked. His lady correspondents in Scotland allude to it early. 'According to you, Mr. — must be a singular personage, and Mrs. Garland surely a very attractive one; she has the art of winning people's hearts. What does her husband say to all this? is he a friend to liberty? By the by, have you any more balls after your lectures? I think I was once told something of your leading off at a ball, previous to which you had been preaching.' Another lady, in good position, who writes a cultured and elegant hand, refers delicately to the *friendship* between him and Miss Forster, adding—'I begin to think you a very quarrelsome person, for you are always misunderstanding me, and you and Miss Forster are ever at drawn daggers. . . . I have not formed any illiberal ideas with respect to Mrs. Garland from all you have said of her, though you certainly do say a good deal; and if I am to be guided by the admiration she seems to draw from you and Dr. Tytler, I must suppose that she is a very *superior* person.' Of all the Edinburgh ladies who believed in and corresponded with him, this Miss Forster was no doubt the most favoured, addressing him as 'Dear James,' and signing herself 'Yours ever, Elizabeth.'

3rd Mar.
1834.
Edinburgh.

6th May
1834.
Edinburgh.

On the completion of the *Shepherd*, a correspondent thanks him heartily for it in a long, well-written letter. Its originality, apart from its truth, attracted him, 'in this age of little great men, who make extracts, effusions, decoctions of others' books, and call themselves authors, who read works of science, and call themselves philosophers, who fiddle another's notes, and call themselves musicians, and when, in fact, every day brings forth nothing but introductions, elements, abridgments.' He makes one shrewd criticism:—'In your consideration of the twofold character of all nature, I do not remember to have met with any mention of the two kinds of action, voluntary and involuntary, e.g., eating and breathing. It is possible that, following up your personification of the Universe, your opponents may contend that

22nd Aug.
1835.

such things as the Mahomedan religion may be one of the involuntary actions, and therefore not to be traced to a divine original.'

His Edinburgh friends were always constant, although the failure of their hopes that John Wroe's millennium was to be a *worldly* and early one was very grievous to them all. They send their copies of the *Shepherd* to be bound each in a different shop, so as to spread a knowledge of it. One has two copies (Robert Hunter). 'I will keep the one, and send the other to travel' among his acquaintances.

Amongst his old Ashton-under-Lyne comrades were many who continued to look up to him, while others called him a renegade, who had broken up their church. Some of these communications are very curious. From New York a well written but questionably spelled letter is from 'a lady past sixty.' Of curious interest it is in the light of history. She wishes to know from one, her knowledge of whom dates from the *London Phalanx*, what his opinion is on a question that is agitating both her country and this:—'What is woman's mission in this age, and more especially has Joanna Southcott and Jane Lead . . . given a key to, in the purity of the woman crushing the head of the serpent, by living up to the Levitical law, or to the transcendental idea? At this present time we have in New York, as well as other parts of America, the visitation of spirits, so as to stagger the most rational minds, and among men and women of all classes. We have in this Western world an ingathering of many States and minds respecting the second coming of Christ; and among those with whom I have had some degree of intercourse, I find none so interesting as a body scattered through our Eastern and Western States (they are styled by the world Shakers), but they wish to be acknowledged under the title of United Brethren. They are not understood by the world, and sadly and falsely represented; they should be a study for those who profess themselves seekers after God's highest truth; but time will do them

15th Nov.
1835.

8th Mar.
1852.
Mary O.
Maddaniel,
New York.

justice. I take the liberty of sending you a volume of their faith and acts, as they fully accept the woman as an equal, and treat her as such, both in Church and State. They have expanded much since the book was published, and, like all imperfect organisations, there are a people coming among them now that will sow seeds of discord, to their final separation.' She adds that she 'should delight to visit England, even in my old age; though I feel America very dear, yet in point of spiritual sympathy I should prefer Europe.'

