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ERRATA.

Page 106, line 12, for "subjunctive," read "subjective."

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INTRODUCTION.

No event in the literary world has had a more direct and important bearing upon the study of the Bible, and the branches of learning connected with it, than the scientific expedition sent out by the King of Denmark to Arabia and the adjacent countries, in 1760. Viewing the subject in this light, I have thought that an account of the origin and progress of that expedition, would not only form an article appropriate to the character and object of this work, but would also afford much useful and interesting information to the student of biblical literature, and to readers in general. For this purpose, nothing seemed so well adapted as the following biography of Niebuhr, the distinguished traveller, written by his no less distinguished son, the historian of Rome.

Out of the five persons, of whom the expedition was originally composed, Niebuhr was the only survivor. Of his qualifications as a scientific traveller, and of the manner in which he executed the task assigned him, it is not now necessary to speak. Time, which tries all things, has tried him fully; and has stamped upon his work the

seal of truth, modesty, and completeness. Seventy years have now elapsed, and still no traveller returns from the East, who does not bear testimony to the accuracy and fulness of his descriptions; who does not indeed regard his work as still the best guide-book for those who visit the same regions. The generation of men with whom he had to do, have indeed passed away; but the manners and customs of the people, and above all the aspects and character both of the civil and physical geography of the East, remain unchanged. Revolutions like those of Europe, which affect the private life and manners of the people, as well as the external appearance of countries and the political relations of states, are there almost unknown; and hence the descriptions of Niebuhr are at the present day, for the most part, as minutely accurate, as at the time when they were written. In the strong and apothegmatic language of the celebrated Johannes von Müller, it may be truly said of Niebuhr: "What a name among travellers! the man who tells nothing which he did not see; and what he saw, saw as it is!"*

Of the writer of the following article, it is here necessary strictly to say little, in addition to the occasional notices of his early life, which are scattered through the article itself. But as very little is known in this country of his career, the following outline of his life may not be unacceptable. He first studied (1793) at the university of Kiel, resided afterwards (1795) a year and a half at Edinburgh, and travelled for six months more in England. His professional studies were jurisprudence and finance; his taste led him more to history. He was employed at Copenhagen in the service of the Danish government, and was for a time one of the directors of the Bank. In 1806, in consequence of his talents for finance, he was invited to enter into the service of Prussia, and was employed in the ministry. While the French had possession of Berlin, he followed the court to Königsberg and

* "Welcher Name unter den Reisenden! des Mannes, der nichts sagt, was er nicht sah, and was er sah, sah wie es ist!" J. von Müller, *Vorrede zu Persepolis*, Herder's Werke, zur Philos. u. Gesch. Th. I. p. 11.

Memel, and resided for a time at Riga. After the re-establishment of tranquillity at Berlin, the foundation of the new university drew his attention again more directly to his favourite studies ; and at the urgent request of his friends he commenced, at the opening of the university in 1810, his first course of lectures on Roman History. Encouraged by the distinguished favour with which these lectures were received, not only by the students, but by the learned and intelligent of all classes ; and living in daily and intimate intercourse with scholars like Buttmann, Spalding, Heindorf, and Von Savigny ; he was led to expand this course into his great work, the History of ancient Rome, of which the first and second volumes appeared in 1811 and 1812.

He was twice sent as ambassador to Holland, first in 1808, and again in 1814. In 1816, he was sent by the king of Prussia as ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Rome. It is understood that the appointment was given to him with the special view, that the historian of Rome might have opportunity to pursue his studies in the midst of the 'eternal' city. That a sojourn among the scenes which he was engaged in describing, should exert a strong influence upon his critical judgment ; that in examining the localities around him, very much would present itself to him under a new and more striking aspect ; was not only to be expected, but has been realized to the public, in the subsequent editions of his great work. His very entrance into Italy was signalized by one of the most important literary discoveries of modern times, that of the lost *Institutes* of Gaius in the cathedral library at Verona. At Rome, besides his official duties and the studies connected with his historical works, he employed his leisure moments in examining the manuscripts of the Vatican : the result of which he gave to the public in 1820, in his collection of unpublished Fragments of Cicero and Livy. The removal of Angelo Mai to the Vatican, prevented his proceeding further in this course ; though he took the liveliest interest in the publication of Cicero's *Republic*, discovered by the latter. As a scholar and diplomatist he

lived with dignity and enjoyed the highest respect; while his house was the resort of the learned men and artists of all countries, who congregated at Rome.

On his return to Germany in 1823, he remained six weeks at St. Gall in Switzerland, in order to examine the manuscripts in that celebrated library. His labours were only rewarded by the discovery of some remains of the later Roman poetry, in the works of Merobaudes. His journey terminated somewhat unexpectedly at the newly established university of Bonn, where, during the winter of 1823–24, he occupied himself in preparations for the third volume of his History. Here he at length fixed his residence. The consciousness of the disproportion between the first two volumes of his history, printed twelve years before, and the riper progress of his subsequent researches, became now so vivid, that he resolved to rewrite them. At the same time he took up again the long abandoned calling of a public lecturer,—not as a professor of the university, but in connection with his privilege as member of the Prussian Academy of Sciences at Berlin. His lectures on Roman History and Antiquities, on Greek History, on the History of the ancient and modern World, and on ancient Geography and Statistics, riveted the attention of his numerous auditors, by the richness of the materials, profoundness of investigation, and the freshness and vividness of the views. The remodeling of the early volumes of his History, became rather a new creation. The first volume appeared in 1827, and a third edition of it in 1828. The second volume, in its new dress, appeared only a few months before his death. The preparations for the third volume, which was to complete his plan, were already made, and the manuscript of the first sheets ready for the press, when a fire in the night destroyed the upper story of his house, and with it this manuscript. Seven weeks after this calamity, however, the destroyed manuscript was replaced, and the printing commenced. It is understood that the preparations for this volume are in such a state, that we may hope for the completion of the work, in the same style and spirit, from one of his surviving friends.

Another important enterprise which he instigated, and of which he undertook the superintendence, was a new edition of the Byzantine historians. He himself led the way by a critical revision of the work of Agathias. Of this great collection, eight or ten volumes had appeared before his death; and the work is to be continued under the patronage of the Berlin Academy of Sciences.

After seven years of restless literary activity at Bonn, Niebuhr was seized with an inflammatory fever on Christmas day 1830, and died January 2, 1831. His second wife survived him only twelve days.*

The biographical sketch from which the following article is translated, was first published in 1816.† This should every where be borne in mind while reading it; and especially in those passages where Niebuhr is spoken of as so pre-eminent in comparison with all other oriental travellers. This pre-eminence is still justly his due; but at that time Burckhardt was not known as a traveller. The same traits of character which have stamped a value upon the works of the former, belong perhaps in an equal degree to the latter; the same talent and eagerness for observation; the same modesty and caution in respect to what they had not seen or experienced themselves. But their circumstances and objects were widely different. Niebuhr travelled for science, and accomplished the object for which he was sent; while all that Burckhardt effected was only preparatory to his grand object, the exploring of the interior of Africa. The former took accurate surveys and made definite inquiries; the latter turned his attention more to the manners and habits of the people, and could make only general observations on other subjects. Niebuhr prepared his works himself, in

* For most of the preceding notices, the Translator is indebted to an article in the *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung* for March 1831, *Intelligenzblatt*, No. 14.

† It first appeared in the *Kieler Blätter*, and was afterwards published separately. At a later period it was revised by the author, and inserted in the collection of his smaller treatises published under the title: *Kleine historische und philologische Schriften von B. G. Niebuhr. Erste Sammlung.* Bonn, 1828.

the midst of literary leisure, and with the aid of learned men and all the necessary books of reference, by which to correct or modify the impressions of his own experience. Burckhardt wrote out his journals as he could seize time, in Syria and Egypt, without the aid of learned men or books; he transmitted them to England, and never lived to revise them; and they were published by other hands after his decease. It is this circumstance of leisure preparation, probably, which gives to the works of Niebuhr their character of entire accuracy. In this respect, the recent Travels of Ruppell, which are only sketches and almost wholly of a scientific character, would not perhaps suffer on a comparison. The results of the journey of Ehrenberg and Hemprich, who were sent out to Egypt and the adjacent countries by the king of Prussia in 1820, have not yet been sufficiently given to the public, to judge of their comparative value.

It will be perceived that the following sketch speaks of Niebuhr only in a literary and scientific point of view. His religious character is left entirely out of sight; except in one short paragraph near the close, where his firm belief in the special interpositions of Providence is mentioned. We have no means of supplying this deficiency, except so far as his faith in miracles is attested, in his remarks on the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea; where he regards the circumstances as the "work of Providence, as a miracle;" and affirms, that if they were all produced by mere natural causes and were not miraculous, then he "does not know what learned men understand by the word miracle."*—Of the religious views of the younger Niebuhr, we have no knowledge whatever.

In order to give a full and complete view of the origin and progress of the celebrated expedition to Arabia, I have subjoined in an appendix the account of it by J. D. Michaelis, by whom the enterprise was originally suggested. This is indeed no more than an act of justice to Michaelis; as the reader will perceive in the sequel.

* Description of Arabia, p. 417, Germ. ed.

The appendix is chiefly drawn from his Autobiography, written near the close of his life, and published by Hassencamp after his decease.—TRANSLATOR.

LIFE OF CARSTEN NIEBUHR.

Hadeln is a Friesland province adjacent to the mouth of the Elbe, and belonged formerly, under its ancient name Hadelre, to the seventh of the United Provinces of the Low Countries. After the dissolution of the great Frisian confederation, the country lost its republican freedom; fell, after various fortunes, under the dominion of the dukes of Saxe-Lauenbourg, and with this dukedom, under the sovereignty of Hanover.

The country consists of marsh land, with the exception of three parishes of moor. The peasants are, as is common in Friesland, absolute proprietors; every one owns his farm with the most perfect right of property, lives on it, and takes care of it himself. Until their subjection to the French, the administration was free in the hands of magistrates, chosen by the common people; and it is not to be doubted, that the Hanoverian government has also in this point restored the good old order of things; not forgetting that, after the annihilation of foreign usurpation, nations have the same right to claim their former constitutional liberties, as princes the sovereignty. The taxes also were light, and the peasantry enjoyed an uncommon degree of prosperity.

In this country, among this free people, as a free peasant, Carsten Niebuhr was born, March 17th, 1733, in Westerende Lüdingworth, on the farm of his father. This latter and his ancestors, from the grandfather of his great-grandfather,—our information does not reach higher—inhabited as peasants their own farms; all of them in good circumstances, without belonging to the wealthy.

Carsten Niebuhr lost his mother before he was six weeks old; and having been brought up by hand, without the milk of a nurse, his extraordinary strength and vigour may contribute to remove the apprehensions of

those, who are unable to obtain other nourishment for an infant. He grew up under the care of a step-mother, in the house of his father, where his mode of living and occupations, as well as his education, were distinguished by nothing from those of other peasant boys. Probably it was his own longing for information, that occasioned his father to send him to the Latin school in Otterndorf, and somewhat later to that of Altenbruch; merely however in order that he might acquire a little more knowledge than an ordinary farmer. But the dismissal of the schoolmaster in Altenbruch, and the prejudices of his guardian, (for his father had died meanwhile,) put an early end to his studies, even before he was far enough advanced to experience any profit from this first beginning, when he afterwards commenced his literary career anew.

At the partition of the paternal inheritance among the orphan children, there fell to his share only a trifling sum, insufficient to purchase any landed property; and thus necessity would have compelled him to acquire some degree of knowledge as a means of existence, even if he had been able by his nature to live without mental occupation and cultivation. But he was obliged to be satisfied with those acquirements, which could be made without the instruction of any regular school. He therefore devoted himself to music, and learned in the course of a year to play on several instruments for the purpose of getting a place as an organist. But these employments also did not meet the approbation of his guardians. His uncle, by his mother's side, took him into his house, and here he lived again four years exclusively as a farmer.

But the farther he advanced in life, the less could he bear that emptiness of mind, from which people of this condition can only be relieved, either as in ancient times, by common consultation on the affairs of the parish, or, as is the case with the English farmer, by acquiring general information through reading. He felt an internal impulse to occupy himself and to become useful to the world.

The accidental circumstances, which very often decide

the course of life of distinguished men, deserve to be kept in remembrance. Those indeed were entirely accidental, which gave to my father the direction he afterwards followed without any interruption, until he became the first among the travellers of modern times. A lawsuit in regard to the superficial contents of a farm, could only be decided by a geometrical survey; and there being no surveyor in all the country of Hadeln, one had to be called from another place. Niebuhr had a high degree of ancestral feeling for the honour of his province; and this occurrence seemed to him a reproach upon it; he could fulfil a duty towards his country, by devoting himself to this science; and at the same time, he was glad to see before himself a vocation and object of pursuit for life. Meanwhile he had arrived at full age; and hearing that he could obtain in Bremen regular instruction in practical geometry, he went thither. This plan, however, did not succeed. The professor on whom he had depended, was dead. He would not have declined the instruction of an inferior practical surveyor; but this man wished to take him as a boarder in his house; and the young countryman, diffident, bashful, and of the severest principles as he was, found the obliging manners of the two sisters of his intended teacher so questionable, that he left Bremen on the spot. He now set his face towards Hamburg; but here he had to experience a new disappointment and another trial of his perseverance.

He had already passed his twenty-second year, when he came to Hamburg in order to profit by the mathematical lessons of Succow, and, without being ashamed of his advanced age, to begin anew his school studies. His income was not sufficient to support him, even in the very frugal way of living which was natural to him. He was, however, decided to use so much of his little fortune, as should be necessary for the accomplishment of his purpose. In the summer of the year 1755, we find him in Hamburg. This we learn by his letters to his intelligent, and at that time only friend, the President Beym-graben, which are still preserved with veneration by the family of the latter.

But Succow had just been called to Jena, and the mathematical professorship remained vacant for some time, before it was again filled by the deceased Büsch. The other lessons in the gymnasium could only be made intelligible and profitable by the most studious diligence, and through private instruction. A countryman of Niebuhr, by the name of Witke, who lived at that time as a candidate of theology in Hamburg, and died afterwards as pastor in Otterndorf, gave him faithfully and in the most friendly manner this private instruction; and he it was, whom my father always regarded as the author of his mental culture, and loved and revered, as such, all his life, with a feeling of pious gratitude.

Eight months were entirely devoted to preparatory studies, (he being still almost unacquainted with the Latin language,) before he could become a student in the gymnasium; and twelve months more were wholly insufficient, notwithstanding all his exertions and his perfect health of body and mind, to acquire what every youth, more favoured by circumstances, carries with him to the university without difficulty. For this reason, among other things, he never learned Greek, which was always a subject of great regret to him.

Under Büsch he began to study mathematics. The oldest and at the same time the most distinguished pupil of this learned man, he became afterwards his intimate friend, and remained so all his life.

To stop in the middle of his course was entirely contrary to his nature. He had gone to Hamburg only for the sake of geometry and some auxiliary studies; but the more the sciences became familiar to him, the less he could be satisfied, without becoming acquainted with them to a greater extent and depth. He went, therefore, at Easter 1757, to Göttingen. Mathematics continued to be his principal study. The diminution of his small fortune obliged him, however, more and more to think of procuring a place; and to arrange accordingly the objects of his studies. He expected to find such a situation in the corps of engineers in the service of Hanover; where at that time, as in almost all the German

armies, officers of deep mathematical knowledge were very rare, and could therefore hope, in some measure, to be masters of their own fortunes by their merits.

He studied with all the firmness, which is the consequence of a decided, simple, and modest plan of life, for more than a year, without being disturbed or distracted by the events of the seven years' war; during which Göttingen was frequently in the power of different armies. About this time it occurred to him, that there existed in his family a stipend for those members of it, who should become students. He asked his friend to examine, whether it was founded only for *poor* students, or without this restriction, "in order to afford the means of learning something useful? Only in this case would he permit himself, to apply for it." He obtained it, and employed it to provide himself with mathematical instruments.

Frederic V. reigned at that time in Denmark in envied peace. The memory of Lewis XIV. shone still untarnished in all the false light of his glory; and it was after this definite model, that the ministers of the Danish monarch endeavoured to induce their master to perform the duties of his station; still, however, as a peaceful king. There has seldom existed a minister, whose intentions were more blameless, than those of the Baron J. H. E. Bernstorff, the elder of the two successive ministers of this name; and there was perhaps no one among the continental statesmen of his time, who equalled him in knowledge, genius, and generosity. Nevertheless, history will probably hereafter decide, as many of his contemporaries in the very country which he so ardently wished to raise and embellish, justly felt, (though their feeling was mixed and infected with personal prejudices,) that his system of administration was not the true one for Denmark. If it could not be denied, that the nation had been sinking for a century, yet it was not difficult to perceive, that this was the natural result of foreign forms, obtruded upon the country, and an internal suffocation of the genius and spirit of the people; perfectly analogous to the process, by which the Jesuitical contra-reformers

have morally destroyed the Bohemians; and that, to remedy the evil as far as possible, both the peasants and the cities must be politically relieved, and aided in a peculiar manner. The extraordinary and beneficent greatness of the second Count Bernstorff, on the contrary, will, even after all the misfortunes of a dreadful period, be remembered by a grateful nation, not alone with melancholy feelings; for some of his creations are not to be destroyed, and are the only foundation for a happier futurity; and the whole of his administration is an endearing model. As the most shining merits of his uncle, perhaps will be reckoned hereafter, the emancipation of the peasants, the leisure of Klopstock, and the scientific expedition to Arabia.

This latter was indeed originally occasioned by Michaelis, who had represented to the Danish minister, that many illustrations for the philology of the Old Testament might be gained by actual observation and by information collected in Arabia; since this country was to be considered as yet unexplored by European travellers. His original idea was limited to the mission of a single learned man, an oriental philologian of his own school, by way of India to Yemen; an undertaking which would have resulted in nothing, even if the envoy had returned. Fortunately the minister himself perceived this, and proposed of his own accord to make the expedition far more extensive. And thus it happened, that the original project at least so far as it regards the questions with which the primary author of the plan furnished the travellers, sunk to a very trifling and subordinate matter; while the important results which were produced by the two persons to whom alone the glory of the expedition belonged, were not at all contemplated or intended by him.

It seems that the first proposition was made to the Baron Bernstorff as early as A. D. 1756. This latter, having accepted it with all the vivacity and liberality of his mind, and having authorised Michaelis to propose to him a philologian; who is there, that would not have expected this learned man to have named the person, who among all his contemporaries had no rival in the renown

of Arabian philology ; who, as was known to all Germany, was, in a literal sense, struggling with hunger, and who moreover was a school acquaintance of Michaelis,—Reiske? Instead of him, he recommended one of his pupils, Von Haven, whose knowledge at that time must have been little more than that of a schoolboy ; since, after spending two years in Rome, in the Vatican and among the Maronites, in farther preparation, he never rose above the deepest mediocrity.

Michaelis was commissioned by Bernstorff to propose also a mathematician and a natural philosopher ; by the addition of whom this minister fortunately gave value and importance to the mission. To name the first, Michaelis addressed himself in the Academy of Sciences at Göttingen, of which he was then director, to Kästner. A student from Hanover, named Bölzing, accepted the proposal at first, but withdrew again after some time from timidity. Kästner would undoubtedly have chosen, from the first, not Bölzing, but my father, had the latter then been long enough at the university to enable his instructor to foresee, with some certainty, the degree of skilfulness which a young man would acquire, whose general character and talents alone could then be perceived. Fortunately Kästner was now sufficiently acquainted with him, as his pupil. One day in the summer of 1758, (we do not find a nearer designation of the time,) he entered the room of my father, as he was going home from the sitting of the Academy, where he had just proposed him. “ Would you like to travel to Arabia ? ” “ Why not, if some one defrayed the expense ? ” answered my father, who was bound by nothing to his home, and who was urged onward by an unlimited desire of knowledge to visit distant climes. “ The expense,” replied Kästner, “ will be borne by the king of Denmark.” He explained himself farther on the subject and how the offer was occasioned. Niebuhr was decided on the spot, so far as his own inclination was concerned. As he thought however very humble of himself, and very highly of the sciences and of truly learned men, he despaired of his capacity and usefulness. But Kästner set

his mind at rest about it, by promising him a long term for preparation, especially for the study of astronomy under Mayer; and by assuring him, that with his strength of mind, and his diligence, this would be perfectly sufficient.

The same evening my father went to see Professor Mayer, the promise of whose instruction in astronomy was the only thing still wanting to fix his resolution. Mayer, who was not so light-minded as Kästner, dissuaded the young man from a plan, the dangers and difficulties of which he did not know; but his character made it irrevocable. Mayer therefore promised him the instruction he asked for.

Michaelis, to whom he presented himself the following day, seems to have taken this quick decision for levity and inconsideration. He forced upon him the term of a week, the better to reflect upon it. The week passed away, without my father's troubling himself any more about a thing, which was already decided in his own mind; and Michaelis now accepted his declaration. His conditions were eighteen months for preparation, (until Easter 1760,) and during this time the same salary that was granted to Von Haven. Baron Bernstorff consented to them without hesitation.

From that time he lived entirely for his destination. He continued the study of pure mathematics, perfected himself in drawing, and endeavoured to acquire as much historical knowledge, as he could with his imperfect preliminary studies, without leaving his main purpose too much out of view. He also exercised himself in practical mechanics, that he might learn to handle his instruments; and also in all those points of mechanical skill, the acquirement and practice of which would be a waste of time for every one in Europe, who does not make them his business. But he was principally occupied with two courses of private lessons, viz. in the Arabic language with Michaelis, and in astronomy with Mayer. Of these he preserved a very different remembrance. He had indeed little talent and little inclination for the grammatical part of languages; but what made him averse to the instruction

in Arabic, was the circumstance, that after several months, his teacher had carried him no farther than the first fables of Lokman. He thus acquired the conviction, that the professor by no means possessed any special treasure of Arabic knowledge and philology. He therefore gave up this study, and this step Michaelis never forgave him.

Mayer was, without comparison, the first among the German astronomers and mathematicians of his time. His zeal to instruct Niebuhr was equal to that of his pupil to get instruction. Among all the men, whom this latter had known in the course of his long life, he loved and revered no one so highly, as Mayer; an intimate friendship arose between them. He preserved a passionate attachment for the memory of Mayer, even to his latest old age; and of all that Providence bestowed upon him, nothing made him more happy, than that his first lunar observations for ascertaining the longitude, reached his beloved teacher on his deathbed, before his consciousness had left him, and by the joy which they excited in him, revived his spirits anew; and that these very observations had determined the adjudication of the English prize to Mayer's widow. Indeed he ever acknowledged, that he owed to Mayer all his qualifications for his calling. The latter also had no warmer wish, than himself to educate a pupil who should be willing to employ his method of finding the longitude, and his lunar tables, at that time still unprinted, and of which Niebuhr took a copy. It seems he foresaw, that prejudice and the common propensity to follow the ordinary courses of life, would for many years affect to disdain the adoption of his great discovery; but that, if confirmed by practical application, it was impossible to smother it entirely.

He took as lively an interest in my father's equipment for his journey, as if it had been his own business. For instance, he graduated his quadrant with his own hand; and the exactitude of this work of friendship is proved by the observations taken with it.

The time granted for preparation was protracted for half a year. It was not before the autumn of 1760 that

my father left Göttingen. In Copenhagen he was received by the minister Von Bernstorff with the utmost benevolence, and acquired his confidence above all the other travellers whom he found already collected there. Having received a pension for his preparation from the king, he had thought it his duty to provide himself with the instruments for observation at his own expense. He even felt himself happy, to get them in that way. Bernstorff, who learned it only accidentally, obliged him to accept an indemnification: and, out of respect for such strictness of principle, placed the money for the journey in his hands and at his disposal.

I should scarcely mention, that at this time he was made lieutenant of the corps of engineers, if there was not still preserved one of his letters which exhibits his modesty and views of those things in a very amiable light. He writes to the friend above mentioned: "Von Haven's appointment as professor in the university of Copenhagen, occasioned him to think also of a title for himself. The same had been offered to him; but he did not think himself worthy of it. That for which he had asked, seemed to him more appropriate for him. He might have had the place of captain, had he asked for it; but this would have been too much for so young a man. To make observations of some importance as a lieutenant, would do him honour; but to be called professor, without having investigated the depths of mathematics sufficiently, would be shameful to him."—At that time he had no other plan, but after his return from the journey to live in his own province, on the pension which was promised him.

We cannot here have any scruples to publish what he thought and said of his travelling companions, more than half a century after their death.

We have mentioned already Von Haven's unfitness in respect to knowledge of the language. But in general also, he had chosen a vocation for which nobody was less adapted. His only thought was of returning; his favourite conversation, the comfortable times which he expected in that case to enjoy; no desire of discoveries or

observations made him forget the troubles and deprivations of the journey; and nobody felt himself so destitute and deprived of so many things as he. A luxurious table and good wine were for him the highest charms of life; and in Arabia, where the travellers found only bad water, and food scarcely sufficient to appease their hunger, his dissatisfaction rose to a despair which frequently amused his two more considerate companions; but sometimes also was revolting to them. Lazy by nature, he found himself in that hemisphere perfectly excused from doing any thing; he moreover shewed himself sometimes haughty and assuming towards Niebuhr and Forskaal; he considered himself as the first and the chief of the company; and never could get over it, that my father should have charge of the money concerns. Nor, since his death, has there been found the least thing of value in his meagre diaries.

Forskaal was, according to the judgment and testimony of my father, by far the most learned among all his travelling companions; nay, he would perhaps, if he had returned, have occupied the first place among the scholars of his time, by the deep universality of his genius and knowledge. He had originally studied theology; his free and aspiring mind had led him from Sweden to Germany; for a long time he was passionately devoted to speculative metaphysics; besides this, he was occupied in the study of the oriental languages; and whilst he made himself familiar with all the branches of natural philosophy, he acquired a knowledge of physics and chemistry in all their extent, so far as it reached at that period. The metaphysics of a genius of such a cast, must have been very different from the scholastic wisdom of those times. The academical dissertation, in which he explained his views on these subjects, was considered in Göttingen as fanciful, in Sweden as heretical. It is to be regretted that we are not acquainted with it.

He was glad to leave his native country, where he every where met with hostility after his return from the university. He needed no preparation; the call for the journey found him perfectly equipped, to such an extent

as few have ever been. In love of labour, in contempt of dangers, troubles, and deprivations of every kind, he was equal to my father. Both of them found themselves called to observe every thing which occurred to them. But Forskaal's learned education afforded him great advantages. He acquired the language in a much shorter time and in a more perfect manner, and was soon far enough advanced to read Arabic books with facility. His faults were a passion for disputation, capriciousness, and anger. Mutual esteem, and the same zeal for their purpose, laid the foundation of a pure friendship between my father and him; but their relation to each other was not without disturbance, until Forskaal had once experienced that the patience of his companion was not wholly imperturbable.—A careful use has been made of Forskaal's papers by his friend; and whatever they contained relating to history and national character and manners, is received into his works, and marked with the name of the author. I shall speak hereafter of the publication of Forskaal's writings on natural history. It is painful to see how they are neglected. Besides the scientific descriptions, they are rich, not only in valuable observations on the life, and the various applications of plants, and in the specification of their names in the languages of the different countries, but also in regard to information on the agriculture and geological structure especially of Egypt; to such a degree, indeed, as is nowhere else to be found. The deceased Vahl recovered and restored Forskaal's long neglected herbariums, so far as they could still be saved; and endeavoured to do justice to his memory. Linnaeus exhibited towards his former pupil an odious hostility. Forskaal had said to my father, that he should like to have a species of plant which he had discovered, (entered in his Flora under the name *Mimosella*.) named after himself. My father wrote to Linnaeus this wish of a deceased scholar and distinguished man; but instead of regarding it, the latter gave the name of Forskaal to another plant, discovered it is true by him, but where the designation given to the principal species permitted an odious allusion to the deceas-

ed.* This conduct my father could never forgive. Forskaal had also named a genus of plants after my father, who had always assisted him in his excursions and collections; but this seemed to the latter inappropriate, inasmuch as he was no botanist. It is assuredly the only instance of unfaithfulness which he allowed himself towards the papers of his friend, that he has removed from them every trace of the honour thus intended to be shewn him.

Of the physician, Dr. Cramer, nothing can be said, but that he was most unfortunately selected, and was entirely without capacity, both as a physician and still more for all the direct objects of the journey. It is to be regretted, that the wish of Michaelis to engage the elder Hensler, could not have been realized.—Bauernfeind, the painter, was not unskilled in drawing; but he was a man of an uncultivated and very narrow mind, and a propensity to intemperance shortened his life.

The voyage commenced under the most unfavourable auspices. The company embarked on board the ship of war *Greenland*, which was despatched to the Mediterranean in order to protect vessels sailing under the Danish flag, from being subjected to search by the English. This ship left the sound, Jan. 7th, 1761; three times she was driven back by contrary winds into the road of *Elseneur*; and it was only on the fourth trial, on the 10th of March, that she could pursue her course without interruption to the Mediterranean. In all probability, such obstacles would not, at the present day, be of sufficient magnitude thus to hinder a ship of war on its voyage. But at that time the art of navigation was a thing wholly practical, almost mechanical, and very clumsily managed. Yet the officers of this ship were assuredly distinguished among their contemporaries; and the comparative excellency of the Danish mariner has been the same in every century.

Niebuhr remembered this voyage with pleasure. The stately and dignified character of the ship itself, and o.

* The explanation of this allusion may be seen in Rees's Cyclopaedia, under the article *Forskalea*.—TR.

the discipline and whole mode of living on board a man-of-war,—the simple and systematic activity and efficiency of the seamen, whose characteristic traits, from the commander down to the common sailor, were so similar to his own,—interested and gratified him in a high degree. Nor did he find the time monotonous; he made himself practically and by personal observation acquainted with the construction of the ship and the art of steering it; he exercised himself daily in taking celestial observations. This procured him the satisfaction of being acknowledged by the officers, as an active and useful member of their little community. In this way he acquired their decided respect and good will; for the attainment of which, among practical men, it is always necessary to appear to them superior to themselves in some one branch of their own pursuits, as well as ever ready to acknowledge and appreciate their superiority in other kindred branches.

Mayer, in his course of instruction, had ever kept in view the circumstance, that his pupil was about to be placed in a situation, where he would have to depend exclusively upon himself, without being sustained by the advice or assistance of any other person. Besides this, that great man had ever been himself his own teacher; and was conscious, how well an active and clear-sighted considerateness enables its possessor to find his own way. His whole practical instruction consisted in causing my father—after having sufficiently explained to him the object and nature of the observation and of the instrument—to try by himself how far he could succeed both in the observation and the calculation of it, without the guidance or even the presence of his friend and teacher. Did he not fully succeed, he was to inform Mayer; but he himself must discover, both how far he had been successful, and where the difficulty lay; and then Mayer helped him out. While in Göttingen, he had little opportunity of calculating lunar distances; and was therefore anxious how he should succeed in it. The results of the calculations from his observations during this voyage, gave him more confidence; and should indeed have af-

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forded him entire certainty, that he had now passed the years of pupilage. This, however, his diffidence prevented.

A stay of a few weeks at Marseilles, and a shorter one at Malta, afforded a very pleasing recreation to the travellers. Their scientific enterprise had become known far and wide in Europe; and it is difficult, at this day, fully to conceive of that general interest and sympathy, which every where procured for the travellers the kindest reception and the most respectful attentions. It was an enterprise which accorded with the spirit of the age, and had in it nothing isolated or strange. The king of Sardinia had sent the unfortunate Donati to the East: Asia had become known and interesting to Europeans, through the wars which the two great naval powers had waged against each other in India, and the kingdoms which they had alternately conquered there; England had begun to cause the world to be circumnavigated for the sake of discovery. It was just that period of gratified and self-complacent contentment in respect to science and literature, when the age supposed itself to have found and to be pursuing the path of uninterrupted approximation towards perfection in both. Learned men had now assumed a higher rank in society; and every one was ashamed not to regard their concerns as the first among the affairs of men.

The politeness of French courtesy exhibited itself in a very pleasing manner in both places; for even in Malta, the predominant class of society, although more or less mixed up out of all nations, was yet chiefly composed of French, who gave the tone to social intercourse, and united all the rest in the use of their language and manners. At Malta the chief attention was directed towards Niebuhr; and the knights of the order of St. John, to whom the island belonged, influenced by the false supposition that the difficulties arising out of his religion might be overcome, offered him on condition of his joining them after the completion of his travels, all of the honours, distinctions, and privileges, to which the broad-

est and most pliant exposition of their laws could enable him to attain.

From Malta the travellers proceeded to the Dardanelles on board the same ship of war; it having conveyed its convoy as far as Smyrna. In the Archipelago my father was attacked by the dysentery, which brought him near the grave. At Constantinople his health returned, though very slowly; so that at the end of two months from the commencement of the attack, he was only so far recovered, as to be able, with evident hazard of relapse, to embark for Alexandria on board of a ship from Dulcigno. Here, on ship board, the travellers found themselves for the first time wholly among Orientals. The plague also broke out among the crowded mass of oriental passengers; but the Europeans all remained exempt.

In Egypt the travellers remained a full year; from the end of September 1761 till the beginning of October 1762. During this interval, my father with Forskaal and Von Haven visited Mount Sinai. The party did not travel in Egypt, any higher up than Cairo. My father determined, during their sojourn, the longitude of Alexandria, Cairo, Rosetta, and Damietta, by numerous lunar observations; and with an exactness, which, to the astonishment of the French astronomers in Bonaparte's expedition, proved to be fully equal to their own. Equally accurate also did they and the army find his chart of the two arms of the Nile; and likewise his plan of Cairo, which was sketched under the most difficult circumstances, in the midst of a fanatical rabble. I showed this plan in the year 1801 to a French officer, who had risen during the revolution from the station of a common soldier, and had served during the Egyptian expedition as an adjutant of Bonaparte, in order to obtain from him some information respecting the entrenchments thrown up by the French army around the city, and also some historical notices relative to the great insurrection in Cairo. This officer was hardly able to write, and was entirely unaccustomed to make use of plans; he therefore needed a few minutes' time before he could transfer

his local and ocular knowledge of the city into the symbolical representation of the drawing ; but so soon as this was done, he found himself step by step at home, and could not repress his astonishment.—My father also took the altitude of the pyramids, and copied many hieroglyphic inscriptions on obelisks and sarcophagi.

In October the travellers embarked at Suez on board of a Turkish ship ; they landed at Djidda (Jidda), and reached at Loheia the first point of their proper destination, the land of Yemen, in the last days of the year 1762. During this voyage my father made astronomical observations, as often as possible, to determine the geography ; and examined, so far as he could, the waters of the Red Sea nautically. From these difficult and most tedious labours he was able to sketch the chart of the Red Sea ; which, considering the circumstances and the helps, must be regarded as a master-piece.

After some stay in this friendly city, the company, and more especially Forskaal and Niebuhr, travelled over the western part of Yemen in various directions ; the former for botanical purposes, and the latter in order to determine the geographical positions of the various places. They afterwards betook themselves along the sea coast to Mocha ; where Von Haven died towards the end of May 1763. About the same time, my father was again attacked by the dysentery ; but was saved by prudent foresight and the greatest temperance. His health, however, was not fully restored, when after much delay and many hinderances the party were enabled to set off for Saná, the capital of Yemen. He did not, however, suffer the danger to prevent him from accompanying them. The climate, and the vexations which Forskaal had partly occasioned and partly augmented by his capriciousness, brought upon the latter a bilious disorder, of which he died at Yerim, July 11, 1763.

The pain which my father felt at the loss of his friend, preyed the more deeply upon his spirits, because he felt himself to be continually ill. He pursued with his two remaining companions the journey to Saná, but without any hope of returning ; and—what troubled him far more,

since he had never felt any overweaning love of life—apprehensive lest all the papers relative to the expedition, which had not been left in the hands of English friends in Mocha, might not by any care or foresight be preserved for Europe. He was filled with despondency at the thought of a total frustration of the objects of the journey, and also, not without good reason, at the idea that the public would not do justice to the manner in which he and Forskaal had endeavoured to fulfil their duties. This is the only period in all his travels, when he gave way to melancholy, and sunk under it. He felt himself, at last, in that state of gloomy resignation, which usually comes upon Europeans in torrid regions, when labouring under grief and sickness. Although both before and afterwards, he was ever ready, on the mere rumour of an inscription or ruin, to undertake the most difficult excursions; yet now he neglected to turn a short distance out of the way, in order to copy the Hamyaric inscriptions at Höddafa,—a neglect which every person who regards the circumstances, will consider trivial; but one with which Niebuhr, even after the lapse of fifty years, was accustomed bitterly to reproach himself.

From the same cause, the surviving members of the expedition declined the friendly and sincere invitation, to remain a full year in Saná and Upper Yemen; which certainly would have been in entire accordance with the original plan. They hastened rather to descend again to the coast, before the English ships should have departed; and they made too great haste. They were consequently compelled to remain at Mocha through the whole of August and longer, before the ship in which they were to proceed to Bombay was ready. But Mocha, a city without water, in the arid sandy desert of Tehama, is a dreadful place of residence during the summer; and a few days only elapsed, before the surviving travellers, with their servant, were all attacked by the fever of this climate.

Bauernfeind and the servant died at sea. Cramer reached Bombay, remained ill several months, and died. My father was saved by extreme abstinence; which in-

deed is sufficient to render this hot climate as little injurious to the European, as to the native. The physician had prescribed to him, on account of the dysentery, to abstain from all animal food, and to live only on bread and a kind of rice tea, or ptisan. Under this regimen his disorder disappeared. After several weeks, the physician learned with astonishment, that Niebuhr still patiently continued the same diet; with which indeed few Europeans were inclined to purchase even their lives, in the midst of fatal disease.*

Francis Scott, the merchant who had charge of the ship in which my father sailed from Mocha to Bombay,

* The following are the remarks of Niebuhr himself, respecting the death of his companions and the causes which led to this melancholy catastrophe, as well as to his own repeated sickness. They are here translated from the preface to the German edition of his *Description of Arabia*, p. ix.—Tr.

“Although our little company was almost wholly destroyed by death, yet I do not think that others ought to be deterred, on this account, from travelling in Arabia. It would be an error to suppose, that my companions were hurried off by contagious diseases, because they died so rapidly one after another. I am much more of the opinion, that our diseases were our own fault; and consequently that others may easily guard against them. Our company was too large to submit readily, at first, to live according to the customs of the country. At different times we could obtain no fermented or strong liquors, to which we were regularly accustomed; and yet we continued constantly to eat meat, which is regarded in all warm countries as very unhealthy. The cold evening air was so pleasant to us after the hot days, that we exposed ourselves to it too much. We ought also to have been more attentive to the very perceptible difference of temperature, between the mountainous regions and the lower plains. We hastened our journey too rapidly, in order to become acquainted with the interior of the country. We had difficult roads, and much trouble with the inhabitants; sometimes perhaps because we were not sufficiently acquainted with the country and its inhabitants, and often supposed unjustly that we had ground of complaint against them, without recollecting that one does not always travel with pleasure even in Europe. While my companions yet lived, I was myself several times very ill; because like them I chose to live in the European manner. But after I was surrounded only by Orientals, and learned how strictly one must take care of himself in those regions, I travelled in Persia, and from Bassora by land to Copenhagen, in perfect health, and with very little trouble from the inhabitants of those countries.”

became his intimate friend. He was a younger son of Scott of Harden, an episcopal and formerly Jacobite family in Roxburghshire, to which also Sir Walter Scott belongs. Thirty-five years afterwards, while I was a student in Edinburgh, the house of this gentleman, who then in the decline of life lived at his ease in the Scottish capital on the fortune acquired by honourable industry, was always open to me, and I was regarded in no other light than as a member of the family.

The reception which he found among the English, was extremely cordial. Bombay, at that time, was indeed widely different from what it is at present. Instead of being a man of scientific and liberal education, like a Duncan or Sir Evan Nepean or Sir John Malcolm, the governor at that time, according to the old system of the East India Company, was a factor who had risen in the service. The members of the council were in like manner men of ordinary education; the officers for the most part were persons out of all nations, who had embraced an obscure service as a refuge from adventures or an escape from want. Still, even in this retired colony, the noble English spirit was not imperceptible; and besides his friend Scott, there were many, whom the strong, honest, national good sense had enabled to acquire a peculiar intelligence and cultivation of their own, without the aid of traditional learning. In Egypt, my father had already found himself most at home among the English; and here in Bombay the foundation was laid for that mutual regard, which continued ever after, and of which I shall speak in the sequel.

Among his nearest friends was Captain Howe of the Royal Navy, a brother of Admiral Lord Howe and of General Sir William Howe. From him my father received engraved charts of the Indian seas, and of single portions, roads and harbours, of the south-eastern coast of Arabia. It was a source of pleasure to Niebuhr, to be able to requite the present of his friend by another, in which he could truly manifest to the English nation his gratitude for their hospitality. He gave him therefore a copy of his chart of the Red Sea, which he had

completed at Bombay, and which from Djidda northwards was wholly new to the English; for no British ship had then ever visited these waters. With the help of this chart they undertook the navigation some years afterwards. Since that time the chart has indeed been uncommonly improved and perfected by the English; the eastern coast by Sir Home Popham, and the western (which is entirely wanting in my father's chart) by the expedition set on foot by Lord Valentia; but the ground-plan of all these more complete charts, is still that of Niebuhr.

In Bombay my father learned the English language. He collected also all the information which was to be obtained respecting the Parsees and Hindoos; visited the pagodas hewn in the rocks of Elephanta, and made drawings of their sculptures; not elegant, indeed, but so much the more faithful. That he was not, in general, an elegant draughtsman, could do no harm, so far as it regards the caricatures and hideous forms of Indian mythology.

He occupied himself, further, in reducing all his journals into proper order; and sent a copy of them over London to Denmark. He took an opportunity, also, of visiting Surat.

It had been at first arranged, that the travellers should return over India. But as now, when his health was restored, Niebuhr felt again in their full strength all the energy and inclination which had originally prompted him to undertake the expedition, this arrangement did not satisfy him, and he determined to return over land. He had now, however, to embrace much more in his plans of observation, than had been originally assigned to him; and accordingly he made it his duty, to observe and set down every thing which occurred to his notice. But in order to accomplish this, he was compelled to relieve himself, in some degree, from the harassing labours which attended his original vocation. After leaving Bombay, therefore, he gave up the practice of taking lunar observations; since without the approval of his friend Mayer, whose death he first learned at Bombay, he did not, as he could and should have done, place any confidence in

himself. What also contributed to this step, was the death of his Swedish servant, whom he had trained to assist him in the mechanical part of the observations. The omission is certainly much to be regretted ; for in regard to Persia and Turkey in Asia, we are still very deficient in observations of that sort. But whoever has witnessed how much Niebuhr himself was pained by the circumstance in his old age, will have been thereby led to respect and venerate him in a higher degree, than he can feel the want of the desired labours.

After a residence of fourteen months, Niebuhr left Bombay in December 1764 ; visited Maskat and made himself acquainted with the remarkable province of Oman ; remained however not long there, but hastened over Abuschäher (Busheer) and Shiraz to Persepolis.

These ruins, their inscriptions and bas-reliefs, had already been so far copied by three former travellers, that they had deeply excited my father's attention, as being the most important monuments of the East. The multitude of the inscriptions and figures of men and animals permitted the hope, that an interpreter would yet somewhere be found, who, when accurate copies of both should be laid before him, by comparing together the inscriptions and the figures, would be able to decipher and explain the former ; and Niebuhr's tact and comprehensive glance had already taught him, how unsatisfactory all the previous delineations were. Nothing which he had seen in the East, had attracted him so powerfully in anticipation ; he could not rest until he had reached Persepolis ; and the last night before his arrival was passed without sleep. The image of these ruins remained indelibly fixed upon his mind all his life long ; they were to him the crown of all that he had seen.