As one of the most amusing of the opposing letters, the following extracts may serve:—'You are incorrigible! No criticism has the least effect upon you, invulnerable or insensible, alike to the shafts of ridicule or scorn! You pursue the *uneven* tenour of your way, utterly regardless of friends or foes. It is the vain wish to be thought a "teacher of the people" which blinds your eyes to the glaring absurdities contained in your "leading articles"! Leaders indeed to poor fools, who take sound for sense, and because they cannot understand the meaning, think sublimity lurks behind. I have hitherto in vain endeavoured to find a match to your "Curiosities of Literature" out of Bedlam. If you ever read other writings than your own, you must perceive that there is *some* connection, one part with another. Your correspondent *Beppo* inquires (I am afraid satirically) if you proposed publishing your leaders in a separate volume; if you do, I shall be glad of a copy. I will preserve it literally as a *Curiosity*.'

William Neal, one of the socialist leaders in London, writes refuting Smith's views of his opinions and objects, asserting that he desires no violent revolution, but gets nothing but misconceptions even from his correspondents. 'The state of mind in which I write this is perfectly horrible. May no one else ever feel it! It seems to me that I am mocked in having aspirations for social love and harmony, and a condition of life in which a deference to truth and universal justice shall not be a fatal delu-

5th May
1852.
To Editor
F.H.

16th Aug.
1854.
William
Neal.

sion!' He signs himself—'Yours in sadness, but very sincerely.'

25th Aug.
1854.

His particular friend H. Smith Evans, the artist, writes:—'I find that the late Mr. Holmes of the *Brit. Mus.* was the author of the article in the *Edinburgh Quarterly Review*, vol. 88, p. 137—December 1850 to March 1851. Wherein, speaking of you, he says—"The reverend editor or ex-editor of *The Shepherd*, a weekly journal, price one penny, in which (1835) he advertised Sunday Evening Lectures—pretty pastorals in Castle Street, Oxford Market. Admittance 3d. *Ladies Free!!*" Do justice and fear not—poor Holmes is gone to be *grizzled!* The field is open for one article on this vile educative thieving. . . . Do come down from the clouds, and condescend to whack these carnal rascals. It is an awful crime to rob a workhouse, but sins of *omission* are almost as bad.' His friend did not seem to have properly imbibed James Smith's views of Tartarus!

4th Sept.
1854.

19th Aug.
1854.

Neal, while claiming to be a 'pupil' of Smith, protests again and again against his 'lapse' from his former opinions: 'Singularly enough, too, we teach nothing but what your own published writings give us ample texts for!!!' Again: 'I believe that the property relations of man are of infinitely more importance than their speculative religious creeds, *How men get their living* is of far more consequence than—What doctrinal opinions do they hold? Let the institutions of society compel men to give something for something, and you will soon have the millennium; but keep up a state of society like the present, where vast hordes of the people get their daily wants supplied by the forced labour of others, for which they give nothing useful or ornamental in return, and you must ever have what you now have—Pandemonium!'

His artist friend, W. Salter Herrick, has gone to Scotland, and writes a chatty letter from St. Andrews, where he is the guest of Sir David Brewster. It is interesting as an artist's reference to Smith's artistic works: 'We were

delighted with Edinbro', its old castle and fairy heights; and at this moment of writing, as I try to realise it, it seems to me more like a town built in the air, and seen in a dream. As fine weather is essential to one's enjoyment of the country, we thought it better to start onward, up Loch Lomond, and at night slept at a little hotel at the head of the loch, but not before we had seen a full moon, that would almost have dazzled the tropics, rise over Ben Lomond in such still majesty, I almost forgot I was smoking a first-rate cigar. Early next morning we were out beside a mountain stream, hemmed in with mountains, reading Burns together, and thoroughly enjoying it too. We then went on to Loch Katrine—with such weather! and what scenery!—well might Scott have been inspired with it. On Loch Katrine we met a fine intellectual man and his wife; they had evidently travelled a great deal, and at the Trossachs we passed some time together,—curious enough we have just received a letter from him (although it is now some weeks since we met, and never expected to meet again), in which they both join in begging us to visit them at a place called The Burns, Brechin; he is a Major M'Inroy, and Sir David tells us he has known them both intimately for years, and they are also intimate with Lord and Lady Kintore—is it not strange? Well, we went on to Stirling and Perth, where we called on your kind brother. He and his excellent family gave us a thorough Scotch welcome, and we passed the evening with him and the next day, and parted with regret. Mr. Brown had not returned, but instead of *his* pictures we saw some that gave us far more pleasure than his could, however good—they were some of your own early landscapes. Crossed the mountains to Loch Tummel, and how do you think we did it?—sent our baggage on and walked (from Killiecrankie!) over mountain and moors. . . . Our friend Sir David received us most kindly—his beautiful old Abbotsford-looking house is just as hospitable inside as it is picturesque outside; it was the residence of George

7th Oct.
1834.
Herrick.

Buchanan ; and, surrounded as it is with the old grey ruins of the church and cathedral, to us it is every way full of interest. . . . We have thought of you all very much in the dreadful scourge you have had to encounter in London, and I am looking forward with pleasure to the time when we may smoke our cigars again together over a steaming glass of toddy, by our winter fireside.'

27th Apr.
1853,
Ipswich.

There is a peculiar direct frankness in the English letters compared with those from his Scotch friends. A friend of old standing, from the days of Ashton-under-Lyne, writes him from Ipswich, where he has been left a widower :—' My dear departed—she had much faith, hope, and trust in the Lord—have often spoken of your sayings when with us. She judged you a good living and good meaning, although a singular man, and hoped you would be led to see the errors by which you were misled, and that you would at last be admitted into glory with all the redeemed ones.' He invites his friend to go to Ipswich at any time for a change, to stay with him.

Miss Catherine Walker, one of his staunch lady friends in Edinburgh, along with Miss Forster, Miss Hagart, and Miss Dunlop, in inviting him to Edinburgh, where he will be sure of a welcome from his old friends, writes :—' My mind is more occupied now in the prospect of a future state than with the different events in this world's progress towards regeneration—however sure, they *are slow*, and must long outlive my advanced years.' ' You must have been greatly refreshed and cheered by seeing Miss Forster,' she adds. They had all wasted their youth over the hope of a worldly Shiloh ! and they now found themselves passing with the passing show.

17th May
1856.
Jacob Dixon.

Another example of his correspondence comes along with a request to notice the 'Nightingale Cradle' among the 'useful inventions':—'The Society we were speaking of is still only a paper. Mr. Bielfield (artist !) seems indifferent about it. Captain Casement is in Ireland, and the gentleman

who would have been secretary has discovered mediums in his own family, and is organising two circles at remote points. All *I* ever professed to contribute was the room and the facility of meeting ; these remain the same.'

The few letters preserved from Mr. Biggs, the original proprietor of the *Family Herald*, show a careful, exact man of business :—' I regret exceedingly to hear of your extreme weakness, a convincing proof that you have been reduced too low. I continue to send, because I consider that, for your brilliant imagination and strong judgment, moderate intellectual occupation is a relaxation and a pastime, rather than a mental labour. I trust that skilful and judicious management will speedily restore you to the bodily ease and mental serenity which you have hitherto enjoyed for so many years.' And yet neither of which, in reality, to judge from his correspondence, had been his for a generation !

15th Jan.
1857.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SCIENCE AND FANCY.—THE LETTERS OF 'MERCURY,'
AND 'THE COMING MAN.'

WE are disposed to look upon those Essays of James Smith that were published weekly in the current press with more favour than upon his works in volume form. He wrote in the one case with that wholesome self-control imposed by the necessities of his position ; in the other he gave play to his analogies, with a freedom that was often more approaching recklessness and extravagance. At the same time, his mind, *as it was*, is best seen in those works by which he hoped to live in the estimation of posterity—*The Shepherd*, and *The Divine Drama of History and Civilisation*. To these may be added that posthumous publication issued in 1873—*The Coming Man*, a novel that is, and must always remain, *sui generis*.