He continued among them three and a half weeks, in the midst of desolation ; and during this interval he laboured uninterruptedly in taking the measurement and drawings of the ruins. Those inscriptions which were on the higher parts of the walls, could be distinctly traced, only when the sun's rays fell upon them ; and as, in this atmosphere, the hard and originally polished black mar-

ble does not decay so as to lose its polish, the eyes of the traveller, already strained by his incessant labour, became dangerously inflamed. This circumstance, coupled with the death of his Armenian servant, compelled him most unwillingly to abandon this ancient Persian sanctuary, without having fully exhausted it in his delinquencies.

He returned over Shiraz to Abuschäher (Busheer), and thence across the Persian Gulf to Basra, (Bassora). In Persia he collected historical accounts of the fortunes of that unhappy country, from the death of Nadir Shah until that time. By the help of these he has enriched the German translation of Sir William Jones's History of Nadir Shah, the Persian manuscript of which he himself brought to Europe; and has given to it a value now little known. Olivier at least, to speak with the utmost modesty, has given no better information respecting this period.

From Bassora he proceeded, in November 1765, over Meshed Ali and Meshed Hössein, places of resort for Mohammedan pilgrims which had as yet been visited by no European, to Bagdad; and thence over Mosul and Diarbekr to Aleppo, where he arrived June 6, 1766. By this time he had become entirely domesticated in the East; since he had been left alone, he could conform himself without difficulty or hinderance to oriental manners and customs. It is true, he was now travelling in far healthier regions; but he also had never enjoyed more perfect health.

During this interval of eighteen months, he had seen very little of Europeans, except at Karek, where the singular establishment of the Dutch existed at that time. In many of the larger Turkish cities which he visited, there were indeed convents of catholic missionaries; but these he regarded as disturbers of the peace of the unfortunate native Christians, and avoided them. He nevertheless adds his testimony, that among these catholic missionaries, by far the greater part of whom are only noted for ignorance and intolerance, there occur individual examples of sanctity and devotedness, such as can

scarcely be found under other circumstances. He became acquainted at Bagdad, in particular, with Father Angelo, who during the prevalence of the plague nursed several thousands of the sick of every nation and faith; and whose own life, when he was himself attacked by the disease, was saved by a crisis, which pious minds might well term miraculous.—But at Aleppo, Niebuhr found himself in a numerous society of European consuls and merchants of all nations, who at that time, when peace every where prevailed in Europe, lived together in uninterrupted harmony. Some of them were married; and their houses afforded the charm of European family life, in the enjoyment of female society.

Niebuhr's most pleasing and intimate intercourse was here also among the English. He became acquainted with Dr. Patrick Russell, author of the work on the plague, and publisher of the Description of Aleppo written by his uncle Alexander Russell. This venerable friend of my father I have also many years afterwards personally known, and have listened to his stories of former times, as they flowed from a heart full of warm friendship and esteem.

Count Bernstorff had gladly approved of my father's determination to extend his journey; and as the circumstance soon became generally known, the Count was requested to permit him to visit Cyprus, in order to copy again the Phenician inscriptions at Citium; since it was supposed, that the delineation of them by Pococke must have been as little successful, as those which he had attempted of Greek inscriptions. My father found no such inscriptions; but I feel bound to confess, that his conjecture on this point can scarcely be well grounded, viz. that Pococke had found only Old Armenian inscriptions, such as he himself saw at Saline near Larneca, and had copied them imperfectly. The stones might easily have been removed in the interval.

An opportunity of crossing over to Jaffa enticed him to visit Palestine, where the geography of no single point had as yet been astronomically determined, and the topography of Jerusalem was still without any plan in which

confidence could be placed. This he accomplished in the beginning of August, so far as time permitted. He returned then to Jaffa, made from Sidon an excursion across mount Lebanon to Damascus, and thence went again to Aleppo.

Five months and a half after his first arrival in that city, the 20th of November 1766, he left it again, to enter upon the direct and uninterrupted journey homeward. He travelled with a caravan as far as Brusa (Bursa). Asia Minor is exceedingly cold in winter, except the sunny land along the coast; and the traveller suffered as much from frost, ice-cold winds, and snow storms, upon the high plain of Taurus, as he could have done during a winter journey in the most northern regions. But in the warm and delightful Brusa, he recovered from the effects of a species of fatigue and suffering to which he had been so long a stranger; and employed his leisure, as ever, in reducing all his observations to regular journals, charts, and plans. He reached Constantinople February 20, 1767.

In this capital of the Turkish empire, which six years before he had visited only as a sick man and a stranger in the East, and therefore could not fully examine, he remained three and a half months. He had now seen many Turkish provinces, and was acquainted with their interior arrangement and administration; and here in the capital he sought and acquired a knowledge of the general economy and administration, both civil and military, of the Turkish state at large. His very fundamental and satisfactory dissertations on these subjects, have been printed.

European Turkey can be attractive to those philologists only, who seek and behold in her Greece, Macedonia, and, in general, the past. My father therefore travelled rapidly, in fourteen days, through unsafe and almost impassable regions, to the Danube; and thence with little less speed through Wallachia and Moldavia. In the capital of the former of these countries, the plague was then raging. After the middle of July he entered once more, near Zwaniec, the territory of a Christian state.

The king of Poland, Stanislaus Poniatowsky, a man of refined manners and literary taste, and actuated in a high degree by that spirit of the times which did homage to science and to learned men, had requested of the Danish government, that my father might be permitted to take his homeward way through Poland. He received the celebrated traveller with the delicacy of an accomplished gentleman, who desires to make his guest feel, that he has not been invited out of mere curiosity. He succeeded in gaining the heart of my father, and in retaining it by a correspondence continued through many years. Indeed my father, who in the East had been shut out from all knowledge of public occurrences in Europe, afterwards, when the civil war broke out in Poland, looked upon the confederates as rebels, and always regarded his princely friend as a persecuted, legitimate and excellent king.

On the way from Warsaw, he visited Göttingen, and also his native place; where during his absence a large marsh-farm had fallen to him, by the death of his mother's brother.

At Copenhagen, where he arrived in November, he was received with great distinction by the court, the ministers, and by all the learned men. Count Bernstorff, who knew how to appreciate his worth in every respect, but who also, as the author of the expedition, felt his own honour to be connected with the success of it, seemed to wish to express his gratitude by the most friendly offices. My father became intimately acquainted with him; and through him with his nephew the great second Count Bernstorff, and with the widowed Countess Stolberg and her sons, at that time in their earliest youth.* Klop-

* These recollect how Bernstorff used to communicate to their mother my father's letters as they arrived; the reading of which was also a feast for the boys. These letters are said to have contained many lively traits, which my father either did not enter in his journals, or else passed over in preparing the account of his travels, because they seemed to him unimportant and to have no relation to science. It is greatly to be regretted, that it has not been possible to consult these letters in reference to the present biography. [The youths here referred to became afterwards the Counts Stolberg, so well known in the literature of Germany. The younger became

stock and the other family friends of the minister became intimate with him. His own nearest and dearest friends were Professor Krazenstein and his distinguished first wife.

His first business was the settlement of the money accounts of the expedition. From his own entries, he could not estimate the cost of the whole ; because these did not include the sums which had been expended in preparatory measures. It seems, too, that he neglected to procure a copy of the general account. At least none such is to be found among his papers ; while in these he cites the authority of another person for the statement, that the expenses of the whole expedition amounted only to 21,000 Danish rix dollars.* I remember to have heard, at Copenhagen, another and a somewhat (though not much) larger sum mentioned ; but as a public request for information on this point has produced none, I must leave the matter undecided.

This comparatively small amount of the expenses, excited even at that time astonishment. They would naturally have risen much higher, had not my father, during the whole of the last four years, been the only survivor. Still, although a single traveller of course required fewer expenditures, yet they were also still further diminished by the circumstance, that he not only avoided every thing which was not necessary for his object, but also paid out of his own pocket for every thing which was in any way personal.

“ A far more difficult reckoning,” he says in some notices of his life written for his family, “ was that which I now had to render to the public in regard to my journey.” The materials contained in his journals were in the highest degree rich and profuse ; and that he wrought them up with a degree of perfection, to which the entire artlessness and simplicity of his manner contributed not a little, every one will now acknowledge. He himself, however, distrusted his own capacity almost to despair. We

also celebrated by his conversion to the Roman Catholic faith in 1800. He died in 1819, and his elder brother in 1821. TR.]

* About £3400.

have seen how he had grown up to manhood without any familiarity with literary labours ; he had even read comparatively very little, especially in the German language. Indeed the High German dialect, the language of books, was not even his mother tongue ; he had learned it first as a youth, and never possessed it in any great extent or copiousness. Still more did he fear, lest through the want of adequate learning, he might exhibit things in a false or improper light ; and thus subject himself to be misunderstood or unjustly estimated.

His first design was, to publish two separate works before his Travels ; first, answers to the questions which had been directed to the travellers, out of his own and Forskaal's papers ; and secondly, the whole of his astronomical observations.

One would naturally have expected, that the questions which had induced Michaelis to apply to a foreign state to affect the solution of them, must have been definite and well considered inquiries, even if their number did not amount to a full hundred. This, however, was so little the case, that more than four years after the original proposition, when the travellers sailed from Copenhagen, only *two* unimportant questions had been presented by him. The remaining questions first reached them during their travels, in three different parcels.

More important than all these, without comparison, was the essay prepared by the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres at Paris, with that true spirit of oriental philology, for which France has long been distinguished. It contained points of inquiry respecting the history, language, manners and customs, &c. of Yemen ; and is to be found appended to the Questions of Michaelis.

As these are now generally known, it may safely be left to the judgment of every one, whether satisfactory answers, even where it was worth the trouble, could possibly have been given to them ? The philologist of the expedition certainly could not have done it in any case ; Forskaal, who by the variety of his attainments was the only one adapted to it, made the attempt so far as he could. So long as Forskaal lived, my father, who knew nothing

of Hebrew, took part in such inquiries only as incidental; though indeed he neglected nothing merely as being incidental. But after he was left alone, he spared no pains or trouble to procure answers to Michaelis's questions. In this way he accomplished in the widest extent, all which could be demanded of him in this department. He himself acknowledged the amount of what he effected, to be very small; and the modesty of expressions like those in his Preface, might well have averted the hostile thrusts of affected superiority in the Autobiography of Michaelis.*

* The remarks of Michaelis here referred to, will be found in the two last paragraphs but one, of the Appendix to this article. In order that the reader may have the whole case before him, so far as it appears from any printed documents, the remarks also of Niebuhr in his Preface, are here subjoined, both in regard to the value of the information collected by him, and the reasons which induced him to abandon his original plan of publication. See his Description of Agabia, German edition, Pref. p. xvii—xix.

“ Since the greater part of the questions of Michaelis belong to sciences entirely different from those to which I had devoted myself; and as I first received them in full only in August 1764 at Bombay, and consequently more than a year after the death of my two companions, for whom the most of them were intended; there cannot reasonably be required of me so complete an answer to them, as might justly have been expected from my companions. As to the questions which had respect to the Hebrew language, I could do nothing more than shew the words to learned Jews, and note their answers. As these spoke no European language, but only Arabic, it is probable that many of their explanations, even if correct, must have sometimes remained obscure to me; because, although I could converse in Arabic on topics of daily occurrence, I was not yet in a condition to discourse as well in that language on scientific subjects. In respect to all the other questions, I inquired both of Mohammedans and Christians; and it often cost me a great deal of trouble to gain any information at all on these points. For a traveller who remains only a short time in a place, it is often very difficult to get acquainted with persons whom the inhabitants regard as learned; and even when he does sometimes obtain access to them, they are not particularly pleased with being overwhelmed with questions from a stranger. One must therefore ask questions on such topics, only incidentally. To do this requires not only much time and patience, but one must also be very cautious and distrustful in regard to the answers; because he will find among Orientals also, persons who are ready either purposely or ignorantly to tell untruths, in or-

As he now found these answers to be too unimportant for separate publication, and therefore properly decided to incorporate them with his larger work; so other entirely different causes arose, which determined him not to publish separately his astronomical observations.

I have already related how distrustful he was, in regard to the correctness of his lunar observations and the calculation of them. Had Mayer lived, *he* would have undertaken the examination of them; and when once pronounced correct by him, my father would have given them to the public with confidence. But now, he found

der to avoid giving a stranger full information at once, or also in order to carry the appearance of knowing every thing. I have indeed endeavoured, so far as I was able, to sift both the accounts and those from whom I received them; and have commonly made inquiries of more than one person in reference to every question. But still, I am not certain, whether I have not sometimes been put off with incorrect information; and will therefore gladly change any thing, if such places shall be pointed out to me.

“My first intention was, to publish by itself every thing which I had collected for the illustration of the questions sent us by different learned men.”—“I afterwards sent a copy of all my own observations illustrative of Michaelis’s questions, and of what I had found adapted to this purpose among Forskaal’s papers, to Michaelis himself; with the request, that he would look it carefully through, strike out and correct what he thought proper, or otherwise give me his remarks upon it in writing; because I readily believe, that among my answers there are many of little importance, and some of no value at all. I have to regret, however, that he made no corrections of any consequence in my manuscript; and that I have not yet received the notes, which I expected would have been afterwards forwarded. I have, therefore, not ventured to print the answers to the questions separately; but, as they also have reference to Arabia, have preferred to incorporate them into my geographical description of that country.”

It is but justice to Michaelis to remark here, that in his review of Niebuhr’s Description of Arabia, (*Oriental. and Exeget. Bibliothek*, Th. iv. p. 64 sq.) he has commented upon the preceding statement of Niebuhr, and assigned the reasons at length why he did not comply with Niebuhr’s request. The reasons themselves are sufficient; but they are brought forward with the air of a special pleader; and thus a suspicion is excited, that they were not the only true ones. Michaelis affirms that Niebuhr was indignant at being thus disappointed. The probable inference therefore is, that Niebuhr had good reason to expect a different result.—Tr.

no one who was master of Mayer's method, or who was able and willing to calm his timidity by a scientific examination.

It happened, on the contrary, very unfortunately, that Father Hell, who had been sent to observe the transit of Venus at Wardöhuus, near the northern extremity of Norway, resided in 1769 at Copenhagen. Father Hell was certainly a very skilful astronomer; but he was a Jesuit in science also, and disposed to depreciate and suppress the merits of others. As an instance of this, may be adduced the fact, that he took great pains to decry the quadrant which my father had used so constantly and with so great skill, as an insufficient instrument. On this point, however, it is true, he altered his language; for he himself took this very quadrant along with him to Norway. He was a declared opposer of Mayer's method; and since my father felt his superiority as a scientific astronomer, and acknowledged it with entire modesty, Father Hell took advantage of this circumstance to increase his distrust in the value of his observations, and to maintain the consecrated and only saving method by means of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites. Of these also my father had taken some observations. The geographical readers of his Travels will recollect, that the longitude of Loheia is determined by this method, and that my father himself ascribes the calculations to Father Hell. No one ought however to be uninformed, how much his humility operated here also to his disadvantage; nor to conclude that he himself did not know how to calculate those observations. He had indeed already calculated them himself; but as Father Hell took the trouble to calculate them after him, my father, to his own unmerited abasement, ascribed to him the whole of the labour.

Enough of honour would indeed remain to him, both among his contemporaries and posterity, even were this misunderstanding never to be removed. But the impression which the cunning Jesuit thus made upon his mind, operated most injuriously. He did not indeed entirely lose all faith in the observations; but he now doubly distrusted their reception if made public; and therefore

thought it his duty to withhold them, until some one should be found, who would examine and pronounce upon them; a kindness which he received many years afterwards from Bürg.

He came therefore to the conclusion, to mould his materials into the form of the two works which have appeared.

For the publication of these works, Bernstorf afforded him a very liberal aid from the Danish government. All the engravings were made at the expense of the government, and the plates presented to him as his own property. All other expenses he sustained himself; as he had adopted the unfortunate plan of being his own publisher.

While he was thus engaged in preparing his Description of Arabia for the press, the political circumstances of Denmark suddenly changed in a manner the most painful to Niebuhr. Struensee got possession not only of the government, but also of the highest power; and Bernstorf was dismissed. My father did not regard himself as a public person; he never acted, not even on this occasion, in a way to excite notice; but he never denied his zealous attachment to Bernstorf, when all others timidly drew back from the fallen minister. He with a very few other faithful friends accompanied him to Roskilde.

He never visited Struensee; and never made his appearance on any occasion, where he must have come in contact with the unprincipled rulers of that unheard of epoch. He gave loud utterance to his views and feelings; he rejoiced in the popular movements against these corrupters of their country; and participated in the rejoicings over their fall.

The Description of Arabia appeared at the Michaelmas fair, in the autumn of 1772. A book of this kind could not be generally read; it was adapted rather to comparatively a few. It is however difficult to conceive, how any one could have the face to attack a book so entirely classical, so unmeasurably rich in its contents, and withal so modest in its pretensions, and strive to degrade and

trample it under foot, as was done by a reviewer in the *Gelahrte Anzeigen* of Lemgo. Personal enmity must have blinded the eyes and poisoned the mind of the author or instigator; but he accomplished his object, and caused the deepest mortification to a writer unacquainted with the every-day intercourse of literature, and already inclined to despondency by the lukewarm reception of his work.

My father reckoned upon a warmer interest in foreign countries; and for this the French translation, which he himself published in the following year, appeared to be well calculated. He committed however in this business a twofold error; which augmented still more the influence of the evil star which presided over his book-selling enterprises. The translation ought to have appeared at the same time with the original; but now, a Dutch bookseller had made the same speculation, and his book was published at the same time. However incorrectly and wretchedly the French language is in general written in Holland, and however little credit the translations deserve, which were made there of Niebuhr's work; yet most unfortunately the Copenhagen translation, which was made by a French refugee clergyman, was still worse, and indeed so unreadable, that the novelty of its contents alone could have procured for it readers. My father, who understood French only moderately, could alas! not judge of this; and lost his money in this inconsiderate undertaking.

At this time there arrived at Copenhagen an ambassador sent by the Pacha of Tripoli to several of the northern courts, by the name of Abderrachman Aga. The object of his mission was to demand presents for his master, which the feeble government of Tripoli had at that time neither the power nor the courage to extort. The mission was also a favour to the envoy, who was entertained at free cost by the courts which acknowledged him, and received also presents for himself personally. The ministry at Copenhagen gave him, as a companion and attendant, a man who had formerly been consul in Barbary, and had therefore the reputation of understand-

ing Arabic. With him, however, the Tripolitan, who possessed a good share of understanding, felt the time pass tediously ; and indeed this person knew little more of Arabic, than Milphio, in the *Poenulus* of Plautus, did of the Punic. My father, who cherished for the natives of oriental regions the feelings of a countryman, visited him ; and rejoiced in an opportunity to hear and speak Arabic, and also to indulge again in the habit, so long laid aside, of making himself acquainted with regions of the Arabian world which he had not himself visited, by information elicited from natives. In this way he made himself acquainted with Tripoli and Barbary. Still more important, however, were the accounts which he received respecting the interior of Africa ; and these indeed were the first which had been collected concerning those hidden regions, since the time of John Leo, the African.* For two centuries and a half, notwithstanding the extensive and frequent intercourse of Europeans with the northern coast and with Egypt, not even the smallest accession had been made to our knowledge of those countries. Geographers, therefore, could only compare and adapt to each other, with more or less critical tact and sagacity, the accounts of the Sherif Edrisi and of Leo, which were separated by an interval of about four hundred years ;—and here the power of divination exhibited by D' Anville's genius appears wonderful. My father's accounts were collected sixteen years before the impulse was felt in England for discovery in Africa. They have been most surprisingly confirmed ; and are among the most striking proofs of his peculiar talent for geographical investigation. Abderrachman Aga had visited several of the countries and capitals of Europe ; but no other person had been found to question him in behalf of science. He was an important and capable witness. He had not, indeed, himself visited the Sahara or the negro countries ; but he had traded thither ; and besides the interest of the merchant, there was active in him a taste

* This traveller lived at the close of the fifteenth, and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. TR.

for geographical information, which is very common among the Orientals, and is promoted by the narrow limits within which their topics of conversation are confined. He even understood, in a measure, some of the negro languages; and from him and from a native of Bornou among his attendants, my father collected specimens of these tongues.

The discovery of two great Mohammedan civilized kingdoms in the interior of Africa; the assurance of the Tripolitan, that whoever knew how to travel as an Oriental, would meet with no greater difficulties than in Arabia, and with less fanaticism than in Egypt; an undoubted sincere invitation and assurance of all possible recommendation and furtherance; the consciousness of his own acquired adaptedness and habits; yea, even a sort of longing, which is felt also by other Europeans who have been domesticated in oriental nations, to return again to their calm and serious stillness; all this awakened in my father so earnest a desire to travel over Tripoli and Fezzan to the Niger, that he most probably would have undertaken this expedition at his own expense, and without even asking aid from the government, had not the duty of first completing the journal of his former travels held him back. And however great and numerous the dangers which might have threatened him, and which he could not calculate beforehand; still, according to all human probability, we may believe, that he would have been successful. The Moorish traders, who were rendered suspicious and jealous by the first subsequent ill planned attempts of the English Society, would have regarded him with no hostility; and as to the difficulties and dangers of the journey itself, he was as well prepared and practised as a native of the East. His talent for the enterprise was too peculiar, too decided, too well cultivated and developed, not to have assured him success before every other traveller, except Brown. *

But his life was now to take a new direction. Had he remained unmarried, he would have hastened the com-

* It will be recollected that this was written in 1816.

pletion of his works, in order to undertake the attractive adventure already described. But in the mean time, he became acquainted with my mother, the daughter of the deceased Blumenberg, the king's body physician, and betrothed himself to her. It was his first and only love ; and that it was deep and strong is sufficiently attested by the fact, that he sacrificed to it his proposed second journey of discovery, on which he was so passionately bent, and the high enjoyment of living among Orientals.

He was married in the summer of 1773. His wife bore him two children, my sister and myself.

At the Easter fair of the following year, 1774, appeared the first volume of his Travels. This gave him occasion to visit the fair in person. But although business might indeed require him to be present at Leipzig, yet it was strictly the desire of making the personal acquaintance of Reiske, which induced him to take this journey. If any scholar of our nation has felt the distress of persecuted excellence, it surely is Reiske ; in whom his contemporaries least of all perceived, that it was the very extent and fulness of his genius which caused his learning here and there to appear incomplete ; and that whatever might seem peevish and unamiable in himself or his writings, was excited by the bitter feeling of being trodden under foot by the tyranny of envious and more successful literary rivals. I say it not without pride, that Lessing and my father alone shewed due honour to this distinguished man while living ; and my father has publicly given his testimony, that no where, not even among the Arabians themselves, had he found a philologian so thoroughly acquainted with their literature.

Notwithstanding the unpleasant experience which he had in regard to his own works, he yet felt it to be his duty to become also the publisher of the works of his friend Forskaal on natural history. This office of friendship occasioned him more loss than any of his literary undertakings ; the sale was so incredibly small. The manuscripts could not be printed without being first arranged ; nor could my father undertake the task of reducing them to order ; as he was a stranger in natural

history, and not sufficiently acquainted with the Latin language. He put the business into the hands of a Swedish scholar, and paid him a very considerable sum for his labour. This Swede was a singular man; and among other things prevailed upon my father, by entreaty, to let the preface appear under his name; a compliance which afterwards was a source of great vexation to him. Of the uncommon value of these overlooked and forgotten works I have already spoken.

Already rendered despondent by the important sums which he had lost, or at least had put out of his power for a long time, through his publications, he delayed somewhat longer the publication of the second volume of his Travels, which first appeared in 1778. According to his plan, the narrative of his journey was to have been completed in this second volume. He broke off, however, with his arrival at Aleppo. The remainder of his journey, dissertations respecting the Turkish empire and the Mohammedan religion, accounts of Abyssinia which he had collected in Yemen, and also those respecting Soudan which he had gathered from Abderrachman Aga, and finally his astronomical observations, were intended by him to constitute a third volume, which he then expected might follow very soon, but which has never appeared; although he was so often admonished in relation to it, by those who honoured and respected him. The causes which intervened to prevent its being put to press, will appear in the sequel.

My father lived very contentedly at Copenhagen in the bosom of his family and a small circle of friends; but the loss which the removal of Bernstorf occasioned to him, was never again made up. Misunderstandings and disunion troubled afterwards for a time his external tranquillity; and as vexations of a general nature could easily make him discontented with any residence or any station, he began now to long for a removal from the place where, for ten years, he had lived so pleasantly. In addition to this, also, he learned that General Huth had the intention of sending him to Norway, to aid as engineer in the geographical admeasurement of that country. Such a mis-

sion was to him in the highest degree unpleasant; he was unwilling to be separated from his family, and could not take them with him among the wild Norwegian mountains. He sought therefore an opportunity of retiring from the military service, and of obtaining some situation in Holstein in the civil department.

The government willingly acceded to his wish in this respect also: and he received the appointment of *Land-schreiber** at Meldorf; an office of which the duties, at that time, were not burdensome.

He removed with his family in the summer of 1778 to this place, where he continued to reside until his death, and which thus became in one sense my native city.

Meldorf, formerly the rich and populous capital of the ancient republic Ditmarsh, is now sunk into decay and desolation; first, through repeated capture, plundering, and conflagration, during the wars of subjugation; and then, by the sufferings of a close siege during the thirty years' war, and by the scarcity of provisions in the general decay under which the region pined from 1628 until the rise in the prices of grain in 1790. Many remains of the good old time, serve mournfully to remind him who is acquainted with its history, of those prosperous days now irretrievably lost. Still and forsaken as the place was, there was at the time of my father's removal thither, no opportunity of social intercourse, such as was directly suited to his character and habits; for, alas! he was no philologist, and continued a stranger to the excellent man (*Jäger*) who is still the ornament of the place, until I afterwards came to be indebted to him for my philological education.

Meanwhile he made all his arrangements as if for life. He built a house, which corresponds to his character in the old fashioned strength and thickness of its walls; he planted also a fruit garden, from whose trees, however, he hardly expected, in his then feeble state of health, ever to gather fruit; but of which he outlived the greater number. In these occupations, and in making himself

* A species of clerkship peculiar to the country.—Tr.

acquainted with the country, several years passed away, in which he already began to lose sight of the completion of his Travels. Indeed, this work became to him more and more the source of painful feelings, the nearer he was able to estimate the loss which he had sustained from it, and the more conscious he became of the great indifference which prevailed respecting it in Germany.

About the same time, also, he met with another loss, which made him, as the father of a family, still more scrupulous as to the propriety of sacrificing a portion of his still remaining property, in behalf of a thankless undertaking. The stock-mania sometimes seizes upon the considerate and sober-minded but inexperienced man, no less than upon the light-minded and those who have a passion for gaming; just as epidemic pestilences sweep off both the strong and the weak together. During the American war, this rage for stocks prevailed at Copenhagen, and was encouraged and promoted by delusive appearances. My father also was persuaded to purchase some Asiatic stock, and to wait for its still farther advance, when it was already driven to an unreasonable and unfounded height; until at last he lost considerable sums.

Many circumstances seemed to combine, at that time, to disturb his serenity. He himself, as a native of a marsh region, enjoyed good health in the climate of Ditmarsh; but my mother, like all strangers, suffered from fever; and the delicate health of her sensitive frame was by degrees wholly undermined.—My father too, for many years, although indeed less uninterruptedly of late, had occupied himself with the composition and arrangement of his works; this now ceased. For the same object, too, he had read much. But now he was in a place where he saw no work whatever, unless he procured it for himself. The void which arose from all these circumstances, pressed heavily upon his spirits, already uneasy and disquieted; and he felt it so much the more, because this fixed residence in one place, where every day brought with it nothing of novelty, was contrary and hostile to his nature, to those impulses which had led him abroad, and to the habits of a long and multifarious experience. What he

wanted, could be made good by no books ; and since he came to no explanation with himself as to the source of his feelings, they tormented him in the shape of a gloomy despondency. The direction of his mind was turned exclusively to the historical knowledge of what exists at present on the earth. Even the history of the past was for him a secondary object. In consequence of this peculiarity, astronomy also, his own proper science, had charms for him only on account of the aid which it affords to geography. In building his house, he had arranged a chamber as an observatory ; and he made here, and elsewhere in Holstein, observations for determining the geographical position of places. Afterwards, however, he estranged himself more and more from this occupation ; and the instruments of his journey were at last preserved only as relics.

It was therefore highly gratifying and advantageous to him, when, a few years after his settlement at Meldorf, Boie also came thither as *Landvogt*.* As editor of the periodical work *das Deutsche Museum*, the latter stood in very extensive literary relations and connections, which at that time had a degree of life and vivacity now unknown. He was also very rich in personal acquaintances. Both these circumstances brought to my father also many and various interesting materials for intellectual occupation. There arose between the two men,—and also, when Boie married, between the two families,—a most intimate and daily intercourse, interwoven indeed with the fixed course of life. Through Boie, and in his house, my father became also acquainted with men, who otherwise would never have thought of visiting this remote corner. In this way Voss became his acquaintance and friend.

Another and not less important advantage to my father, which the residence of Boie at Meldorf brought with it, was, that the latter possessed a very valuable and extensive library, which he was constantly increasing through the publication of his *Museum*. The greater part of this lib-

* This is also a peculiar title, sometimes given to the chief magistrate of a province or district. Tr.

rary was, indeed, foreign to my father's taste and pursuits, and therefore indifferent to him ; still, however, there was much which interested him, and afforded him occupation.

One consequence of this new relation was, that he was induced to commit to paper many essays, to which the circumstances of the times gave occasion, for the Museum ; and to give up for publication in that journal dissertations, which were lying by him for his own third volume. This last circumstance was, in more than one respect, disadvantageous. It weakened more and more the purpose of giving that volume to the public, and broke up and scattered its contents,—there was now so much of what ought to appear as new and important in it, given away beforehand. My father, too, who never wrote for the press with ease, nor without the fear of committing errors of language or construction, was now rendered so much the more anxious, because Boie,—to whom he submitted his manuscripts for correction, as he had done formerly to a friend in Copenhagen,—as a rhetorician, not only expunged the small spots which were possibly there, but so corrected and altered the manuscripts throughout, that my father now regarded himself more and more decidedly, as wholly incapable of writing. In this he was wrong ; for just those essays which no other hand has touched, bear in themselves a dignified elegance, because they exhibit exactly his mode of speaking ; and it is only a corrupted taste, at least among us northern Germans, that can take offence at the occasional Low German idioms, which sometimes glimmer through his style, and sometimes stand fully out to view.

In the mean time his children were growing up, and he occupied himself with our education. He instructed us both in geography, and related to us much from history. He taught me English and French, better at any rate than any instructor who could be found in such a place ; something also of mathematics ; and would have gone much farther in this science, had not, alas ! my want of taste and inclination destroyed his pleasure. There was this circumstance, indeed, connected with all his in-

structions, viz. that he, who from youth up never had an idea, how any one could do otherwise than seize and hold fast all proffered instruction with the utmost joy and perseverance, became indisposed to teach, so soon as he saw us inattentive and indisposed to learn. As, too, the first instruction which I received in Latin, before I had the good fortune to become the pupil of Jäger, was very imperfect, he helped me in this also, and read with me Caesar's Commentaries, while I was yet a boy. Here too the peculiar turn of his mind shewed itself, in that he drew my attention more to ancient geography than to the history itself. The ancient *Gallia* of D'Anville, for whom he had a most peculiar veneration, always lay before us; and I was required to find every place named, and to specify its position. His instruction was grammatical in no respect whatever. He had acquired the languages, so far as he knew them, by the eye and by total impressions; not by grammatical analysis. It was also his opinion, that no one deserves to learn what he does not mostly acquire for himself: so that the teacher ought to assist only in general, and help the pupil only out of those difficulties, which are to be solved in no other way. These two circumstances were probably the reason, why his attempt to instruct me in Arabic would not succeed, to his great disappointment and my mortification; since he had already too long left off speaking that language to communicate it to me in that oral manner; and in no other way could it be taught without the grammar. When I learned it of my own accord, at a later period, and sent him translations, he was highly delighted.

I have a very lively recollection of many stories out of my boyish years, about the system of the universe and about the East; when he used to take me upon his knee at evening before going to bed, and feed me with such food, instead of children's fables. The history of Mohammed, of the first Caliphs, and especially of Omar and Ali, for whom he felt the profoundest veneration; that of the conquests and extension of Islamism, of the virtues of the early heroes of the new faith, the history of the Turks,—all these impressed themselves early and in the most pleasing

colours on my mind. The historical works which treat of these subjects, were also almost the first books which came into my hands.

I recollect also about my tenth year, how at Christmas, in order to give the festival still more importance in my eyes, he brought out and read with me the manuscripts, which contained the accounts collected by him respecting Africa. These and his other manuscripts were kept in an ornamented coffer, which was venerated by the children and inmates of the house like a second ark. He had taught me to draw maps; and encouraged and aided by him, maps of Abyssinia and Soudan were soon sketched.

It was also a most welcome present, when I brought him, on his birth days, geographical accounts of oriental countries, compiled as well as could be expected of a child, or also translations from books of travels. He at first had no other wish, than that I might become his successor as a traveller in the East. But the influence of a very tender and anxious mother upon my physical education, destroyed this plan in its foundation. At her persuasion also, he afterwards gave up the thought which he had still cherished, of partially returning to the original plan. It had always been a favourite idea with him, to take advantage of the distinguished good-will which was felt towards him in England, and of the services which he had rendered to the East India Company in reference to the navigation of the upper part of the Red Sea, in order to procure for me, as soon as I was old enough, an appointment in India. In this perhaps he might have been successful. With this idea, the frustration of which was afterwards as pleasing to him as to myself, much of his instruction was connected. Thus he made use chiefly of English books of instruction, put English works of all kinds into my hands, and very early also regular files of English newspapers;—circumstances which I mention here, not because they have had a decided influence upon my riper life, but because they serve to exhibit his character.

With the utmost indulgence and interest, he was accustomed to fall in with the half intelligent, half childish

suggestions which were made by me. He built with me castles in the air, conversed with me on every thing which the times brought with them, and gave me ideas and ocular demonstration on every topic on which we conversed. Thus, in fortification, for example, he aided me to lay out, measure off, and dig out polygons under his own eye, with books and plans at hand.

In the winter of 1788, Herder sent him the small treatise *Persepolis*,* the contents of which interested him exceedingly; and because they interested him so much, they were therefore the more gratefully surprising to him, as the first token, after many years, that he was not wholly forgotten by his countrymen. From this time onwards, however, tokens of acknowledgment became less and less rare, even in Germany.

The war with the Turks, which broke out about this time, excited in him also a lively interest, and gave occasion to several essays. Warmly as he loved the Arabs, and although at bottom, and in accordance with his peculiar disposition, the Arabs of Medina, Bagdad, and Cordova, under the Caliphs, were strictly the people of his heart; just so warmly did he hate the stiff and arrogant Turks,—partly too as the tyrants of his Arabs,—and desired ardently that they might be expelled from the Happy Land † which under them has become a desert. Yet he did not wish the French to have the honour of this conquest; nor did he, during the Egyptian expedition, through his intimate knowledge of what Egypt had been, was, and might become, permit his mind to swerve from his fixed anticipations. From the French, according to his conviction, no ultimate good would result to other nations.

The vicinity of his native place was one of the circumstances, which rendered a residence in Ditmarsh particularly pleasant to him. Of his relatives, his half-brother Bartold Niebuhr, and his sister's son H. W. Schmeelke,

* See Herder's Werke, zur Philosophie u. Geschichte, Band I.—Tr.

† Arabia Felix, or Yemen.—Tr.

were the nearest and dearest. The first, who was several years younger than himself, was a country farmer in good circumstances, and died unmarried long before my father. He was a man of uncommon capacity; and although he only as it were visited the school, and never exerted himself while there, because every thing was so easy to him, yet he had acquired Latin enough, to understand the poets. "What are you reading there, uncle?" said his nephew to him one day, as he found him with the Latin Georgies. "I have got me some bees," he replied, "and I wish to see what Virgil has written about them."* As he once saw my father in his uniform, as an officer of engineers, he placed himself before him, viewed him closely, smiled and said, "Brother, this becomes you very well; but yet you serve, and I am a free man."—Schmeelke, who was for a time burgomaster in Otterndorf, was ever my father's favourite: and even before his departure for Arabia, he had devised to him the greater part of his property, as his brother did not need it. Uncle and nephew visited each other not unfrequently; and in Hadeln my father's heart expanded itself fully. There was no relative so remote, no one connected with any of his youthful acquaintances, whose circumstances he did not know and retain in memory with the most minute accuracy. •

The appearance of the long expected Travels of Bruce, (1790,) was an important event in our monotonous life. My father never belonged to that class of excessive doubters, who were ready to contend that Bruce had never been in Abyssinia at all. He read the book without prejudice; and his judgment was precisely that which has since been confirmed, without farther revision, by the second Edinburgh edition and by Salt's two journeys. In an article inserted in the new *Deutsches Museum*, he

* The Low German (Platt Deutsch) of the original is interesting, as approaching much nearer to the English than the corresponding High German. "Ohm, wat list he da?" "Ik heb mi Immen tholegt, un ik wil doch seen, wat Virgilius davon schrift."—So in the other quotation: "Broder, dat steit di wul gut, aver du deent doch, un ik bin een frien Mann!"—Tr.

shewed that Bruce had taken the pretended determinations of the latitude on the Arabian gulf directly from him; that the conversation with Ali Bey was palpably an invention; and so too the pretended voyage over the Red Sea to the region about Bab-el-mandeb, as also a similar one along the coast southward from Cossir. He further declared, that, along with these gross untruths, other parts of the Travels bore the stamp of entire credibility, and must be believed. *

About the same time he was also led, partly from indignation and partly in sport, to give his views of Witte's dreams respecting the origin of the pyramids and of Persepolis, as being *lusus naturae*, rather than works of art. †

About 1791 he was gratified by a letter from his old friend Dr. Russell, who was about to publish a new edi-

* In a recent work entitled *Lives of celebrated Travellers*, which contains also a biography of Niebuhr, I have regretted to observe some very superficial and flippant remarks on the above statement respecting Bruce. Every one at all acquainted with the subject, knows that this judgment of Niebuhr is in general the correct one; that Mr. Bruce, although he usually places facts as the basis of his narrative, is yet very careless and often wide of the truth in regard to the colouring and details; and sometimes has even not hesitated to make a wilful sacrifice of the truth. This last has been shown incontestibly to be the case, by Mr. Salt, out of Bruce's own mouth; while the general negligence and high colouring of his manner is well accounted for by Mr. Murray, the celebrated geographer, when he remarks, that "no cause can be assigned for that confusion, except the extreme indolence with which Mr. Bruce composed his work, about *sixteen years after* the events which are the subjects of it.— In the latter part of his days, he seems to have viewed the numerous adventures of his active life as in a dream, not in their natural state as to time and place, but under the pleasing and arbitrary change of memory melting into imagination." (Bruce's Travels, Edinb. ed. VII. p. 73. Compare Salt's Travels in Abyssinia, Phil. 1816. p. 259 sq.) The remarks of the author of the superficial *Lives* above mentioned, are indeed directed more against Lord Valentia and Mr. Salt, than against Niebuhr. He seems not to have been capable of forming a correct estimate of Niebuhr's worth as a scientific traveller; his standard of value is *entertainment*, rather than truth and accuracy; and hence, in his view, Bruce bears away the palm from most, if not all other travellers.—Tz.

† See the *Allgemeine Literatur-Zeitung*, 1790, No. 223, 224.—Tz.

tion of the Description of Aleppo, and requested with this view a copy of my father's plan of that city. He, of course, did not refuse it; and Dr. Russell has much improved it, by adding the most important buildings, correcting the drawings of the principal streets, and omitting the others. Indeed all my father's plans of cities, except that of Cairo, which is as accurate as that of any European city, are not to be regarded as exact, as he himself has remarked, except in respect to the external circuit, the gates, and the principal edifices so far as specified. It was no happy thought,—because it might easily lead to error,—that induced him to insert conjecturally the streets, which there was indeed no time to measure, and which it would not have been advisable even to have attempted to survey.

This renewed correspondence with Dr. Russell gave rise to another with Major Rennell, who was preparing a new map of Asia, and requested the communication of his still unpublished travelling charts through Syria and Natolia. These he received at once and without scruple, from a liberality which felt no jealousy. Marsden also testified his respect towards him, by sending him the History of Sumatra.—After the correspondence with Rennell had continued for some time, my father sent him a few of his observations of lunar distances, the examination and sanction of which was to him a matter of so much concern, in order to induce Maskelyne to undertake this labour. But the attempt was unsuccessful.

I forsake here the strict chronological arrangement, in order to speak of his correspondence with two distinguished French scholars, which, if I do not mistake, commenced some years later. The Baron Silvestre De Sacy, in deciphering the Pehlvi inscriptions of Nakshi-Rustam, had become acquainted with the surprising accuracy of my father's delineations; and the latter, who entertained for the author of that philological masterpiece the highest respect, felt also grateful to him, because his own labours, which lay dead so long as they were unexplained, were now called into life. Between two persons so indebted to each other, there easily arose a pleasing correspon-

dence. De Saey was then occupied with a condensed translation of the *Bark el Yemen*, or the History of the Turkish Conquest of Yemen. In this labour he made use of my father's geographical notices in the Description of Arabia, and of his map of the Imam's kingdom; and had found the very unexpected result, that all the places named in that history, with the exception of two villages in Tehama, were accurately given in those works. So far as the map was made out from the journey itself, this is less surprising, than in respect to the far greater number of places which rest merely upon the comparison of different accounts of bearings and distances; here we must acknowledge the critical tact and sagacity which, in the multitude of varying accounts, could so correctly determine which to follow, according to the degree of their internal credibility.

Out of this correspondence there arose in the sequel another, which also was very gratifying to my father, viz. with the learned, active, and sagacious geographer, Barbié du Bocage. He requested and received from my father materials for a map of Natolia; not only the position of places as determined by astronomical observations, but also itineraries which he had written down from the information of the caravan-guides.

In November 1792 my father was brought near to the grave by pleurisy, and recovered only by slow degrees. In consequence of his full habit of body, this fixed and almost sedentary life for so many years, had prepared the way for severe sickness and a long interruption of his health. In the following year he spit blood. He was not positively ill, but without energy, low spirited, out of humour, breathed with difficulty, and walked only with great effort. Another complaint also increased his anxiety. Several years before, there had appeared under his right eye a small excrescence like a wart, which continued to spread slowly but constantly, and was only made worse by all the means employed to remove it. The physicians regarded it with the more solicitude, because they durst not venture upon its extirpation. After many years of anxiety and trouble, a remedy was at length found in

1796, by which it was loosened and removed, roots and all. After this, on the completion of his sixty-sixth year, his health, and with it his frame of mind, took a most happy turn. Circumstances induced him to purchase some marsh lands about an hour's distance from his house, and to undertake the reclamation of them for tillage. It was refreshing to him thus to return to the employments of his youth; he sketched plans for making these lands productive, prosecuted them with youthful ardour, and promised himself the best success:—planted trees, dug drains and ditches, and so purchased by degrees a large estate. The result disappointed his hopes; a large sum was lost here also. Still, in this case, it is not to be regretted; for not only does much remain in a state of improvement and tillage, but the old age of my father was, without doubt, by this means prolonged and rendered more serene. He took much and active exercise, visited the newly planned farm now on foot and now on horseback, and inspected indefatigably every spot, where any thing was to be done or directions to be given. As the fields were separated by broad ditches, in order to shorten the distances he often made use of a leaping staff; to the use of which he had been accustomed from childhood. He had now so renewed his strength, that, with the aid of such a staff, *Klhwstaaken*, he was able in his seventieth year to spring over ditches ten feet wide.