Before proceeding to give some insight into this last work, it may be well to note that a brain of such volume and activity as his could not fail to produce, and to produce in quantity. But much of his work was necessarily given to what are vulgarly called 'pot-boilers,' and of these he took no note, and frequently no trace is left of them. There is, however, one work that gives an idea of his power and reach of intellect, and the possibilities within its reach, in a way that none of his other single productions do. This is the small volume of sixty letters, reprinted from a weekly periodical, and called *Mercury's Letters in Science*. It is designed to point out the use of Science as a basis of moral and analogical instruction, and to suggest correct modes of thinking

and reasoning on 'Scientific Subjects.' We have evidence in this work, as elsewhere, of a remarkable grasp of the whole field of Science; but we have, as well, a freedom, a novelty, and a humour in handling it, that was specially characteristic of his mind, whenever the incubus of his Mission of Universal Charity was for the moment forgotten. In replying to a critic in *Franklin's Miscellany*, who complains of the want of solidity of the letters, he writes:—'This want of solidity is intentional on my part. Solidity is not the only valuable principle in nature. Fluidity is quite as good. How would my critical and scientific friend like a solid wife as hard as a rock, or a solid glass of water or wine, or a solid atmosphere. A letter may be too solid for popular instruction, just as the sea in frosty weather may be too solid for the comfort and convenience of its inhabitants.'

'Once on a time the fishes complained
That the sea was not solid and stable;
Jove converted the sea into ice, and exclaimed,
"Now get swimmingly on, if you're able."'

He was not an experimenter, and the only originality he claims is of a logical and imaginative nature. He disclaims the title of a man of science, and desires that his readers be not misled by the title-page into believing him one. Indeed he is careful at all times to keep himself free from the suspicion of being 'Sectarian,' a term he applied as much to science as to religion, and with at least as much justice. With the exception of a few rectifications required in his facts, 'Mercury's Letters' would suit to-day. 'Without preamble, I shall come to the point at once, by commencing scientifically. Nothing will go down with the present generation so well as something that is done scientifically. Tailors write books on the science of tailoring, and the shoemakers are just beginning to follow their example. . . . The public will have the satisfaction of knowing, if it should be deceived in these days of science, that it is deceived scienti-

fically.' Speaking one day of a public character to a friend, that friend remarked that he thought he was a quack. 'Oh, no!' I replied; 'I assure you he does it all *scientifically*.' 'Indeed!' replied my friend; 'that alters the case. I thought he was a mere quack; but if he does it *scientifically*, that alters the case.' 'Gin is now almost universally distilled from oil of turpentine, but quite *scientifically*.' The quaint humour of his illustrations bring home to the mind the facts and principles of science in a most effective manner. 'There is attraction and repulsion, and the one is as useful as the other. Without attraction, a lady would have no lover; and without repulsion, the lover could never walk a step to meet her, inasmuch as he repels the earth every step that he takes, and the greater the repulsion the faster he goes.' 'There is a universal harmony, but a particular discord, observable throughout all nature. . . . Although there is no individual animal, probably, which combines in itself all the perfections of its species, every genus or species of animal may be said to be perfect.' After giving examples of the display of mind following the destruction of the 'intellectual organs' of the brain, and other instances, he proceeds—'This shows, at least, that although these organs are indications of the power of the mind, they are not the mind itself. The mind is a unity, which radiates through the body and governs it; but it is not the body.' The further we advance, the less satisfactory do ordinary explanations appear,—the double brain, the action of only one side, &c., all being attempts to beg the question. Scientific men, to him, are generally in arrear of discovery. Simple, practical men 'discover the facts from which scientific theorists deduce the mathematical and arithmetical formulas which generally go by the name of science.' As for the chemical tables of digestibility of foods, &c., they are wholly unreliable: 'Nutrition depends upon some things besides matter: the assimilating power in different individuals is infinitely various: one man will fatten on bread and water;

another cannot be fattened by any species of feeding, however plentiful and luxuriant. Individual experiments are therefore inconclusive.'