These and similar occupations diverted his attention in a measure from a misfortune, which had previously, and for some years, given him great uneasiness. The engraved plates both of his published works and also for the still unpublished part, had been deposited in the house of a friend at Copenhagen, which was reduced to ashes in the great conflagration of June 1795. All were destroyed; and with these he now lost all courage and inclination to supply the deficient volume.

An opportunity, it is true, presented itself soon after, of making its contents known to the world, if not directly for Germany. In England, where he was so well known, that almost every one who heard my name mentioned, inquired very particularly and cordially after my

father; and where his works, at least in Heron's abridgment, were so extensively circulated that I have myself found them in the possession of many country people, and an acquaintance met with them even in the Isle of Mull;—in England, the inquiry was made of me very pressingly, whether he would not publish this volume there in the English language? He declined this, however, partly because he regarded the making of a copy to be sent to me for translation, as more difficult than it really was; and partly because, with all his cordiality for England, he regarded it as unjust and improper, not to let the conclusion of his work appear first in the German language and in Denmark, to which it properly belonged, through the ministry which occasioned its existence.—

The same proposition was more than once repeated at a later period. First in 1802; and since I foresaw that he now would never prepare a German edition, and because at that time his mind had been entirely tranquillized in regard to his observations for the longitude, I besought him urgently to send me the manuscript, and permit the translation. My purpose was to connect with it a translation of one of the Arabic manuscripts sent home by him, and now in the royal library at Copenhagen, viz. the History of Zebid, which contains a complete history of Yemen from the division of the Caliphate down through the middle ages; further, to extract from Forskaal's shamefully neglected works on natural history all which did not relate to botany; and also to compile a general map of Arabia. My father, however, persevered in his refusal; which he afterwards regretted. During the campaign in East Prussia, the Earl of Donoughmore, at that time Lord Hutchinson, who cherished towards him a great respect, made through me similar propositions to him, and was desirous of arranging the whole business on the most favourable conditions, according to the standard of the relation which exists between authors and publishers in England. But at that time I no longer had the opportunity of making those historical additions to the Description of Arabia; the language had become less familiar; the sending of the manuscript to me was quite

hazardous ; and the transmission of the translation to England, from the tyrannical prohibition of all intercourse, was dangerous.

In the *Monthly Correspondence* of Baron von Zach, my father found some views and opinions respecting Mayer's method of determining the longitude, which he had little expected, living as he did in a remote corner, where the further developement of this science had remained unknown to him. Agreeably surprised at this circumstance, he made known to Baron von Zach the existence of his own observations, the earliest which had been undertaken in accordance with this system, and offered to communicate them. The readers of the Baron von Zach's Journal know how this offer was received by him and Bürg, and what judgment they pronounced, after his observations had been calculated by the more perfect tables of Bürg. This treasure for the geography of Asia is now preserved in that work.

The consolation not to have laboured in vain, and no longer to remain the subject of unjust misapprehension, sweetened the decline of life. He was highly gratified by the distinction conferred upon him in 1802 by the French Institute, in choosing him as one of their foreign members ; for although his dislike to the nation had been rendered still stronger by their revolution, by their conquests so full of woe to Germany, and by their now confirmed and tyrannical sovereignty, yet he ever acknowledged that no learned society could be compared in dignity and splendour with the National Institute of that period.

Another grateful occurrence of this period was, that through the favour of the then crown prince, now king of Denmark, an addition was made to his salary, corresponding to the increase in the expense of living which had occurred in Holstein since his first appointment,

From the time when this prince took the direction of the government, my father had ever enjoyed his decided goodwill, but without ever taking advantage of it to obtain any favour for himself. And although the celebrated traveller might perhaps be the first object of this goodwill, yet

the civil officer deserved it no less. His official duties, which consisted mostly in receiving and keeping the accounts of taxes, was certainly not of an agreeable kind, nor strictly appropriate to a man like him. He discharged them, however, with indefatigable diligence and fidelity. The mildness and indulgence of his conduct towards those from whom taxes were due, often at the hazard of personal loss and sometimes with personal loss to himself, as the increasing burden of the imposts converted even the active and industrious farmer into a tardy paymaster, acquired for him the gratitude of the subjects ; while the order and extreme conscientiousness, with which he discharged his official duties, secured to him the praise of the government.

From the time of his appointment till the year 1802, the duties of his office remained nearly the same. But from that period they were augmented, in proportion as the necessities of the finances gave occasion to the levying of new imposts. The first of the increasing multitude was a new tax on land and improvements ; for which the old registers had to be thrown aside, and new estimates and registers prepared. In the commission appointed for this purpose in our district, my father, in consequence of his official relations and his personal ardour, was the most active, and indeed almost the only acting member. In order to judge of the magnitude of this duty, one must conceive of a district of 24000 inhabitants, all country people ; where the property is all in the hands of the peasantry, and mostly divided up into small farms,—the smaller, the more productive the marshes. My father himself revised all the estimates, heard and decided upon the claims for abatèment. He laboured thus, during his seventy-first and seventy-second years, till late in the night ; and persevered in this course notwithstanding the failure of his eye-sight. The reader will recollect, that his eyes had suffered greatly in consequence of the drawings which he made at Persepolis ; they had received a sudden and more fatal injury through an unfortunatè imprudence in taking a solar observation, where he had forgotten to put the coloured glass in its place. Egypt also

and the desert had, in this respect, left permanent effects behind. But these night labours were incurable. He soon became unable to read; while for writing, he required a very strong light, and even then the lines often ran into each other.

This blindness, in regard to the unceasing progress of which he did not deceive himself, was a source of great affliction to him; especially as it threatened soon to reduce him to the necessity of resigning his office. Providence happily so ordered it, that he was relieved from this necessity.

My mother died in 1807, after many years of asthmatical sufferings, which finally terminated in a tedious dropsy of the chest. Her daughter and widowed sister, who for the last twelve years had again lived with my parents, were now relieved from the exclusive cares required by her sick bed, and were free henceforth to live wholly for the declining years of the hoary-headed man. My sister did not limit herself to this; she took charge of such duties, as he himself could no longer perform. This however was not sufficient; since his eye-sight continued to fail more and more, and what he wrote even with the greatest pains, was almost wholly illegible.

We and all his friends regarded it as one of the most pleasing rewards of his honourable and useful life, that a friend was found, who undertook the business of his office with the affection and devotedness of a son. His present successor, Gloyer, had been led to make the acquaintance of my father by a lively taste for geographical knowledge; to which indeed we are indebted for his very valuable and instructive Fragments upon the East Indies, chiefly upon the Indian system of imposts. This direction of mind rendered his intercourse so pleasant to my father, that the latter, finding his new friend was bound by no other duties, proposed to him to become his assistant and a member of his household. Gloyer acceded to his wish; and the government, at my father's request, (September 1810,) officially recognised his friend as his assistant in office. Gloyer now divided the duties with my sister; and I repeat it, the consolation of being able to intrust

to such a friend and such a daughter the honour and duty of transacting his official business, was one of the kindest rewards of Providence. My father felt it to be so. But he did not suffer himself to become a stranger to those duties; he continued to retain the thread of them unbroken, long after he became blind; every thing was read and discussed in his presence. In Gloyer's conversation and daily intercourse, many an image of the East which had become indistinct, revived again; and he also read aloud to my father, or repeated to him the contents of new works and books of travels. This was for him, without comparison, the most attractive of all recreations. When I could relate in my letters to him, something from the mouth of a traveller recently returned from the East, or out of some book of travels which I had received, but which was yet unknown upon the continent, his spirit seemed to revive again from the very bottom of his soul; and he dictated an answer full of the vivid perceptions of his own mind. The more recent notices also of this kind, impressed themselves deeply and distinctly upon his mind until his death, just as in a more youthful memory; and united themselves with the results of his own observation and experience.

To myself the happiness was denied of contributing to cheer his declining age in any other way than by such communications; for which indeed the materials became ever more and more scanty, in consequence of the shutting up of the continent. It was however very gratifying to us both, that my entrance into the Prussian service was connected with various journeys on public business, which afforded me more frequent opportunities of visiting him. Our visits always made him happy; and the filial and affectionate tenderness of my (first) wife, which he received and returned in a manner quite unusual with him, rendered these visits seasons of peculiar felicity.

Among the pleasing enjoyments of his old age, must also be reckoned the intercourse with a family nearly related to us, and which had removed to his place of residence; indeed its members were to him as children and grandchildren. Universally loved and revered, he

numbered also many other friends, whose intercourse was very dear to him. But all these sources of cheerfulness to the soul, were so much the more important to him, the more heavily the ills of age continued to press upon his corporeal frame. With a phlegmatic temperament, his person was yet stout and very full-blooded; and occasional blood-letting had now become the more indispensable to him, because his constitution had been for many years habituated to it. Unhappily he took it into his head, that he ought to omit this on account of his great age; and could not be induced by any warnings or representations to give up this idea, until dizziness, apoplectic stupor, and spitting of blood, had brought him into the most imminent danger. These symptoms, which began to shew themselves about the time of my mother's death, returned afterwards, in a greater or less degree, almost every spring and autumn; until in October 1813 he was seized with a violent hemorrhage through the nose; against which, nevertheless, his strong constitution was able to hold out.

With no weariness of life, but yet satiated with life, he often expressed himself during that great year, as ready and desirous to depart and rejoin his wife, if God should call him; yet he would gladly wait and learn how the destiny of the world would be decided, and gladly once more see his absent children.

His wishes were fulfilled. But first he had to experience the visitation of the hostile irruption into Holstein.* But the distress and anxiety which this brought with it, were by no means equal to the heartfelt joy with which he regarded the general deliverance and the triumph of Germany and her allies.—The position of Ditmarsh, at a distance from any great road, and where only light troops could be sent, occasioned more danger of military excesses. Meldorf indeed was actually alarmed in this manner by a detachment of Mecklenburg troops, with which a rapacious commissary, through threats of plunder

* This refers to the expedition of Bernadotte against the French and Danish corps in Holstein, after the battle of Leipzig in 1813.
—Tz.

and conflagration, extorted a contribution. To avoid the occurrence of similar atrocities, General von Clausewitz, then a colonel in the German legion, provided my father with a guard.

One of the tokens of increasing feebleness, and a consequence of the apoplectic symptoms above mentioned, was a weakness in one of his legs, which several times occasioned a misstep or slip. This circumstance, although unpleasant, yet remained without evil consequences; until, by an unfortunate fall in the beginning of March 1814, his right leg received an injury, which resulted in permanent lameness. He was never afterwards able to place his foot upon the ground; he could move only with pain by the help of others; he was taken out of bed only in the afternoon and placed in a chair with rollers. He probably cherished for a long time the hope of recovery; but so great was his patience, that even the distrust which must unavoidably have forced itself upon his mind against this hope, could not disturb his saint-like composure and resignation. Gratitude towards Gloyer, who assisted in moving him, and who was unwearied and even inventive in his endeavours to occupy and cheer him, as also towards my sister who devoted herself wholly to him, towards his sister-in-law, and towards every one who showed him kindness, rendered his situation even happy.

Thus we found him in the autumn of 1814: and a more pleasing image could not remain to us, separated from him as we were necessarily again. All his features, with the extinguished eyes, had the expression of the highest weary old age of an extremely strong constitution. One could not behold a more venerable sight. Thus a Cossack, who during the war found his way as an unbidden guest into the chamber where the silver-haired patriarch sat with uncovered head, was so struck with the sight, that he manifested towards him the highest reverence, and treated the house with sincere respect and good-will. The serenity of his temper was unbroken; and he often repeated, how gladly he could now go home, since all that he had wished to live for, was accomplished.

Indeed, had his life been spared a few months longer, he would have felt the bitterest grief from the death of his beloved daughter-in-law; an event which none of us at that time anticipated as so very near, though fearful that it must be looked for at a period not far remote.

A numerous and still unbroken family circle were gathered around him; and he himself, except perhaps when some day of particular illness occurred, was full of heartfelt joy over the change of times, and ever ready to converse. We succeeded in drawing from him continued recitals of his travels; which he at this time gave us with peculiar fulness and sprightliness. Thus he once spoke for a long time and much in detail of Persepolis; and described the walls on which the inscriptions and bas-reliefs of which he spoke, were found, just as one would describe a building which he had recently visited. We could not conceal our astonishment. He said to us, that as he lay thus blind upon his bed, the images of all that he had seen in the East were ever present to his soul; and it was therefore no wonder that he should speak of them as of yesterday. In like manner there was vividly reflected to him, in the hours of stillness, the nocturnal view of the deep Asiatic heavens, with their brilliant host of stars, which he had so often contemplated; or else their blue and lofty vault by day; and this was his greatest enjoyment.

Once more, in the beginning of winter, he was seized with a hemorrhage through the nose so violently, that those around him expected his death; but this also he survived. Towards the end of April 1815, the obstruction which he had long suffered in the chest from phlegm, grew much worse. His friendly physician alleviated the difficulty, which, as his family supposed, was more troublesome than dangerous. Towards evening on the 26th of April 1815, he desired some one to read to him, and asked several questions with entire consciousness. He fell again into a slumber, and died without a struggle.

His funeral was attended by a multitude of people from every part of the district. In the memory of the oldest inhabitants, no one had died there so universally

lamented. The interment was solemnized with all the honours, by which their veneration and affection could be testified.

He had reached the age of eighty-two years and six weeks. Besides the Danish title of Counsellor of State, and others connected with his office, he was Member of the Academy of Sciences at Göttingen, of the Swedish and Norwegian Societies, and of the Society of Natural History ; and was also Foreign Associate of the French National Institute.

In person he was almost under the middle size, very strong and robust, until his fortieth year spare, but afterwards thick-set and corpulent. There is only one engraving of him extant, prefixed to a volume of the *Allgemeine deutsche Bibliothek*, badly executed from a tolerable portrait out of that earlier epoch. His form and air, the large head, the short neck, his motions, all gave him an entirely oriental appearance. Had one seen him among Arabs from behind, in the oriental costume, especially while walking in conversation and moving his hands, it would have been difficult to distinguish him as an European. This has often occurred to me, when I have turned in the streets to look after Moors from Barbary.

He was in the utmost degree frugal ; to which indeed he had been accustomed from his earliest youth. As a countryman, he drank nothing but water and milk. At a later period, and only because he every where followed the customs of those with whom he associated, he drank a very little wine. He had no favourite dishes, except the peasants' food of his native place.

He was, and remained all his life long, a genuine peasant ; with all the virtues, and with the lighter faults, of his native condition. It cannot be denied that he was self-willed ; it was extremely difficult to draw him off or persuade him from an idea which he had once adopted ; he always returned back again to the same. With equal firmness, also, he retained his prejudices for or against persons. But it was this same perseverance which gave him power to fulfil his calling, during the most important season of his life.

His character was without a spot; his morals in the highest degree severe and pure. In all the relations of life he was unassuming and yielding.

His mind was wholly bent on direct perception and observation. Abstraction and speculation were foreign to his nature. He could conceive of nothing but as concrete. As to books, in respect to the truth of the contents he was without indulgence; the simplest form was to him the most pleasant. With poetry he was unacquainted, excepting Homer in the translation of Voss, Hermann and Dorothea, and the popular songs of the country. He was pleased with the romances of Fielding and Smollet; others he had never read. He was interested in architecture, indifferent towards painting and sculpture, but a lover of music.

He lived only to observe, and to store his mind with the fruits of his observation. A friend of the same age, who made a short journey with him when they were already both old, remarked in silence, and loved afterwards to relate, how in the fields and villages he always found something to notice, and always knew how to elicit the information he wanted. In his sixty-eighth year he visited the same friend at his own house, where he had never been before. The morning after his arrival, he caused the door to be unlocked for him at four o'clock; and before breakfast he had walked through and around the whole city, and had so impressed the image of it on his mind, that from his description they could name to him every edifice and every house respecting which he made inquiries.

With this exclusive propensity and direction of mind, he was not uneasy in regard to the things of the invisible world. He advanced towards those unknown regions in the fulness of a pure conscience. He believed in the interpositions of an overruling Providence for himself and his family; because he thought he had evidently experienced them in the course of his life. It is remarkable, that this man, so little under the power of imagination, during the night in which his distant brother, of whose sickness he knew nothing, died, should have waked us in

order to tell us that his brother was dead. What it was which thus affected him, whether awake or in a dream, he never told.

As during his travels he had prescribed to himself his duties in their widest extent, so the recollection of those instances never faded from his mind, where he had been compelled to sacrifice his fixed purpose to another's will, or to other hinderances. He cast upon himself on this account reproaches, the injustice of which we could never make him calmly feel; and this self-tormenting spirit increased with his age, in a manner which caused us many melancholy feelings.

Acknowledgments of his merits from scholars acquainted with those subjects, like Reiske, De Sacy, and Rennell, afforded him high gratification; for empty honours and for vanity he was wholly inaccessible. The patent of nobility offered him by the minister Guldberg he declined. The title which, according to the custom of the Danish army, he bore as an officer of engineers, led one of his relatives to ask him, whether he had been ennobled? "No," he replied, "I would not do such disrespect to my family." He judged that whoever did this, did not regard his descent as sufficiently honourable.

He founded and has left for his posterity a higher nobility. To this day no traveller returns from the East without admiration and gratitude for this teacher and guide, the most distinguished of oriental travellers. None of those who hitherto have followed him, can be compared with him; and we may well inquire, whether he will ever find a successor who will complete the Description of Arabia and be named along with him?

APPENDIX.

FROM THE 'LEBENS BESCHREIBUNG' OF J. D. MICHAELIS.

Translated from the German by Prof. Robinson.*

The commencement of the expedition sent at my suggestion to Arabia, at the expense of the king of Denmark, occurred during the seven years' war. The history of it, so far as I was in any way concerned with it, is as follows: I had written to the late Count Bernstorff, that we yet knew very little respecting Arabia Felix, and that much might be gained for science by sending an intelligent traveller thither, especially for geography, natural history, philology, and the interpretation of the Bible; and I ventured to suggest, whether the king of Denmark,

* J. D. MICHAELIS *Lebensbeschreibung von ihm selbst abgefasst, mit Anmerkungen von Hassencamp*, Rinteln und Leipz. 1793. This autobiography was written by Michaelis near the close of his life, more than twenty-five years after the events here described. The earliest account which he gave of the origin of the expedition, was in the preface to his hundred 'Questions' prepared for the travellers: *Fragen an eine Gesellschaft gelehrter Männer u. s. w.* Franckf. 1762; printed also in French, *ibid.* 1763. As I have deemed it no more than an act of justice to Michaelis, to give in this appendix his own latest statements and explanations, in regard to his connection with this expedition; so I also think it right to give below some extracts from his other previous statements, even at the risk of prolixity and partial repetition. I do this, because the reader will perceive, that there are some discrepancies between the accounts of Michaelis and those given in the preceding article; and it is therefore also proper that he should know, that there are discrepancies in the different statements of Michaelis himself. The extracts alluded to are given in a subsequent note. Under such circumstances the reader will not fail to perceive, that the weight of authority is altogether on the side of Niebuhr.—Tz.

who had done so much for the sciences, could not send a learned man thither by way of Tranquebar? Only he must be no missionary nor clergyman. This was a very limited plan, which soon expanded itself under Bernstorff's hands. So far as I recollect, I had to write out a full dissertation; Bernstorff laid it before the king; the king approved of it; and I was to take the direction of the expedition, and propose the traveller. The instructions which the king gave the travellers, and which stand before my 'Questions,' were wholly drawn up by me. The selection of a person for the journey, thus unexpectedly referred to me, was at first difficult; but it was soon known at Copenhagen, that such a commission had been given me; and thus it happened that Von Haven, a native of Copenhagen and a very diligent pupil of mine, proposed himself to me for the journey, and that very urgently. This occasioned me real embarrassment. I could, indeed, scarcely have found any one better qualified than he; for he had already made considerable progress in Arabic, which was so necessary for the journey, and had exercised himself under my guidance in reading manuscripts; he had heard nearly all my courses of lectures, and especially those on the Bible, in which mention was so frequently made of what was properly to be sought for in the East; and scarcely any one could be better prepared than he, to understand the questions which I should propose. Besides, he was a Dane by birth, and had family connections of some distinction. But I hesitated, from the very first, as to his bodily powers; and it seemed to me, that his physical constitution would not sustain the fatigues and hardships of such a journey. I represented this to him immediately and repeatedly; but he assured me, that he anticipated no danger, and persevered in his purpose, not only with earnestness, but almost with enthusiasm. There was still another peculiar circumstance, which rendered it in a manner impossible for me not to propose him. About eighteen months before, conceiving himself to have been misused by me, he had made use of abusive language towards me; after a few months he had repented of this,

and had voluntarily and very earnestly asked my pardon in writing, and begged permission to attend my lectures again; for he had before threatened, that he would never more attend them. What now would have been said of me, if under these circumstances I had refused his request? I proposed him therefore to Bernstorff; but yet in such a way, as not to leave out of sight my only scruple, in regard to his health. The proposal was immediately approved; and the only further question was, whether any thing more was necessary for his further preparation? The king had also the generosity to send him, if I remember right, a year and a half or two years to Rome, in order that he might there make himself beforehand more fully acquainted with the Arabic, than was possible here at Göttingen.

In the mean time, without any co-operation of mine, the plan of the journey fortunately expanded itself to a much greater extent than I at first had ventured to suggest. I had only said, in general, that natural history and geography ought also to be a principal object of the expedition. The king, who was ready to bear the expense of the whole, directed me, through Bernstorff, to name also a traveller in the department of natural history. Here the choice was made at once, as soon as the letter was opened. I could not find a better man than Forskaal, a Swede by birth, who had studied natural history in his own country, and become acquainted with the Linnaean system; had been my hearer in all my lectures, and consequently understood just what a traveller in the East had to do; had made as much progress in Arabic as Von Haven when he left Göttingen, and perhaps more; learned easily every thing which he undertook; was withal a greater doubter, and did not believe on light grounds; and who, besides all these qualifications, was a man of firm health and undaunted courage. But he had already left Göttingen; and it was somewhat difficult to engage him. When I first wrote to him, he was desirous of remaining in his own country; and his father too made objections to this distant journey. I wrote to him again, and represented to him not only the interesting and encouraging

prospects which this journey opened for him; but also, that in consequence of what had taken place, he could hardly hope for preferment in his own country. I knew already so many of the circumstances, that my suggestions made an impression upon him. He accepted the appointment, and that just at the right time.*

I now received anew the commission to select a mathematician. I soon found a skilful young man; but he became undecided again, and preferred to remain in Hanover. Even the minister Münchhausen, who wished to employ him at home, wrote to me, desiring me not to urge him. I gladly left to the service of his own country a man, who would have entered upon such a journey unwillingly. I now requested Professor Kästner to procure some one; and he proposed Niebuhr, the only one who survived the journey, and who has described it in so masterly a manner. Another fortunate circumstance also occurred. I was requested to name the person, to whom the money concerns of the expedition might best be entrusted, and I named Niebuhr; for he had property of his own, was a solid, sober young man, and had already been, while a student, if I recollect right, the guardian of the son of his own former guardian.†

* The following anecdote of Forskaal is also related by Michaelis, *Lebensbeschr.* p. 65. "I learned Swedish of him, and said to him once, that the Swedish *Vriheet* (freedom) was something wholly different from our *Freiheit*; in Sweden no one could utter his opinion aloud, much less print it; and that was what we called slavery. This was under the domination of the so called *Hütte*. [Two parties, under the denomination of *Hütte* and *Mützen*, Hats and Caps, at this time distracted Sweden.—Tr.] Our conversation afterwards turned very often upon this point. What I said, fell into so good a soil, that it bore fruit an hundred fold. After his return to Sweden he attempted to maintain the freedom of the press; he wrote and printed, and that too against the dominant party. This made a great noise; and he lost his hopes of obtaining any preferment in Sweden. Indeed it is related, that a person of high standing, having once sharply reprimanded him for his writings, in consequence of his persevering contradiction, let fall something about the danger of losing his head. 'True,' replied Forskaal, 'but not now;' exhibiting at the same time his appointment from the Danish government to the Arabian expedition, which he had just received."

† The following extract is from the volume of Questions men-

Shortly before the departure of the expedition, it was decided to send two additional members, a physician, and a draughtsman or painter. With the selection of these I

tioned in the preceding note, and contains the previous statements of Michaelis respecting the origin of the expedition there referred to. After recounting the motives which led him to wish for such an expedition, he proceeds in the following manner. (*Vorrede*, p. 11.)—*Tr.*

“ I ventured to mention something of this in a letter to Count Bernstorff, and received immediately a request to make out a more complete plan. This was laid before the king, who approved it, and directed that I should propose a proper person to undertake the journey; whom, after some years of preparation at his expense, he would send to Arabia.

“ It was not prescribed, of what nation he should be; *but my joy was doubled*, when I found among my pupils a native Dane, who had devoted himself to the study of the oriental languages, not from any duty or ulterior object, but merely from inclination, and who wished to see the East. He knew already what I regarded as the deficiencies in our knowledge, which must be there supplied; and I could propose no one, from whom I expected more than from him. This was Von Haven; whom the king appointed before his departure Professor at Copenhagen. He continued here at Göttingen for some time, devoting himself to the oriental languages; but as our still new university was deficient in oriental manuscripts, and he consequently could not make here all the preparation necessary for such a journey, the king sent him for a time to Rome, in order that in the libraries there he might become beforehand more intimately acquainted with the East.

“ Hitherto there was still a great deficiency in the proposed expedition; which I indeed perceived, but did not feel the confidence to ask that it might be supplied, at the great expense which would be necessary. A single learned man, who has devoted himself regularly to only one branch of the sciences, cannot possibly accomplish so much as a company of learned men, each of whom follows his own branch. In such a company, the natural historian can aid the philologist, and *vice versa*; and both can assist the mathematician, and be assisted by him. Von Haven had several times spoken to me of this, not long after his appointment; and wished to have one companion at least, who should be acquainted with natural history. I was finally so bold as to make known this wish also to Count Bernstorff; and the bounty of the Danish king showed that I was wrong in not having made it known before. I was directed to select and propose a natural historian and a mathematician; to whom the king proposed also to allow a pension, so as to enable them to make preparation for the journey, and among other things acquire some knowledge of the Arabic language.

had nothing to do, and indeed could not be consulted; for the thing required despatch, and the post to Göttingen was much interrupted in consequence of the war. A painter I could in no case have well procured; partly because I knew nothing of the art, and partly because it did not flourish at all in Göttingen. A physician I might perhaps have obtained. I need only to mention the name of the person to whom my thoughts would have been instantly turned, Hensler, who was then a student at Göttingen. Had he joined the expedition, perhaps some of the deceased travellers would have remained alive; and what discoveries might not have been expected from such a genius!

“The mathematician appointed for the journey, and who was selected with the help of Professors Mayer and Kästner, is Niebuhr, a native of the territory of Bremen, on whom the king bestowed the rank of a lieutenant of engineers. He exercised himself farther in mathematics under his teachers above mentioned; and especially the late Professor Mayer gave him privately the necessary instruction, to enable him to take accurate astronomical observations. The little time which remained to Niebuhr from these most necessary occupations, he devoted to learning the elements of the Arabic language, which were indispensable to him, if he was to give an account of the geography of the countries through which he travelled.

“To select a natural historian *was more difficult, until I finally thought of one*, who required no further preparation for the journey. This was Professor Forskaal, a Swede by birth. He had been in natural history a pupil of Linnaeus. He had afterwards studied the oriental languages at Göttingen, especially the Arabic; and had lived again in Sweden since 1756. He is the same person whose dissertation, under the title *Dubia de principijs Philosophiae recentioris*, has found so many friends and opponents. I cannot deny, that the friendly candour with which in this essay he has contested some of my own positions, about which we had often disputed without coming to any agreement, contributed much to make me wish, that he should become a member of this expedition. I knew in general, that he did not easily yield belief, without being compelled by good reasons, and that he was a lover of the truth; and his dissent from my philosophy was to me a pledge, that out of deference to my opinions and views he would never suppose himself to hear or see any thing in the East, which he did not really hear and see.

“It was entirely accidental, that the three travellers were of three different nations,—a Dane, a German, and a Swede. This circumstance, however, was so appropriate to the impartial bounty of the king of Denmark, that I may term it fortunate.”

The first project was to sail by the way of the Cape of Good Hope to Tranquebar; and thence undertake the journey to Arabia. This plan, however, was happily changed. Bernstorff inquired of me, whether I did not think the way might be taken over Egypt and the Red Sea. I had not ventured to propose this, because it required a much greater expense; but I stated my preference for it, only with the remark, that it was somewhat more dangerous. It was adopted; and thus we have received a charming description of other lands, besides Arabia Felix. In another respect also it has been followed by important consequences, and has had a great and unexpected influence; which the English have known how to improve to good purpose. While Niebuhr was at Bombay, some of the English who were there, as he himself relates, received from him exact accounts of his route across the Red Sea. This was examined anew and tried, probably at first with commercial views; but during the war in which the English were engaged with France and Holland, arising out of the American revolution, they made use of this route to very great advantage, in order to transmit intelligence with rapidity to India. The French also have since learned the same route. The Danes, however, have hitherto derived no advantage from it; although they strictly deserved more than all the rest.

Several untoward circumstances conspired to hinder, or render difficult, the full accomplishment of all the objects of this Arabian expedition. My questions were forwarded in manuscript by Bernstorff, as soon as I had written them, after the travellers to Egypt. Unfortunately, however, they did not reach them there, although Bernstorff had used the greatest foresight. Niebuhr first received the questions in Bombay, before he returned to Arabia the second time; and answered them really so far as he could; yea, more indeed than could have been expected of him. But the greater part of these questions were not strictly intended for him, but for Forskaal and Von Haven; and they never received them. These

too would have understood my questions better, because they had attended my lectures in Hebrew; and knew too, that they were not to ask information of Jews and rabbins, but of native and full-blooded Arabs. What learned Jews say on many subjects, we know better in Europe already; and those Asiatic Jews, if they are learned, get it from the European rabbins. Consequently, the utility of my questions was in part lost; and they may perhaps, at a future day, be still better answered by other travellers.

The death of four of the travellers diminished the fruits of the expedition. Von Haven, respecting whom I had fears from the first, died; but Forskaal, for whom I had no fears, died also. The painter also died; and likewise the physician, who ought to have set a better example.* For these deaths no one is answerable; but had all the travellers lived to return, how much greater would have been the fruits of the journey! The loss was rendered still greater, by the circumstance that they kept no full and regular journals, as they were required to do by their instructions; relying probably upon their memories and the continuance of their lives. Niebuhr alone returned; and he accomplished much more than could have been expected of him alone.

He returned through Göttingen; and during his stay here he related to me orally so much, that I saw already, and wrote before-hand to Bernstorff, that he had brought back a rich booty from the journey. He would also gladly have left me some of his manuscripts and drawings, to examine at leisure; but this I declined, and preferred to wait till they were published. There was at that time in Denmark a party opposed to Bernstorff, which endeavoured to cast odium upon this expedition; and even perverted to this end the return of Niebuhr over Göttingen. They caused it to be inserted in Swedish journals,

* Every reader will probably be struck with the levity and heartlessness of this remark; but there is only too much reason to suppose, that it is characteristic of Michaelis.—Ta.

which were circulated in Denmark, that Niebuhr had returned by way of Göttingen, in order to lay before the Academy of Sciences there a report of his journey. This was certainly no agreeable compliment for Danish scholars; and I therefore felt obliged to request him, of my own accord, during his stay at Göttingen, not to be too liberal towards us.

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THE

LIFE

OF

EMMANUEL KANT.

BY PROF. STAPPER,

OF PARIS.

Translated from the French by Prof. Hodge.

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INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

The intimate connection between Philosophy and Theology, and the decided influence which the one has always exercised over the other, renders it impossible that those who are interested in the history of the latter, should be indifferent to that of the former. It is with confidence, therefore, that we present our readers with a view, drawn by an able hand, of the Philosophy of Kant. The influence which this system has had upon religious opinion in Germany, is so obvious, that it forms even for the Theologian one of the most necessary and interesting chapters in the history of the last half century. It is true that this system, reared with so much labour, pronounced perfect and indestructible by its author and advocates, now lies in ruins. From one end of Germany to the other, there is scarcely a man of eminence to be found, who will acknowledge himself a disciple of Kant. It is in its general influence and in its scattered principles, which have worked their way into the public mind, that its real effect is now to be sought. The view given of this system by Professor Stapfer, is perhaps more favourable, than the pious and distinguished author would, at this day, present. He doubtless, however, considers it as on the whole the most favourable to religion, and the truths of the Gospel, among all the systems which have hitherto appeared. But the fact that it has made way for, and been at least the indirect means of introducing the pantheistical systems of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel, must create a great distrust as to the soundness of some of its fundamental principles. That any evil can arise in our country from the principles or writings of Kant, there is little reason to apprehend. The obscurity arising from its peculiar terminology, which came well nigh consigning his system to oblivion, in its native land, would of itself constitute no inconsiderable obstacle to its progress.

And besides this, there is such a difference between the German and English character, that what is demonstration for the one, is no proof for the other. The Germans say that the English are deficient in profoundness; and the English, the Germans in sound judgment. And hence a system which may make great progress among the former, may make none at all among the latter. And it would really seem to be a moral impossibility ever to make an Englishman (and of course an American) profound enough to see the truth or reason of many of the systems, more or less prevalent in this country. The Englishman is happily, generally willing to stop at the first incomprehensible truth which he comes to, without attempting to deny or explain it. The German undertakes to go further, and explain every difficulty, which only results (at least in the opinion of the Englishman) in his increasing the number.

The reader will see a striking illustration of this remark in what follows. That every effect must have a cause, is for Reid, a primary truth: he says, he cannot help believing it, the constitution of our nature forcing us to admit it. But Kant will explain, and denies that this appeal to consciousness, is a sufficient answer to the sceptic who denies the truth in question. For this purpose, he has recourse to a theory, which involves the denial of what every man, who is not a philosopher, holds to be true; and at last in his turn comes to an ultimate fact, which he is forced to admit on its own evidence. It is not wonderful, therefore, that Fichte should say to Kant, what Kant says to Reid, you have no right to assume as an ultimate fact, what you cannot prove, you cannot stop short in your career, it is the philosopher's business to explain every thing. Reid would say that the constitution of our nature forces us to believe, that external things are not only real existences, but that they exist in forms independent of our manner of perceiving them. Kant says, this is stopping too soon; the ultimate fact is merely that things exist, their forms are only our manner of perception. Fichte says the same to Kant, and maintains that the things themselves as well as their

forms exist only in our minds, his ultimate fact is that the infinite all-comprehending principle exists, and stops nowhere until he arrives at absolute pantheistical Idealism; and even here, it would seem, that he is on precisely the same ground with the Scottish philosopher, whom he has left so far behind. For how does he know that the infinite (das Unendliche) the $\pi\alpha\nu$ or $\delta\nu$, or by whatever name it may be called, has a real existence? He can certainly give no other answer, than that he cannot help believing it, that the constitution of his nature forces him to it, that the contrary is absurd; but this is precisely what the unphilosophical Reid says at the outset, in behalf of common sense. Little danger can be expected from any system which calls upon us to deny a fact of consciousness; it is impossible that it should succeed in stemming the stream of the whole world. There is another safeguard in the English character, against the prevalence of systems which of late have had more or less sway in Germany, and which may be assumed without exposing ourselves to the charge of undue national partiality, and that is, that the English have greater reverence for moral truth. They prefer being inconsequent, rather than denying the first principles of morals, and hence are not likely to admit principles, which have led so many German philosophers to maintain that sin is not a moral evil, that it is mere limitation, a necessary condition, &c.; and that every thing which is, is morally good. No one will suppose, we mean to give a general remark, an universal individual application. There are thousands of Germans to whom such principles are an abhorrence, and there are thousands of Englishmen who perhaps would find no difficulty in admitting them. Still the characteristic difference exists, and is indeed admitted by the Germans themselves.

The view of the Philosophy of Kant which is here presented, is much the most simple and intelligible which we have seen, and will easily be understood by an attentive reader. He may, indeed, take offence at some terms, which are used in rather an unusual sense; but this difficulty could not well be avoided. The style in

the original (and much more perhaps in the translation) is somewhat involved. Professor Stapfer is a native of one of the German cantons of Switzerland, and hence his French has something of a German character. But as his ideas are perspicuous, and have passed completely through his own mind, it is hoped, that even under the disadvantage of a translation, he will be easily understood.

Berlin, Feb. 1828.

The following additional introductory remarks have been obligingly communicated to the Publisher by a Gentleman who has long been an ardent admirer and student of the writings of this *facile princeps* of German Metaphysicians, and it is hoped that they will bestow an additional interest to the brief narrative which follows.

The amazement into which Sir Isaac Newton's Discoveries threw the learned world as soon as it was able to comprehend them, sufficiently shews what little conception mankind had, that his natural faculties could rise so high, and spread so wide.

What Sir Isaac accomplished in PHYSICS, a century later, Kant achieved in ETHICS. Continental scholars saw with equal amazement and delight, MORALS cleared of the rubbish of the schools, and clothed for the first time in the strict simplicity of a rigidly scientific dress. But the agreeable surprise was even greater than before, as it had been long a current though most mistaken notion, that the domain of ETHIC was perfectly inscrutable by the unaided powers of man. This benumbing doctrine, which had obtained during the benighted period of the dark ages, was at once disgraced on the appearance of the stupendous discovery of the AUTONOMY OF THE WILL, where the MORAL LAW was seen to be unfolded from the Nature of the Will, and its obligatory force upheld on

the simple, though paramount authority of naked Reason. For this discovery—announced in 1783—Kant had prepared the way by a preliminary Inquiry into the *a priori* operations of the human understanding, *Critik der reinen Vernunft*, first published in 1781. In this Inquiry he confutes and overthrows every previous system of metaphysical philosophy, from Plato, down to Hume: and indeed all previous METAPHYSIC bears about the same relation to Kant's system, as the dreams of the alchemist to the beautiful chemistry of Sir Humphrey Davy, or as the Ptolemaic cycles and epicycles to the Subastral œconomy treated of by Newton. In the very outset of this disquisition, Kant begins by flooring Locke and Spinoza: advancing farther, he handles with as little ceremony Aristotle, Hume, and Berkeley: in the next chapter the aerial structures of Plato are demolished: and in the next again, the philosophemes of Leibnitz and his followers are utterly exploded. The work concludes by sweeping down the whole of the scholastic cobweb, woven by many a generation of Doctors Subtile and Seraphic, and given out, as good solid manufacture, under the name of Ontology, Psychology, Cosmology and Theology. Of these four pretended and abortive sciences, Kant made a full end. The main character of the *Critik der reinen Vernunft*, is therefore NEGATIVE. By it Kant only clears and breaks up the ground to which he intended to entrust the good seed of his own metaphysic.

But the work was not at first understood by the learned. This Kant immediately perceived from the absurd Reviews, brought out at Göttingen and elsewhere: he therefore threw the *Critique* into another shape; and in 1783 published what is virtually the same work, under the name of METAPHYSICAL PROLEGOMENA. By this time he was ready with his ETHIC, and simultaneously with the Prolegomena, laid before his countrymen the Groundwork of the Metaphysic of Ethics. This contained the POSITIVE result of his long and laborious thinking; and the reader who would have been daunted and deterred by the uninteresting nature of the mere negative re-

sult, was now as powerfully attracted by the dazzling and wonderful announcement, that the Human Will is,—as is the Will of every Intelligent throughout the Universe—AUTONOMIC and AUTOCRATIC.

The extraordinary success of the Groundwork, and the attention it received, were no more than what was justly due to the importance of the investigation, and the radiant brightness of its truth. The Groundwork, in short, was neither more nor less than an Inquiry into the supreme principle of morality, and answers for the first time the momentous question, on which all former moralists had stranded,—UPON WHAT GROUND HAS THE MORAL LAW ITS ETHICAL VIRTUE TO OBLIGE THE WILL? The solution of this question is given in the third and last chapter of the Groundwork, disclosing by the way—and as it were quite unawares—the most unexpected and astounding vistas into the surpassing excellence and majesty of the human soul. Every body was transported with the magnificence of the doctrine of the SELF-LEGISLATION of his own Will: and as no one can at any time become sated with contemplating the glory of the Law, so neither could he with admiring the borrowed glory of the system which revealed it. The whole literary world became converts to the theory of Autonomy: and Europe once more saw, what for two thousand years had been unwitnessed—a philosophic school arise in Germany, similar to the schools of Sages who formerly figured in Greece. In every part of Germany, there immediately appeared *disciples*, who, by necessary consequence, were also the *defenders* of the SELF-LEGISLATIVE system. These young men explained, commented, translated into Latin, and supported the CRITIK and GROUNDWORK: so that from 1783 till 1804, the period of Kant's death, his school reigned exclusively throughout the whole Protestant continent. The extreme popularity of the new SCHOOL called forth many bitter adversaries, and long and hot the metaphysic controversy raged during the close of the last century, betwixt the Kantists and the Antikantists. Garve, and other professors of moral philosophy, had to fight for their daily bread. They ran the risk of being

starved to death ; their lecture-rooms being deserted, as no student would listen to their effeminate and shallow ethic. Garve, Eberhard, and Herder endeavoured to explode Kant's system, and undertook the mad attempt of shewing that all his philosophy was known before, and was in fact a mere *risfacciamento* of Stoical, Aristotelian, or Platonic ethics. In this way the old systems were ransacked and stormed with the most indefatigable zeal. Most excellent translations of Cicero's Offices, and of Aristotle's Nichomachian Ethics, were produced by Garve, with notes and preliminary dissertations, intended to overturn the AUTONOMY. Generally speaking, more light was thrown on the old heathen systems of morality, and more books brought out on moral philosophy, in that brief space of twenty years, than probably had ever been since the world began. But all these attempts were vain. In 1786, Kant pursued the investigation he had opened in the Groundwork, by the celebrated Inquiry into the *à priori* operations of the Will, (*Critik der praktischen Vernunft*;) where, with the same gigantic energy, he blasts and dashes all former systems of moral philosophy, in the same way as in the Dissertation on the Understanding he utterly overthrew and ruined all hitherto existing systems of speculative metaphysic. His Inquiry re-examines the long-lost problem of the Summum Bonum, and contains a treatise of the most refined and wonderful beauty on—the Emotion Reverence—the Ethical *à priori* spring of the will. This investigation into the relation obtaining betwixt the moral law and the feelings of the human heart, is beyond all doubt the most interesting and fascinating part of our author's immortal work. In 1796 the Metaphysic of Ethic was completed, but bears, alas! too obvious traces of the great age of the venerable writer. These three books, however, contain an entire ethical system ; on these, Kant's fame rests ; and these alone exhibit the PROPER and POSITIVE results of his research.

It is an opinion very currently received, that Kant's system is on the wane, or has been already superseded by the later theories of Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Herbart. This is certainly a mistake, if we may judge

from the continued demand for new editions of his *Critiques*, and also for the Explanatory Commentary of one of his most distinguished pupils. Both the speculative and practical *Critique* have reached a *seventh* edition: bearing in mind the extreme abstruseness of those works—a re-publication of his main writings every seven years for the last half century, indicates any thing but a decline, and shews that Kant's books have maintained their character, notwithstanding the pretensions of those rival schools. But, in fact, Kant's discoveries can never pass away. The natural philosophy now taught, may not be prelected on, from the *Principia*, as a text-book: and the demonstrations given, may perhaps not be altogether those of Sir Isaac: but still the science taught is fundamentally his. In exactly the same way, the lecturer on moral philosophy may not speak of the "*Groundwork*"—he may discard the word AUTONOMY: but still, his Ethic, where true, is at bottom Kant's, and there is little doubt that those schools which affect to ape that of Kant, are mere parasitical off-shoots which live on the inbred vigour of the old gnarled oak which they disfigure and obscure. Very strong language has again and again been used by the Kantists when talking of those later pretended systems; and not without justice. They have denounced, with great bitterness, the whole modern fry of *Pantheists* as *Whirlheads*; but this is now no longer needful: the later schools are all rapidly returning to that nothing, whence they ought never to have sprung.