'What is natural and what is not? Everything is natural that is, and that which is not is not natural. There are two kinds of Nature—a kind and a cruel—but they are both quite natural. It is quite natural for a female spider to eat her husband, for it is done so very frequently that it is supposed there are one hundred females to one male.' He objects to the moral argument in regard to an animal diet. 'A cockroach is still a cockroach, eat what it may; and animals are not tamed by food, but by moral treatment, by kind usage, by the exercise of authority, and other means of familiarising them with peaceful and domestic life. Hunger, it is said, will tame a lion, but I would rather meet a lion that had just dined than one that was looking for a dinner.' One thing Smith will not glide over, and that is the moral delinquencies of gifted men. 'We ought rather to judge them with greater severity than others: their keenness of apprehension should more readily perceive the evil and the impolicy of immoral conduct. If intellect do not prove beneficial as a moral instructor, of what use is intellect at all?' There is always something beyond the 'facts' and 'effects' with which alone the ordinary senses can deal. 'There is some other secret undiscovered, more spiritual than either, which requires some other sense to perceive it than those five with which we are endowed. Beyond the five senses we cannot go in science; the sphere beyond is a mystic sphere of verbiage and sophism, in which anything may be said, affirmed, or conjectured, according as the caprice of the individual inclines or his genius inspires, but demonstration is the sphere of sense.' A recent case before the law courts is here forestalled! 'If you put a piece of copper into a solution of gold, it will apparently be converted into gold, for the copper will dissolve and the gold will consolidate in the same form as the

piece of copper. This experiment would deceive a simpleton, and might be profitably employed to persuade him to employ his capital to supply the requisite material. Many a rich fool has been fleeced in this manner, without doubt.' Magnetism, electricity, and galvanism are popularly explained, and the then new discoveries of Daguerre and Talbot wondered over. 'It has been anxiously inquired whether it may not be possible to take likenesses by means of it. M. Arago has given his opinion in favour of the possibility, but the operation must be much accelerated before the delicate expression of a living and breathing countenance can be caught.' Daguerre's shortest period was then seven minutes! The development of photography—or heliography, as it was then called—has been as remarkable as that of any modern art. But—but—to Smith, science is for the rich, and has done nothing for the poor. 'Can we not, with all our inventions and discoveries, discover the art of cultivating the human being? Science must prove a universal blessing before it be entitled to the respect which it too often claims. . . . There is no seat for the poor man, says Malthus, at Nature's board. . . . At present it is a fact. . . . Were we to judge by the condition of the poor alone, we should find no proof of the superiority of a civilised and scientific country like ours over that of an uncivilised and unscientific island like New Zealand. Science has, therefore, much to do; it has to justify itself, it has to extend its benefits to the many as well as to the few; at present it astonishes more by its power than by its clemency and generosity.' Social science is only in preparation.

In this little volume we find one of the few reminiscences of his youth. 'I often wondered, when a boy, how unequally Nature had provided for the inferior animals, but I have learned to correct my mistake. . . . I remember once being moved by compassion, on a stormy evening, to visit the nest of a poor lark, to see how it fared in the midst

of the torrent of rain that the windows of heaven poured down on the earth. I myself was thoroughly drenched, but I cared not for that in those buoyant days of superfluous health. It was a dark autumnal night; neither moonlight nor starlight enlivened the gloom. The sons and daughters of men had taken shelter in their habitations of clay, and animals of inferior nature were cowering in their holes. What a fool I was! How very cruel to disturb the little bird in the performance of its maternal duties! It had only one young one. I stepped softly and cautiously to the nest. I laid my hand upon the mother, but in the flurry of the moment I suffered her to escape. I meant to have taken both mother and child away with me till the storm was over. I then took out the young one, but it was cold and lifeless. The nest was filled with water. The protection of the mother's wings was useless. I returned the little one to her watery bed, and went home in a melancholy mood.' He questions if the young of other birds are better nursed than those of the lark; but he misses the best point of the story—the dead youngster in all probability having been a young cuckoo, or there would have been more in the nest and each better protected!

Many, no doubt, missed the object of his Essays, it being too dexterously concealed. He writes to Dr. R. Angus Smith:—'As for the *House that Jack Built*, I wrote it to show what could be made of the popular rhyme, thus giving a mystic or poetical reason for the great popularity of it. You ask if poetry should always have a moral? Of course it should, but not appended to it like a pan at a dog's tail. Even fables ought to be devoid of the appendage. It is a modern excrescence.'

We confess to a great difficulty in analysing *The Coming Man* to meet the ordinary reader. Only a very sympathetic mind can appreciate it. It is somewhat like the Divine Drama—'only more so.' The author feels bound by no trammels, and revels in his analogical arcana. We prefer to give

Published
by Strahan
& Co., 1873.

the views expressed at the time of its appearance, when these are stated fairly.