The following view of the philosophy of Kant, is by many regarded as the most simple and intelligible that can be offered to the notice of the student: but the writer of the present notice feels it necessary to say, that in his opinion, Professor Stapfer neither understood nor believed in, the system. However, as a Life of Kant, it is curious; and there are many striking incidents interspersed, which make the memoir well worthy of perusal.

Edinburgh, Dec. 1835.

THE
LIFE
OF
EMMANUEL KANT.

EMMANUEL KANT, founder of the philosophical school in Germany, which succeeded that of Leibnitz, was born at Koenigsberg, in Prussia, the 22d of April, 1724, and died in the same city, at nearly the age of eighty years, the 12th of February, 1804. If it be true, that the greater part of the philosophical doctrines which have formed epochs in the history of the human mind, bear the impress of the character and habits of their authors, even in the abstract principles upon which they are founded, it is fortunate for the appreciation of the philosophy of Kant, that the calm unvaried life of the philosopher of Koenigsberg, has been described with greater care, than the brilliant and agitated course of many of the most celebrated men of modern times. Messrs. Hasse,* Borowski,† Wasianski,‡ and Jachmann,§ all intimate friends of Kant, have published memoirs of their colleague or mas-

* Letzte Aeusserungen Kant's von einem seiner Tischgenossen, Koenigsberg. 1804, in 8vo.

† View of the Life and Character of Kant, revised and corrected by Kant himself. Ibid. in 8vo.—German.

‡ Emmanuel Kant in the last years of his life, by E. A. Ch. Wasianski, (his private secretary and table companion.) Ibid. in 8vo.—German.

§ Letters to a friend, respecting Emmanuel Kant. Ibid. 8vo.

ter, written with candour and simplicity, which merit more confidence than the compilation of an anonymous author,* or the fragments† of a biography of Kant, printed during his life, and under his own eyes. His family was originally Scotch, a curious circumstance, if we consider, that it is to the writings of Hume that we are indebted for the system of Kant. His father (a saddler, estimated for his tried integrity) and his mother animated by the strictest sentiments of piety, confirmed in him, by their precepts and examples, that confidence in virtue, which pervades in the highest degree, his system of morals. His father held all falsehood in abhorrence, and his mother, severe towards herself, required of her children the most scrupulous performance of their duties; and it is to her influence, that Kant attributes the inflexibility of his principles, which aided him in the discovery of the absolute rule of moral virtue, by the analysis of the phenomena of the moral sense, and led him to supply new supports to the hopes of religion. "I never," says he, "saw nor heard in my father's family any thing inconsistent with honour, propriety or truth." The favourable influence which such models exercised over his principles and life, no doubt contributed powerfully to penetrate him with the conviction, that the only means truly efficacious, of giving to the moral sense its proper development and force, is to impress upon men constantly the sanctity of moral obligation, and to confine all practical instruction to the object of inculcating its maxims without abatement, and presenting its image and precepts in all their severity, without soiling their purity, or weakening their force, by the alloy of vain rewards, or of a corrupt

* Emmanuel Kant's Biography, 2 vols. 8vo. Leipzig, 1804. The last two volumes which should complete this work have never appeared. This compilation is not destitute of merit, it contains interesting anecdotes drawn from the relations of travellers and from letters of persons who lived with the philosopher who is the subject of the work.

† Fragmente aus Kants Leben, Koenigsburg, 1802. The article Kant in the *Prusse littéraire* of the abbé Denina (vol. II. page 305 et seq.) abounds in errors and omissions.

emulation. What tended to confirm the opinion of Kant, as to the efficacy of this method, was his aversion to falsehood, which he inherited from his father, and which manifests itself in the principles and details of his system of morals. Every thing in man is connected, joined by some secret link. There is no question, but that the disposition of which we speak, was both the source and support of his love of truth, and that Kant thence derived at once, the courage to sound in all its extent the appalling abyss, which the scepticism of Hume had opened under the foundations of all human knowledge, and not to despair of being able to establish upon a surer basis, the shaken edifice.

But let us resume the consideration of Kant, at the time in which his parents committed him to the higher schools, furnished with a virtuous disposition, and conscientious principles. His academical life offers nothing but the peaceful course of severe, systematic, and persevering studies, embracing without apparent predilection, all the branches of knowledge which form the key of the practical sciences.—Languages, history, the mathematical and natural sciences, occupied, successively, his attention. He carried into each department of this extensive field, that scrutinizing spirit, and that avidity for knowledge, which give no rest to the mind, until it has explored the whole surface of the ground and examined its nature, sounded its depth, ascertained the limits of the portion already cultivated, and determined what yet remains to be accomplished. Fellow-student of Ruhnkenius, auditor of the mathematician Martin Knutzen, of the natural philosopher Teske, of the theologian Schultz, professors more learned than celebrated, Kant fulfilled, by his varied and profound studies, one of the conditions of the task which his genius imposed upon him; that of reducing to one central point, to certain fundamental principles, the mass of human sciences, of arranging and classifying them, of founding and connecting them, with a view of facilitating their acquisition, examination, and application. The moment seemed to have arrived, which called for another Aristotle, who should reconstruct the edifice of human

knowledge upon a more extended plan. None of the metaphysical systems which divided thinking men, could satisfy this desire of unity, which the human reason so imperiously demands, and which the philosopher of whom we are speaking, has shown, has such an intimate connection with the essence of this faculty. The anarchy which reigned in the schools hitherto dominant, gave renewed force to this desire. If the victorious manner in which Locke had combatted the doctrine of innate ideas; if the brilliant success which had crowned the researches of the disciples of Newton, and sanctioned the experimental method of Bacon, had progressively diminished the number of the adherents of the philosophy of Leibnitz, and thrown all metaphysics into discredit, especially all systems founded on *a priori* principles; the doctrine of Locke became in its turn the object of a distrust constantly increasing, and at last of the most decided reprobation, in the eyes of all men of talents and virtue, when it was seen, that the writers in France, who professed this philosophy, betrayed in their best efforts, its insufficiency for the classification of the human sciences, and introduced into morals, principles of materialism and selfishness, which degrade our nature, and which are rejected with disdain at the bar of conscience: whilst in the native country of Locke, consequences drawn from his principles with unquestionable justice, led Priestley to fatalism, and Hume to opinions destructive of all certainty. Such was the state of philosophy when Kant, by the vast extent of his plan of studies, was acquiring the means of presenting himself as judge of the most abstruse controversies, and mediator between the philosophical parties. The history of his labours is that of his life. His literary activity, which presents to his biographer the only events he has to record, embraces more than half a century, and may be divided into two distinct portions. To the first, in which he was preparing himself to act the part of the founder of a new school, belong the numerous and varied works, which he published between 1746 and 1781, when the *Critic of pure Reason* appeared. It was by these works, that, so to speak, he established his mission as the

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reformer of philosophy and the founder of a new system, as to the origin of human knowledge; and prepared the thinking public to receive with deference, and examine with respectful attention, his new analysis of the human faculties. The second period of Kant's literary career commences with 1781, and comprehends the writings in which he has presented, developed, and defended, the various parts of his doctrines, and terminates only a short period before his death. With a view to save space, we will reserve for a review of the works of Kant, the mention of those which were printed during the first period; and will confine ourselves here, to what may serve to explain the formation of his system and to present some general idea of its character. Certain hints furnished by himself * compared with those of his metaphysical treatises which belong to the first period, especially a Latin dissertation as early as 1770, which contains the embryo of all his doctrines, will be our guides in endeavouring to trace the progress of thought, which conducted him to the fundamental idea of his theory. Bringing to the consideration of the problems of the higher metaphysics, the determination of examining every thing without prejudice, and with the desire of submitting to nothing but evidence, decided above all to adopt nothing merely on the authority of others, he was, no doubt, supported in this difficult task, by confidence in his own resources, and by the conviction that he could, if necessary, open a new way, and discover new supports for the old and indestructible interests of man, if the ancient foundations should appear to him insufficient. But may he not have presumed too much upon his strength? May he not have paid himself, and made perhaps a whole generation pay too dearly for his confidence in human reason, and especially his confidence in his own? Of all the reproaches that can be made against the Philosopher of Koenigsberg, that of being urged to reconstruct the system of metaphysics by a love

* In a work entitled, *Prolegomena to all Metaphysics which would rise to the rank of a science*. See also the earliest of all his metaphysical writings. *Principiorum primorum cognitionis metaphysicæ nova dilucidatio*, 1755, in 4to.

of novelty, or the ambition of shining as the head of a sect, would be the most unjust and the best contradicted by facts. To exhaust the examination of all previous attempts, before commencing a new one; to render to each of his predecessors entire justice, in assigning to each the acknowledgments due for his labours; to present clearly those views of the truth of which we are indebted to each for the discovery; to mature during a whole life, ideas, of which the originality alone, would place their author in the rank of the most profound thinkers; and to neglect, in finally committing them to the public, every thing which could serve to render them attractive; is certainly not the part of a rash innovator, and much less of a Charlatan, or of a man actuated merely by ambition.

That which, at an early period, peculiarly struck the mind of Kant, was the marked contrast between the rigorously scientific form, in which, from the very infancy of the efforts of speculative reason, the science of logic had come from the hands of Aristotle, and the vacillating uncertain gait, which all other philosophical doctrines at every period of their history, have constantly exhibited, in their principles, methods, and results. Why has this section alone of the theory of the mind, assumed from the first, a march so firm, that it can be compared to nothing but that of geometry, since the days of Euclid? The forms to which the activity of the mind is subjected, when we consider the course of its acts in the formation of a judgment, or of a syllogism, detached from its object of application, forms, of which no man in his senses, has ever questioned, either the existence or authority in the whole range of human thought, since Aristotle has shown that they invariably regulate the operations of the mind in the formation of a proposition or act of reasoning; may not these forms, viewed in another aspect, be the laws which we believe to be drawn from the observation of nature, whilst it is we ourselves who impose them, so that nature, as far as her phenomena are concerned, is really by their means our own work? These laws of the understanding, may they not be simply the order prescribed to the processes carried on in the laboratory where human know-

ledge is formed? May they not be as a cement which binds our perceptions into one body of experience? In other words, may we not here see the means given to the understanding, for seizing on its impressions, converting them into a kind of intellectual possession, and investing them with a character, without which they would remain mere sterile and transitory modifications, without which they would not, in fact, really belong to us, and which alone can raise them to the dignity of conceptions, of notions, and of knowledge, real and important? This conjecture tended at once, to create a veritable ontology from the materials furnished by logic, and to erase metaphysics from the number of the sciences, or at least to banish to the regions of chimera, that which had hitherto borne the name. Although, in reviewing the earlier works of Kant, we perceive some traces of this idea in more than one of them; it is, nevertheless, certain, that the hypothesis of a radical identity between the principles whence the logician derives his precepts, with the primordial laws which ontology assumes the right of prescribing to the whole assemblage of objects submitted to our perceptions, did not at first present itself to the mind of Kant, in any other light than that of a plausible approximation, of a conjecture worthy of some attention, but by no means in all its importance and in all the extent of its bearings. It was by the lurid light of the torch of Hume, that he perceived of a sudden, both the one and the other; it was the theory of the Philosopher of Edinburgh, on the origin of the notions of cause and effect, which produced this idea in Kant, in presenting it to him, in its developement, at once, as the sole counterpoise to a scepticism destructive of all human certainty, of all connection between our perceptions, of all confidence in the results of the operations of our own faculties, and the only means of reconciling what the systems of Locke and Leibnitz offer, that is useful for the solution of the most important problems of metaphysics. A reformation of philosophy was desired as much by upright and virtuous minds, as by the speculative spirits of the age. If, on the one hand, the desolating and degrading doctrines of Hume and

Helvetius had revealed the inevitable tendency of the doctrines of Locke, when their defenders had penetration enough to discover, and courage enough to avow all the consequences of their premises; on the other hand, the efforts of such men as Baumgarten, Lambert, and Mendelssohn, had proved the impossibility of adopting the theory of Leibnitz, to the new wants of the intellectual and moral state of enlightened Europe.

The author of this article, should he attempt to reduce within the compass of a few pages, the exhibition of one of the most extensive pictures which the history of the human mind presents, would only be able to glance at a multitude of subjects without any instruction for his readers: he conceives it to be more useful to confine himself to the illustration of the main point, the generation of the fundamental principle of the Critical philosophy. In order to render this point intelligible, it is necessary for us to review the sceptical arguments of Hume, on the relation of cause and effect, or the principle of causality, as they are presented in the 4th, 5th, and 7th section of his Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding. It was these, to use his own words, which interrupted the *dogmatic* slumbers of Kant.* As this is the cardinal point with which every thing original in the views of Kant is connected, the reader who consults this article, not merely for the sake of some biographical or literary notices, but to form some distinct idea of the causes of Kant's metaphysical reformation, and of the true foundation of his doctrine, will not be displeased at the extent we are about to give to our exposition of the reflections, which led to the formation of his system. The substance of them is as follows:—"When two events succeed each other, or in other words, when the perception of the one succeeds the perception of the other, in our consciousness; if we imagine to ourselves that the second could not have existed, had not the first preceded it, we are immediately struck with the idea of a cause. Whence do we obtain it? Is it given to us *with* the per-

* *Prolegomena to all Metaphysics*, preface and parag. 14—30.

ception itself of these events? Locke and all the adherents of his analysis of the human faculties, in answering this question in the affirmative, never imagined, until Hume, that their opinion tended—to destroy the certainty of the axiom, that every event must have a cause—to deprive it of its characteristics of necessity and universality, and thus destroy, in its very foundation, all human knowledge, which rests on its application. Hume distinguished between necessary connection, and natural connection or junction; he denied that it was possible to discover any real connection between the cause and the effect. The effect, he says, we recognize as an event, distinct from that regarded as the cause, but in the latter we in no way perceive the germ of the former, we see merely the sequence of events regarded as cause and effect, (for example, a ball set in motion, on being struck by another; or the arm raised after a volition,) their connection neither is nor can be a matter of perception. If then, prior to, and independently of experience, the notion of that which is a cause, does not include the idea of efficiency, it is clear that the idea of causality can only be derived from experience, which can produce nothing more than the expectation of the probable sequence of two events, and not the idea of necessary connection, that is, of a connection which would involve a contradiction to admit the contrary.”* Reid,† one of the most zealous and able adversaries of Hume’s theories, candidly admits the truth of this observation: “Experience,” he says, “gives us *no information* of what is necessary, or of what *ought to exist*. We learn from experience what *is* or *has been*, and we thence conclude with greater or less probability, what will be, under similar circumstances, (for example, we believe that the stars will rise to-morrow in the east and set in the west, as they have done from the beginning of the world;) but in regard to what must necessarily exist, experience is perfectly silent; (no one

* See Inquiry concerning the Human Understanding, IV. 1.

† Essay on the Active Powers of Man, Edinburgh, 1788, in 4to. p. 31. Essay I, ch. 4, and Essay IV. ch. 2, page 279, also Essay VI. ch. 6, on the Intellectual Powers of Man.

believes the impossibility of the sun's having been made to rise in the west, or that the Creator could not have made the revolution of our globe from east to west.) Thus, when experience has constantly taught us that every change observed by us is the production of a cause, this leads us reasonably to believe that such will be the case in future, but gives us no right to affirm that it *must* be so and cannot be otherwise." This is an important concession, and decisive of the fate of Locke's doctrine. Yet, neither Reid, nor any of the philosophers opposed to Hume, were aware of the importance of the admissions which the sceptic had wrested from them, or of the impossibility of resisting his attacks, if they assumed the positions occupied by the schools of Locke and Leibnitz.—By what right do we affirm that no change can occur without a cause? If we confine ourselves to maintaining that all the changes presented to our observation, as well those which are attributed to an act of our will, as those which occur without us, have all had their efficient cause, our assertion may justify itself by our own experience or that of others. If we appeal to the intimate persuasion which we have, that no event will occur to contradict this experience, no one will condemn an expectation so reasonable. But this expectation, is it solely the result of an induction founded upon experience? Kant affirms not. Induction, says he, (and here is the generating idea of his system,) induction, whatever generalizing virtue we may attribute to it; induction, however large the base we assign to it, however numerous may be the facts furnished by my activity or external perception for its support; induction could never found an expectation, which would pretend to justify itself at the tribunal of reason, nor produce that sentiment of irresistible conviction with which we yield ourselves to this expectation, without being able to imagine to ourselves the possibility that it should ever be deceived. If this sentiment be a matter of consciousness; if it manifest itself in the earliest infancy with the force and tenacity of an old habit; if in announcing the proposition, *that every event must have a cause*, we have the certainty of its truth in all the cases which could have

occurred before our birth, or can yet occur in the course of ages, it is the business of the philosopher to explain *how* we have acquired this conviction. If without attempting to demonstrate it, he admits it as a primitive fact, as the Scottish school have done, this is very well; he at least does not give the lie to his own consciousness; the only result is, that there is a gap in his analysis of the human faculties, which is not sufficiently thorough, and fails to accomplish the conditions it had to fulfil. But if the author of this analysis, in boasting that he furnishes the means of accounting for the fact in question, far from explaining it, not only renders it impossible to conceive, but proposes a solution which is in direct opposition with some of the principal terms of the problem, it is evident, that by denying a fact of consciousness, he pronounces condemnation on his own explanatory hypothesis. This was the case with Hume, who, having adopted and developed the principles of Locke, availed himself of them to invalidate the doctrine of the *sufficient reason*, which, it is true, Leibnitz but feebly supported, but which he at least left it in all its integrity as a matter of intuitive perception. The relation of cause and effect, says Hume, exists in no way in the things or events which we observe; we do not derive the idea from experience; in two successive events, there is absolutely nothing in the one which can be called cause, or in the other, effect. From this observation, which is as just as it is acute, the Scottish philosopher drew the fair conclusion, that this bond of causality which we establish between things, is an operation of our own minds, and proceeds solely from ourselves. Until this point, Hume advances with Kant, supported by incontestable facts and arguments. But here they separate. Wishing to explain whence arose this operation of our minds, which establishes the law of causality between different events, instead of searching for the ground of this operation in the nature of the mind itself, (which would have led him to the path pursued by Kant,) he thought he found it in the activity of the imagination, which places in real and necessary connection, what we have constantly seen united; and in the *habit*

which arises from this repeated association, of placing events which succeed each other, in the relation of mutual dependence, or of cause and effect. The insufficiency of this solution could not escape Kant. How can propositions which the moment they are proposed to the mind, strike it with an irresistible conviction, be referred to the same origin with those, which we conditionally adopt, on the authority of experience, with the express reserve that we will abandon them, the moment an opposite experience occurs to contradict them? The mind rejects every idea of the possibility of an exception ever occurring, which can set limits to the universal application of propositions of the former class, (such as geometrical truths,) while those which rest on experience, although it be repeated a million times, can never have any thing more than a conditional or hypothetical certainty, exposed to the chances of future experiences, which may completely disprove them. (For example, in affirming that every organized being must die, that all wood is combustible, we do not pretend to maintain that it is contrary to reason, to suppose that an organized being may one day be discovered which escapes death by a periodical renovation, or that some species of plant may not be found which can resist the influence of fire, as combustible minerals have been discovered; we merely mean to affirm, what is the result of observations hitherto made, and the belief that no experience will occur to contradict this result.) Kant was not slow in observing, that the arguments of Hume against the objective reality, (that is, really existing in the objects) of the principle of causality, were applicable to a multitude of our judgments on things, which we adopt with entire conviction, although the elements of which these judgments are composed, are not to be found in the things themselves. Such are all the propositions of pure mathematics, those which form the foundations of physics, of ontology, of logic; in a word, all such as have the characteristics of absolute universality and necessity, must have some other source than the impressions made by the objects. Hume saw nothing in experience, but an assemblage of isolated perceptions,

united in groupes by the imagination and memory. Kant, in separating, in experience, the elements differing in their nature and origin, was careful not to consider experience and the understanding as contrary and heterogeneous, as Hume had done: but considering the understanding and perceptions, as things opposed, he recognised, that it was from their concurrence, under the mediating influence of an indefinable self-consciousness, that experience is produced; that the understanding is the artificer of experience, our intuitions the materials, and that the instruments, laws of arrangement, or rules of construction, are identical with the modes of operation to which our intellectual faculties are subjected in their exercise. It is easy now to understand why Kant stated, in his principal work, the grand problem which he undertook to solve, in terms which have so often been accused of obscurity; *How are synthetical a priori judgments possible? Synthesis* is composition. A synthetical judgment, therefore, is one of which the terms, not mutually including each other, cannot, by analysis, be drawn the one from the other. We have seen, that according to Kant, there are propositions in which we attribute to external things, certain manners of existence, of which the idea is not communicated to us with or by the impression of these objects upon our sensibility, or (according to Kant's phraseology,) *receptivity*; we consequently add to this impression, which we derive from without, forms and conceptions which we draw from our own resources, and which proceed from the bosom of our own intellectual being. Thus, in the proposition, *every event must have a cause and produce an effect*; we may exhaust on the idea of the subject (i. e. *the fact, the given event, that which occurs*) the resources of the most profound analysis, we may examine as long as we please, we will never find in the idea of something which happens, either the idea of some other thing which must have necessarily preceded it, or something which must necessarily follow. There is then an addition made to the idea of the subject. But this attribute, this additional element, which adds to the other term of the proposition a quality which was not in

it, do we derive it from experience? Certainly not, if there be any justice in the arguments of Kant. Similar propositions are the following: "A straight line is the shortest distance between any two points; God exists; the world is finite; the soul is immortal; every thing in nature is connected; all the accidents which we perceive and which are susceptible of change, must be attributes of something which supports them and which does not change, that is, of a substance:" there is in all these an amalgam (*synthesis*) of a subject with an attribute which is neither derived from the idea of the subject nor from experience; and the judgments derived from this combination, are judgments *a priori*, that is, judgments independent of experience, judgments into which enter as elements, acts of faculties anterior to all experience and necessary to its formation.

Let us imagine a mirror endued with perception, or sensible that external objects are reflected from its surface; let us suppose it reflecting on the phenomena which it offers to a spectator and to itself. If it come to discover the properties which render it capable of producing these phenomena, it would find itself in possession of two kinds of ideas, perfectly distinct. It would have a knowledge of the images which it reflects, and of the properties which it must have possessed previous to the production of these images. The former would be its *a posteriori* knowledge; whilst, in saying to itself, "my surface is plain, it is polished, I am impenetrable to the rays of light," it would show itself possessed of *a priori* notions, since these properties, which it would recognise as inherent in its structure, are more ancient than any image reflected from its surface, and are the conditions to which are attached the faculty of forming images, with which it would know itself endowed. Let us push this extravagant fiction a little further. Let us imagine, that the mirror represented to itself, that external objects are entirely destitute of depth, that they are all placed upon the same plane, that they traverse each other, as the images do upon its surface, &c., and we shall have an example of objective reality attributed to modifications

purely subjective. And, if we can figure to ourselves the mirror as analysing and combining in various ways, the properties with which it perceived itself invested; (but of which it should have contented itself, to establish the existence and examine the use;) drawing from these combinations conclusions relative to the organization, design, and origin of the objects which paint themselves on its surface; founding, it may be, entire systems upon the conjectures which the analysis of its properties might suggest, and which it might suppose itself capable of applying to an use entirely estranged from their nature and design; we should have some idea of the grounds and tendency of the reproaches which the author of the critical philosophy, addresses to human reason, when forgetting the veritable destination of its laws and of those of the other intellectual faculties;—a destination which is limited to the acquisition and perfecting of experience, it employs these laws to the investigation of objects beyond the domain of experience, and assumes the right of affirming on their existence, of examining their qualities, and determining their relations to man.

We hope that we have rendered intelligible, how the philosopher of Koenigsberg, in generalizing the objections which Hume had directed solely against the authority of the law of causation, and in extending them to all those universal propositions, without which our perceptions could not be organized into a body of experience, and which are the foundation of our knowledge, was led to demand of himself; is it possible to prove the truth of *a priori* synthetical judgments? We have seen how, in searching for the solution of this problem, he found himself led to examine the foundations of our knowledge, and sound the depths of our intellectual being. The first step which Kant took into a career, entirely new for the human mind, brought him to a point which presented to him universal and absolute propositions, in a new light. Not proceeding from the objects observed, may they not emanate from the observer himself? Struck with the harmony, rigour, and absolutely unalterable authority of the laws, which regulate the operations of the mind, (and

of which the code proceeded from the hands of Aristotle, so admirably arranged, that after-ages have only spoiled his work, in pretending to enrich and improve it,) he conceived this important idea : viz. the mode of activity to which the understanding is restrained, in the formation of the notions of genus and species, of judgments, of syllogisms, categorical, hypothetical, disjunctive, &c., may be the very source of the ordering influence which we exercise over the impressions we receive from external objects ; the laws, in virtue of which the different judgments developed in the works of logic, are formed, are they not the very laws, according to which the mind becomes possessed of individual objects by intuition, reduces them to matters of knowledge, and binds our perceptions of them into a body of experience ? in a word, the laws of the mind, are the laws of the phenomenal world.

This idea, which a man, merely ingenious, would have rejected at first view as extravagant, presented itself to the penetrating and extensive mind of Kant, in all its importance, and in all its fruitfulness of resources, for the perfecting of philosophy. The moment it presented itself clearly to his view, he conceived the hope of undertaking with more success than his predecessors, the separation of what is purely *subjective* in our knowledge, from what is *objective*. From this moment he saw himself called to effect in the speculative sciences, the revolution which his illustrious countryman, the Prussian Copernicus, had produced in the natural sciences ; a parallel which presented itself to Kant's own mind, and which, as peculiarly adapted to characterize his philosophical reformation, deserves, for an instant, to fix our attention. What was the ancient definition of truth, the object of all metaphysical theories ? Truth, it was said, is the agreement of our representations with the things represented. But how establish this agreement ? how shall we ascertain that it actually exists ? Aristotle and Locke on the one side ; Plato, Descartes, and Leibnitz on the other, mark out different routes, and pursue different methods. The former search in our sensations the faithful image of the object, and study the impression

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to discover there the truth, and as it were, seize it in the fact; their rivals on the other hand, address themselves to the thinking being itself, and dare to interrogate the divinity to obtain thence authentic information, as to the essence of things and their veritable qualities. But whatever may be the difference of their results, that of their methods is more apparent than real. They all commence with the object to arrive at the subject; even when they appear to occupy themselves in the first instance, with the latter it is only so far as it is itself the object, and in its absolute qualities, that they regard it; it is not its faculty of knowledge which they examine to appreciate its laws and its reach. They all commence with demanding—what are things? and afterwards endeavour to determine what man can know of them. Kant reversed the order of the questions: he undertook to form, in the first place, a just idea of man, in so far as he is endowed with the faculty of knowledge, and thence to conclude, what the things, in which man is himself included, can, or ought to be, and will be, in consequence of the organization of this faculty, for a being which is restrained to its employment when it wishes to arrive at a knowledge of external things. We see that the course here pursued, is exactly opposed to that taken by the philosophers who preceded Kant. It is no longer man, who is modified by the impressions of external objects—his thoughts are not cast into their moulds and do not follow the undulations of their movements, either in virtue of their direct influence, or of the will of their supreme director: it is the objects themselves which are cast into the moulds of the human intellect, which incorporates them into the system of its knowledge, in impressing upon them its seal.—In assuming this ground, we must renounce the common definition of truth; we can no longer seek it in the agreement of the representation with the thing represented, but in the agreement which must reign between the phenomena, submitted to our observation and bound in the system of our knowledge, and the fundamental laws of our intellectual faculties:—the truth will no more appear to us to be the ex-

act outline of the objects, than the head of Antinoüs is the exact image of the wax which has received its impression. We will no longer revolve around the objects, by making ourselves their centre, we make them revolve around us. This is the Copernican reformation. To contest the originality of the views of the founder of the new school, it is not sufficient to prove that some sceptics, idealists, metaphysicians of the greatest celebrity have, before Kant, ascribed a large part of the qualities which we refer to external objects, to the character of our organs and of our minds, and should, therefore, be regarded as the defenders of the subjunctive origin of our knowledge. There is no doubt that Plato, Descartes, Pascal,* and d'Alembert, appear, each according to his peculiar views, to have had some glimpse of the new career which Kant has opened to the philosophical mind. But did they enter on this career themselves? Who ever thinks of ascribing the honour of the system of attraction to the authors, who appear to have had some notion of it before Newton? And it should be regarded, that Kant has not produced a new epoch by merely presenting the idea, that in our representations of external things, there is mingled with the impression received from without, that of our mode of receiving it. It is for having undertaken to determine with precision, what part, in all our sensations, perceptions, propositions, arises from our manner of feeling, perceiving and judging:—it is for having attempted to deduce from certain primitive facts, accurately observed and thoroughly analysed, the intellectual mechanism which constitutes the organization of our faculty of knowledge: for having founded upon this analysis a theory of the operation of the springs of thought: for having assigned to each of our faculties, its proper limits, its rights, and its range: finally, it is for having fixed the limits of the jurisdiction of each, and above all, the value of our title to the acquisitions or

* Pascal says, " Au lieu de recevoir les idées des choses en nous, nous teignons des qualités de notre être, toutes les choses que nous contemplons.

conquests, which reason has ever boasted of having made in the regions removed beyond the reach of our senses, that Kant may justly be presented as the author of the first system of philosophy, really *critical*, which has ever appeared. The result of this criticism is by no means favourable to the ancient pretensions of this presumptuous reason. Kant demands that it should renounce its barren excursions and imaginary conquests: he shows that the circumscribed soil of experience, is the sole domain to which it can attain, or where it has the right of exercising its powers, and that the cultivation of this soil, is the legitimate sphere of its activity and limit of its efforts. This is a process served on reason at her own tribunal. Such is the main idea and the general tendency of Kant's philosophical reformation. We now see, who excited this reform—how it arose in the mind of this author—why he has given his philosophy the name *critical*, and for what reasons his disciples call it the *formal* philosophy.

We confine ourselves to giving an exposition of the results of Kant's system, and refer our French readers, who have not the opportunity of studying this philosophy in the writings of its author, and who may wish to form an idea of it, more developed, to the works of M M. Villérs, * Gérands, † and Buhle. ‡ They will read with

* *Philosophie de Kant, ou Principes fondamentaux de la philosophie transcendante*, Metz, 1801, in 8vo. The author never renounced the idea of treating in a second part, and to greater extent, subjects which he had not sufficiently developed in the first part. A premature death prevented the accomplishment of this design, and of other useful projects,—among others, that of putting a finishing hand to an article on Kant, which he had prepared for the *Biographie Universelle*, but with which he was not satisfied, and therefore desired that it should be returned to him. He had committed that charge to him who has the grief of supplying his place in the execution of this task, without being able to submit the work to his inspection.

† *Histoire comparée des systemes de philosophie, relativement aux principes des connaissances humaines*, 3 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1804; tom. II. ch. 16, p. 157—253, et tom. III. ch. 13, p. 505—551.

‡ *Histoire de la philosophie moderne, depuis le renaissance des lettres jusqu'à Kant*, par J. G. Buhle, traduit de l'allemand, par

pleasure also the ingenious outline which Madame de Stael has given of this system.*

The reflections which we have retraced, having led Kant, to give a different foundation to human knowledge, from any which his predecessors had laid, and to shake the confidence which they had placed in certain proceedings of speculative reason, as though they were adapted to elevate us to the knowledge of objects, beyond the territory of experience, he saw himself called to solve, agreeably to his own principles, and in a manner satisfactory to all our moral necessities, the three problems, *What am I able to know? What am I bound to do? What am I authorized to hope?*

In order to separate from our real knowledge, the illusions which we associate with it, to determine what hold our faculty of knowledge has upon the invisible world, he commenced by submitting to the most rigorous examination, the instrument by which men construct their systems, that by which he thinks, combines, and reasons; in a word, his organ for the acquisition of knowledge, which one of his French interpreters has called *organe cognitif*. How do our intellectual faculties, transform as well the impressions coming from without, as the action of the mind upon itself into knowledge, real, useful, and sufficient for our wants? Do the objects which do not act upon our senses, come within the range? From his examination, the most patient and the most profound of which the annals of philosophy can boast, there resulted for him who undertook it, the fullest conviction, that our faculty of knowledge is solely given to us for the formation of experience: that in passing the bounds of experience it forgets its rights and abuses its powers: that speculative reason, notwithstanding the elevated rank which it holds among our intellectual faculties, is invested with no peculiar prerogative, with regard to the sphere of its

A. J. L. Jourdan, 1817, in 8vo. See the interesting articles of M. Cousin, on this work, inserted in the Archives Philosophiques, for July and Aug., 1817.

* De l'Allemagne, 1814, tom. III. ch. 8, and ch. 14.

exercise : and consequently that the most sublime as well as most ancient subjects of investigation and philosophical doubts ; *God, liberty, and immortality*, are beyond its jurisdiction and its grasp. Having thus placed these great and only true interests of man, in security from the attacks of reason, Kant transported them to a territory, which, according to him, is inaccessible to speculative objections, and which offers for the truths of religion an immoveable foundation. When he had finished his labours in reference to metaphysics and morals, he wrought over all the doctrines which borrow their principles from philosophy ; the theory of our ideas of the sublime and beautiful, that of the arts which propose to realize these ideas, natural theology, morals applied to the relations of society, to legislation and public rights. We now proceed to state the contents of his principal works, which may be considered as the essential and systematic parts of his course of philosophy.

I. *Critic of Pure Reason*,—(in 8vo. Riga, 1781 ; 2nd edition, *ibid.* 1787, with important additions, but at the same time with such retrenchments as render it necessary still to consult the former.) The title signifies, *examination of the faculty of knowledge*, of the powers which concur in its exercise, of their laws, of the play of their operations, and of the effects thence resulting for man, relatively to the impressions which he receives, to the judgments which he makes, to the conceptions which he forms, and to the ideas to which reason elevates itself. The epithet, *pure*, which Kant has here given to reason, that is, to the intellectual processes of which knowledge is the result, implies merely that he considers it in itself and in the forms inherent in the faculty of knowledge independently of that which constitutes the matter of our knowledge. This matter, are the impressions which objects make upon us. These impressions are then considered, classed, ordered, combined ; that is, submitted to the operation of thought, which forms them into conceptions. These impressions offer a multiplicity, a stuff, a *varium*, which the understanding reduces to unity. This reduction to unity, embraces either the totality, or

a part more or less considerable of the impression ; in the former case, is formed a representation of an individual object, whilst in the second, the partial reduction to unity gives rise to abstract notions, to the conceptions of species and genus. Conceptions are in their turn submitted to a superior faculty, which compares and combines them, and forms of them conclusions, notions of indefinite connection, ideas. The power of knowing, or organ of knowledge, is thus composed of three distinct faculties ; 1st, *Sensibility*, which receives the impressions and changes them into intuitions. The functions of this faculty include an active and a passive element. The influence exercised by external objects, supposes in the subject, an aptitude of being modified by this influence, and the power of re-acting on the impression ; a *receptivity* and a *spontaneity*. Sensation is passive ; it calls forth the lowest exercise of our activity ; it excites intuition, which is a production of spontaneity, in its lowest degree. The receptivity is then, an aptitude for receiving a sensation which furnishes the materials of a representation, a multiplicity, a *varium* : the spontaneity is the power of reducing this multiplicity, this *varium* to unity. We see, therefore, that the receptivity is only one of the powers which form the sensibility ; it receives from external things, or from the modifications of the soul, an impression, which produces a reaction of the spontaneity. From the concurrence of these two functions, from the access given to the impression which furnishes the material, the *varium* ; and from our activity, which produces the unity, arises the representation, or consciousness of the thing represented.

2d, The *understanding*, which forms conceptions, is the spontaneity exercised in a higher degree, the reduction of several intuitions, to unity at the same time.

3d, *Reason*, properly so called, (the spontaneity raised to its highest power,) forms conclusions by the reduction of several conceptions to unity, and ideas, in the strict sense, by adding to the conceptions of the understanding, the notions of the infinite and absolute. Each of these faculties has its laws, to which it is restricted in its exer-

cises, and which constitute its nature. To the sensibility belong *time* and *space*, which are the general *conditions* of all our perceptions, the frames in which all objects must be enclosed before they can enter within the sphere of our faculty of knowledge. This hypothesis, so strange at first sight, resolves the difficulties, which Kant regards as inexplicable in other systems. Without this, it is impossible to account for the character of necessity impressed upon all the notions derived from time and space—or understand how it is, that the most abstract idea, cannot disengage itself from their envelope, nor the most vigorous flight of thought, free the smallest portion of our essence from them. Upon pure space and time, that is, upon the *a priori* intuition of the forms inherent in our sensibility, anterior to all impressions, external or internal, are founded the mathematical sciences;—upon the pure notion of space, the certainty of geometrical propositions;—on the pure notion of time, the science of arithmetic.

The understanding operates in the same manner, according to its own laws, which Kant calls *categories*, (in a different sense from that in which Aristotle has employed this term,) and of which he has established twelve, divided into four classes. Under that of *quantity*, are included,—1. *Unity*. 2. *Plurality*. 3. *Totality*. Under *quality*,—4. *Affirmation*, or *reality*. 5. *Negation*, or *privation*. 6. *Limitation*. The class of *relation* includes the correlative notions,—7. of *substance* and *accident*; 8. of *causality*, or law of cause and effect; 9. of *community*, or law of action and reaction. Finally, under the rubric of *modality*, are ranged the categories,—10. of *possibility* and *impossibility*; 11. of *existence* and *non-existence*; 12. of *necessity* and *contingency*. Whatever may be the object, which we perceive, if it is to enter into the series of our knowledge, we must apply to it at least four of these categories at once, taken in the four different classes. All our conceptions, all our judgments, are subject to the same law.

Finally, the forms of reason, which unites and combines the conceptions elaborated by the understanding,

forms, which Kant calls, *ideas pure*, are—the idea of absolute unity or of simple being, (*idée psychologique*;) the idea of absolute totality, (*idée cosmologique*;) the idea of absolute reality, of the first cause, (*idée théologique*.) These ideas, in Kant's system, have no other power and no other object, than to excite man not to stop at proximate causes, but perseveringly to mount, without interruption, from link to link, to those the most remote, indefinitely to prolong the chain, to extend constantly his observations and researches, and never to think them sufficiently complete, nor ever to imagine that the whole is sufficiently connected and vast, or its application sufficiently useful and varied. Here some of the most distinguished of Kant's disciples leave him. Instead of attributing to a necessity of reason, the operations by which man assumes an internal unity or the *soul*, an external unity or *matter*, and rises to the *absolute unity* which is the foundation of all that is contingent, they see in the notion of the absolute, a veritable perception, and suppose that reason perceives the absolute, the fundamental being, the real and primitive principle of all phenomena, as soon as she perceives the relative and variable, that is to say, the phenomena. Instead of contenting themselves with the human and subjective reality, which Kant has assigned to man, as his patrimony, they wish to penetrate to the field, which, according to Kant's principles, is interdicted ground. Hence the strict adherents to his principles reproach the schools of Fichte and Schelling, with forgetting the limits which the critical philosophy had established, and with restoring to speculative reason, her confidence in those ambitious efforts and *transcendental* conquests, of which, according to them, *criticism* had demonstrated the vanity and folly:—for if we admit, they say, the analysis of the intellectual faculties, as contained in Kant's system, to be correct, the fundamental principles of which are adopted by the authors of the new hypothesis themselves, it is clear that the sole result which can arise from the exercise of these faculties, is a world of appearances, of phenomena, which is entirely subjective, and of which it is impossible

to say, whether it resembles in any manner the real world of *things in themselves*, (that is, considered absolutely and independently of our manner of perceiving them,) a world, which we have no means of perceiving what it really is. We receive from it impressions; but these impressions received by the sensitive faculty, clothe themselves with its forms, space, and time, and become objects extended, bodies, &c. The forms have, without doubt, reality *for us*, and the things really *for us*, receive their impress. As a seal which could not find itself in contact with wax, without leaving there the impression of the head of Minerva, could never see the wax under any other form than that of a substance, presenting on its surface the head of Minerva. But if the seal should imagine that the wax could not exist in any other form; if the mirror should imagine that the objects which it reflects are destitute of depth; if the *cylindrical* mirror should imagine that they all had an oval figure, prodigiously elongated; they would all commit the manifest error, of confounding a reality subjective and phenomenal, with a reality objective and absolute. These impressions, clothed with the form which proceeds from our sensibility—the understanding, so to speak,—remodels; it submits them to its own peculiar general laws, and presents them to us, as bound together by the law of cause and effect, or action and re-action, or by other laws, comprised under the twelve categories. It would be a great error to suppose, that these active faculties, which, according to Kant, are innate dispositions, originally inherent in our organ of knowledge, resemble the *innate ideas* of Plato and Descartes, or those which Locke imagined for the sake of combatting. The manner in which Leibnitz, in his *Nouveaux Essais*, has understood them, alone approaches to the pure, and active forms of Kant. Speculative or theoretic reason, finally, taking possession of the impressions as modified by the understanding, and presenting them to us (by the aid of the notion of the infinite, drawn from its own forms of activity) as absolute realities, or an absolute whole, elevates them to the rank of *ideas*, in the sense in which

Plato uses this word, and which Kant has restored to it. In this system, reason adds nothing to the impressions, absolutely nothing, which can furnish us with materials for throwing a bridge over the gulph, between the world subjective and phenomenal, and the objective world, or the things as they are in themselves. In endeavouring to clear this gulph by a *transcendental* flight, she consumes her strength in vain efforts ; and in complaining of being attached to senses of perceptions, which fetter her endeavours, she offers, to use a simile of Kant, the image of a bird, which complains of the resistance of the element which supports him, and imagines that he could fly much better in a vacuum.

Kant having given to the pure and subjective laws, of our faculty of knowledge, and the researches of which they are the object, the epithet *transcendental*, his philosophy has received the name of the *transcendental Philosophy*. We here close our outline of this system, as it is presented by its author in the *Critic of Pure Reason*, a work exhibiting perhaps more of boldness, profoundness, and independence than any other effort of the human mind. We see, that the object of this philosophy is to examine the possibility, the nature and the limits of our knowledge, and its result is to represent this knowledge as absolutely and immutably confined to the domain of sensible perceptions. Illusion and error commence as soon as we pretend to apply this subjective manner of perception to objects, as they are in themselves. Kant compares the domain which it is possible for us to know and cultivate, to an island, smiling and fertile, but surrounded by a stormy and rocky ocean. If theoretic reason, instead of confining her efforts and pretensions to aid our other *cognitive* faculties, in well exploring and cultivating this insular habitation, wish to direct its flight on the wings of her *pure ideas* to other regions ; if she imagine herself skilful enough to traverse this stormy ocean which surrounds the circumscribed abode, which has been assigned to man by his Creator, she finds nothing but chimeras and dangers, and wastes, in vain attempts, the time she ought to have employed

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in exciting the faculties of observation and conception, and in aiding their labour, which is alone productive, because it is directed to objects accessible to the senses.

To this main work, two other writings of Kant are nearly related.

II. *Prolegomena, or Preliminary Treatise to all Metaphysics, which can hereafter pretend to the name of science*, 1783, (this is the *Critic* re-wrought and exposed analytically,) and *Metaphysical Principles of Natural Philosophy*, 1786.

III. *Critic of Practical Reason*, (1 vol. 8vo. Riga, 1787,) that is to say, examination of the proceedings and rights of reason, in so far as she exercises a legislative authority over the domain of moral liberty. In this work, Kant points out the only thing, which it is given to man to perceive, in its essence, such as it is in itself,—and which thus becomes the link which binds him to the invisible world; this is consciousness of a moral law, the august and mysterious source of the sense of duty. As including certain absolute principles, which regulate the will and actions of men, Kant has given it the name of *practical reason*. In this sanctuary of his moral being, man recognizes at once that he is free, that is, that he possesses a will free from all necessity, and which constitutes him a moral agent, responsible for his actions. In this sentiment, where the soul is in contact with itself, where it is at once *object* and *subject*, man recognizes two primary laws, which announce themselves as regulators of his will, one which urges him to seek his own happiness, and the other which imperatively commands him to do good, to be virtuous without restriction, and even at expense of happiness. This law, which binds the being, endowed with reason, to good, is, in the last analysis, the principle of generalization, which forms the foundation of all syllogistic proceedings, but which, without real authority, in reference to the intellectual powers, exercises legitimately, its sovereign power in the sphere of moral actions. Kant calls it the *categorical imperative*, and expresses it by the following formula: “Regard constantly, the intelligent being as his own proper object, and never

as a means for the ends of others ;” and by this : “ Act always in such a manner, that your immediate motive might be made an universal rule in a legislation, obligatory upon all intelligent beings.”—(See Critic of Practical Reason, § 7, p. 54.) These principles are called *formal* practical laws, because they are not founded upon experience, and because they do not propose to the will, any *material* object ; that is, any enjoyment, connected with the impressions of external things, or modifications of the soul itself. The general rule obligatory for the will, is but the application of the *form* of reason, to human actions. This form consists in the desire of absolute unity, and in the faculty of subordinating every thing to it ; hence, reason, in exercising its normal power, prescribes to the will to realize unity in all its resolutions ; that is to say, to take no account of affections, tastes, wishes, advantages, interests, and wants of the sensible nature, or peculiar position of intelligent beings ; in a word, not to abandon itself to the influence of *material* principles, (drawn from external impressions,) but to conform itself, in its determinations, to the views which are in accordance with the interests of all beings endowed with reason, and which might serve for universal legislative principles. Reason then presents her own form, to the will, as the only motive for its decision, truly moral, and becomes *practical* in making the will adopt her principle of unity, as the prevalent rule of its free actions. As the physical organization of man is one of the conditions to which is attached the developement of his consciousness ; the activity of his intellectual powers, and exercise of the functions of practical reason ; the art by which reason reveals to man the existence of the absolute moral law, should be regarded as a promulgation of this law, by the author of our organization, and as a manifestation of his will. With respect to the other fundamental law of active beings, that which prompts them to the search of happiness, Kant bids us observe, that the secret voice of conscience announces the virtuous being as alone worthy of happiness, and he calls the sovereign good, the state of felicity, where virtue and happiness are united in the

same subject. But as, in the present state of things, these two fundamental laws of the sensitive and moral being, are in constant opposition, and as it too often happens, that virtue and happiness are united in very unequal proportions, Kant thence argues the necessity of another life where these laws will be equally satisfied, and as an immediate corollary, the necessity of the existence of a judge, omniscient and almighty, who will assign to each his due portion of happiness. In order to complete our notice of the more important considerations, which establish the indissoluble union of moral and religious principles in the system of criticism; it is necessary to state here, their result in favour of the continued existence of the moral being, founded upon the task of progressive advance to perception, which his practical reason imperiously imposes upon him, but which he can never fully accomplish, whatever may be his efforts or the extent of his career. It is by these views, that Kant has placed the court of conscience beyond the attacks of sophistry; that he makes the certainty of the immortality of the soul, and existence of God, result immediately from the constitution of our nature, by founding this certainty, not on science or demonstration, but on the necessity of accomplishing the moral law.

The developement of the principles, upon which the *Critic of Practical Reason* rests, and their application to various branches of morals, are the object of two other works of Kant, entitled: *Basis of a Metaphysics of Morals*, 1784, and, *Metaphysical Principles of the Doctrine or Theory of Virtue*, 1797. The principles of the Kantian morals, have been exposed with a great deal of clearness, and combatted, with candour and impartiality, by C. Garve, in his *Review of the Principal System of Morals*, Breslaw, 1798, (page 183–394.) This examination, written in the closing period of a distressing malady, which terminated the life of one of the most distinguished moralists of modern times, is dedicated to Kant himself.

IV. *Critic of Judgment*, (one vol. 8vo. Liban, 1790.) It is by the faculty of judgment, that we judge of all kinds of agreement and proportion, and consequently of

the accordance of means with their end ; of final causes ; of the agreement of laws, and things in the universe ; of the conformity of actions, with the rules of what is right and proper ; of the degree of pleasure or pain which attends our sensations and sentiments, which is nothing more than the degree of their harmony, or discordance with the play of our organs,—the developement of our vital energy,—and with the functions of all our powers, favoured or disturbed in their exercise, by these sensations and sentiments. Finally, the sublime and the beautiful, in nature and in the arts, come, in the system of criticism, under the cognizance of the faculty of judgment, a faculty which is at once speculative and practical, which partakes of the two powers, with which Kant commences his labour of analysis, and of which it is the bond and the supplement. Its laws and active forms, are exposed in the *Critic of Judgment*. The introduction to this work, presents more clearly the *ensemble* of Kant's philosophical views, than any other of his writings, and better exhibits that mutual connection of his doctrines, which he has been accused of having never established. There is one part of the *Critic of Judgment*, which, notwithstanding its novelty, has obtained the suffrages of the most decided enemies of Kant's doctrines ; this is his theory of taste, and his analysis of the sentiments, which it is the object of the arts to awake. In order to produce the sentiment of beauty, the object must, by its action on the sensibility, put the imagination in play, in such a manner as to produce a spontaneous accord between its exercise, and a rule of the understanding. When this accord does not take place, the understanding exerts itself to constrain the imagination to conform to the rule ; this is the case, whenever the imagination concurs in the formation of a conception, and finds itself for the accomplishment of this object, subjected to the understanding. The unexpected discovery of this agreement, by producing the consciousness of the primitive harmony established between these two powers, is, according to this theory, the source of the pleasure excited by beauty, and which is connected with a feeling of ele-

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vation, since all easy and harmonious exercise of various faculties, increases the confidence which we delight to place in the wisdom and stability of our organization. The elements of which Kant composes the sentiment of sublimity, are of a more exalted character. Its source is the concurrence of the imagination and reason, exercising themselves by turns, and with unequal success, on a subject of unlimited grandeur. The imagination first, endeavouring to compass the object, and obliged to renounce its efforts, with the painful sense of its impotence, produces the consciousness of the feebleness of our powers, and appeals for succour to the faculty, for conceiving the infinite: this faculty is reason: her exercise awakens the consciousness of our moral dignity: and the intelligent being raising itself with energy against the discouragement which threatens to seize it, places the nobleness of its nature in the balance against the objects which appeared to insult its feelings, and coming out victorious from a comparison which had commenced by humiliating it, soars in the consciousness of its mysterious powers, above the gigantic images, whose overwhelming dimensions seemed ready to annihilate it.

V. *Religion in accord with Reason*, (Koenigsberg, 1793, second edition enlarged, 1794, in 8vo.) Religion, considered in the subject, is, according to Kant, nothing else than the performance of duties, regarded as divine laws. From his analysis of practical reason, combined with the knowledge of man, such as he manifests himself by his actions, and such as he has made himself, he deduces a system of doctrine entirely conformed to Protestant orthodoxy. There is in man, he says, a principle of evil inherent in his nature, although not originally an essential part of it. The principle and type of good, which is inseparable from his reason, and is graven in the very nature of this faculty, proves that there was a primitive state more noble and better suited to the original relations of subordination, established between this power, and the motives of his will, whilst the undeniable existence of evil and universal perversity proves the fall and the degradation of man. The good principle is to triumph over the

evil, and regain its legitimate ascendancy, by means of a moral association of men, formed for this purpose, invoking the divine co-operation, necessary for the accomplishment of their object. The founder of this moral society, formed under the protection of a legislator, who wished to establish the reign of the good principle, is Jesus of Nazareth. He is, in himself, the Ideal of human perfection, clothed in a human form. He presents humanity, as it must be, to obtain the favour of God: it is only so far as we believe in him, and conform our wills to his, and thus gradually realize in ourselves, by constant efforts, some faint image of his virtues, that we can find acceptance, and hope for a more happy destiny, than that which, in justice, we have merited. It is thus that Kant has established the harmony, and so to speak, the identity of reason and religion, the necessity of redemption for the restoration of man, and of a religious community offering upon earth an image, more and more faithful, of the city of God. Garve, who was exceedingly displeased with Kant for having renovated and restored the old Protestant orthodoxy, (see p. 319 of the second vol. of his letters to Cn. Fx. Weisse,) is obliged to confess that there reigns throughout this *Exposition of Rational Religion*, a sagacity, a knowledge of human nature, and an amiability which charmed him, (Ibid. p. 332.) These qualities are indeed the characteristics of Kant as a man and a moralist. When we reflect on the course of reasoning in his work on religion; his frequent assertions that reason alone can give us no certainty as to the severity or indulgence with which God will treat the violators of his law; that he could not conceive how man, without extraordinary divine assistance, can restore to the good principle, the ascendancy over his actions, and the exclusive authority which it has lost; that no one can prove, either the impossibility or improbability of a revelation: when we reflect on these opinions, so eminently favourable to the idea of the intervention of God, as directing and seconding the moral education of man, we are astonished and afflicted to find in certain parts of this work, and everywhere in the memories of his friends, his repugnance to admit the

supernatural origin of Christianity. Mr. Borowski is positive, as to this point, (page 195–202;) and yet it is to him Kant addressed a letter, in which, speaking of a parallel between his system of morals, and that of Jesus, which Mr. Borowski was bold enough to make, in a work submitted to his inspection, before its publication, he expresses a kind of religious horror at the sight of his name in connection with that of Christ. He begged his friend not to publish this work, or if he did, he charged him not to let that parallel remain—"one of those names (that before which the heavens bow) is sacred, whilst the other is only that of a poor scholar, endeavouring to explain, to the best of his abilities, the teachings of his master," (pages 7 and 86 of the work quoted above.) The inconsequence into which Kant has fallen in a point so essential, is not the only one which may be remarked in the opinions of one of the strictest logicians who have ever existed. In his *Critic of Pure Reason* he refuses all force to the physico-theological argument, for the existence of God: the whole tendency of his system demanded this refusal from him. Yet, in conversation, he praised, in the highest terms, the teleological argument, and spoke freely of final causes and their utility in religion. One day, he was heard suddenly to exclaim, *There is a God!* and then forcibly develope the evidence of this truth which nature everywhere presents, (Hasse, l. c. p. 26.) On the 2d of June, 1803, a short time before his death, the celebrated orientalist, J. G. Hasse, a man of talents, and his intimate friend, asked him, what he promised himself with respect to a future life: he appeared absorbed, and after reflecting, he answered: "Nothing certain." Sometime before, he was heard to reply to a similar question, by saying: "I have no conception of a future state." Upon another occasion he declared himself in favour of a kind of metempsychosis, (see Hasse, *Last Conversations of Kant*, p. 28, 29.) Will it still be said, that enlightened reason is sufficient for all the wants of the upright man, who searches sincerely and ardently the truth on the grand problems of life, when we see the most profound thinker, of which the history of the human mind makes

any mention, endowed with all the qualities, and animated by all the sentiments which dispose the soul to open to the lights of natural religion, after having passed his life, and employed, in the calm of the passions, and in the absence of all distraction, the resources of the most powerful genius, in searching for new supports for the doctrines of religion, hesitating, contradictory, and vacillating, on the most important subjects, in the confidential communications of friendship when the heart is most cordially disclosed?

VI. *Metaphysical Principles of the Science of Law*, 1796, 8vo. After having established the existence and legitimacy of the duties, which practical reason prescribes to the will, in commanding it to realize the form of pure reason, Kant deduces from them certain rights, and, in the first place, that of never being forced to violate these duties, nor prevented from performing them.—As the first law of practical reason is: “that every reasonable being is to himself his own proper end, and, in no case, should serve as a simple means to the arbitrary will of another,” it follows that man can neither alienate his own liberty nor attack that of others. *The Metaphysical Elements of Law*, form one work with the *Metaphysical Principles of the Theory of Virtue*. Less rich, perhaps, in original and profound views, than any other of the great works of Kant, his *Exposition of the Science of Law* is remarkable for its interesting digressions on questions in legislation and politics. He examines the question, whether it is possible to conceive of a state of things so much in opposition with the essential objects of society, as would, in the eye of enlightened reason, present a proper motive for an insurrection; and he denies that any circumstance can occur to justify the author of a revolution. His opinion is principally founded on the interests of civilization. But if we owe obedience and fidelity to the government, as long as it can make itself respected, the same motives which condemn all revolutionary maxims, imposes, on citizens, the sacred obligation of turning to the best advantage, for the interests of their country and humanity, any revolution which crime or feebleness

may bring about. Kant followed, with the liveliest interest, the phases of the French revolution, and had a high idea of the ameliorations in the organization of society, which he believed it would introduce; although no one spoke with greater indignation of its excesses. In the work of which we are speaking, there is a passage on the death of Louis XVI., surpassing perhaps, in energy and effect, all the eloquence which this enormity has called forth.

VII. *Philosophical Essay on Perpetual Peace*: Koenigsberg, 1795, in 8vo. There is nothing in this essay resembling the councils and reveries of the good abbé de St. Pierre. Kant expects nothing from the influence of reason, but every thing from the force of things. Raising himself to a region, whence he embraces, in one view, the existing relations among nations and individuals, he discovers and points out the facts and necessities, which must lead men gradually to come out of their present barbarous and destructive state of inquietude; in the same manner as the establishment of social institutions resulted from the union of families, renouncing the state of nature to guarantee the mutual security of person and property, by creating a central authority, sustained by a force which could not be resisted.—There reigns throughout this work a kind of malicious naiveté, to which its elevated and sagacious views give a most peculiar charm. The same mixture of delicate wit, sprightliness, and severe purity in the general tendency, which rendered the conversation of Kant so interesting and instructive, is to be remarked in the last of his works published under his own inspection, entitled,—

VIII. *Essay on Anthropology, considered in a pragmatical view*, (that is, applied to the necessities of life,) 1788, in 8vo. This work, filled with acute observations and ingenious views, considers human nature under the various modifications which diversity of age, sex, temperament, race, social organization, climate, &c. produce in the exercise and culture of its original faculties. Kant here shows himself as thoroughly acquainted with men, as he has proved himself the profound investigator of

man, in his metaphysical writings. This essay, connected with his *Physical Geography*, proves that he had paid as much attention to the study of man *in concreto*, as of man *in abstracto*. In his comparative view of the characteristic qualities of the principal European nations, we are surprised to see his predilection for the French, who are treated far more favourably than the English, among whom he numbered many of his oldest and best friends. In the preface to the *Anthropology*, Kant bids adieu to the public, and shortly after committed all his manuscripts to Messrs. Jaesche and Rink, his pupils and friends, leaving to them the care of publishing whatever they might find useful among them. The former selected a *Manual for teaching Logic*, 1801; the latter, a *Treatise on Education*, which appeared in 1803, under the title of *Pedagogic*, and the *Summary of Physical Geography*, of which we have spoken, published at Koenigsberg, (1802, in 2 vols. 8vo.) with the object of destroying a work, published under the same title, at Hamburg, in 7 vols. by J. J. W. Vollmer, arranged from notes taken in Kant's lecture-room. This object was not attained, as the edition of Vollmer appeared to offer more completely, than that of Mr. Rink, the vast and interesting picture of the earth and its inhabitants, which Kant had composed from the works of an immense number of historians and travellers, which were his favourite study. This description has been reproduced by C. G. Schelle, in 2 vols. with corrections and additions, drawn from more recent accounts, which, however, should have been far more numerous, to place the work on a level with the present state of the science.

To this notice of a work of Kant, which has none of the bold conceptions and profound analysis which constitute his fame, naturally connects itself, the little we have to say, on those of his productions which are not connected with his system. In the former of the two periods of his literary career, in which a different man and a different genius is presented, we see Kant occupied with physics, mechanics, astronomy and geography, even more than with philosophy, properly so called. To this period

belong five and twenty works, more or less considerable; we can only mention such of them as are most remarkable for original and profound views. 1st, *Thoughts on the True Valuation of Active Forces, and Examination of the Demonstrations employed by Leibnitz and other Mathematicians*, (Wolf, Bernoulli, Hermann, Bülfinger, &c.) on this subject, (240 pages, in 8vo. with two plates, 1746.) The work of Zanotti, on the same question, appeared the same year. 2d, *The Natural History of the World, and Theory of the Heavens, according to the principles of Newton*, (1755, and for the fourth time, 1808, in 8vo.) He proves from the regularly increasing eccentricity of the planetary orbits, that some celestial bodies should be found between Saturn and the least eccentric comet. Other conjectures on the system of the world, the milky way, the nebulae, the ring of Saturn, have been fully confirmed, thirty years after they were made, by the observations of Herschell; who, struck with the predictions of Kant, founded merely on reasoning, has more than once expressed his admiration of the genius of the author of the *Theory of the World*. 3d, *Theory of the Winds*, 1756, in 4to. 4th, *New Theory of the Motion and Rest of Bodies, with an attempt to apply it to the Elements of Physics*, 1758, in 4to. 5th, *Essay on Negative Quantities in Philosophy*, 1763, in 8vo. It would seem that in composing this little work of 72 pages, Kant had some presentiments of the discoveries of modern chemistry and of Galvanism. 6th, *On the Fallacy of the Four Figures of Syllogism*, 1762, in 8vo. 7th, *The Only Possible Foundation for solidly Establishing a Demonstration of the Existence of God*, 1763, in 8vo. 205 pages. These two treatises, especially the latter, drew upon Kant the attention of all Germany, as the man most proper to effect that reform in the philosophical sciences, the necessity of which was becoming every day more sensibly felt. The argument, exposed in this work, (No. 7,) and afterwards overturned by Kant in the *Critic of Pure Reason*, together with all other arguments resting on theoretical reasonings, is founded on the necessity of believing a reality, of which the annihilation

would involve the annihilation of all possibility; and on the impossibility of ascribing such a character to the world, of which the existence and properties are contingent and variable. 8th, *Considerations on the Sentiment of the Sublime and Beautiful*, 1774, in 8vo. This work contains ingenious thoughts, expressed in a lively manner, but does not approach the foundations of the subject, and is not to be confounded with the profound analysis of these feelings, which forms the first section of the Critic of Judgment. 9th, *Essay on the Various Races of the Human Species*, 1775. This tract has been often reprinted; the ideas contained in it, have been partially adopted by Blumenbach, and explained in a particular work by Dr. Girtanner. Kant enlarged it in 1785. All these writings of the first epoch of Kant's life, have been collected by Professor Tieftrunk, in four volumes, (the first three in 1799, the fourth in 1807, in Halle,) together with the treatises, of less extent, which appeared since 1781. These latter, to the number of 25, are principally drawn from the journals, in which they were at first inserted by their author. A list of them may be found in Meusell, and more complete in the Life of Kant, by Mr. Borowski, (p. 44–85.) None of these smaller works are destitute of interest; they are almost all filled with new and important ideas, upon the greatest variety of subjects. They are all, as the smallest of the treatises of Aristotle and Bacon, worthy the attention of the literary man, as well as of the philosopher; of the theologian, the jurist, and the historian, as much as of the naturalist and the student of physics:—they are a mine of original and profound thoughts, of erudite notices, of ingenious conjectures, which it will long be difficult to exhaust. It would require too much space to present an analysis of them, and very useless to give the mere catalogue—we mention only the one, entitled, *Discussion concerning the Academical Faculties*, 1798. He here discusses the question, how far a public teacher may be permitted to publish, in his character of member of the Republic of Letters, opinions contrary to the doctrines taught in the schools, by order of the church and the go-

vernment, and to which he is bound to conform in his official instructions. In the preface to this work, he gives a detailed account of the only event which disturbed the peaceful course of his life, his difficulties with the royal censorship at Berlin, respecting his treatise on the agreement of religion with reason. These difficulties produced a serious interruption of his tranquillity, on account of the interference of the King of Prussia, who was prejudiced against him. Kant showed upon this occasion, which affected him deeply, a great deal of dignity, but at the same time, a great deal of resignation, and the greatest deference for the wishes of the monarch, in every thing which could be reconciled with truth and honour. He firmly refused to make a kind of recantation, which this Prince required of him; but whilst he forcibly represented, that he had only used a right which belonged to him, as a professor of philosophy, and a citizen, he promised the King, in terms of the most respectful submission, that he would henceforth publish nothing further on the subject of religion; an engagement which he scrupulously observed until the death of Frederick William II. This was the only occasion in which he became the object of the immediate attention of his sovereign.—For his offices and his fortune, he was indebted solely to the usual course of academic advancement, and the success of his writings. He was at first, teacher in several private families; in 1755, he became doctor of philosophy, and for fifteen years, was only one of the *privatim docentes*,* without salary, although his lectures were much frequented; in 1766, he was made under-librarian, with a miserable support, and obtained at last, in 1770, the chair of professor of logic and metaphysics. In 1786–88, he was rector of the University; in 1787, inscribed among the members of the academy of Berlin, and died without seeing any dignity added to his title of

* In the German universities there are three classes of teachers, the Professors ordinarii, Professors extraordinarii, and the *privatim docentes*. The last are allowed to deliver lectures, but have usually no salary.—See Robinson's View of German Universities in Students' Cabinet Library of Useful Tracts, No. V.

Professor, excepting that of *Senior* of the Philosophical Faculty.

It would be difficult to give an idea of his modesty and simplicity. He never spoke of his philosophy: and whilst it was the subject of conversation among the most enlightened men in all the countries where the language and literature of Germany prevail, from his house it was entirely banished. It was with great reluctance he satisfied the wishes of strangers of distinction, who were unwilling to leave Koenigsberg, without seeing its greatest ornament. In the latter part of his life, he would only show himself, for a few minutes, at the door of his study to those who called upon him, and merely express to them his astonishment at their curiosity. He would sometimes say to his friends, smiling, "I have seen to-day some noble virtuosi." His friends assure us, that he hardly ever read any of the works in which, during twenty years, his principles were attacked, defended, developed, applied to all the branches of human knowledge, and of which the number is not overrated by stating it at several thousands. When any one mentioned before him, his most distinguished partizans, or the authors of new systems which had obtained a great reputation by appearing to develop and complete his,—such as Rheinhold, Fichte, Schelling,—he took no interest in the conversation, and hastened to banish the subject, expressing with no little disdain, his decided disapprobation of their pretended improvements. With regard to his antagonists, he paid them as little attention. He showed no sensibility to any attacks, excepting those of Eberhard,* which he victoriously repulsed, but with a spirit and tone of superiority, almost offensive: and to those of Herder, who had been his pupil, and who, in a severe criticism on Kant's system,† took pleasure in contrasting the repulsive dryness, and scholastic subtlety of his former master in

* *A Discovery, by which an ancient Critic of Pure Reason would have rendered the new one superfluous*, 1790; 2d edition, 1792.

† *Meta-critic, as an appendix to the Critic of Pure Reason*, by J. G. Herder, Leipzig, 1799, 2 vols. 8vo. *Calligone; Critic of the Critic of Judgment*, by the same, 1800, in 3 vols. 8vo.

his writings, with the charm, interest, and perspicuity of his instructions as professor; and the variety of instructive facts, acute and interesting ideas, and the gay and spirited touches with which he enlivened lectures of a character purely eclectic. Perhaps Eberhard and Herder manifested too much chagrin at the supremacy which Kant for some years exercised in departments in which they themselves shone in the first rank; and in their polemical writings, they attributed to Kant himself far too much of the arrogant despotism, intolerance, and contemptuous tone, which the crowd of his followers long affected towards all those who would not bow the knee before their idol. It is proper to mention, that the learned theologian, Storr, one of the most able adversaries of Kant, was treated by the philosopher with great regard and esteem. In the preface to the second edition of his work on Religion, which Dr. Storr had combatted, Kant thanks him for the candid remarks which he had made against his work, and regrets that his advanced age and enfeebled powers prevented his examining them with all the attention which their importance and sagacity merited.

The greatest enjoyment of the latter years of Kant was to invite, by turns, to his table, some of his old friends, and converse with them on all other subjects than his own system and fame: he took a lively interest in the events connected with the French revolution, and this was the point upon which he could least support contradiction. His gay and instructive conversation had always rendered his company desirable in good society. His manners were mild and pure: like Newton and Leibnitz, he never married, although he was not insensible to the charms of the society of amiable and well informed ladies. The smallness of his fortune, which increased only towards the close of his life, by long economy, and the product of his writings, twice prevented his forming a matrimonial connection, mutually desired. He survived some months, a part of his great powers: before they became enfeebled, he often conversed with his friends of his approaching death: "I do not fear

death," he said: (Wasiansky, p. 52;) "I know how to die. I assure you, before God, that if I knew that this night was to be my last, I would raise my hands and say, God be praised! The case would be far different, if I had ever caused the misery of any one of his creatures." His motto, says the most intimate of his friends, (Wasiansky, p. 53,) was the maxim contained in the verses of one of his favourite poets:

Summum crede nefas, animam præferre pudori,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

He was often in the habit of speaking to himself. He was fond of poetry, and especially of fine passages, which expressed with energy some moral thought; but he had an aversion from oratory, and saw nothing in the most eloquent efforts of the greatest orators but bad faith, more or less, adroitly disguised; nor any thing in an elevated style, than prose in delirium. Kant was small in stature, and of a very delicate complexion. We have already spoken of his moral qualities; he was distinguished by the strictest veracity, and by an extreme attention to avoid every thing which could give pain, if the interests of truth did not require it: he was affable, benevolent without ostentation, and thankful for any attentions which he received. During the latter part of his life, he showed himself often moved by those of his servant, who more than once had difficulty to prevent his master kissing his hand. He gave reluctantly to common mendicants, but it was discovered after his death, that besides other private charities, he gave, annually, 1123 florins to his poor relations and to indigent families—an enormous sum if compared with the amount of his income.

Such was the extraordinary man who has agitated the human mind to a greater depth than any of the philosophers of the same rank before him. The opinions on the permanent result of his analysis of the human faculties, are naturally exceedingly diverse. His faithful disciples, of whom the number, it is true, is much diminished, regard him as the Newton, or, at least, the Kepler of the intellectual world:—beyond his own school, many

ascribe to his principles, that revival of patriotic and generous sentiments, that return of vigour of mind, and that disinterested zeal, which have, of late years, manifested themselves in Germany, so much to the honour of the nation, to the success of her independence, and advantage of the moral sciences. A numerous party accuse him of having created a barbarous terminology, making unnecessary innovations for the purpose of enveloping himself in an obscurity almost impenetrable, of having produced systems absurd and dangerous, and increased the uncertainty respecting the most important interests of man; of having, by the illusion of talent, turned the attention of youth, from positive studies, to consume their time in vain speculations; of having, by his transcendental idealism, conducted his rigidly consequent disciples, some to absolute idealism, others to scepticism, others again to a new species of Spinosism, and all to systems equally absurd and dangerous. They further accuse his doctrine of being in itself a tissue of extravagant hypothesis and contradictory theories, of which the result is to make us regard man as a creature discordant and fantastic. They accuse him, finally, of having, by his demanding more than stoical efforts, produced in the mind, discouragement and uncertainty, much more than the germs of active virtue, confidence, and security. There is, undoubtedly, exaggeration in both of these extreme opinions. The disciples of Socrates, departed still further from his doctrines, than those of Kant have from the principles of criticism. Yet, who will deny the merit of Socrates, or his salutary influence? As far as the style of Kant is concerned, it must be confessed, that it is exceedingly defective. In his *Critic of Pure Reason*, his frequent repetitions constantly break the thread of the argument, and this great work was never appreciated by the public until the publication of the Summaries of Messrs. Schultz and Reinhold, in 1785 and 1789. Reinhold, especially, contributed to redeem it from the oblivion into which it had fallen, and rendered in various ways to the philosophy of Kant much the same service which Wolf rendered to that of Leibnitz. The reproach of not having reduced to

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a single principle, the subject and object ; the faculties of man, and the solution of the grand problems of philosophy, is hardly justified by the result of such attempts, anterior to Kant, or by those of the idealist Fichte, or the materialist Schelling, who, in proposing to satisfy this desire of theoretic reason, have endeavoured to attain, by the force of speculation, to the absolute unity of the personal soul, (du moi,) and of nature. This investigation appears to the true disciples of Kant as vain as the search for the quadrature of the circle, and as the very rock from which the *Critic of Pure Reason* wished to preserve future metaphysicians. It is a reproach better founded, which may be made against Kant's system, that it resolves only one part of the doubts of Hume: a reproach the more serious, as it was to guard us from these doubts, that Kant had recourse to a hypothesis, which reduces the touching and magnificent spectacle of the creation, to an existence more than problematical; to an unknown power, which it is impossible to determine, the X of an intellectual equation. It is not to be inferred from these remarks, that the theories of Kant have been definitively rejected in Germany: many of their principles and results have passed into the academical course of instruction; their impress is to be everywhere seen, and they are to be easily recognized in the writings of the moralists and theologians. By comparing the course of arrangement of Mr. Ancillon, in tracing his *Tableau analytique des développemens du moi humain*, (p. 99-360, vol. 2, of his *Nouveaux Mélanges*, 1807,) with the principles of Bonnet and Mr. D. Stewart, and with the method of the most distinguished philosophers of the school of Condillac, (such as Messrs. de Tracy, Laromiguière, &c.) the French reader will have an idea, sufficiently correct, of the influence which the doctrine of Kant has exercised over the enlightened classes in Germany.

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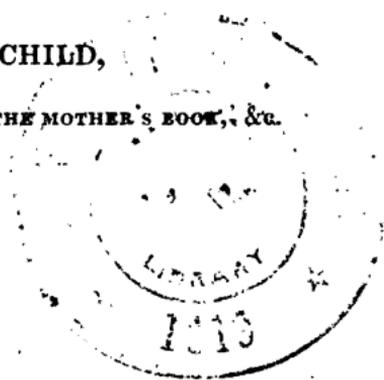
BIOGRAPHY

OF

MADAME DE STAËL.

BY MRS. CHILD,

AUTHOR OF 'HOBOMOK,' 'THE MOTHER'S BOOK,' &c.



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THE
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MADAME DE STAËL.

Il me semble voir en elle une de ces belles Grecques, qui enchantaient et subjuguèrent le monde. Elle a plus de talents encore que d'amour propre ; mais des talents si rares doivent nécessairement exciter le désir de les développer ; et je ne sais pas quel théâtre peut suffire à cette activité d'imagination, à ce caractère ardent enfin qui se fait sentir dans toutes ses paroles. *Corinne.*

IN a gallery of celebrated women, the first place unquestionably belongs to Anne Marie Louise Germaine Necker, Baroness de Staël Holstein.

She was the only child of James Necker, the famous financier, (a long time the popular idol in France), and of Susanna Curchod, the daughter of a poor Swiss clergyman, who in the sequestered village of Crassy bestowed upon her as thorough an education as fell to the lot of any woman in Europe.

Gibbon, the historian, visited the father of Mademoiselle Curchod, and became a captive to her charms. He tells the story in his own Memoirs, where he informs us that 'she was learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners: her wit and beauty were the theme of universal applause.'

Gibbon prospered in his suit ; but such an obscure

connection was not agreeable to his father, who threatened to disinherit him if he persisted in it. He obeyed the parental command, like a dutiful son and a very philosophical lover ; and the young lady, on her part, seems to have borne the separation with becoming resignation and cheerfulness.

After her father's death, Mademoiselle Curchod taught a school in Geneva ; where she became acquainted with M. Necker, the gentleman whom she afterwards married. He was a native of Geneva, and at that time a banker in Paris. The large fortune, which he afterwards acquired, had its origin in the following circumstances. The Old East India Company, consisting principally of nobility, were ignorant of business, and trusted every thing to the abilities and discretion of M. Necker. By loaning them money at the enormous interest they had been accustomed to pay, and by forming a lottery to relieve them from embarrassment, he obtained at once more than seventy thousand pounds ; and with this capital he became one of the wealthiest bankers in Europe.

Thus Madame Necker, united to a man of uncommon talent and eloquence, herself rich in intelligence and learning, and surrounded by all the facilities of affluence, passed at once from the monotonous seclusion of her early life to a situation as dazzling as it was distinguished.

Their house was a favourite gathering-place for the fashionable and philosophical *coteries* of Paris, and foreigners of note always made it a point to be presented to Madame Necker.

It has been said that her husband's rise as a politician was greatly owing to her literary assemblies, which never failed to draw around them all the talented and influential men of the day. She wrote a book of Miscellanies, that obtained considerable reputation, especially in Germany. But all the honours paid to Monsieur and Madame Necker, however flattering at the time, were completely eclipsed in the glorious distinction of being the parents of Madame de Staël.

This extraordinary being was born in Paris, in 1766. In her infancy, she was noticed for a remarkable degree

of brightness, gaiety, and freedom. M. de Bonstetten (the correspondent of Gray the poet) tells the following anecdote of her when five or six years old. Being on a visit to his friend, M. Necker, then residing at Coppet, his country-seat, about two leagues from Geneva, he was one day walking through the grounds, when he was suddenly struck with a switch, from behind a tree; turning round, he observed the little rogue laughing. She called out, 'Mamma wishes me to learn to use my left hand, and so I am trying.' Simond says, 'She stood in great awe of her mother, but was very familiar with her father, of whom she was dotingly fond. One day, after dinner, as Madame Necker rose first and left the room, the little girl, till then on good behaviour, all at once seizing her napkin, threw it across the table, in a fit of mad spirits, at her father's head; then ran round to him, and hanging about his neck, allowed him no time for reproof.'

The caresses of her father, contrary to the more rigid views of Madame Necker, constantly encouraged her childish prattle; and the approbation she obtained perpetually excited her to new efforts: even then, she replied to the continual pleasantries of her father with that mixture of vivacity and tenderness, which afterward so delightfully characterized her intercourse with him. Madame Necker de Saussure, her relation and intimate friend, speaking of her early maturity, says, 'It seems as if Madame de Staël had always been young, and never been a child. I have heard of only one trait, which bore the stamp of childhood; and even in this there is an indication of talent. When a very little girl, she used to amuse herself by cutting paper kings and queens, and making them play a tragedy; her mother being very rigid in her religious opinions, forbade a play which might foster a love of the theatre; and Marie would often hide herself to pursue her favourite occupation at leisure. Perhaps in this way she acquired the only peculiar habit she ever had, that of twisting a bit of paper, or a leaf, between her fingers.'

Through her whole life, the idea of giving pleasure to her parents was a very strong motive with her. She

gave a singular proof of this at ten years of age. Seeing how much they both admired M. Gibbon, the early lover, and afterward the cordial friend of Madame Necker, she imagined it was her duty to marry him, in order that they might constantly enjoy his agreeable conversation; and she seriously proposed it to her mother. . Those who have seen a full length profile of the corpulent historian will readily believe the child's imagination was not captivated with his figure.

Madame Necker being anxious that her daughter should have a companion of her own age, invited Mademoiselle Huber, afterward Madame Rilliet; the choice was decided by the intimacy of the families, and by the careful education of Mademoiselle Huber. This lady has written an account of their first interview, which will give an idea of the manners and habits of Mademoiselle Necker at eleven years old. At that time her father had just been appointed Comptroller General of the Finance of France. The friend of her youth, describing their introduction to each other, says, ' She talked to me with a warmth and facility, which was already eloquence, and which made a great impression upon me. We did not play, like children. She immediately asked me about my lesson, whether I knew any foreign languages, and if I often went to the theatre. When I told her I had never been but three or four times, she exclaimed—and promised that we should often go together: adding, that when we returned, we would, according to her usual habit, write down the subject of the dramas, and what had particularly struck us. She likewise proposed that we should write together every morning.

' We entered the parlour. By the side of Madame Necker's chair was a footstool, on which her daughter seated herself, being obliged to sit very upright. She had hardly taken her accustomed place, when two or three elderly persons gathered round her, and began to talk to her with the most affectionate interest. The Abbé Raynal held her hand in his a long time, and conversed with her as if she had been twenty-five years of age. The others around her were M.M. Thomas, Mar-

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montel, the Marquis de Pesay, and the Baron de Grimm. At table, how she listened! She did not open her mouth, yet she seemed to talk in her turn, so much was spoken in the changing expression of her features. Her eyes followed the looks and movements of those who conversed, and one would have judged that she even anticipated their ideas. On every subject she seemed at home; even in politics, which at that period excited very great interest. After dinner, numerous visitors arrived. Every one, as they came up to Madame Necker, spoke to her daughter, indulging in some slight compliment, or pleasantry. She replied to every thing with ease and gracefulness: they loved to amuse themselves by attacking her, and trying to embarrass her, in order to excite that little imagination, which already began to show its brilliancy. Men the most distinguished for intellect were those who particularly attached themselves to her. They asked her to give an account of what she had been reading, talked of the news, and gave her a taste for study by conversing about that which she had learned, or that of which she was ignorant.'

In consequence of Madame Necker's system of education, her daughter, at the same time that she pursued a course of severe study, was constantly accustomed to conversation beyond her years. The world must have somewhat softened the severity of Madame Necker's opinions: for we find that she often allowed her daughter to assist at the representation of the best dramatic pieces. Her pleasures, as well as her duties, were exercises of intellect; and nature, which had originally bestowed great gifts, was assisted by every possible method. In this way her vigorous faculties acquired a prodigious growth.

At this period of her life, we find the following account of her in the Memoir of Baron de Grimm.

'While M. Necker passes decrees which cover him with glory, and will render his administration eternally dear to France; while Madame Necker renounces all the sweets of society to devote herself to the establishment of an Hospital of Charity, in the parish of St. Sulpicius, their daughter, a girl of twelve years old, who al-

ready evinces talents above her age, amuses herself with writing little comedies, after the manner of the semi-dramas of M. de St. Mark. She has just completed one, in two acts, entitled the "Inconveniences of the life led at Paris," which is not only astonishing for her age, but appears even very superior to her models. It represents a mother who had two daughters, one brought up in all the simplicity of rural life, and the other amid the grand airs of the capital. The latter is the favourite, from the talents and graces she displays; but this mother, falling into misfortunes, from the loss of a law-suit, soon learns which of the two is in reality most deserving of her affection. The scenes of this little drama are well connected together, the characters are well supported, and the development of the intrigue is natural and full of interest. M. Marmontel, who saw it performed in the drawing-room at St. Ouen, the country-house of M. Necker, by the author and some of her young companions, was affected by it even to tears.

In 1781, when her father published his *Compte Rendu*, Mademoiselle Necker wrote him a very remarkable anonymous letter, which he immediately recognized by the style.

From her earliest youth she evinced a decided taste for composition. Her first attempts were portraits and eulogiums, a style of writing which was then extremely popular in France, under the influence of Thomas, the friend of Madame Necker. At the age of fifteen, she made extracts from the *Spirit of the Laws*; accompanied by her own reflections; and at that time the Abbé Raynal wished her to furnish, for his great work, an article on the *Revocation of the Edict of Nantes*.

Her father was naturally averse to female authors, and nothing but her very decided excellence could have induced him to pardon her love of writing.

The sensibilities of her heart seem to have been as early and as fully developed as the energies of her mind. In 1781 her father removed from office amid the universal lamentations of the people, and retired to his residence in Switzerland. Paul of Russia and his princess were

then travelling through Europe, under the title of Count and Countess du Nord. The royal pair visited M. Necker, at Coppet, and expressed their respect and esteem in terms so flattering, that Mademoiselle Necker burst into tears.

The same warmth and susceptibility of character was shown in her ardent attachment for Mademoiselle Huber; and indeed we find proofs of it at every period of her life.

The deep feeling and sombre richness spread over all her writings, was early manifested in her literary taste: 'That which interested her,' says Madame Rilliet, 'was always that which made her weep.'

The health of Mademoiselle Necker could not endure the high pressure of excitement so constantly applied to her intellectual faculties. Before she was fifteen years old, the physicians were obliged to order complete seclusion, and total abandonment of study. This was a subject of great regret to Madame Necker. She had indulged an unbounded ambition for her daughter; and, according to her ideas, to give up great learning was to renounce all hopes of distinction. Having obtained extensive erudition by her own patient habits of mental labour, she thought every body could study as intensely and methodically as she had done. 'With her, every thing was a study. She studied society, individuals, the art of writing, the art of talking—she even studied herself: all was reduced to a system, and details were elevated to great importance.'

Her feelings, as well as her mind, were kept in rigid subjection to propriety and method; and having obtained much by effort, she exacted much from others. Her husband once said of her, 'Madame Necker would be perfectly amiable, if she only had something to forgive in herself.'

Such a character pre-supposes very little facility in varying her plans: when she found her daughter's constitution could not sustain the rigid system she had marked out for her, she gave the work of education entirely into the hands of her husband.

The freedom of spirit thus granted to Mademoiselle Necker was probably the reason her genius afterward took so bold a flight.

A life all poetry succeeded to her previous habits of study and restraint. Every thing conspired to give abundant nourishment to her active imagination. She had nothing to do but to run about the woods of St. Ouen, with her young friend, Mademoiselle Huber. The two girls, dressed as nymphs, or as muses, declaimed poetry, made verses, and wrote dramas, which they themselves represented.

The power of profiting by her father's leisure was a great advantage to her at this period of her life. She never neglected an opportunity of being with him; and his conversation was always her highest enjoyment. M. Necker was every day more struck with her wonderful intelligence; and never did it show itself in such charming forms as when with him. She soon perceived that he had need of relaxation and amusement; and in the gaiety of an affectionate heart she tried a thousand ways to make him smile. Her father was never prodigal of his approbation; his looks were ever more flattering than his words. He found it more necessary, as well as more amusing, to notice her faults than her merits. No incipient imperfection escaped his raillery; the slightest tendency to pretension, or exaggeration was promptly checked. In after life, she often used to say, 'I owe the frankness of my manners, and the ingenuousness of my character, entirely to my father's penetration. He used to unmask all my little affectations; and I acquired the habit of believing that he could see into my inmost heart.'

As might be expected, the extreme vivacity of Mademoiselle Necker was continually betraying her into sins against her mother's ideas of order and decorum. On this subject, she made a thousand good resolutions, but was always sure to forget them the moment she needed them. She could not restrain her exuberant fancy and overflowing spirits. Her soul was a full, bright stream, for ever deluging its banks, and rushing and bubbling over all impediments.

Sometimes, with the intention of being very proper, she would sit demurely behind her father, at a distance from the company, that she might not interrupt conversation; but presently one intelligent man would be withdrawn from the circle, then another, then another, until a noisy group was formed around her: M. Necker smiled, involuntarily, as her lively conversation met his ear, and the original subject of discussion was entirely deranged.

The perfect friendship and boundless sympathy existing between Mademoiselle Necker and her father was not entirely agreeable to Madame Necker: she was slightly jealous of losing the first place in her husband's affections. Had her highly-gifted daughter excelled in such qualities as belonged to her own character, *she* would have been associated with all her attractions, and success would naturally have been attributed to her judicious care; but the fact was, her daughter pleased by qualities exactly opposed to her own, and her success in society originated in a course of education directly contrary to her views.