*The In-
quirer.*

‘This strange book contains many passages of profound, subtle, and beautiful thought, and many practical hints and suggestions of great moral usefulness, and is tempered throughout with a spirit of gentleness and charity. It has, on the other hand, certain chapters within it which seem to us more akin to the ravings of Canidia than to the sensible utterances of a sober mind. . . . Some readers, we fear, when they come to certain parts of these volumes, will feel a momentary impulse to throw them away in utter impatience at their wildness and absurdity; but if they will read on to the end they will, we think, put down the book in a calmer mood, with a feeling of deep respect and some sympathy for an author who, though he must have possessed an erratic mind, prone to overstrain the phenomena of history and of life into shapes that suited his preconceptions and fancies, was, nevertheless, an earnest, devout, and holy thinker—a man of culture and capacity, and of broad and generous affections. We have a string of curious fancies and speculations, the main purport of which is to show that in the divine government of the world all ages, all nations, all mythologies, all religions, all fanaticisms, all social phenomena, normal or abnormal, have had an appointed place and function, a brief or abiding purpose to fulfil, and a spiritual meaning symbolically to convey. . . . He is fond of prophetic numbers, and in his attempts to illustrate and apply them makes even sober arithmetic run wild into the excesses of fancy. . . . There breathes through these volumes a spirit of fairness and of charity. . . . We should think Dr. Cumming would be the best appreciator of this work, except that the Doctor’s mind is not by a great deal so large and liberal as was that of the author.’

*The New
York
Evangelist,
1874.*

There is no doubt that *The Coming Man* is a provoking book:—‘Much that is said is well said. Much that is exposed is deservedly exposed. We enjoy each turn of the

kaleidoscope that reveals to us new characters or phases of character. We begin to feel the vastness of the problem—how to harmonise the discords of human opinion and belief. He reminds us at times of Carlyle (not in his style, indeed, which is usually perspicuous and elegant), for he shows more art in exposing or tearing down than in combining or building up. His exposure of Materialism in its grossness is telling. He unveils the interior of sects and schemes of reform so as to repel any disposition to further acquaintance, but we only feel the more deeply the need of what we miss—the exhibition of the real power of Christianity to regenerate and reconstruct society.’

‘A very extraordinary, and in many respects an interesting and a thought-compelling book. The two volumes contain a curious intermixture of the wild and the visionary with the sober and practical. His style is very original, and humour is conspicuous in page after page.’ The reviewer alludes pleasantly to some of the wilder extravagances of the author, and adds :—‘However, with all this, there is in the two volumes a great deal that is well worth reading.’ And yet the book is such that few but ‘Spiritualists’ could frankly say they appreciated it. The *Spiritual Magazine* specially notices it.

*Illustrated
London
News.*

Still *The Coming Man* was inferior as a novel, with many of the special defects that had grown with his growth, his ill-health, his abnormal imagination, and his failure to mix sufficiently in the throng of men.

He was ‘our earliest and most accomplished champion,’ says the *Spiritualist*. But his Spiritualism was not theirs. In some respects it was more that of an Eastern devotee, who despised his body as an incubus that prevented the free play of the Divine within him; while paradoxically acknowledging that it demanded gracious treatment as the ‘female’ side of his nature.

He had just paid a particularly happy visit to his elder brother in Perth, marvelling much in his simple way at the

progress evident in provincial Scotland, where he found the middle class homes better fitted and more comfortable than the same houses in the south. He enjoyed keenly the intellectual contests with the members of his brother's family, all imbued with the 'spirit of the age,' and declining to accept any authority that did not satisfy acute and well-furnished minds. Promising himself to return more frequently to society he found so congenial, and which he had only too long neglected, he went on to Glasgow, and within a few days expired quietly in the house of Dr. Harle, whose wife was a daughter of the family into which he had been almost adopted as a son—since the days of his mental torture and exaltation at Ashton-under-Lyne—the Garlands.

He thus lived and died 'with hope and without fear,' as he says himself, labouring strenuously to the last to imbue the popular mind with that *Charity* to which he looked for the redemption of the world.

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