Mademoiselle Necker's character was, in many points, different from her father's, and decidedly marked by a higher order of genius; but in the quickness of her perceptions and the promptitude of her wit, she resembled him much more than she did her mother.* We must therefore forgive the workings of human nature in Madame Necker, if she could not always conceal her impatience when she saw her husband giving himself up so unreservedly to the enjoyment of a mind alike without a model, or an equal. When Madame Saussure expressed surprise at the prodigious distinction of Mademoiselle Necker, her mother replied, 'It is nothing, absolutely nothing at all, to what I would have made her.'

* M. Necker, though no one could have guessed it from his writings, was full of humour, and apt to see things in a ludicrous point of view. He was rather silent, but made sly remarks and sharp repartees. He wrote several witty plays; but thinking it beneath the dignity of a minister of State to publish them, he burnt them.—*Simon*.

Through her whole life Madame de Staël was characterized by candour and amiability; and these qualities never showed themselves more plainly than when reproved by her mother. Perhaps she gave too open and decided a preference to her more indulgent parent; but she always cherished a profound veneration for Madame Necker. Though she had, from her earliest childhood, indulged in habits of quick and lively repartee, she was never known, in her most careless moments, to speak a disrespectful word of her mother.

Madame Necker had two different kinds of influence upon the character and destiny of her illustrious daughter; both of which tended to produce the same remarkable result.

She transmitted to her ardent affections, a strong capacity for deep impressions, great enthusiasm for the grand and beautiful, and an ambition for wit, talent, learning, and all kinds of distinction; but the rigid restraint she imposed upon her in early life, instead of inducing her own habits of strict discipline and self-control, produced a violent reaction. Madame Necker thought every thing of detail and method; and the exaggerated importance she attached to them was probably the reason that her daughter thought nothing of them. In Madame Necker's mind all was acquired and arranged; in her daughter's all was freshness and creation. To one the world was a lesson to be studied; to the other it was full of theories to be invented. The mother's admiration was exclusively given to habits and principles acquired with care, and maintained with watchfulness; while the daughter's warmest sympathies were bestowed upon generous impulses, and natural goodness of heart.

In after years, when death had taken from Madame de Staël the friend of her infancy, and when sad experience had somewhat tamed the romance it could not destroy, she appreciated her mother's well-balanced character more highly. 'The more I see of life,' she once said to Madame Saussure, 'the better do I understand my mother; and the more does my heart feel the need of her.'

Mademoiselle Necker resided at Coppet from 1781 to

1787, when her father was restored to office, and his family accompanied him to Paris.

During her stay in Switzerland she wrote a sentimental comedy, called 'Sophia, or Secret Sentiments,' founded on a story of ill-directed and unhappy love; published when she was twenty-one years of age.

Immediately after she came to Paris, she finished her tragedy of Lady Jane Grey, which has had considerable reputation. Soon after, she wrote, but never published, another tragedy, called *Montmorency*, in which the part of Cardinal de Richelieu is said to have been sketched with great spirit. These early productions had prominent defects, as well as beauties. They were marked by that perfect harmony between thought and expression which always constituted her most delightful peculiarity, in conversation or writing; but her friends considered them valuable principally on account of the promise they gave of future greatness. To the world they are objects of curiosity, as the first records in the history of an extraordinary mind.

Her dramas were written in verse; but she never after attempted poetry, except some slight effort for amusement. Her vigorous and rapid mind was a little impatient under the trammels of French versification. In prose, she was not compelled to sacrifice originality and freedom; and in throwing away her fetters she lost nothing but rhyme, for her soul poured into prose all its wealth of poetry.

Before her twentieth year, she wrote the three *Tales*, which were not published till 1795, nearly ten years after. She herself attached very little value to these light productions. A treatise on the various forms of fiction, in relation to progressive degrees of civilization, is introduced as a Preface.

Mademoiselle Necker's eloquent and fascinating style of conversation gave a vivid interest to the earliest productions of her pen. No one heard her talk without being eager to read what she had written. The portraits and impromptu sketches, which she made for the amusement of her friends, were handed about in parties, and sought for with avidity: even in these were discovered

her characteristic acuteness of thought, and the harmonious flow of her animated style. Something of the attention paid her at this time may no doubt be attributed to her father's popularity and political influence.

If she had attracted much notice in Switzerland, before her mind had attained the fulness of its majestic stature, it will readily be believed that she excited an unusual sensation when she appeared in the brilliant circles of Paris. Her hands and arms were finely formed, and of a most transparent whiteness. She seldom covered them—confessing, with the child-like frankness which gave such an endearing charm to her powerful character, that she was resolved to make the most of the only personal beauty nature had given her.* True, she had none of the usual pretensions to be called a handsome woman; but there was an intellectual splendour about her face that arrested and rivetted attention. No expression was permanent; for her whole soul was in her countenance, and it took the character of every passing emotion. When in perfect repose, her long eye-lashes gave something of heaviness and languor to her usually animated physiognomy; but when excited, her magnificent dark eyes flashed with genius, and seemed to announce her ideas before she could utter them, as lightning precedes the thunder. There was nothing of restlessness in her features; there was even something of indolence; but her vigorous form, her animated gestures, her graceful and strongly marked attitudes, gave a singular degree of directness and energy to her discourse. There was something dramatic about her, even in dress, which, while it was altogether free from ridiculous exaggeration, never failed to convey an idea of something more picturesque than the reigning fashion. When she first entered a room, she walked with a slow and grave step. A slight degree of timidity made

* Her feet are said to have been clumsy. This circumstance gave rise to a pun, which annoyed her a little. On some occasion she represented a statue, the face of which was concealed. A gentleman being asked to guess who the statue was, glanced at the block of marble on which she stood, and answered 'Je vois le pied de *Statèl*,' (*le piédestal*.)

it necessary for her to collect her faculties when she was about to attract the notice of a party. This cloud of embarrassment did not at first permit her to distinguish any thing; but her face lighted up in proportion to the friends she recognized.'

'The kindness and generosity of her disposition led her to mark the merits of others strongly on her memory; as she talked, she always seemed to have present to her thoughts the best actions and qualities of each one with whom she conversed. Her compliments partook of the sincerity of the heart from which they came. She praised without flattering. She used to say, "politeness was only the art of *choosing* among our thoughts."—She possessed this art in an eminent degree. There never was a more shrewd observer of human nature, or one who better knew how to adapt herself to every variety of character. Sir John Sinclair, a celebrated Scotchman, mentions a circumstance which shows the kind of *tact* she possessed. When he visited her father's house, he found her seated at the instrument, singing that plaintive Highland air, so popular with his countrymen, 'Maybe we return to Lochaber no more.'

The following highly-coloured portrait of her, though full of French enthusiasm, can hardly give us an exaggerated idea of the homage she received. It was written by a gentleman, one of her literary friends.

'She is the most celebrated priestess of Apollo; the favourite of the god. The incense she offers is the most agreeable, and her hymns are the most dear. Her words, when she wishes, make the deities descend to adorn his temple, and to mingle among mortals. From the midst of the sacred priestesses there suddenly advances one—my heart always recognizes her.

'Her large dark eyes sparkle with genius; her hair, black as ebony, falls in waving ringlets on her shoulders; her features are more strongly marked than delicate,—one reads in them something above the destiny of her sex.

'Thus would we paint the muse of poetry, or Clio, or Melpomene. "See her! See her!" they exclaim,

wherever she appears ; and we hold our breath as she approaches.

‘ I had before seen the Pythia of Delphi, and the Sybil of Cumæ ; but they were wild ; their gestures had a convulsive air ; they seemed less filled with the presence of the god than devoured by the Furies. The young priestess is animated without excess, and inspired without intoxication. Her charm is freedom ; all her supernatural gifts seem to be a part of herself.

‘ She took her lyre of gold and ivory, and began to sing the praises of Apollo. The music and the words were not prepared. In the celestial poetic fire that kindled in her face, and in the profound attention of the people, you could see that her imagination created the song ; and our ears, at once astonished and delighted, knew not which to admire most, the facility, or the perfection.

‘ A short time after, she laid aside her lyre, and talked of the great truths of nature,—of the immortality of the soul, of the love of liberty, of the charm and the danger of the passions. To hear her, one would have said there was the experience of many souls mingled into one : seeing her youth, we were ready to ask how she had been able thus to anticipate life, and to exist before she was born. I have looked and listened with transport. I have discovered in her features a charm superior to beauty. What an endless play of variety in the expression of her countenance ! What inflexions in the sound of her voice ! What a perfect correspondence between the thought and the expression ! She speaks—and, if I do not hear her words, her tones, her gestures, and her looks convey to me her meaning. She pauses—her last words resound in my heart, and I read in her eyes what she is yet about to say. She is silent—and the temple resounds with applause ; she bows her head in modesty ; her long eye-lashes fall over her eyes of fire ; and the sun is veiled from our sight !’

Such was Madame de Staël in the lustre of her youth—advancing with joy and confidence into a life, which promised nothing but happiness. She was herself too

kind to admit any forebodings of hatred, and too great an admirer of genius in others to suspect that it could be envied. But alas! though

' Some flowers of Eden we still may inherit,
The trail of the serpent is over them all.'

Such remarkable and obvious superiority could not be cheerfully tolerated by the narrow-minded and the selfish. Mademoiselle Necker might have been forgiven for being the richest heiress in the kingdom; but they could not pardon the fascination of talent, thus eclipsing beauty, and overshadowing rank. The power of intellect is borne with less patience than the tyranny of wealth; for genius cannot, like money, be loaned at six per cent.

Accordingly we find an extreme willingness to repeat any thing to the disadvantage of Mademoiselle Necker. Anecdotes were busily circulated about her early awkwardness, her untameable gaiety, the blunders that originated in her defect of sight, and, more than all, the mistakes into which she had been led by her warm unsuspecting temper, and the tricks that had been practised upon her in consequence of the discovery of her foibles.—' Envy, party-spirit, the strong temptation to be witty at the expense of such a person, have multiplied ill-natured stories, eagerly repeated even by those who courted her society, and whom she believed to be her friends; thus giving, without intending it, the measure of their own inferiority, by the exclusive notice they took of such peculiarities of character as happened to be nearest their own level.'* Neglecting to make a courtesy, and having a little piece of trimming ripped from her dress, when she was presented at court after her marriage,—and her having left her cap in the carriage, when she visited Madame de Polignac, furnished subjects of amusement for all Paris! But she herself recounted her own blunders with such infinite grace and good humour, that there was no withstanding her. Bad indeed must have been the temper

* Simond.

that could long resist the winning influence of her amiable manners. 'When she appeared the most eagerly engaged in conversation, she could always detect her adversaries at a glance, and was sure to captivate or disarm them as the conversation proceeded. She had a singular degree of tact in guessing what reply to make to reproaches that had not been expressed. She never allowed herself to be tedious, and she never indulged in asperity. If a dispute threatened to be serious, she gave it a playful turn, and by one happy word restored harmony. In fact, no one would have been encouraged in an attempt to disconcert or vex her; for as she deeply interested while she amused her hearers, they would have cordially joined against the aggressor; and could any one have succeeded in silencing her eloquence, he would have despaired of being able to supply her place.'

M. Necker's wealth, and his daughter's extraordinary powers of pleasing, soon attracted suitors. Her parents were extremely ambitious for her; and the choice was not decided without difficulty; for she insisted upon not being obliged to leave France, and her mother made it a point that she should not marry a Catholic. We are told that she refused several distinguished men. Sir John Sinclair, in his Correspondence, speaks of a projected union between the son of Lord Rivers and Mademoiselle Necker, and regrets that it did not take place, as it would have withdrawn her family from the vortex of French politics; but I find no allusion elsewhere to this English marriage, and Sir John does not inform us upon what authority his remark is founded. In her works, Madame de Staël constantly expresses great admiration of England, and she chose to give her Corinna an English lover. Whether this taste, so singular in a French woman, had any thing to do with her early recollections, I know not.

Her fate was at last decided by Eric-Magnus, Baron de Staël Holstein, a Swedish nobleman, secretary to the ambassador from the court of Stockholm. He is said to have had an amiable disposition, a fine person, and courtly manners; but we are not told that in point of intellect

he possessed any distinguished claims to the hand of Mademoiselle Necker. Like a good many personages in history, he seems to have accidentally fallen upon greatness by pleasing the fancies of his superiors, or coming in contact with their policy. He was a favourite with Marie Antoinette, who constantly advanced his interests by her patronage; he was likewise the bosom friend of Count Fersen, who at that time had great influence at court.

The queen warmly urged his suit; Gustavus III. willing to please Marie Antoinette, and to secure such a large fortune to one of his subjects, recalled the Swedish ambassador, and appointed the Baron de Staël in his place, promising that he should enjoy that high rank for many years; and the lover himself, in order to remove the scruples the young lady had with regard to marrying a foreigner, pledged his honour that she should never be urged to quit France.

Sir John Sinclair tells us that M. Necker was supposed to favour the match in hopes of being restored to office through the influence of the Queen and Count Fersen; but such a motive is not at all consistent with the character Madame de Staël has given of her father, who she says, 'in every circumstance of his life preferred the least of his duties to the most important of his interests.'

She herself probably imagined the connection might be of use to her beloved parents; and her ambition might have been tempted by her lover's rank as a nobleman and ambassador; at least it is difficult to account in any other manner for her union with a foreigner considerably older than herself, and with whom she had few points of sympathy in character, or pursuits; it was a notorious fact that she was never over fond of the match, and entered into the necessary arrangements with great coldness.

She was married to the Baron de Staël in 1786, and the bridegroom received, on his wedding-day, eighty thousand pounds as her dowry.

This union, like most marriages of policy, was far from being a happy one. Had Madame de Staël been a heartless, selfish character, such a destiny would have been good enough; but they were indeed cruel, who assisted

in imposing such icy fetters on a soul so ardent, generous, and affectionate as hers. Nature, as usual, rebelled against the tyranny of ambition. We are told by her friends, and indeed there is internal evidence in most of her works, that her life was one long sigh for domestic love.

When she became a mother, she used playfully to say, 'I will *force* my daughter to make a marriage of *inclination*.'

The impetuosity of an unsatisfied spirit gave a singular degree of vehemence to all her attachments; her gratitude and friendship took the colouring of ardent love. She was extremely sensitive where her heart was concerned; and at the slightest neglect, real or imaginary, from her friends, she would exclaim with bitter emphasis, 'Never, never have I been loved as I love others!'

When she was the most carried away by the excitement of society, and the impetuous inspiration of her own spirit, it was impossible for a friend to glide away unperceived by her. This watchful anxiety was the source of frequent reproaches; she was for ever accusing her friends of a diminution in their love. Madame de Saussure once said to her, 'Your friends have to submit each morning to renewed charges of coldness and neglect.' 'What matter for that,' she replied, 'if I love them the better every evening?' She used to say, 'I would go to the scaffold, in order to try the friendship of those who accompanied me.'

Yet with all her extreme susceptibility of tenderness and admiration, she was not blind to the slightest defects. With her, character always passed under a close and rigorous examination; and if she sometimes wounded the vanity of her friends by being too clear-sighted to their imperfections, they were soothed by her enthusiastic admiration of all their great and good qualities. Indeed she might well be forgiven by others, since her acute powers of analysis were directed against her own character with the most unsparing severity.

The winter after Madame de Staël's marriage, her father was exiled forty leagues from Paris, and she was

with him during the greater part of his absence. In the August following, 1788, he was recalled with added honours, and his daughter, of course, became one of the most important personages in France. But while she formed the centre of attraction in the fashionable and intellectual society of Paris, she did not relinquish her taste for literature. In 1789, she published her famous *Letters on the Character and Writings of J. J. Rousseau*. The judicious will not approve of all the opinions expressed in this book; and perhaps she herself would have viewed things differently when riper years and maturer judgment had somewhat subdued the artificial glare, which youth and romance are so apt to throw over wrong actions and false theories. 'It is, however, a glowing and eloquent tribute to the genius of that extraordinary man; and the acuteness shown in her remarks on the *Emilius*, and the *Treatise on the Social Contract*, is truly wonderful in a young woman so much engrossed by the glittering distractions of fashionable life.'

At first only a few copies were printed for her intimate friends; but a full edition was soon published without her consent. The Baron de Grimm, who saw one of the private copies, speaks of it with great admiration as one of the most remarkable productions of the time.

Before the year expired, we find her involved in anxiety and trouble occasioned by the second exile of her father. His dismissal from office excited great clamour among the populace, who regarded him as the friend of liberty and the people. This feeling was openly expressed by closing the theatres, as for some great national calamity. The consequence was an almost immediate recall; and Madame de Staël warmly exulted in the triumph of a parent, whom she seems to have regarded with a feeling little short of idolatry.

'From the moment of his return, in July, 1789, to the period of his final fall from power, in September, 1790, M. Necker was all powerful in France; and Madame de Staël, of course, was a person of proportional consequence in the literary, philosophical, and political society about the court, and in those more troubled circles from which

the Revolution was just beginning to go forth in its most alarming forms. Her situation enabled her to see the sources, however secret, of all the movements that were then agitating the very foundations of civil order in France; and she had talent to understand them with great clearness and truth. She witnessed the violent removal of the king to Paris, on the 6th of October; she was present at the first meeting of the National Convention, and heard Mirabeau and Barnave; she followed the procession to Nôtre Dame, to hear Louis XVI. swear to a constitution, which virtually dethroned him; and from that period, her mind seems to have received a political tendency, that it never afterward lost.

‘ In 1790, she passed a short time with her father at Coppet, but soon returned to Paris.

‘ She associated, on terms of intimacy, with Talleyrand, for whom she wrote the most important part of his Report on Public Instruction, in 1790. She likewise numbered among her friends, La Fayette, Narbonne, Sieyes, and other popular leaders.’

When, amid the universal consternation, there could be no one found to shelter the proscribed victims of the despotic mob, Madame de Staël had the courage to offer some of them an asylum, hoping the residence of a foreign ambassador would not be searched. She shut them up in the remotest chamber, and herself spent the night in watching the streets.

M. de Narbonne was concealed in her house, when the officers of police came to make the much dreaded ‘ domiciliary visit.’ She knew that he could not escape, if a rigorous search were made, and that if taken, he would be beheaded that very day. She had sufficient presence of mind to keep quite calm. Partly by her eloquence, and partly by a familiar pleasantry, which flattered them, she persuaded the men to go away without infringing upon the rights of a foreign ambassador.

Dr. Bollman, the same generous Hanoverian who afterward attempted to rescue La Fayette from the prison of Olmutz, offered to undertake the dangerous business of conveying Narbonne to England; and he effected it

in safety by means of a passport belonging to one of his friends.

As Sweden refused to acknowledge the French Republic, the situation of the Baron de Staël became very uncomfortable at Paris ; and he was recalled in 1792, a short time before the death of Gustavus III. In September, 1792, Madame de Staël set out for Switzerland, in a coach and six, with servants in full livery ; she was induced to do this, from the idea that the people would let her depart more freely, if they saw her in the style of an ambassadress. This was ill-judged ; a shabby post-chaise would have conveyed her more safely. A ferocious crowd stopped the horses, calling out loudly that she was carrying away the gold of the nation. A *gen-d'arme* conducted her through half Paris to the Hotel de Ville, on the staircase of which several persons had been massacred. No woman had at that time perished ; but the next day the Princess Lamballe was murdered by the populace. Madame de Staël was three hours in making her way through the crowds that on all sides assailed her with cries of death. They had nothing against her personally, and probably did not know who she was ; but a carriage and liveries, in their eyes, warranted sentence of execution. She was then pregnant ; and a *gen-d'arme* who was placed in the coach, was moved with compassion at her situation and excessive terror ; he promised to defend her at the peril of his life. She says, ' I alighted from my carriage, in the midst of an armed multitude, and proceeded under an arch of pikes. In ascending the staircase, which was likewise bristled with spears, a man pointed toward me the one which he held in his hand ; but my *gen-d'arme* pushed it away with his sabre. The President of the Commune was Robespierre ; and I breathed again, because I had escaped from the populace ; yet what a protector was Robespierre ! His secretary had left his beard untouched for a fortnight, that he might escape all suspicion of aristocracy. I showed my passports, and stated the right I had to depart as ambassadress of Sweden. Luckily, for me, Manuel arrived ; he was a man of good feelings, though he was

hurried away by his passions. In an interview, a few days before, I had wrought upon his kind disposition so that he consented to save two victims of proscription. He immediately offered to become responsible for me ; and, conducting me out of that terrible place, he locked me up with my maid-servant in his closet. Here we waited six hours, half dead with hunger and fright. The window of the apartment looked on the *Place de Grève*, and we saw the assassins returning from the prisons, with their arms bare and bloody, and uttering horrible cries.

‘ My coach with its baggage had remained in the middle of the square. I saw a tall man in the dress of a national guard, who for two hours defended it from the plunder of the populace ; I wondered how he could think of such trifling things amid such awful circumstances. In the evening, this man entered my room with Manuel. He was Santerre, the brewer, afterward so notorious for his cruelty. He had several times witnessed my father’s distribution of corn among the poor of the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine*, and was willing to show his gratitude.

‘ Manuel bitterly deplored the assassinations that were going on, and which he had not power to prevent. An abyss was opened behind the steps of every man who had acquired any authority, and if he receded he must fall into it. He conducted me home at night in his carriage ; being afraid of losing his popularity by doing it in the day. The lamps were not lighted in the streets, and we met men with torches, the glare of which was more frightful than the darkness. Manuel was often stopped and asked who he was, but when he answered *Le Procureur de la Commune*, this Revolutionary dignity was respectfully recognized.’

A new passport was given Madame de Staël, and she was allowed to depart with one maid-servant, and a *gendarme* to attend her to the frontier. After some difficulties of a less alarming nature, she arrived at Coppet in safety.

During the following year, her feelings were too painfully engrossed in watching the approaching political crisis, to admit of her making any new literary exertion.

She and her father having always strongly advocated a constitutional form of government, felt identified with the cause of rational freedom, and watched the ruin of the hopes they had formed with sad earnestness and bitter regret.

They have been frequently accused by their political enemies of having excited and encouraged the horrible disorders of the Revolution ; indeed the rancour of party-spirit went so far as to accuse Madame de Staël,—the glorious, the amiable Madame de Staël !—of having been among the brutal mob at Versailles, disguised as a *Poisarde*. Nothing could in fact be more untrue than charges of this description. Zealous friends of the equal rights of man, M. Necker and his sagacious daughter saw plainly that a change was needed in the French government, and no doubt they touched the springs, which set the great machine in motion ; but they could not foresee its frightful accumulation of power, or the ruinous work to which it would be directed. The limited monarchy of England was always a favourite model with Madame de Staël. In her conversation, and in her writings she has declared that the French people needed such a form of government, and, sooner or later, they would have it.

Had the character of Louis XVI. been adapted to the crisis in which he lived, her wishes might have been realized ; but she evinced her usual penetration when she said of that monarch, ‘ He would have made the mildest of despots, or the most constitutional of kings ; but he was totally unfit for the period when public opinion was making a transition from one to the other.’ To save the royal family from untimely death was the object of Madame de Staël’s unceasing prayers and efforts. Having been defeated in a plan to effect their escape from France, we find her, during this agitating period, silently awaiting the progress of events, which she dared not attempt to control ; but when Marie Antoinette was condemned to be beheaded, she could no longer restrain her agonized spirit. In August, 1793, heedless of the danger she incurred, she boldly published *Reflections on the Process against the Queen*. ‘ A short but most eloquent appeal to the French nation, beseeching them to pause and re-

flect before they should thus disgrace themselves with the world, and with posterity.' History informs us how entirely this and all other disinterested efforts failed to check the fury of the populace. The Revolution rushed madly on in its infernal course of blood and crime.

With the death of Gustavus III. there came a change of politics in Sweden. The Baron de Staël was again sent to Paris, the only ambassador from a monarchy to the new republic. Most of his old friends were proscribed, or imprisoned, and many of them had perished on the scaffold; even the family of his wife did not dare to reside in France. To secure popularity in his precarious situation, he gave three thousand francs to the poor of *La Croix Rouge*, a section particularly distinguished for its republicanism. He could not, however, feel secure amid the frightful scenes that were passing around him; and he soon hastened back to Sweden, where he remained until after the death of Robespierre. For a short time, during these dreadful months, which have been so appropriately termed the Reign of Terror, Madame de Staël was in England; and, what is remarkable, she was in England, poor; for the situation of the two countries at that crisis prevented her receiving the funds necessary for her support. She lived in great retirement at Richmond, with two of her countrymen no less distinguished than Narbonne and Talleyrand, both, like herself, anxiously watching the progress of affairs in France, and hoping for some change that would render it safe for them to return. It is a curious item in the fickle cruelty of the Revolution, that these three persons, who during such a considerable portion of their lives, exercised an influence, not only on their country, but on the world, were now deprived of their accustomed means of subsistence; and it is worthy of notice, as a trait in their national character, that they were not depressed or discouraged by it.

‘All they had, when thrown into the common stock, was merely sufficient to purchase a kind of carriage, which would hold but two. As they rode about to see Narbonne and Talleyrand alternately mount-footmen behind, breaking out the glass of the

chaise, in order to carry on a conversation with those inside. Madame de Staël has often said that in these conversations she has witnessed and enjoyed more of the play of the highest order of talent than at any other period of her life. Talleyrand came from England to the United States. Narbonne, if I mistake not, went to the continent; and Madame de Staël ventured back to France, in 1795. Her husband was again ambassador at Paris, where he remained, calmly receiving the alternate insolence and flattery of the populace, until 1799, when he was recalled by the young king, Gustavus Adolphus. All beneath the surface in France was, at that time, heaving and tumultuous; but men had been so terrified and wearied with the work of blood, that society was for a time restored to external stillness.

At such a period, a mind like Madame de Staël's had a powerful influence. Her saloon was a resort for all the restless politicians of the day, and she was once denounced to the Convention as a person dangerous to the state; but her character, as wife of a foreign ambassador, protected her; and she even ventured to publish a pamphlet on the prospect of peace, addressed to Mr. Pitt and the French people, which contained remarks opposed to the views of the reigning demagogue. This pamphlet was much praised by Mr. Fox in the English Parliament.

The principal charge brought against her, by the Directory, was the courage and zeal with which she served the suffering emigrants: she would have been imprisoned on this account, had it not been for the friendly exertions of Barras.

One day, an emigrant, whose brother was arrested and condemned to be shot, came in great agitation to beg her to save his life. She recollected that she had some acquaintance with General Lemoine, who had a right to suspend the judgments of the military commission. Thanking Heaven for the idea, she instantly went to his house.

At first he abruptly refused her petition. She says, 'My heart throbbed at the sight of that brother, who might think that I was not employing the words best fit-

ted to obtain what I asked. I was afraid of saying too much or too little ; of losing the fatal hour, after which all would be over ; or of neglecting an argument, which might prove successful. I looked by turns at the clock and the General to see whether his soul or time would approach the term most quickly. Twice he took the pen to sign a reprieve, and twice the fear of committing himself restrained him. At last, he was unable to refuse us ; and may Heaven shower blessings on him for the deed. The reprieve arrived in season, and innocence was saved !'

In 1796, Madame de Staël was summoned to Coppet to attend the death-bed of her mother. She has given us a very interesting account of her father's unwearied tenderness toward his dying wife, in the Preface to M. Necker's MSS. published by her after his death. She remained to soothe her father under his severe affliction, for nearly a year. During this time, she wrote her *Essay on the Passions*, divided into two parts : 1st, their Influence on the Happiness of Individuals ; 2d, on the Happiness of Nations. This work was suggested by the fearful scenes of the French Revolution, and probably could not have been written except by one who had witnessed the reckless violence and unnatural excitement of that awful period. It bears the marks of her peculiar strength, originality, and fervour ; but it is accused of great metaphysical obscurity, and of presenting too dark and lurid a picture of the human mind. Mr. Jeffrey, in a review of Madame de Staël, says, ' She always represents men a great deal more unhappy, more depraved, and more energetic, than they are ; she varnishes all her pictures with the glare of an extravagant enthusiasm.'

This is undoubtedly just ; but it is excused by the peculiar circumstances of the times in which she lived, acting on her ardent feelings and powerful imagination. No one but a witness of the French Revolution could have ranked a love of guilt and violence among the inherent passions of our nature.

The second part, intended to embrace the principal object of the work, was never finished.

We have already mentioned that Madame de Staël's

affections were supposed to have small share in her marriage. The coolness of her feelings toward the Baron de Staël was considerably increased by his heedless extravagance. On his wedding-day he is said to have assigned all his ministerial allowance to his friend, Count Fersen; and the princely dowry he received with his wife was soon nearly dissipated by his thoughtless expenditure. Such was the embarrassment of his affairs, that Madame de Staël thought it a duty to place herself and her three children under the protection of her father. Thus the projectors of this match met the usual fate of those, who attempt to thwart nature, and take destiny out of the hands of Providence: it not only made the parties wretched, but it did not even serve the ambitious purposes for which the sacrifice is supposed to have been made.

Her separation from her husband was not of long continuance. Illness, and approaching age required a wife's attentions; and Madame de Staël, true to the kind impulses of her generous nature, immediately returned to him. As soon as he could bear removal, she attempted, by slow journeys, to bring him to her father's residence, that she and her children might make the evening of his days as cheerful as possible. It was, however, destined to be otherwise; he died at Poligni, on his way to Coppet, May 9th, 1802.

Madame de Staël's *Essays on the Passions* led her mind to a series of inquiries, which ended in her celebrated *Essay on Literature*, considered in its relations with the Social Institutions. She devoted four years of severe labour to this work. It was begun at Coppet in 1796, and published in 1800. This great subject is divided into two parts: 1st, the Influence of Religion, Manners and Laws on Literature, with the reciprocal Influence of Literature on Religion, Manners and Laws; and 2d, the existing state and future prospects of all in France at the time she wrote. It is a bold and powerful review, by masses, of the relation of society to literature and of literature to society, from the time of Homer to the year 1789. The theory of the perfectibility of the

human race, early struck the imagination of Madame de Staël; and her efforts to prove this theory by the history of the world, and the progress of literature, has led her into difficulties, and mistakes in this important work; it is, however, a beautiful whole, and deservedly placed her in the first rank among the writers of the age.

‘Immediately after the completion of this remarkable book, Madame de Staël went to Paris, where she arrived on the 9th of November, 1799—the very day that placed the destiny of France in the hands of Bonaparte.’ Her imagination seems to have been, at first, dazzled by the military glory of Napoleon. Lavalette was introduced to her at Talleyrand’s, at the time when every body was talking of the brilliant campaigns in Italy. He says, ‘During dinner, the praises Madame de Staël lavished on the conqueror of Italy, had all the wildness, romance, and exaggeration of poetry. When we left the table, the company withdrew to a small room to look at the portrait of the hero; and as I stepped back to let her walk in, she said, “How shall I *dare*, to pass before an aide-de-camp of Bonaparte!” My confusion was so great that she also felt a little of it, and Talleyrand laughed at us.

In her work on the French Revolution, she says, ‘It was with a sentiment of great admiration that I first saw Bonaparte at Paris. I could not find words to reply to him when he came to me to say that he had sought my father at Coppet, and regretted having passed through Switzerland without seeing him. But when I was a little recovered from the confusion of admiration, a strongly-marked sentiment of fear succeeded. He, at that time, had no power; the fear he inspired was caused only by the singular effect of his person upon nearly all who approached him. Far from recovering my confidence at seeing him more frequently, he constantly intimidated me more and more. I had a confused feeling that no emotion of the heart could act upon him. He regarded a human being as a thing, not as a fellow-creature. For him nothing existed but himself. Every time he spoke, I was struck with his superiority; his discourse had no

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similitude to that of intellectual and cultivated men ; but it indicated an acute perception of circumstances, such as the sportsman has of the game he pursues. He related the political and military events of his life in a very interesting manner ; he had even something of Italian imagination in narratives which admitted of gaiety. But nothing could overcome my invincible aversion to what I perceived in his character. There was in him a profound irony, from which nothing grand or beautiful escaped : his wit was like the cold, sharp sword in romance, which froze the wound it inflicted. I could never breathe freely in his presence. I examined him with attention ; but when he observed that my looks were fixed upon him, he had the art of taking away all expression from his eyes, as if they had been suddenly changed to marble.'

Notwithstanding these feelings of fear and distrust, Madame de Staël seems to have been willing to produce an impression upon the First Consul. This might have originated in ambition to obtain the confidence of a man likely to possess so much political power ; or in vanity, slightly piqued by the indifference with which he treated her, in common with all other women ; for indifference was a thing to which Madame de Staël was entirely unaccustomed.

Sir Walter Scott tells us, that she once asked Bonaparte, rather abruptly, in the middle of a brilliant party at Talleyrand's, 'whom he considered the greatest woman in the world, alive or dead ?' 'Her, madam, who has borne the most children,' replied Bonaparte, with much appearance of simplicity. Disconcerted by the reply, she observed, that 'he was reported not to be a great admirer of the fair sex.' 'I am very fond of my wife, madam,' he replied, with one of those brief yet piquant observations, which adjourned a debate as promptly as one of his characteristic manœuvres would have ended a battle.

According to Bourrienne, this sort of abruptness towards ladies was nothing unusual in Napoleon. He tells us that he often indulged in such rude exclamations as

the following,—‘ How red your elbows are !’ ‘ What a strange head-dress you wear !’ ‘ Pray, tell me if you ever change your gown !’ &c.

An anecdote Madame de Staël herself tells in her ten years’ exile, betrays a wish that Bonaparte should at least be afraid of her talents. ‘ I was invited to General Berthier’s one day,’ says she, ‘ when the First Consul was to be of the party. As I knew he had expressed himself unfavourably about me, it occurred to me, that he might accost me with some of those rude expressions, which he often took pleasure in addressing to ladies, even when they paid court to him ; for this reason, I wrote a number of tart and piquant replies to what I supposed he might say. Had he chosen to insult me, it would have shown a want both of character and understanding to have been taken by surprise ; and as no person could be sure of being unembarrassed in the presence of such a man, I prepared myself beforehand to brave him. Fortunately, the precaution was unnecessary ; he only addressed the most common questions to me.’

In fact, to Bonaparte’s habitual contempt of women, was added some fear of Madame de Staël’s penetration, as well as her politics. ‘ He was disposed to repel the advances of one, whose views were so shrewd, and her observation so keen, while her sex permitted her to push her inquiries farther than one man might have dared to do in conversation with another.’

Besides all this, she was the only writer of any notoriety in France, who had never in any way alluded to him or his government ; and, like her, he probably would have preferred sarcasm to silence. Moreover, Bonaparte, for a great man, had some very little feelings ; and perhaps he indulged somewhat of jealousy toward one of the weaker sex, who in his own capital was such a powerful competitor for fame.

He judged rightly when he supposed that her great abilities would all be exerted in opposition to his ambitious views. ‘ Her peculiar position in society brought her in contact with almost every person of rank and influence ; and this, united with her own uncommon saga-

city, soon enabled her to discover his real character and intentions. From the moment she understood him, she became one of the most active and determined of his opposers.' In the beginning of his reign, when policy compelled him to be gradual in his usurpation of power, she was not a little troublesome to him. In the organization of the new government, she is said to have fairly out-maneuvred him, and to have placed the celebrated Benjamin Constant in one of the assemblies, in spite of his efforts to the contrary.

Bonaparte kept close watch upon her; and his spies soon informed him that people always left Madame de Staël's house with less confidence in him, than they had when they entered it.

Joseph Bonaparte said to her, 'My brother complains of you. He asked me yesterday, "Why does not Madame de Staël attach herself to my government? Does she want the payment of her father's deposit? I will give orders for it. Does she wish for a residence in Paris? I will allow it her. In short, what is it that she wishes?"' Madame de Staël replied, 'The question is not what I *wish*, but what I *think*.' She says, 'I know not whether Joseph reported this answer to Napoleon; but if he did, I am certain he attached no meaning to it; for he believes in the sincerity of no one's opinions: he considers every kind of morality as nothing more than a form, or as the regular means of forwarding selfish and ambitious views.

'Integrity, whether encountered in individuals or nations, was the only thing for which he knew not how to calculate; his artifices were disconcerted by honesty, as evil spirits are exorcised by the sign of the cross.'

A zealous friend of liberty, so clear-sighted to his views, and so openly his enemy, was of course a very inconvenient obstacle in the path of Napoleon. Being anxious for a pretext to banish her, he seized upon the first that offered, which happened to be the publication of a political pamphlet by her father, in 1802. On the pretence that she had contributed to the falsehoods, which he said it contained, he requested Talleyrand to inform her

that she must quit Paris. This was a delicate office for an old acquaintance to perform; but Talleyrand was even then used to difficult positions. His political history has proved that no fall, however precipitate, can bewilder the selfish acuteness of his faculties, or impair the marvellous pliancy of his motions: his attachment to *places* rather than persons is another, and stronger point of resemblance, between him and a certain household animal. •

An anecdote which has been often repeated is a good specimen of his diplomatic adroitness: Madame de Staël, being in a boat with him and Madame Grand, afterward his wife, put his gallantry to the proof by asking him ‘which he would try to save, if they should both chance to fall in the water?’ ‘My dear madam,’ replied Talleyrand, ‘I should be so sure that *you* would know how to swim.’

His characteristic finesse was shown in his manner of performing the embarrassing office assigned him by the First Consul. He called upon Madame de Staël, and, after a few compliments, said, ‘I hear, madam, you are going to take a journey.’ ‘Oh, no! it is a mistake, I have no such intention.’ ‘Pardon me, I was informed that you were going to Switzerland.’ ‘I have no such project, I assure you.’ ‘But I have been told, *on the best authority*, that you would quit Paris in three days.’ Madame de Staël took the hint, and went to Coppet.

In the meantime, however, before she left Paris, she completed a novel in six volumes, under the title of *Delphine*, which was published in 1802. This work is an imitation of Rousseau’s *Nouvelle-Heloïse*. Being written in the form of letters, it afforded facilities for embodying animated descriptions of Parisian society, and the sparkling sayings of the moment. But things of this sort, ‘like the rich wines of the south, though delicious in their native soil, lose their spirit by transportation.’

Delphine is a brilliant and unhappy being, governed by her feelings, and misled by her haughty sense of freedom. The reader at once suspects that under a slight veil of fiction, the author is her own heroine: and though there are some intentional points of difference, I presume that *Delphine* is a pretty correct portrait of Madame de

Staël's impetuous and susceptible character at the time she wrote it. 'This book has all the extravagance and immorality of the *Nouvelle Heloise*, but is inferior to its model in eloquence and enthusiasm.'

In 1803, Madame de Staël ventured to reside within ten leagues of Paris, occasionally going there to visit the museum and the theatres. Some of her enemies informed Bonaparte that she received a great many visitors, and he immediately banished her to the distance of forty leagues from the capital; a sentence which was rigorously enforced. This severity excited the more remark as she was the first woman exiled by Bonaparte. A panegyrist of Napoleon has implied that she incurred his hatred by persecuting him with her love; that she was always telling him none but an intellectual woman was fit to be his mate, that genius should unite with genius, &c.

This is unquestionably a fable. If she made such remarks to the hero, it could not have been with a view to herself; for he married Josephine several years before the death of the Baron de Staël. Her own account of her feelings towards Bonaparte is sufficiently frank and explicit to warrant our belief in its truth.

Joseph Bonaparte, of whose uniform kindness Madame de Staël speaks very gratefully, interceded in her favour; and his wife even dared to invite her to spend a few days at their country-seat, at the very time when she was the object of Napoleon's persecution.

Bonaparte knew enough of Madame de Staël's character to be aware that an exile from Paris would be a most terrible calamity. The excitement of society was almost as necessary to her existence as the air she breathed; reluctant to relinquish it, she lingered near the metropolis as long as she dared, before taking her final departure for Switzerland.

Nothing could be more intimate and delightful than the friendship between M. Necker and his highly-gifted daughter; but notwithstanding the happiness she enjoyed in his society, and the delight she took in the education of her children, Madame de Staël sighed for the intellectual excitements of Paris. She had been so long ac-

customed to society, that it became an indispensable impulse to her genius and her gaiety. She reproached herself for these feelings, and made strong efforts to become habituated to the monotony of a secluded life. But she no longer seemed like herself. Madame de Staël, thus tamed, was no longer Madame de Staël.

Her father, conscious how much she needed the exhilarating influence of society, had always encouraged her visits to Paris; and now that she was exiled from the scene of so many triumphs and so much enjoyment, he strongly favoured her project of visiting Germany. Accordingly, in the winter of 1803, she went to Frankfort, Weimar, and Berlin. At Frankfort, her daughter, then five years old, was taken dangerously ill. Madame de Staël knew no one in that city, and was ignorant of the language: even the physician to whose care she intrusted the child scarcely spoke a word of French. Speaking of her distress on this occasion, she exclaims, 'Oh, how my father shared with me in all my trouble! What letters he wrote me! What a number of consultations of physicians, all copied with his own hand, he sent me from Geneva!'

The child recovered, and she proceeded to Weimar, so justly called the Athens of Germany; and afterward to Berlin, where she was received with distinguished kindness by the king and queen, and the young prince Louis. At Weimar she writes, 'I resumed my courage on seeing, through all the difficulties of the language, the immense intellectual riches that existed out of France. I learned to read German; I listened attentively to Goëthe and Wieland, who, fortunately for me, spoke French extremely well. I comprehended the mind and genius of Schiller, in spite of the difficulty he felt in expressing himself in a foreign language. The society of the Duke and Duchess of Weimar pleased me exceedingly. I passed three months there, during which the study of German literature gave me all the occupation my mind required. My father wished me to pass the winter in Germany, and not return to him until spring. Alas! alas! how much I calculated on carrying back to him the harvest of new

ideas which I was going to collect in this journey. He was frequently telling me that my letters and conversation were all that kept up his connection with the world. His active and penetrating mind excited me to think, for the sake of the pleasure of talking to him. If I observed, it was to convey my impressions to him ; if I listened, it was to repeat to him.'

M. de Bonstetten, who used to see her correspondence with her father, says, 'The letters she wrote him had more spirit, ease, eloquence, and acuteness of observation, than any thing she ever published.' It is deeply to be regretted that M. Necker, from motives of political caution, always burned these letters as soon as they had been seen by her most intimate friends. Madame de Saussure speaks of them as indescribably charming—full of striking anecdotes, and pictorial sketches. She says, 'Nothing could surpass them, but Madame de Staël's first interviews with her father, after she had been separated from him by a temporary absence. The deep emotion, which she tried to repress, lest it should excite him too much, spread itself like a torrent over all her conversation. She talked of men and things—discussed governments—and described the effects she herself had produced—with an eager joy, that continually overflowed in caresses and tears. Every thing she recounted was made to bear some relation to him. The characters she portrayed were brought in lively contrast with *his* intelligence, *his* goodness, and *his* perfect integrity. However foreign the subject, it always conveyed some indirect eulogium, or some expression of tenderness, to her beloved father. What a paternal glory illuminated M. Necker's countenance as he looked and listened ! How joy sparkled in those eyes, which never lost the fire of youth ! Not that he believed her lavish praise—but in it he read his daughter's heart, and his own delighted in her prodigious endowments.'

The same lady relates the following anecdote, somewhat laughable in itself, but interesting as a specimen of Madame de Staël's excessive sensibility in every thing that related to her father :

‘ M. Necker had sent his carriage to Geneva for the purpose of bringing myself and children to Coppet. It was evening when I left home, and the carriage was overturned in a ditch. No one was injured; but as it took some time to refit the carriage, it was quite late when we arrived at Coppet. Madame de Staël was alone in the parlour, anxiously awaiting our arrival. As soon as I began to speak of our accident, she eagerly interrupted me with, “ How did you come ? ” “ In your father’s carriage.” “ Yes, yes, I know that—but who brought you ? ” “ Richard, the coachman.” “ Good Heavens ! ” she exclaimed, “ what if he should upset *my father* ! ”

‘ She rung the bell violently, and ordered the coachman to be called. The man being out of the way, she was obliged to wait a moment, during which time she walked the room in great agitation. “ My poor father ! ” she repeated, “ what if he should be upset ? At your age, and that of your children, it is nothing at all. But at his age—and so large as he is—and into a ditch, too ! Perhaps he would have remained there a long time, calling, and calling in vain. My poor father.”

‘ When the coachman appeared, I was very curious to see how she would find vent for her strong emotions ; for she was proverbially very kind and affable to her domestics. She advanced solemnly toward him, and in a voice somewhat stifled, but which gradually became very loud, she said, “ Richard, have you ever heard that I have a great deal of talent ? ” The man stared in amazement. “ I say,” she repeated, “ do you know that I have a great deal of talent ? ” He remained silent, and confused. “ Learn then that I have talent, great talent—prodigious talent ! and I will make use of the whole of it, to keep you shut up in a dungeon all your life, if you ever upset my father ! ”

Alas ! this sacred tie, the strongest, perhaps, that ever bound the hearts of parent and child, was soon to be burst asunder. At Berlin, Madame de Staël was suddenly stopped in her travels, by the news of her father’s dangerous illness. She hastened back with an impatience that would fain have annihilated time and space ; but he

died before she arrived. This event happened in April, 1804. At first, she refused to believe the tidings. She was herself so full of life, that she could not realize death. Her father had such remarkable freshness of imagination, such cheerfulness, such entire sympathy with youthful feeling, that she forgot the difference in their ages. She could not bear to think of him as old; and once, when she heard a person call him so, she resented it highly, and said she never wished to see anybody who repeated such words. And now, when they told her that the old man was gathered to his fathers, she could not, and she would not believe it.

Madame de Saussure was at Coppet when M. Necker died; and as soon as her services to him were ended, she went to meet her friend, on her melancholy return from Germany, under the protection of M. de Schlegel, her son's German tutor. She says, the convulsive agony of her grief was absolutely frightful to witness; it seemed as if life must have perished in the struggle. Her friends tried every art to soothe her; and sometimes for a moment she appeared to give herself up to her usual animation and eloquence; but her trembling hands, and quivering lips soon betrayed the internal conflict, and the transient calm was succeeded by a violent burst of anguish. Yet even during these trying moments, she displayed her characteristic kindness of heart: she constantly tried to check her sorrow, that she might give such a turn to the conversation as would put M. de Schlegel at his ease, and enable him to show his great abilities to advantage.

The impression produced upon Madame de Staël by her father's death seems to have been as deep and abiding, as it was powerful. Through her whole life, she carried him in her heart. She believed that his spirit was her guardian angel; and when her thoughts were most pure and elevated, she said it was because he was with her. She invoked him in her prayers, and when any happy event occurred, she used to say with a sort of joyful sadness, 'My father has procured this for me.' His miniature became an object of superstitious love.

Once, and only once, she parted with it, for a short time. Having herself found great consolation, during illness, in looking at those beloved features, she sent it to her sick daughter, imagining it would have the same effect upon her; telling her in her letter, 'Look upon that, and it will comfort you in your sufferings.'

To the latest period of her life, the sight of an old man affected her, because it reminded her of her father; and the lavishness with which she gave her sympathy and her purse to the distresses of the aged proved the fervour of her filial recollections.

Though Madame de Staël's thoughts had always been busy with the world, she was never destitute of religious sensibility. Conscious as she was of her intellectual strength, she did not attempt to wrestle with the mysteries of God. Her beautiful mind inclined rather to reverence and superstition than to unbelief. No doubt, religion was with her more a matter of feeling, than of faith; but she respected the feeling, and never suffered the pride of reason to expel it from her heart. There is something beautifully pathetic in the exclamation that burst from her, when her little daughter was dangerously ill at Frankfort: 'Oh, what would become of a mother, trembling for the life of her child, if it were not for prayer!'

Her father's death gave a more permanent influence to such feelings. If I may use the expression, her character became less volcanic, while it lost nothing of its power.

Anxious to be to her children what he had been to her, she spared no pains to impress them with what was excellent in his character. She frequently read with them moral and religious books. The writings of Fenelon afforded her great consolation and delight; and during the last years of her life, the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ,' by Thomas a Kempis, was her favourite volume. She was a most affectionate and devoted mother, and singularly beloved by her children. On this subject we have the testimony of her daughter, the Duchess de Broglie, who in talent and character is said to be worthy of her high de-

scent. She says, ' My mother attached great importance to our happiness in childhood, and affectionately shared all our little griefs. When I was twelve years old, she used to talk to me as to an equal ; and nothing gave me such delight as half an hour's intimate conversation with her. It elevated me at once, gave me new life, and inspired me with courage in all my studies. She herself heard my lessons every day ; she would not procure a governess, even in the midst of her greatest troubles. She taught us to love and pity her, without ever diminishing our reverence. Never was there a mother who at once inspired so much confidence, and so much respect.'

During the life-time of M. Necker, Madame de Staël remained in childish ignorance of all the common affairs of life. She was in the habit of applying to him for advice about every thing, even her dress. The unavoidable result was that she was very improvident. Her father used to compare her to a savage, who would sell his hut in the morning, without thinking what would become of him at night.

When her guide and support was taken from her, no wonder that she felt as if it would be absolutely impossible for her to do any thing without him. For a short time she gave herself up to the most discouraging fancies. She thought her fortune would be wasted, her children would not be educated, her servants would not obey her, —in short, that every thing would go wrong. But her anxiety to do every thing as *he* would have done it, gave her a motive for exertion, and inspired her with strength. She administered upon his estate with remarkable ability, and arranged her affairs with a most scrupulous regard to the future interests of her children.

Her first literary employment after the death of her father was a tribute to his memory. ' She collected his MSS. and published them, accompanied with a most eloquent and interesting memoir, full of the first deep impressions of her sorrow.' M. Constant, the celebrated statesman and writer, has said of this preface, ' Perhaps I deceive myself ; but those pages appear to me more

likely to lead one to a true knowledge of her character, and to endear her to those who knew her not, than her most eloquent writings on any other subject ; for her whole mind and heart are there displayed. The delicacy of her perceptions, the astonishing variety of her thought, the ardour of her eloquence, the weight of her judgment, the reality of her enthusiasm, her love of liberty and justice, her passionate sensibility, the melancholy which often marked even her purely literary writings ;—all these are concentrated here, to express a single feeling, to call forth the sympathy of others in a single sentiment. Nowhere else has she treated a subject, with all the resources of her intellect, all the depth of her feeling, and without being diverted by a single thought of a less absorbing nature.'

When this occupation was finished, her desolate heart fed upon its own feelings, until she could no longer endure the melancholy associations inspired by every thing around her.

Her health as well as her spirits sunk rapidly under the oppression of grief. Her friends advised new scenes and change of climate. Paris was still closed against her ; though M. Necker, with his dying hand, had written to assure Bonaparte that his daughter had no share in his political pamphlet, and to beseech that her sentence of exile might be repealed after his death.

Thus situated, her thoughts turned toward Italy. Sismondi accompanied her in this journey. They arrived just when the fresh glory of a southern spring mantled the earth and the heavens. She found a renovating influence in the beautiful sky and the balmy climate of this lovely land, which she, with touching superstition, ascribed to the intercession of her father. ' She passed more than a year in Italy ; visiting Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, and other more inconsiderable cities, with lively interest and great minuteness of observation. The impression produced by her talent and character is still fresh in the memories of those who saw her.'

She returned to Switzerland in the summer of 1805, and passed a year among her friends at Coppet and Ge-

neva; during this period she began *Corinna*, the splendid record which she has left the world of her visit to Italy. This work was published in 1802, and perhaps obtained more extensive and immediate fame than any thing she ever wrote. It was received with one burst of applause by all the literati of Europe. Mr. Jeffrey, in his review of it, pronounced Madame de Staël 'the greatest writer in France, after the time of Voltaire and Rousseau; and the greatest female writer of any age, or country.'

Like Rousseau, and Byron, Madame de Staël wrote from the impulses of her own heart, and threw something of *herself* into all her fictions. In *Corinna*, 'a child of the sun,' all genius and sensibility, for ever departing from the line marked out by custom, and mourning over her waywardness as if it were guilt, we at once recognize Madame de Staël herself, with all her sweeping energies and irresistible inspiration. This book is characterized in an eminent degree by Madame de Staël's peculiar excellencies, grandeur and pathos. As a national painting it is more fascinating than as a romance: Italy, in all the freshness of its present beauty, and the magnificence of its glorious recollections, is perfectly embalmed by her genius.

Her eldest son, Augustus, Baron de Staël, was at this time in Paris, pursuing his studies preparatory to entering the Polytechnic school; and after the completion of *Corinna*, Madame de Staël, in order to be as near him as possible, went to reside at Auxerre, and afterward at Rouen, from whence she could daily send to Paris. She led a very retired life, and was extremely prudent about intermeddling with politics; those, who had anything to hope or to fear from the Emperor, did not dare to maintain any intercourse with her; and of course she was not thronged with visiters, in those days of despotism and servility; all she wished, was liberty to superintend the publication of *Corinna*, and to watch over the education of her son.

But all this moderation and caution did not satisfy Bonaparte. He wanted to interdict her writing any thing, even if it were, like *Corinna*, totally unconnected

with politics. She was again banished from France ; and, by a sad coincidence, she received the order on the ninth of April, the anniversary of her father's death. When she returned to Coppet, all her movements were watched by the spies of government, so that existence became a complete state of bondage. To use her own words, she was 'tormented in all the interests and relations of life, and on all the sensible points of her character.' She still had warm and devoted friends, who could not be withdrawn from her by motives of interest, or fear ; but with all the consolations of fame and friendship, it was sufficiently inconvenient and harassing to be thus fettered and annoyed.

As a means of employing her mind, which, ever since the death of her father, had been strongly prone to indulge in images of gloom and terror, Madame de Staël industriously continued the study of German literature and philosophy. Her acquaintance with M. de Schlegel and M. Villers (the author of an admirable book on the Reformation, which obtained the prize from the French Academy,) afforded her remarkable facilities for perfecting herself in the German language. Her first visit had brought her into delightful companionship with most of the great minds in North Germany ; but she deemed it necessary to visit the South, before she completed a work, which she had long had in contemplation. In company with her beautiful friend, Madame Recamier, she passed the winter of 1807 at Vienna, receiving the same flattering distinctions from the great and the gifted, which had everywhere attended her footsteps.

She began her celebrated book on Germany in the country itself, and surrounded by every facility for giving a correct picture of its literature, manners, and national character ; as we have just stated, she made a second visit, for the purpose of more thorough investigation ; and she devoted yet two more years to it after her return ; making a period of about six years from the time of its commencement to its final completion. It is true, this arduous labour was not continued uninterruptedly : she had in the meanwhile, made her visit to Italy, and writ-

ten Corinna ; and while she was employed with her great work on Germany, she composed and played at Coppet the greater part of the little pieces, which are now collected in the sixteenth volume of her works, under the title of Dramatic Essays. At the beginning of the summer of 1810, she finished the three volumes of Germany, and went to reside just without forty leagues from Paris, in order to superintend its publication. She says, ' I fixed myself at a farm called *Fossé*, which a generous friend lent me. The house was inhabited by a Vendean soldier, who certainly did not keep it in the nicest order, but who had a loyal good-nature that made every thing easy, and an originality of character that was very amusing. Scarcely had we arrived, when an Italian musician, whom I had with me to give lessons to my daughter, began playing upon the guitar ; and Madame Recamier's sweet voice accompanied my daughter upon the harp. The peasants collected round the windows, astonished to hear this colony of troubadours, which had come to enliven the solitude of their master. Certainly this intimate assemblage, this solitary residence, this agreeable occupation, did no harm to any one. We had imagined the idea of sitting round a green table after dinner, and writing letters to each other instead of conversing. These varied and multiplied *têtes-à-têtes* amused us so much, that we were impatient to get from table, where we were talking, in order to go and write to one another. When any strangers came in, we could not bear the interruption of our habits ; and our *penny-post* always went its round. The inhabitants of the neighbouring town were somewhat astonished at these new manners, and looked upon them as pedantic ; though, in fact, it was merely a resource against the monotony of solitude. One day a gentleman, who had never thought of any thing in his life but *hunting*, came to take my boys with him into the woods ; he remained some time seated at our active, but silent table. Madame Recamier wrote a little note to this jolly sportsman, in order that he might not be too much a stranger to the circle in which he was placed. He excused himself from receiving it, assuring

us that he never could read writing by daylight. We afterward laughed not a little at the disappointment our beautiful friend had met with in her benevolent coquetry; and thought that a billet from her hand would not often have met such a fate. Our life passed in this quiet manner; and, if I may judge by myself, none of us found it burdensome.

‘I wished to go and see the Opera of Cinderilla represented at a paltry provincial theatre at Blois. Coming out of the theatre on foot, the people followed me in crowds, more from curiosity to see the woman Bonaparte had exiled, than from any other motive. This kind of celebrity, which I owed to misfortune much more than to talent, displeased the minister of police, who wrote to the Prefect of Loire that I was surrounded by a court. “Certainly,” said I to the Prefect, “it is not power that gives me a court.”

‘On the 23d of September, I corrected the last proof of Germany; after six years’ labour, I felt great delight in writing the word *end*. I made a list of one hundred persons to whom I wished to send copies in different parts of Europe.’ The work passed the censorship prescribed by law, and Madame de Staël, supposing every thing was satisfactorily arranged, went with her family to visit her friend M. de Montmorency, at his residence about five leagues from Blois. This gentleman could claim the oldest hereditary rank of any nobleman in France; being able to trace back his pedigree, through a long line of glorious ancestry, to the first Baron of Christendom, in the time of Charlemagne. Madame de Staël says, ‘He was a pious man, only occupied in this world with making himself fit for heaven; in his conversation with me he never paid any attention to the affairs of the day, but only sought to do good to my soul.’

Madame de Staël, after having passed a delightful day amid the magnificent forests and historical recollections of this ancient castle, retired to rest. In the night, M. de Montmorency was awakened by the arrival of Augustus, Baron de Staël, who came to inform him that his mother’s book on Germany was likely to be destroyed, in conse-

quence of a new edict, which had very much the appearance of being made on purpose for the occasion. Her son, as soon as he had done his errand, left M. de Montmorency to soften the blow as much as possible, but to urge his mother to return immediately after she had taken breakfast; he himself went back before daylight to see that her papers were not seized by the imperial police. Luckily, the proof-sheets of her valuable work were saved. Some further notes on Germany she had with her in a small portable desk in the carriage. As they drew near her habitation she gave the desk to her youngest son, who jumped over a wall, and carried it into the house through the garden. Miss Randall, an English lady, an excellent and much beloved friend, came to meet her on the road, to console her as much as she could under this great disappointment. A file of soldiers were sent to her publisher's, to destroy every sheet of the ten thousand copies that had been printed. She was required to give up her MSS. and quit France in twenty-four hours. In her *Ten Years' Exile*, Madame de Staël dryly remarks, 'It was the custom of Bonaparte to order *conscripts* and *women* to be in readiness to quit France in twenty-four hours.'

She had given up some rough notes of her work to the police, but the spies of government had done their duty so well, that they knew there was a copy saved; they could tell the exact number of proof-sheets that had been sent to her by the publisher, and the exact number she had returned. She did not pretend to deny the fact; but she told them she had placed the copy out of her hands, and that she neither could nor would put it in their power.

The severity used on this occasion was as unnecessary as it was cruel, for her book on Germany contained nothing to give offence to the government. Indeed the only fault pretended to be found with it was that it was purely literary, and contained no mention of the Emperor or his wars in that country.

The minister of police gave out, 'in *corsair terms*, that if Madame de Staël, on her return to Coppet, should

venture one foot within forty leagues of Paris, she was a *good prize*.' When arrived at Coppet, she received express orders not to go more than four leagues from her own house; and this was enforced with so much rigour, that having one day accidentally extended her ride a little beyond her limits, the military police were sent full speed to bring her back.

If Napoleon felt flattered that all the sovereigns of Europe were obliged to combine to keep one man on a barren island, Madame de Staël might well consider it no small compliment for one woman to be able to inspire with fear the mighty troubler of the world's peace.*

She was often informed by the creatures of government that she might easily put an end to the inconveniences she suffered, by publishing a few pages in praise of the emperor; but Madame de Staël, though her exile had cost her many, many hours of depression and anxiety, was too noble thus to bow the knee to a tyrant, whom her heart disliked, and her conscience disapproved.

When the prefect of Geneva urged her to celebrate in verse the birth of the king of Rome, she told him that if she did such a ridiculous thing, she should confine herself to wishing him a good nurse.

M. de Schlegel, who for eight years had been the tutor of her sons, was compelled to leave Switzerland. The best pretence the prefect could invent, on the spur of the occasion, was, that he was not *French* in his feeling, because he preferred the Phedra of *Euripides* to the Phedra of *Racine*. The real fact was, Bonaparte knew that his animated conversation cheered her solitude, and that to deprive her of society was almost to deprive her of life.

Few in this selfish world would visit one, who thus 'carried about with her the contagion of misfortune;' and she was even fearful of writing to her friends, lest she

* Bonaparte dreaded an epigram, pointed against himself, more than he dreaded 'infernal machines.' When he was told that no woman, however talented, could shake the foundation of his power, he replied, 'Madame de Staël carries a quiver full of arrows, that would hit a man if he were seated on a rainbow.'

should in some way implicate them in her own difficulties. In the midst of these perplexities, her true friend, M. de Montmorency, came to make her a visit; she told him such a proof of friendship would offend the emperor; but he felt safe in the consciousness of a life entirely secluded from any connection with public affairs. The day after his arrival, they rode to Fribourg, to see a convent of nuns, of the dismal order of La Trappe. She says, ' We reached the convent in the midst of a severe shower, after having been obliged to come nearly a mile on foot. I rung the bell at the gate of the cloister; a nun appeared behind the lattice opening, through which the portress may speak to strangers. "What do you want?" said she, in a voice without modulation, such as we might suppose that of a ghost. "I should like to see the interior of the convent." "That is impossible," she replied. "But I am very wet, and want to dry my dress." She immediately touched a spring, which opened the door of an outer apartment, in which I was allowed to rest myself, but no living creature appeared. In a few minutes, impatient at not being able to penetrate the interior of the convent, after my long walk, I rung again. The same person re-appeared. I asked her if females were never admitted into the convent. She answered, "only when they had the intention of becoming nuns."

"But," said I, "how can I tell whether I should like to remain in your house, if I am not permitted to see it?" "Oh, that is quite useless," she replied, "I am very sure that you have no vocation for our state;" and with these words she immediately shut her wicket. Madame de Staël says she knows not how this nun discovered her worldly disposition, unless it were by her quick manner of speaking, so different from their own. Those who look at Madame de Staël's portrait, will not wonder at the nun's penetration: it needs but a single glance at her bright dark eye, through which one can look so clearly into the depths of an ardent and busy soul, to be convinced that she was not made for the solitude and austerities of La Trappe.

Being disappointed in getting a sight of the nuns, Ma-

dame de Staël proposed to her son and M. de Montmorency to go to the famous cascade of Bex, where the water falls from a very lofty mountain. This being just within the French territory, she, without being aware of it, infringed upon her sentence of exile. The prefect blamed her very much, and made a great merit of not informing the Emperor that she had been in France. She says she might have told him, in the words of La Fontaine's fable, 'I grazed of this meadow the breadth of my tongue.' Bonaparte, finding that Madame de Staël wisely resolved to be as happy as she could, determined to make her home a solitude, by forbidding all persons to visit her.

Four days after M. de Montmorency arrived at Coppet, he was banished from France; for no other crime than having dared to offer the consolation of his society to one, who had been his intimate friend for more than twenty years, and by whose assistance he had escaped from the dangers of the Revolution.

Madame Recamier, being at that time on her way to the waters of Aix in Savoy, sent her friend word that she should stop at Coppet. Madame de Staël despatched a courier to beseech her not to come; and she wept bitterly, to think that her charming friend was so near her, without the possibility of obtaining an interview: but Madame Recamier, conscious that she had never meddled with politics, was resolved not to pass by Coppet without seeing her. Instead of the joy that had always welcomed her arrival, she was received with a torrent of tears. She staid only one night; but, as Madame de Staël had feared, the sentence of exile smote her also. 'Thus regardless,' says she, 'did the chief of the French people, so renowned for their gallantry, show himself toward the most beautiful woman in Paris. In one day he smote virtue and distinguished rank in M. de Montmorency, beauty in Madame Recamier, and, if I dare say it, the reputation of high talents in myself.'

Not only Frenchmen, but foreigners, who wished to visit a writer of so much celebrity, were informed that they must not enter her house. The minister of the po-

lice said he would have a soldier's guard mounted at the bottom of the avenue, to arrest whoever attempted to go to Coppet.

Every courier brought tidings of some friend exiled for having dared to keep up a correspondence with her; even her sons were forbidden to enter France, without a new permission from the police. In this cruel situation Madame de Staël could only weep for those friends, who forsook her, and tremble for those, who had the courage to remain faithful. But nothing could force from her one line of flattery to the Emperor.

Her friends urged her to go beyond the power of her enemy; saying, 'If you remain, he will treat you as Elizabeth did Mary Stuart; nineteen years of misery, and the catastrophe at last.' And she herself says, 'Thus to carry about with me the contagion of calamity, to be a burden on the existence of my children, to fear to write to those I love, or even to mention their names—this is a situation from which it is necessary to escape, or die.'

But she hesitated, and lingered long before she determined to leave the tomb of her father, where she daily offered up her prayers for support and consolation. Besides, a new feeling had at this period gained dominion over her. At Geneva, she had become acquainted with Albert-Jean-Michel de Rocca, a young officer, just returned wounded from the war of the Spanish Peninsula, whose feeble health, united with the accounts given of his brilliant courage, had inspired general interest. Madame de Staël visited him, as a stranger who needed the soothing voice of kindness and compassion. The first words she uttered made him her ardent lover; he talked of her incessantly. His friends represented to him the extreme improbability of gaining the affections of such a woman; he replied, 'I will love her so devotedly, that she *cannot* refuse to marry me.'

M. de Rocca had great elevation of character; his conversation was highly poetic; his affections ardent; and his style of writing animated and graceful: * his senti-

* In 1809 he published *Campagne de Walcheren et d'-Anvers*. In 1814 he published a very interesting book, which was reprinted

ments toward her were of the most romantic and chivalrous kind,—unbounded admiration was softened by extreme tenderness; her desolate heart had lost the guardian and support of early life; his state of health excited her pity; and more than all, he offered to realize the dream she had always so fondly indulged—a marriage of love.

A strong and enduring attachment, sprung up between them, which, in 1811, resulted in a private wedding.

The world, of course, will be disposed to smile at this union; but for myself, I would much more willingly forget her first marriage than her last. One originated in policy, and made her miserable; the other was sanctioned only by her own warm heart, and made her happy. In all things depending on themselves, the sunshine of their domestic love seems to have been without a shadow.

The precarious state of M. de Rocca's health was a source of sorrow, which she felt with a keenness proportioned to the susceptibility of her character. She watched over him with a patient, persevering attention, not a little remarkable in one to whom variety and activity were so necessary. When he was thought to be in danger, her anguish knew no bounds: she compared herself to Marshal Ney, when he expected sentence of death from one moment to another. In relation to this romantic affair, Madame de Staël was guilty of the greatest weakness of her whole life. Governed partly by a timidity, which feared 'the world's dread laugh,' and partly by a proud reluctance to relinquish the name she had made so glorious throughout Europe, she concealed the marriage from all but her children, and her most intimate friends. On every account, this is to be deeply regretted. It makes us blush for an instance of silly vanity in one so truly great; and what is worse, the embarrassing situation in which she thus placed herself, laid her very open to the malice of her enemies, and the suspicions of the world. Scandalous stories promulgated by those, who

in 1817, called *Memoire sur la guerre des Français en Espagne*. He left a novel in MS. called *Le Mal du pays*; I do not know whether it was ever printed.

either misunderstood, or wilfully misrepresented her character, are even now repeated, though clearly proved to be false by those who had the very best opportunities of observing her life.

In her preference for the conversation of gentlemen, Madame de Staël had ever been as perfectly undisguised, as she was with regard to all her other tastes and opinions; it was therefore natural that she should not be a general favourite with her own sex, though she found among women many of her most zealous and attached friends.

The intellectual sympathy, which produced so many delightful friendships between herself and distinguished men of all countries, was naturally attributed, by ladies of inferior gifts, to a source less innocent; and to this petty malice, was added strong political animosity, dark, rancorous, unprincipled, and unforgiving. They even tried to make a crime of her residence in England, with Narbonne, and Talleyrand—as if those days of terror, when every man, woman, and child in France slept under the guillotine, was a time for even the most scrupulous to adhere to the laws of etiquette.

After her marriage with M. de Rocca, Madame de Staël, happy in the retirement of her now cheerful home, and finding consolation in the warm affection of her children, indulged hopes that the government would leave her in peace. But Bonaparte, who no doubt heard some sort of account of the new attachment, which had given a fresh charm to her existence, caused her to be threatened with perpetual imprisonment.

Unable any longer to endure this system of vexation, she asked leave to live in Italy, promising not to publish a single line of any kind; and with something of becoming pride, she reminded the officers of government that it was the author of *Corinna*, who asked no other privilege than to live and die in Rome. But notwithstanding the strong claim which this beautiful work gave her to the admiration and indulgence of her countrymen, that request was refused.

Napoleon, in one of his conversations at St. Helena,

excuses his uninterrupted persecution of Madame de Staël, by saying, that 'she was an ambitious, intriguing woman, who would at any time have thrown her friends into the sea, for the sake of exercising her energy in saving them.'

No doubt there was much truth in this accusation. From her earliest childhood, Madame de Staël had breathed the atmosphere of politics; and she lived at an exciting period, when an active mind could scarcely forbear taking great interest in public affairs.* She was an avowed enemy to the imperial government; but, though she spoke her mind freely, we do not hear of her as engaged in any conspiracies, or even attempting to form a party.

At her Swiss retreat, when he was omnipotent in France, and she was powerless, it certainly was safe to leave her in the peaceful enjoyment of such social pleasures as were within her reach. The banishment of M. de Schlegel, M. de Montmorency, and Madame Recamier, his refusal to allow Madame de Staël to pass into Italy, and his opposition to her visiting England, seem much more like personal dislike and irritation against one, whom he could not compel to flatter him, than they do like political precaution: he indeed overrated Madame de Staël's importance, if he supposed she could change the whole policy of government, in a country where the national prejudices are so strongly arrayed against female politicians, as they are in England.

Whatever were Bonaparte's motives and intentions, her friends thought it prudent to urge immediate flight; and she herself felt the necessity of it. But month after month passed away, during which time she was distracted with the most painful perplexity between her fears of a prison, and her dread of becoming a fugitive on the face of the earth. She says, 'I sometimes consulted all sorts

* Bonaparte once at a party placed himself directly before a witty and beautiful lady, and said very abruptly, 'Madame, I don't like that women should meddle with politics.'—'You are very right, General,' she replied; 'but in a country where women are beheaded, it is natural they should desire to know the reason.'

of presages, in hopes I should be directed what to do ; at other times, I more wisely interrogated my friends and myself on the propriety of my departure. I am sure, that I put the patience of my friends to a severe test by my eternal discussions, and painful irresolution.'

Two attempts were made to obtain passports for America ; but, after compelling her to wait a long time, the government refused to give them.

At one time she thought of going to Greece, by the route of Constantinople ; but she feared to expose her daughter to the perils of such a voyage. Her next object was to reach England through the circuitous route of Russia and Sweden ; but in this great undertaking, her heart failed her. Having a bold imagination, and a timid character, she conjured up the phantoms of ten thousand dangers. She was afraid of robbers, of arrest, of prisons,—and more than all, she was afraid of being advertised, in the newspapers, with all the scandalous falsehoods her enemies might think proper to invent. She said truly that she had to contend with an ' enemy with a million of soldiers, millions of revenue, all the prisons of Europe, kings for his jailers, and the press for his mouth-piece.' But the time at last came when the pressure of circumstances would no longer admit of delay. Bonaparte was preparing for his Russian campaign, and she must either precede the French troops, or abandon her project entirely.

The 15th of May, 1812, was at last fixed upon for departure ; and all the necessary arrangements were made with profound secrecy. When the day arrived, the uncertainty she felt seemed to her like a consciousness of being about to do something wrong ; she thought she ought to yield herself up to such events as Providence ordained, and that those pious men were in the right, who always scrupled to follow an impulse originating in their own free will. She says, ' Agitated by these conflicting feelings, I wandered over the park at Coppet ; I seated myself in all the places where my father had been accustomed to repose himself, and contemplate nature ; I looked once more upon the beauties of water and verdure,

which we had so often admired together ; I bade them adieu, and recommended myself to their sweet influences. The monument that encloses the ashes of my father and my mother, and in which, if God permits, my own will be deposited, was one of the principal causes of regret I felt at banishing myself from the home of my childhood ; but on approaching it, I almost always found strength, that seemed to me to come from Heaven. I passed an hour in prayer before the iron gate, which enclosed the mortal remains of the noblest of human beings ; and my soul was convinced of the necessity of departure. I went once more to look at my father's study, where his easy-chair, his table, and his papers, remained as he had left them ; I kissed each venerated mark ; I took the cloak, which till then I had ordered to be left upon his chair, and carried it away with me, that I might wrap myself up in it, should the messenger of death approach me. When these adieus were terminated, I avoided as much as I could all other farewells ; I found it less painful to part from my friends by letters, which I took care they should not receive until several days after my departure.

‘ On Saturday, the 23d of May, 1812, I got into my carriage, saying that I should return to dinner. I took no packet whatever ; I and my daughter had only our fans. My son and M. de Rocca carried in their pockets enough to defray the expenses of several days' journey. On leaving the chateau, which had become to me like an old and valued friend, I nearly fainted : my son took my hand, and said, “ Dear mother, remember you are on your way to England.” Though nearly two thousand leagues from that goal, to which the usual road would have so speedily conducted me, I felt revived by his words ; every step brought me something nearer to it. When I had proceeded a few leagues, I sent back one of my servants to apprise my establishment that I should not return until the next day. I continued travelling night and day as far as a farm-house beyond Berne, where I had agreed to meet M. de Schlegel, who had kindly offered to accompany me. Here I was obliged to leave my eldest son, who for fourteen years had been educated

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by my father, and whose features strongly reminded me of him. Again my courage abandoned me. I thought of Switzerland, so tranquil, and so beautiful; I thought of her inhabitants, who, though they had lost political independence, knew how to be free by their virtues; and it seemed to me as if every thing told me I ought not to go. I had not yet crossed the barrier—there was still a possibility of returning. But if I went back, I knew another escape would be impossible; and I felt a sort of shame at the idea of renewing such solemn farewells. I knew not what would have become of me, if this uncertainty had lasted much longer. My children decided me; especially my daughter, who was then scarcely fourteen years old. I committed myself to her, as if the voice of God had spoken by the mouth of a child. My son took his leave; and when he was out of sight, I could say, with Lord Russell, “The bitterness of death is past.”

The young Baron de Staël had been obliged to leave his mother, in order to attend to the interests of her fortune, and to obtain passports to go through Austria, one of whose princesses was then the wife of Napoleon. Every thing depended on obtaining these passports, under some name that would not attract the attention of the police; if they were refused, Madame de Staël would be arrested, and the rigours of exile made more intolerable than ever. It was a decisive step, and one that caused her devoted son the most painful anxiety. Finally, he concluded to act, as he judiciously observes all honest men had better do in their intercourse with each other,—he threw himself directly upon the generosity of the Austrian ambassador; and fortunately he had to deal with an honourable man, who made no hesitation in granting his request.

A few days after, Madame de Staël's younger son, with her servants, wardrobe, and travelling carriage, set out from Coppet, to meet his mother at Vienna. The whole had been managed with such secrecy, and the police had become so accustomed to her quiet way of life, that no suspicions were excited, until this second removal took place. The *gens-d'armes* were instantly on the alert; but Madame de Staël had too much the start of

them, and had travelled too swiftly to be overtaken. In describing her flight, she says, 'The moment I most dreaded was the passage from Bavaria to Austria; for it was there a courier might precede me, and forbid me to pass. But notwithstanding my apprehensions, my health had been so much injured by anxiety and fatigue, that I could no longer travel all night. I, however, flattered myself that I should arrive without impediment; when, just as my fears were vanishing, as we approached the boundary line, a man in the inn, at Salzburg, told M. de Schlegel that a French courier had been to inquire for a carriage coming from Inspruck, with a lady and a young girl; and had left word that he would return to get intelligence of them. I became pale with terror; and M. de Schlegel was very much alarmed; especially as he found by inquiry that the courier had been waiting for me at the Austrian frontier, and not finding me there, had returned to meet me. This was just what I had dreaded before my departure, and through the whole journey. I determined, on the spur of the moment, to leave M. de Schlegel and my daughter at the inn, and to go on foot into the streets of the town, to take my chance at the first house whose master, or mistress, had a physiognomy that pleased me. I would remain in this asylum a few days; during this time, M. de Schlegel and my daughter might say that they were going to rejoin me in Austria; and I would afterward leave Salzburg, disguised as a peasant. Hazardous as this resource appeared, no other remained; and I was just preparing for the task, with fear and trembling, when who should enter my apartment but this dreaded courier, who was no other than—M. de Rocca!

He had been obliged to return to Geneva to transact some business, and now came to rejoin me. He had disguised himself as a courier, in order to take advantage of the terror which the name inspired, and to obtain horses more quickly. He had hurried on to the Austrian frontier, to make himself sure that no one had preceded, or announced me; he had returned to assure me that I had nothing to fear, and to get upon the box of my carriage

until we had passed that dreaded frontier, which seemed to me the last of my dangers. In this manner were my fears changed to gratitude, joy, and confidence.'

At Vienna, Madame de Staël was obliged to wait some time for a Russian passport. The first ten days were spent very pleasantly, and her friends there assured her that she might rest in perfect security. At the end of that time, the Austrian police probably received directions concerning her from Napoleon; for they placed a guard at the gate of her house, and, whether she walked or rode, she was followed by spies.

She was at this time in a state of great uneasiness; for unless her Russian passport came speedily, the progress of the war would prevent her from passing into that country; and she dared not stay in Vienna a day after the French ambassador, (who was then at Dresden) had returned. Again she thought of Constantinople. She tried to obtain two passports to leave Austria, either by Hungary or Galicia, so that she might decide in favour of going to Petersburg or Constantinople according to circumstances. She was told she might have her choice of passports, but that they could not enable her to go by two different frontiers without authority from the Committee of States. She says, 'Europe seemed to her like one great net, in which travellers got entangled at every step.'

She departed for Galicia without her Russian passport; a friend having promised to travel night and day to bring it to her, as soon as it arrived. At every step of her journey she encountered fresh difficulties from the police, all of which it would be tedious to relate. Placards were put up in all the towns to keep a strict watch upon her as she passed through: this was the distinction the Austrians conferred upon a woman, who has done more than any other mortal to give foreigners a respect for German literature, and German character.

In passing through Poland, Madame de Staël wished to rest a day or two at Lanzut, at the castle of the Polish Prince and Princess, Lubomirska, with whom she had been well acquainted in Geneva, and during her visit to Vienna. The captain of the police, jealous that she in-

tended to excite the Poles to insurrection, sent a detachment to escort her into Lanzut, to follow her into the castle, and not leave her until she quitted it. Accordingly the officer stationed himself at the supper-table of the Prince, and in the evening took occasion to observe to her son that he had orders to pass the night in her apartment, to prevent her holding communication with any one; but that, out of respect to her, he should not do it. 'You may as well say that you will not do it, out of respect to yourself,' replied the young man: 'for if you dare to set foot within my mother's apartment, I will assuredly throw you out of the window.'

The escort of the police was particularly painful to Madame de Staël at this point of her journey. A description of M. de Rocca had been sent along the road, with orders to arrest him as a French officer; although he had resigned his commission, and was disabled by his wound from doing military service. Had he been arrested, the forfeiture of his life would have been the consequence. He had therefore been obliged to separate from his wife, at a time when he felt most anxious to protect her; and to travel alone under a borrowed name. It had been arranged that they should meet at Lanzut, from which place they hoped to be able to pass safely into Russia. Having arrived there before her, and not in the least suspecting that she would be guarded by the police, he eagerly came out to meet her, full of joy and confidence. The danger, to which he thus unconsciously exposed himself, made Madame de Staël pale with agony. She had scarcely time to give him an earnest signal to turn back. Had it not been for the generous presence of mind of a Polish gentleman, M. de Rocca would have been recognised and arrested.

The fugitive experienced the greatest friendship and hospitality from the Prince and Princess Lubomirska; but notwithstanding their urgent entreaties, she would not consent to encumber their house with such attendants as chose to follow her. After one night's rest, she departed for Russia, which she entered on the 14th of July. As she passed the boundary-line, she made a solemn oath

never again to set foot in a country subjected in any degree to the Emperor Napoleon; though she says she felt some sad misgivings that the oath would never allow her to revisit her own beautiful and beloved France.

Madame de Staël staid but a brief space in Moscow; the flames and the French army followed close upon her footsteps.

At Petersburg she had several interviews with the Emperor Alexander, whose affairs were then at a most alarming crisis.* She remarks of Russia, 'The country appeared to me like an image of infinite space, and as if it would require an eternity to traverse it. The Slavonian language is singularly echoing; there is something metallic about it; you would imagine you heard a bell striking, when the Russians pronounce certain letters of their alphabet.'

The nobility of Petersburg vied with each other in the attentions bestowed on Madame de Staël. At a dinner given in honour of her arrival, the following toast was proposed: 'Success to the arms of Russia against France.' The exile dearly loved her country, and her heart could not respond to the sentiment: 'Not against France!' she exclaimed; 'but against him who oppresses France.' The toast thus changed was repeated with great applause.

Although Madame de Staël found much in Russia to interest her, and was everywhere received with distinguished regard, she did not feel in perfect security; she could not look on the magnificent edifices of that splendid capital, without dismal forebodings, that he, whose power had overshadowed all the fair dwellings of Europe, would come to darken them also.

In September, she passed through Finland into Sweden. In Stockholm she published a work against Suicide, written before her flight from Coppet. The object of this treatise is to show that the natural and proper effect of affliction is to elevate and purify the soul, instead of

* In a conversation concerning the structure of governments Madame de Staël said to the Emperor, 'Sire, you are yourself a constitution for your country.' 'Then, madam, I am but a *lucky accident*,' was his wise reply to her delicate and comprehensive flattery.

driving it to despair. She is said to have been induced to make this publication by the fear that she had, in some of her former writings, evinced too much admiration for this guilty form of courage.

In Sweden, as in Russia, Madame de Staël was received with very marked respect. It was generally supposed that she exerted a powerful influence over Bernadotte, to induce him to resist the encroachments of Napoleon's ambition. If this be the case, she may be said to have fairly check-mated the Emperor with a king of his own making. Though Bernadotte had great respect for her opinions, she is said not to have been a favourite with him: he was himself fond of making eloquent speeches, and her conversation threw him into the shade.

Madame de Staël passed the winter of 1812 on the shores of the Baltic, and in the spring she sailed for England; where she arrived in June 1813. Although her dramatic style of manners, and the energy of her conversation, formed a striking contrast to the national reserve of the English, she was received with enthusiastic admiration. Her genius, her fame, her escape from Bonaparte, and her intimate knowledge of the French Revolution, all combined to produce a prodigious sensation. 'In the immense crowds that collected to see her at the Marquis of Lansdowne's, and in the houses of the other principal nobility of London, the eagerness of curiosity broke through all restraint; the first ladies in the kingdom stood on chairs and tables, to catch a glimpse of her dark and brilliant physiognomy.'

Madame de Staël has left some admirable descriptions of English society, and of the impressions made upon her mind, when she first entered that powerful country. But the principal object of her visit was not to observe the intellectual wealth, or moral grandeur, of England.—Through all her perils and wanderings she had saved a copy of her condemned book on Germany, and had brought it triumphantly to London, where it was published in October, 1813.

In this, which is perhaps her greatest work, Madame de Staël has endeavoured to give a bold, general, and phi-

losophical view of the whole intellectual condition of the German people, among whom she had made what was in some sort a voyage of discovery; for the highly original literature of that country was then little known to the rest of Europe.' It was received with great applause in England, and afterward in France, where a change of government admitted of its being published the ensuing year. Sir James Mackintosh immediately wrote a review of it, in which he says, 'The voice of Europe had already applauded the genius of a national painter in the author of *Corinna*.—In her Germany, she throws off the aid of fiction; she delineates a less poetical character, and a country more interesting by anticipation than by recollection. But it is not the less certain that it is the most vigorous effort of her genius, and probably the most elaborate and masculine production of the faculties of woman.'

Simond says, 'The main defect in her mode of composition, perhaps the only one, is an excessive ambition of eloquence. The mind finds no rest anywhere; every sentence is replete with meaning, fully freighted with philosophy, and with wit, sometimes indeed over-laden; no careless expression ever escapes her; no redundancy amid so much exuberance: if you had to make an abstract of what she wrote, although you might wish to render it clearer and simpler, you would scarcely know what to strike off, or how to clothe the thoughts in more compendious language; so harmonious and so strong is hers. Yet she could compose in company, and write while conversing.'

But the fault most commonly found with Madame de Staël's books, and which will probably always prevent their being very popular with general readers, is obscurity. We never for a moment suspect her of vagueness; we know there *is* a meaning, when we cannot perceive it. As Lady Morgan says, 'There is in her compositions something of the Delphic priestess. They have the energy of inspiration, and the disorder. Sometimes mystic, not always intelligible, we still blame the *god* rather than the *oracle*, and wish she were less inspired, or we more intelligent.'

When Madame de Staël made her visit to England, Lord Byron was in the first lustre of his fame: he had not then sunk into that depth of moral degradation, which afterward made his genius the hot-breathing of a curse upon a world that worshipped him. At first, the rival lions seem to have been disposed to growl at each other. The following extracts from Byron's letters and journal give a vivid picture of the terms on which they stood:

St. James's, July 8, 1813.

‘Rogers is out of town with Madame de Staël, who hath published an essay against suicide, which, I presume, will make somebody shoot himself.’

July 13, 1813.

‘P. S. The Staël last night attacked me most furiously—said that I had no right to make love—that I had used * * * barbarously—that I had no feeling, and was totally insensible to *la belle passion*, and had been all my life. I am very glad to hear it; but I did not know it before.’

While Madame de Staël was in England, she was deeply afflicted by the news of the death of her youngest son. Byron alludes to this event in an off-hand style, and judges her by rules that apply remarkably well to his own character.

August 22, 1813.

‘Madame de Staël Holstein has lost one of her young barons, who has been carbonadoed by a vile Teutonic adjutant—kilt and killed in a coffee-house at Scrawsenhaw-sen. Corinna is, of course, what all mothers must be,—but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could—write an essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance—and somebody to see or read how much grief becomes her. I have not seen her since the event; but merely judge (not very charitably) from prior observation.’

Nov. 16.

‘ To-day received Lord Jersey’s invitation to Middleton—to travel sixty miles to meet Madame * * *! I once travelled three thousand to get among silent people; and this same lady writes octavos, and *talks folios*. I have read all her books—like most of them, and delight in the last; so I won’t hear as well as read.’

Nov. 17.

‘ At Lord Holland’s I was trying to recollect a *quotation* (as I think) of Staël’s from some Teutonic sophist about architecture. “ Architecture reminds me of frozen music,” says this Macaronico Tedesco. It is somewhere—but where? The demon of perplexity must know, and won’t tell. I asked M—— and he said it was not hers; but P——r said it must be *hers*, it was so *like*.’

Nov. 30.

‘ Received a very pretty billet from M. la Barronne de Staël Holstein. She is pleased to be much pleased with my mention of her last work in my notes.* I spoke as I thought—Her works are my delight, and so is she herself, for—half an hour. She is a woman by herself, and has done more than all the rest of them together, intellectually.—She ought to have been a man. She *flatters* me very prettily in her note; but I *know* it. The reason that adulation is not displeasing is, that, though untrue, it shows one to be of consequence enough, in one way or other, to induce people to lie, to make us their friend:—that is their concern.’

Dec. 5.

‘ Asked for Wednesday to dine at Lord Holland’s and meet the Staël: asked particularly, I believe, out of mischief to see the first interview after my answer to her note, with which Corinna professes herself to be so much taken. I don’t much like it—she always talks of *myself*,

* Byron, in his notes to the *Bride of Abydos*, then just published, called her the first female writer of this, perhaps of any age.

or *herself*, and I am not, (except in soliloquy, as now) much enamoured of either subject—especially one's works. What the — shall I say about Germany! I like it prodigiously. I read *her* again and again, and there can be no affectation in this; but unless I can twist my admiration into some fantastical expression, she won't believe me; and I know by experience I shall be overwhelmed with fine things about rhyme, &c. &c.

Dec. 7.

' This morning received a very pretty billet from the Staël, about meeting her at Lord Holland's to-morrow. I dare say she has written twenty such to different people, all equally flattering. So much the better for her, and for those who believe all she wishes them, or all they wish to believe. Her being pleased with my slight eulogy is to be accounted for in several ways. Firstly, all women like all or any praise; secondly, this was unexpected, because I have never courted her; thirdly, those who have all their lives long been praised by regular critics, like a little variety, and are glad when any one goes out of his way to say a civil thing; and fourthly, she is a very good-natured creature, which is the best reason, after all, and perhaps the only one.'

Dec. 10.

' Dined at Lord Holland's on Wednesday. The Staël was at the other end of the table, and less loquacious than heretofore. We are now very good friends; though she asked Lady Melbourne whether I really had any *bonhomie*. She might as well have asked that question before she told C. L. '*C'est un démon.*' True enough, but rather premature; for *she* could not have found it out.'

Dec. 12.

' All the world are to be at the Staël's to-night, and I am not sorry to escape any part of it. I only go out to get me a fresh appetite for being alone.'

TO MR. MURRAY.

Jan. 12, 1814.

' I do not love Madame de Staël, but depend upon it,

she beats all your natives hollow as an authoress ; and I would not say this if I could help it.'

Jan. 16.

' Lewis has been squabbling with Madame de Staël about Clarissa Harlowe, Mackintosh, and me. My homage has never been paid in that quarter, or we should have agreed still worse. I don't talk—I can't flatter—and I won't listen. Poor Corinne, she will find some of her fine speeches will not suit our fine ladies and gentlemen.'

Feb. 18, 1814.

' More notes from Madame de * * unanswered—and so they shall remain. I admire her abilities, but really her society is overwhelming—an avalanche that buries one in glittering nonsense—all snow and sophistry.'

March 6.

' Dined with Rogers. Madame de Staël, Mackintosh, Sheridan, Erskine, &c. there. Sheridan told a very good story of himself and Madame Recamier's handkerchief. *She* says she is going to write a big book about England—I believe her. We got up from table too soon after the women ; and Mrs. Corinne always lingers so long after dinner, that we wish her in—the drawing-room.'

June 19, 1814.

' The Staël out-talked Whitbread, was *ironed* by Sheridan, confounded Sir Humphry, and utterly perplexed your slave. The rest (great names in the red book, nevertheless) were mere segments of the circle. Mademoiselle —— * danced a Russ saraband with great vigour, grace, and expression.'

The respect and admiration with which Madame de Staël was received by the best society in England was rather increased than diminished during her residence there. She

* Probably Mademoiselle de Staël, afterward Duchess de Broglie.

had now been in most of the capitals of Europe, and in all of them had received a degree of homage never before paid to any woman who was not a queen. But all these flattering distinctions could not wean her affections from her beloved Paris. In the midst of the most dazzling triumphs of her genius, her heart turned fondly toward France, and she was watching with intense anxiety the progress of those great political movements, which afterward restored her to her country. Immediately after the entrance of the allied army into Paris, and the consequent abdication of Bonaparte, Madame de Staël returned to her native land. Notwithstanding the pain it gave her to see her country filled with foreign troops, she felt the joy of an exile restored to her home. She immediately resumed her high place in society; and the accumulation of fame she brought with her threw additional brilliancy around a name, which had so long been illustrious. Louis XVIII. took great delight in her conversation. He caused to be paid from the royal treasury the two millions of francs, that M. Necker had loaned to Louis XVI.

A circumstance which occurred at this period of her life is remarkably interesting. A project was on foot to assassinate Napoleon; and men were sent to Elba for that purpose. Madame de Staël, from her well-known dislike to the Emperor, and her acquaintance with political men of all parties, was the first one to whom the secret was confided. Accompanied by Talma, she immediately sought an interview with Joseph Bonaparte, informed him of his brother's danger, and even proposed to go to Elba in person. A patriotic friend, whose name is not yet revealed to the public, undertook the hazardous mission—he arrived in time, so that the two first who landed were arrested, and Bonaparte was saved.

Madame de Staël passed the winters of 1814 and 1815 in Paris, receiving the universal homage of the great men, then collected there from all parts of the world. But the shadow of her old and inveterate enemy was suddenly thrown across this bright spot in her existence. On the 6th of March, 1815, Bonaparte suddenly landed in France. When Madame de Staël heard the tidings, she says, it

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seemed as if the earth had yawned under her feet. She had sufficient knowledge of the French people to conjecture what reception Napoleon would meet; and having made a farewell visit to the king, with a heavy heart she returned to Coppet.

Bonaparte, anxious to rebuild the power his own madness had overthrown, was particularly desirous to gain the confidence of the friends of rational liberty; and among these his former persecution had shown of what consequence he considered Madame de Staël. He sent his brother Joseph with a request that she would come to Paris and give him her advice about framing a constitutional government. With a consistency very rare in those days of rapid political changes, she replied, 'Tell the Emperor that for twelve years he has done without me or a constitution; and I believe that he has as little regard for the one as he has for the other.'

Bonaparte gave O'Meara a very different account. He says, 'I was obliged to banish Madame de Staël from court.* At Geneva she became very intimate with my brother Joseph, whom she gained by her conversation and writings. When I returned from Elba she sent her son to ask payment of two millions, which her father had lent out of his private property to Louis XVI. and to offer her services, provided I complied with her request. I refused to see him; thinking I could not grant what he wished without ill-treating others in a similar predicament. However, Joseph would not be refused, and brought him in; the attendants not liking to deny my brother. I received him politely, and told him I was very sorry I could not comply with his request, as it was contrary to the laws. Madame de Staël then wrote a long letter to Fouché stating her claims, in which she said she wanted the money to portion her daughter in marriage to the Duc de Broglie, promising that if I complied with her request, I might command her and hers; that she *would be black and white for me*. Fouché urged me to comply, saying that

* A gentle and comprehensive description of his system of petty persecutions!

at so critical a time she might be of considerable service. I answered that I would make no bargains.'

It is impossible that the above statement should be true. In the first place, we have more reason to place confidence in the veracity of the open-hearted Madame de Staël, than we have in the word of Napoleon, who seldom used language for any other purpose than to *conceal* his thoughts; secondly, in the beginning of his reign he did offer to pay those very two millions, if she would favour his government, and at the very time of which O'Meara speaks, he again offered to do it; thirdly, it is notorious that after his return from Elba he was extremely anxious to conciliate his enemies; and lastly, the history of his whole intriguing life makes us laugh at the pretence that he was incapable of making bargains.

At the close of the memorable Hundred Days, Bonaparte was a second time compelled to abdicate; and Madame de Staël would have immediately returned to Paris, had she not felt such a painful sense of degradation in seeing the throne of France supported by a standing army of foreign troops; her national pride could not brook the disgrace of witnessing her country in the leading-strings of the Allied Powers; France thus situated, was in her eyes no longer 'the great nation.'

She remained at Coppet during the summer of 1815; but having fresh cause of alarm for the health of her husband, who had never recovered from the effects of his wound, she revisited Italy, where they passed the winter. In the spring of 1816 they returned to Coppet.

Lord Byron, who had then left England, in high indignation at the odium he had brought upon himself, passed through Switzerland, during this year, in his way to Italy. Notwithstanding his former want of cordiality toward Madame de Staël, and his personal unpopularity at this period, he was received by her with a kindness and hospitality he had not hoped to meet, and which affected him deeply. With her usual frankness, she blamed him for his conduct to Lady Byron; and by her persuasive eloquence prevailed upon him to write to a friend in England expressing a wish to be reconciled to his wife. In

the letters he wrote, during the few summer months he staid in Switzerland, he often speaks of Coppet and its inhabitants. He says, 'Madame de Staël wishes to see the Antiquary, and I am going to take it to her to-morrow. She has made Coppet as agreeable to me as society and talent can make any place on earth. Bonstetten is there a good deal. He is a fine, lively old man, and much esteemed by his compatriots. All there are well, excepting Rocca, who, I am sorry to say, looks in a very bad state of health. Schlegel is in high force, and Madame de Staël is as brilliant as ever.' Of the Duchess de Broglie, Byron spoke in very high terms; and in noticing her attachment to her husband, he remarked, that 'nothing was more pleasing than to see the development of the domestic affections in a very young woman.' What a pity that virtue was not to him something more than a mere abstract idea of poetic beauty!

When it became evident that the Allied Powers did not mean to dictate the measures of the French government, Madame de Staël was again strongly tempted by the allurements of Paris. She returned once more, to become the leading-star in the most brilliant society in the world. 'Every evening her saloon was crowded with all that was distinguished and powerful, not in France only, but in all Europe, which was then represented in Paris by a remarkable number of its most extraordinary men. Madame de Staël had, to a degree perhaps never possessed by any other person, the rare talent of uniting around her the most distinguished individuals of all the opposite parties, literary and political, and making them establish relations among themselves, which they could not afterward entirely shake off. There might be found Wellington and Lafayette, Chateaubriand, Talleyrand, and Prince Laval; Humboldt and Blucher from Berlin; Constant and Sismondi from Switzerland; the two Schlegels from Hanover; Canova from Italy; the beautiful Madame Recamier, and the admirable Duchess de Duras; and from England, such a multitude, that it seemed like a general emigration of British talent and rank.'

It was in conversation with men like these, that Ma-

dame de Staël shone in the fulness of her splendour. Much as we may admire her writings, in which she has so gracefully blended masculine vigour with female vivacity and enthusiasm, we cannot realize the vividness of her fame, like those who saw her genius flashing and sparkling in quick collision with kindred minds. In powers of conversation she was probably gifted beyond any other human being. Madame Tessé declared, 'if she were a queen, she would order Madame de Staël to talk to her always.'—Simond says, 'That ambition of eloquence, so conspicuous in her writings, was much less observable in her conversation; there was more *abandon* in what she said, than in what she wrote; while speaking, the spontaneous inspiration was no labour, but all pleasure; conscious of extraordinary powers, she gave herself up to the present enjoyment of the good things and the deep things, flowing in a full stream from her own well-stored and luxuriant fancy. The inspiration was pleasure—the pleasure was inspiration; and without precisely intending it, she was every evening of her life, in a circle of company, the very Corinne she had depicted. It must not, however, be supposed that, engrossed by her own self-gratification, Madame de Staël was inattentive to the feelings of others; she listened very willingly, enjoyed, and applauded; she did more, often provoking a reply, and endeavouring to place her hearers in a situation to have their turn. "What do *you* think?" she would say with eager good-nature, in the very middle of her triumph, that you also might have yours. Upon the whole, Madame de Staël's *bonhomie* was still more striking than her talents.' Madame de Saussure tells us that 'no one could understand the full measure of her power, except those who knew her in the intimacy of friendship. Her most beautiful writings, her most eloquent remarks in society, were far from equalling the fascination of her conversation, when she threw off the constraint of conforming to various characters, and talked unreservedly to one she loved. She then gave herself up to an inspiration, which seemed to exercise as supernatural an effect upon herself, as it did upon others. Whether the power was exerted for good or evil, it seem-

ed to come from a source over which she had no control. Sometimes, in the bitterness of her spirit, she at one breath withered all the flowers of life, and probing the heart with red-hot iron, destroyed all the illusions of sentiment, all the charm of the dearest relations. Presently, she would yield to the control of gaiety, singularly original in its character: it had all the graceful candour and winning credulity of a little child, who is a dupe to every thing. Then she should abandon herself to a sublime melancholy, a religious fervour, acknowledging the utter emptiness of all this world can bestow.'

The winter months at the close of 1816, and the beginning of 1817, were passed by Madame de Staël in Paris. This was the most splendid scene in the gorgeous drama of her life—and it was the last. 'The great exertions she made, evening after evening, in the important political discussions that were carried on in her saloon,—the labours of the morning in writing almost continually something suited to the wants of the moment, for the *Mercury*, and other periodicals,—while, at the same time, the serious labour of her great work on the French Revolution was still pressing on her,—all these together were too much for her strength.' Contrary to the advice of the physicians, she persisted in using opium, to which she had for some time resorted to stimulate her exhausted frame; but nature was worn out, and no artificial means could restore its vigour. A violent fever, obviously the effect of the excitement under which she had so long lived, seized her in February. By the use of excessively violent means, it was thrown off; but though the disease was gone, her constitution was broken up. Life passed at first insensibly from the extremities, and then no less slowly retired from the more vital organs. In general, she suffered little, and her faculties remained in unclouded brightness to the last. The interest excited by her situation proved the affection she had inspired, and of what consequence her life was accounted to her country. Every day some of the royal family were anxiously inquiring at the door, and every day the Duke of Wellington came in person to ask if there was no hope. Her

most intimate friends (who have been often mentioned in the course of this memoir) were admitted into her sick chamber. She conversed upon all the subjects that were introduced, and took an interest in them all. If her conversation at this period had less than her usual animation, it is said to have had more of richness and depth. The deadly paleness of her features formed a touching contrast with the dazzling intelligence, which never deserted her expressive countenance. Her friends placed a double value on every remark she uttered, and treasured it in their inmost hearts as one of the last efforts of her wonderful mind. Some of them indulged the hope that she might recover; but she knew from the first that the work of death was begun. At one time, owing to a high nervous excitement, produced by the progress of her disease, the thought of dissolution was terrible to her.—She mourned over the talents that had made her life so brilliant; over the rank and influence, that she could so usefully exercise; over her children, whose success in the world was just then beginning to gratify all her affection and pride; until those who listened to her trembled at the heart-rending energy, which her excited imagination gave to her expressions. But this passed away with the disease that produced it; and calmer feelings followed. She spoke of her death with composure and resignation to all except her daughter. “My father is waiting for me in the other world,” said she, “and I shall soon go to him.” By a great effort she wrote, with her palsied hand, a few affectionate words of farewell to her most intimate friends. Two days before her death, she read Lord Byron’s *Manfred*, then just published; and expressed as clear and distinct an opinion on its poetry as she would have done at any moment of her life. The morning before she died, she pointed to these two beautiful passages, and said they expressed all she then felt:

“Lo! the clankless chain hath bound thee;
 O’er thy heart and brain together,
 Hath the word been passed—now wither!

“Oh, that I were
 The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,

A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying,
 With the blest tone, which made me!

‘ Late that night, as her daughter was kneeling by her bedside, she tried to speak to her of her approaching dissolution; but the last agony of a mother’s heart came over her, and she could not: she asked her to go into the next room, and then she became calm again. Miss Randall, her long-known and affectionate friend, whom she had always wished to have with her at the last moment, remained alone with her until morning. Once, as she revived from a temporary state of insensibility, she said, “ I believe I can realize what it is to pass from life to death: our ideas are confused, and we do not suffer intensely. I am sure the goodness of God will render the transition easy.” Her hopes were not disappointed. At about two o’clock she fell asleep; and so tranquil was this last slumber, that it was only when at four o’clock she ceased to breathe, without any movement, or change of feature, that it became too certain she would wake no more. She died on Monday, July 14th, 1817, at the age of fifty-one.’ Her remains were carried to Coppet, and placed, as she had desired, by the side of her father.

During her life-time, she had caused a beautiful bas-relief to be placed upon his monument. It represented a light celestial form, extending her hand to another figure, who looks back with compassion upon a young female, veiled and prostrate before a tomb. Under these emblems are represented Madame Necker, her husband, and their daughter; the two first passing from this world to immortal life.

M. de Rocca, whose fragile health had so often made Madame de Staël tremble for a life on which she leaned all her hopes, while her own existence was in the fulness of its vigour, was destined to survive her; but grief soon finished the work which illness had begun. He went to linger out his few brief days under the beautiful sky of Provence, where a brother received his last sigh. He expired in the night of the 29th or 30th of January, 1818, in his thirty-first year. Their only child was con-

fided to the affectionate care of the Duchess de Broglie.

Simond, in his tour through Switzerland, visited Coppet, soon after the death of Madame de Staël. He pays the following tribute to her memory : ' Death has disarmed her numerous political enemies ; and the tongue of slander is silent. Her warm, generous, forgiving temper, her romantic enthusiasm, her unrivalled powers of conversation, her genius, are alone remembered. The place of this extraordinary woman is marked among the most eloquent writers of any age ; among the best delineators of human feelings and passions ; among the truest historians of the heart. She might not possess much positive knowledge ; sometimes she spoke of things she did not thoroughly understand ; her imagination often took the lead of her judgment ; but her errors were invariably on the generous side, and still bespoke greatness of mind and elevated sentiment.'

When Madame de Staël made a final arrangement of her affairs, a short time before her decease, she requested her children to declare her second marriage, and to publish her great work on the French Revolution, although she had not been able to complete it. The idea of finishing this book had been a favourite project, of which she had never lost sight from the time of her father's death, until the near approach of her own. Her first effort is to vindicate M. Necker's memory from the aspersions cast upon it by his enemies ; and to prove that his political conduct was ever influenced by the purest, most patriotic, and most consistent motives. She had remarkable opportunities for obtaining full and accurate information concerning the startling scenes of the French Revolution, and the causes which produced them ; and in describing them, she has singularly combined the animated and fervid eloquence of an eye-witness, with the calmness and candour of an historian. The impartiality with which she speaks of Bonaparte, after all she had suffered from him, shows that she possessed true greatness of soul. Indeed, a forgiving temper was one of Madame de Staël's prevailing characteristics. No injuries could excite her to revenge ; she resented for a moment, but

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she never hated. She was so fearful of being ungenerous, that she was less likely to speak ill of her enemies, for the very reason that they were her enemies. There was but one offence, which she never pardoned; and that was a disrespectful word of her father. In such cases, she never resorted to retaliation: but she maintained toward the individual a perpetual coldness and reserve.

The envious and frivolous Madame de Genlis, who, to considerable talent united an excessive vanity, was always attacking her distinguished rival with bitter criticisms and sarcastic remarks; but Madame de Staël was never provoked to retort by an unkind word; she praised her when she could, and when she could not, she was silent. When Madame de Genlis, at last, spoke unfavourably of Madame Necker, she exclaimed, 'Does she suppose, because I do not return her attacks upon myself, that I will not defend my mother! Madame de Genlis may say what she will of my writings; and for myself, she may either love, or fear me. But I will defend my dead mother, who has nobody else in the world to take her part. True, she loved my father better than she did me—and by that I know that I have all her blood in my veins; as long as that blood circulates, she shall not be attacked with impunity!' Her friends represented to her that, as she was then exiled and persecuted, attacks on those she loved would only be multiplied by taking notice of them; and her indignation subsided, as rapidly as it had arisen.

The fragments of the journal she kept after she left France have been published by her son and the Duc de Broglie, under the title of the Ten Years' Exile of Madame de Staël. It is astonishing that she was able to observe so much of the countries through which she passed with rapidity and fear, on her way to England.

Madame de Staël wrote the articles *Aspasia*, *Camoëns*, and *Cleopatra*, for *La Biographie Universelle*. Her works were all collected and published in one edition by her children; accompanied by a notice of her life and writings, by Madame Necker de Saussure.

Such was the life of Madame de Staël—which, through its whole course, more resembled a long continued and brilliant triumph than the ordinary lot of mortals. Yet none of us would wish such a destiny for a sister, or a child. She herself had suffered so keenly from the envy and evil feelings which always darken the bright path of genius, that she exhorted her daughter not to follow in her footsteps. She talked freely to her children of the dangers into which she had been led by her active imagination and ardent feelings: she often quoted her motto to Delphine, ‘A man ought to know how to brave the opinion of the world; a woman should submit to it.’

Madame de Staël, with all her errors, deserves our highest respect and admiration. Her defects, whether as an author or a woman, always sprung from the excess of something good. Every thing in her character tended to extremes. She had an expansive freedom, a mighty energy of soul, which never found room enough in this small world of ours. Her spirit was impatient within the narrow bounds of time and space, and was for ever aspiring to something above the destiny of mortals.

If we are disposed to blame her eagerness for all kinds of distinction, we must remember that her ambitious parents educated her for display, and that she was endowed with talents, which made every effort a victory. If there is much to forgive, there is more to admire; and few will censure her, if none speak harshly but those who have had equal temptations. The most partial cannot deny that she had many faults; but they are so consecrated by unrivalled genius, by kindness, disinterestedness, and candour, that we are willing to let the veil of oblivion rest upon them for ever, and to remember only that no woman was ever gifted with a clearer head, or a better heart.

NOTE.

LIST OF WORKS REFERRED TO.

MS. Lectures on French Literature, by Professor Ticknor.
 Notice sur le Caractère et les Ecrits de Madame de Staël, par
 Madame Necker de Saussure.

La Biographie Universelle.
Simond's Tour in Switzerland.
Sir John Sinclair's Correspondence.
Memoirs and Correspondence of Baron de Grimm.
Ten Years' Exile of Madame de Staël.
Considerations on the French Revolution, by Madame de Staël.
Moore's Life of Byron.
Lavalette's Memoirs.
Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon.
O'Meara's Voice from St. Helena.
Edinburgh Review.
Monthly Anthology.
Encyclopædia Americana.

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THE

BIOGRAPHY

OF

LADY RUSSELL.

BY

MRS. CHILD,

AUTHOR OF 'HOBOMOK,' 'THE MOTHER'S NOOK,' &c.

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BIOGRAPHY

OF

LADY RUSSELL.

“ Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all.”—*Prov.* xxxi. 29.

LADY RACHEL WRIOTHESLEY was the second daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, by his first wife, Rachel de Ruvigny, of an ancient Hugonot family in France. She was born in 1636; her mother died in her infancy, and her father afterward married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Francis Leigh, created Earl of Chichester. Lord Clarendon informs us that the Earl of Southampton was “ a very great man in all respects, and brought much reputation to the cause of Charles I. He owed no obligations to the court. On the contrary, he had undergone some hardships from it; and as he kept aloof from all intercourse with it, he was considered one of the peers most attached to the cause of the people, and was much courted by the popular party. He had a great dislike of the high courses which had been taken by the government, and a particular prejudice to the Earl of Strafford for some exorbitant proceedings. But when he saw the popular tide setting so violently against the government, perverting, as he thought, even the course of justice, Lord Southampton reluctantly allowed himself to be attached to the court-party. He was first made privy-counsellor, and soon after gentleman of the bed-chamber to the King. He had previously refused to sign the protestation of both houses of Parliament; and as they had voted that no man

who refused his signature should be capable of any preferment in Church or State, he was believed to have accepted these offices merely to show how little he regarded the advisers of such measures. He went with the King to York and to Nottingham, was with him at Edge-hill, and came and staid with him at Oxford to the end of the war—taking all opportunities to advance all motions towards peace. Although a person naturally loving his ease, and allowing himself never less than ten hours' repose, yet during the conferences at Uxbridge, which lasted twenty days, he was never more than four hours in bed,"—so earnest was he to effect a union between king and parliament, as the only means of restoring tranquillity to his distracted country.

"Violence on one side, and obstinacy on the other, rendered his efforts of no avail; yet still the Earl of Southampton faithfully attended the daily diminishing court of the misguided Charles. After the King left Hampton Court, he remained some time at Tichfield, in the Earl of Southampton's house, and under the protection of his mother, the old Countess of Southampton." When Charles became a prisoner, in the power of his own provoked subjects, the Earl made every possible attempt to save him. He was one of the four faithful adherents who offered their own lives for the safety of the monarch, on the plea that they had been his counsellors, and therefore were alone worthy of punishment; and when at last the King's life was sacrificed to the liberty of the nation, he was one of those who asked and obtained permission to pay the last sad duty to his remains. After the execution of Charles I. he retired to his seat at Tichfield, and lived in great seclusion until the restoration of Charles II. All Cromwell's advances to friendship were promptly rejected; and "when the Protector was near his house, upon the occasion of Richard Cromwell's marriage, and had intent to visit him, the Earl, upon private notice thereof, immediately hastened to remove to another house at a greater distance."

Burnet tells us that he made large remittances to Charles II. during his exile. He styles him "A fast

friend to the public—the wise and virtuous Southampton, who deserved everything the King could give him.” Such were the obligations which the Stuarts owed to the family of Southampton! But princes are apt to think the honour of serving them a sufficient recompense for all sacrifices; and none so shamefully forgot claims upon their gratitude as the profligate and selfish sons of Charles I.

The tyranny and extravagance of Charles II. could not, of course, be pleasing to the firm, but conscientious friend of his unfortunate father. Oldmixon says, “That right noble and virtuous peer, the Earl of Southampton, whose loyalty was not more exemplary than his love to his country, said to Chancellor Hyde, ‘It is to *you* we owe all we either feel or fear; for if you had not possessed us in all your letters with such an opinion of Charles II., we would have taken care to have put it out of his power either to do himself or us any mischief, which is likely to result from our trusting him so entirely.’”

At the Restoration, the Earl of Southampton was made Lord High Treasurer—an office which he is said to have filled with great integrity and address. He died in 1667. The thoughtless and unfeeling King had been for some time desirous to snatch the treasurer’s staff from his dying hand; for he was angry at one who uniformly refused to pay court to his unprincipled mistress the Duchess of Cleveland, and he felt ashamed to let such a man know the secrets of his political corruption.

“Of Lord Southampton’s second marriage, one only, out of four daughters, survived him. She was first married to Joceline Percy, the last Earl of Northumberland, and afterward to the Duke of Montague. As this daughter inherited her mother’s estates, the whole of Lord Southampton’s princely fortune was divided between the two surviving children of his first marriage, Elizabeth and Rachel. The Lady Elizabeth married Edward Noel, son of Viscount Campden, afterward created Earl of Gainsborough. The Lady Rachel was first married to Francis Lord Vaughan, eldest son of the Earl of Carberry; and afterward to Lord William Russell, son of

the Earl of Bedford." Her first marriage took place in 1653, when she was about seventeen years of age. According to the fashion of the day, this match was arranged by the parents; and perhaps Lady Russell's remark concerning such early unions was founded on her own experience: She says, "It is acceptance, rather than choosing, on either side."

We have no means of knowing how far Lady Vaughan's affections were concerned, but she was certainly a most exemplary wife; and by her blameless conduct, amiable temper, and cheerful disposition, gained the lasting attachment of all her husband's family. There is extant the copy of a letter written to her in 1655, when she was residing with Lord Vaughan, at his father's house in Wales,* which shows in what estimation she was held, even at that early period of her life:—

"DEAR MADAM,—There is not in the world so great a charm as goodness; and your Ladyship is the greatest argument to prove it. All that know you are thereby forced to honour you,—neither are you to thank them, because they cannot do otherwise. Madam, I am among that number, gladly and heartily I declare it; and I shall die in that number, because my observance of your virtue is inseparably annexed to it. I beseech you, Madam, to pardon this scribbling, and present your noble husband with my most affectionate service; and I shall in my prayers present you both to God, begging of him daily to increase your piety to Him, and your love to each other."

Little is known of Lord Vaughan's character and habits. The following letter to his lady, from the same correspondent, evidently written in raillery, implies that he was of a dilatory disposition:—"I beseech you not hereafter to hinder my Lord Vaughan from writing to

* Golden Grove, in Carmarthenshire. At a fire which happened there in 1729, many family papers were destroyed, among which we have probably to regret the means of becoming acquainted with many details of Lady Russell's early life.

me ;—I am confident, whatever excuse you make for him, he had a most eager desire to write this week. I know his Lordship so well, that he cannot delay to make returns of civility. If it had been his custom to defer and put off to the last hour, I might believe your Ladyship ; but in this particular I must beg your Ladyship's pardon. I was at Abscourt the last week, and found Mr. Estcourt courting your aunt. She received his addresses with great satisfaction and content. I think, Madam, under favour, you were not so kind to my Lord Vaughan."

In the year 1665 she became a mother ; but her babe lived only to be baptized, and she had no other children by Lord Vaughan. In the autumn of that year, while the plague was raging in London, she again resided with the Earl of Carberry's family in Wales. A letter from her half-sister, Lady Percy, at this period, after expressing how much her company was desired by herself and the whole family, says, " I am glad for nobody's sake, but Lady Frances Vaughan's, that you are there [*in Wales*] ; for I am sure she is sensible of her happiness in enjoying you."

In 1667 Lady Vaughan was a widow, living with her beloved and only sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel, at Tichfield in Hampshire, which estate Lady Elizabeth, as the eldest daughter of Lord Southampton, inherited. His property at Stratton fell to the lot of Lady Vaughan.

It is not known precisely when her acquaintance with Mr. Russell commenced. A letter from Lady Percy to Lady Vaughan, in 1667, leaves no doubt that he had then manifested an attachment for her half-sister. She says, " For his concern I can say nothing more, than that he professes a great desire, which I do not at all doubt he and everybody else has, to gain one who is so desirable in all respects."

Mr. Russell was then only a younger brother, and Lady Vaughan was an heiress, without children by her first marriage. In a worldly point of view, the advantages of such a connection were almost entirely on his side ; and this idea, accompanied by the diffidence which

characterizes genuine love, made him slow to interpret the lady's sentiments in his favour. But Lady Vaughan was her own mistress; and matters of interest could not long keep two such hearts as theirs strangers to each other. They were married about the end of the year 1669. She signed herself Lady Vaughan, till Mr. Russell, by the death of his elder brother, succeeded to a title, when she assumed that of Lady Russell.

The birth of her eldest daughter in 1674, was followed by that of another daughter in 1676; and her domestic happiness seems to have been completed by the birth of a son, in November 1680.

In 1679 she experienced a severe affliction in the loss of her beloved sister, Lady Elizabeth Noel. Devoted as Lady Russell was to her husband and children, her warm heart was not exclusive, even in these purest and happiest of human affections; and in her letters, many years after, we find her recurring to the memory of this sister with peculiar fondness.

“ Her letters to her husband, from 1672 to a twelve-month before his death, are written at distant intervals. During the fourteen happy years of their union they were little apart. Their only moments of separation seem to have been some visits of duty to his father, when living entirely at Woburn Abbey,—or during his elections for two successive Parliaments,—some short absences in London on private or political business,—and his attendance at Oxford during the only session of the Parliament so suddenly dismissed by Charles.

“ These letters are written with such a neglect of style, and often of grammar, as may disgust the admirers of well-turned periods; and they contain such frequent repetitions of homely tenderness, as may shock the sentimental readers of the present day. But they evince the enjoyment of a happiness, built on such rational foundations, and so truly appreciated by its possessors, as too seldom occurs in the history of the human heart. They are impressed, too, with the marks of a cheerful mind, a social spirit, and every indication of a character prepared to enjoy the sunshine, or meet the storms of life.

“ Thus gifted, and thus situated, her tender and prophetic exhortations, both to her lord and herself, to merit the continuance of such happiness, and to secure its perfect enjoyment by being prepared for its loss, are not less striking than his entire and absolute confidence in her character, and attachment to her society. It was thus, surely, that intellectual beings of different sexes were intended by their great Creator to go through the world together ;—thus united, not only in hand and heart, but in principles, in intellect, in views, and in dispositions ;—each pursuing one common and noble end, their own improvement, and the happiness of those around them, by the different means appropriate to their sex and situation ;—mutually correcting, sustaining, and strengthening each other, undegraded by all practices of tyranny on the one part, and of deceit on the other ;—each finding a candid but severe judge in the understanding, and a warm and partial advocate in the heart of their companion ;—secure of a refuge from the vexations, the follies, the misunderstandings, and the evils of the world, in the arms of each other, and in the inestimable enjoyments of unlimited confidence and unrestrained intimacy.

“ The frequent mention made of the health, progress, and amusements of the children, proves how much every thing that concerned them occupied, as well as interested their parents. Such details might be tedious to the reader, were it not consoling to trace the minute features of tenderness in characters, which afterward proved capable of the sternest exertion of human fortitude.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

Sept. 23, 1672.

“ If I were more fortunate in my expression, I could do myself more right when I would own to my dearest Mr. Russell what real and perfect happiness I enjoy, from that kindness he allows me every day to receive new marks of, such as, in spite of the knowledge I have of my own wants [deficiencies], will not suffer me to mistrust I want his love, though I do merit to so desirable a bless-

ing ; but, my best life, you that know so well how to love and to oblige, make my felicity entire, by believing my heart possessed with all the gratitude, honour, and passionate affection to your person, any creature is capable of, or can be obliged to ; and this granted, what have I to ask but a continuance (if God see fit) of these present enjoyments ?—if not, a submission, without murmur, to his most wise dispensations and unerring providence, having a thankful heart for the years I have been so perfectly contented in. He knows best when we have had enough here. What I most earnestly beg from his mercy is, that we both live so as, whichever goes first, the other may not sorrow as for one of whom they have no hope. Then let us cheerfully expect to be together to a good old age ; if not, let us not doubt but he will support us under what trial he will inflict upon them. These are necessary meditations sometimes, that we may not be surprised above our strength by a sudden accident, being unprepared. Excuse me if I dwell too long upon it ;—it is from my opinion that if we can be prepared for all conditions, we can, with the greater tranquillity, enjoy the present, which I hope will be long, though when we change, it will be for the better, I trust, through the merits of Christ. Let us daily pray it may be so, and then admit of no fears. Death is the extremest evil against nature, it is true ;—let us overcome the immoderate fear of it, either to our friend or self, and then what light hearts may we live with. But I am immoderate in the length of my discourse, and consider this is to be a letter. To take myself off, and alter the subject, I will tell you that the news came on Sunday night to the Duke of York that he was a married man. He was talking in the drawing-room when the French ambassador brought the letters in and told the news ;—the Duke turned about and said, ‘ Then I am a married man.’ It proved to be the Princess of Modena. She is to have 100,000 francs paid her ; and now we may say she has more wit than ever woman had before,—as much beauty and greater youth than is necessary. He sent his daughter,

Lady Mary,* word the same night he had provided a play-fellow for her. * * * *

“ I hope Friday will bring the chiefest desire in the world by your

“ R. VAUGHAN.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

Feb. 10, 1675.

“ What reputation writing this may give me, the chamber being full of ladies, I know not, but I am sure to be ill in that heart (to whose person I send this) I dare not hazard ; and since he expects a letter from me, by neglect I shall make no omission, and without doubt the performance of it is a pleasanter thing than I have had sense of from the time we parted ; and all acts of obedience must be so to my dearest man, who, I trust in God, is well, but ill entertained, I fear, at Stratton, but what the good company repairs. The weather is here very ill, and the winds so high, that I desire to hope you do not lie in our old chamber, being afraid when I think you do. Our little Fubs† is very well—made her usual court to her grandfather just now, who is a little melancholy for his horses ; but they are all sent to take the air at Kensington, or somewhere out of town. My Lord’s gelding is dead, and more saddle-horses, and one coach-horse, I think. * * * *

“ I am, my best love, more than I can tell you, and as much as I ought,—Yours,

“ R. VAUGHAN.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

Feb. 11, 1675.

“ Every new promise of Mr. Russell’s unalterable kindness is a most unspeakable delight to my thoughts,

* She married the Prince of Orange ;—they afterwards came to the throne, under the title of William and Mary. She was then eleven years old.

† Their little daughter.

therefore I need use no more words to tell you how welcome your letter was to me ; but how much welcome Monday will be, I hope you do imagine. * * *

“ Our girl is as you left her, I bless the mercy of God for it. I have silently retired to my little dressing-room for this performance, the next being full of company at cards. I am engaged with Northumberland ;* but at nothing, nor to nothing upon earth entirely, but to my dear Mr. Russell ;—his I am with the most passionate affection.

“ R. VAUGHAN.”

FROM TICHFIELD TO LONDON.

Aug. 22, 1675. Sunday Night.

“ I write this to my dear Mr. Russell, because I love to be busied in either speaking of him or to him ; but the pretence I take is lest that I wrote yesterday should miscarry ;—so this may again inform you at London, that your coach shall be at Harford Bridge (if God permit) upon Thursday night to wait your coming, and on Saturday I hope to be at Stratton, and my sister also. This day she resolved it, so her coach will bring us all, as I think, to contrive it, or at least with the help of the chariot and cart-horses ; but I think to send you the coach, to save sending six horses for it, for a pair will bring the chariot. It is an inexpressible joy to consider, I shall see the person in the world I most and only long to be with, before another week is past. I should condemn my sense of this expected happiness as weak and pitiful, if I could tell it to you. No, my best life, I can say little, but think all you can, and you cannot think too much : my heart makes it all good. I perfectly know my infinite obligations to Mr. Russell ; and in it is the delight of her life, who is as much yours as you desire she should be.

“ R. VAUGHAN.”

* Lady Percy, her half-sister.

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

Aug. 24, 1696.

“ You bid me write on Thursday, but civility obliged me to that to answer yours, so that this is to show my obedience to your orders, and a little indulgence to my own self; since I do love to talk any way with Mr. Russell, though he does abuse poor me sometimes. You had like to have vexed me bravely by Jack Vaughan’s letter; I was putting that up in my pocket to read two or three days after, at leisure; I saw you had opened it, but as it was going up, finding one in it, it came in my mind, if he should have put in one, it might be for a trick, how it would vex me! so broke your seal, and was very happy by doing so. Oh, my best life, how long I think it since we were together! I can forgive you if you do not do so, upon condition you do not stay too long away. Your coach, by the grace of God, shall be at Bagshot on Wednesday night; and on Thursday will, I hope, bring my wishes to me. I know nothing there is to give you notice of from hence. The joiners will end their work to-day in the new room. There is no coping bricks till Monday; nor till you come to her, no entire satisfaction in the heart of your affectionate

R. VAUGHAN.”

FROM LONDON TO WOBURN.

April 12, 1677.

“ I have staid till past eight, that I might have as much intelligence as I knew how to get. Spencer promised to be here this evening, but I find him not in my chamber, where I expected him at my coming home; for I have spent the afternoon with my sister Allington,* and by all our travels could not improve my knowledge, as I extremely desired to do, that I might entertain your dear self the better by this letter; else could be content to be as ignorant to-morrow morning as I was this; for all my ends and designs in this world are to be as useful and accept-

* Lord Russell’s sister, married to Lord Allington.

able to my dear Mr Russell as I can, to deserve better, if I could, that dear and real kindness I faithfully believe his goodness suffers me to enjoy. My cousin Spencer has just come. The inclosed papers I copied from one Lord Allington gave me last night ; it is the King's message to the House yesterday. This day the debate held till four o'clock ; and the result of it is, you have ordered a second address to thank his Majesty for taking into consideration your first,* and to desire he would, if he please, pursue what in that they desired ; and that they might not be wanting, they have added a clause (if the King accepts of it) to the money-bill, that gives him credit to use two hundred thousand of that money toward new alliances ; promising, if he do see cause to lay it out, to replace it him again. This, as Sir Hugh Cholmondelay says, is not pleasing at court ; expectations were much higher. The Lords have not agreed with the Commons. The House was in a way of agreeing, and the Speaker pressed it ; till, after three hours' debate, he told them suddenly he had mistook the thing, that he knew the House nice upon money-matters, and the Lords had only a negative in money-concerns ; and this seemed an affirmative, so put it to the question, but would not divide the House, though if they had, the ayes would have carried it, it is believed. To-morrow at two is a conference with the Lords. * * *

“ Your girls very well. Miss Rachel has prattled a long story ; but Watkins † calls for my letter, so I must omit it. She says, Papa has sent for her to *Wobee*, and then she gallops and says she has been there, and a great deal more ; but boiled oysters call, so my story must rest. She will send no duty, she is positive in it. I present you all any creature can pay : I owe you as much.

“ R. VAUGHAN.”

* The first address was for entering into an alliance with Holland against France for the preservation of the Netherlands. The second was to the same purpose ; when it was presented, the 25th of May following, it produced a sharp reprimand from the French-loving monarch for prescribing what alliances he was to make, and produced an adjournment of the House.

† The house-steward.

On the 14th of March 1678, the House of Commons had resolved itself into a committee of the whole, to consider the state of the nation. Charles the Second had no legitimate children, and his brother James, Duke of York, the next heir to the crown, was a bigoted Catholic,—hence a large party wished to exclude him from the succession. The motion for the above-mentioned committee was made by Lord Russell, in the following words: “ I move that we may go into a committee of the whole House, to consider of the sad and deplorable condition we are in, and the apprehensions we are under of Popery and a standing army, and that we may consider of some way to save ourselves from ruin.” The Court made great exertions to resist these proceedings.

The following letter from Lady Russell may have been to dissuade her Lord from making a motion so very offensive to the King and the Duke ; or, perhaps, it was some step of a still more decided nature, concerning which he took her advice. The note was preserved by him, and indorsed as being received while the House of Commons was sitting, which seems to prove that it made some impression upon him :—

“ My sister Allington being here, tells me she overheard you tell her Lord last night that you would take notice of the business (you know what I mean) in the House. This alarms me, and I do earnestly beg of you to tell me truly if you have or mean to do it. If you do, I am most assured you will repent it. I beg once more to know the truth. It is more pain to be in doubt, and to your sister too ; and if I have any interest, I use it to beg your silence in this case, at least to-day.

“ R. RUSSELL.”

“ MARCH the — 1677-8, }
While the House was sitting.” }

FROM LONDON TO BASING.

February, 1679.

“ I was very sorry to read anything under your hand, written so late, as I had one brought me to Montague

House ; but I heard yesterday morning, by a servant of my Lord Marquis, you got well to Teddington, so I hope you did to Basing, and our poor Stratton, and will by Saturday night to the creature of the world that loves you best. I have lived so retired, since you went, as the severest and jealous husband could enjoin a wife ; so that I am not fitted to entertain you with passages in the town, knowing no more how the world goes than an Italian lady, they say, usually does. * * *

“ Our small ones are as you left them, I praise God. Miss writes and lays the letters by, that papa may admire them when he comes. It is a moment more wished for than to be expressed by all the eloquence I am mistress of, yet you know how much that is ; but my dear abuser I love more than my life, and am entirely his.

“ R. RUSSELL.”

The following letter, written at this time, is among the very few extant from Lord Russell to his wife :—

Basing, Feb. 8, 1678–9.

“ I am stole from a great many gentlemen into the drawing-room at Basing, for a moment, to tell my dearest I have thought of her being here the last time, and wished for her a thousand times ; but in vain, alas ! for I am just going now to Stratton, and want the chariot, and my dearest dear in it. I hope to be with you on Saturday. We have had a very troublesome journey of it, and insignificant enough, by the fairness and excess of civility of somebody ; but more of that when I see you. I long for the time, and am, more than you can imagine, your

RUSSELL.

“ I am troubled at the weather for our ourselves, but much more for my sister. Pray God it may have no ill effect upon her, and that we may have a happy meeting on Saturday. I am Miss’s humble servant.”

FROM LONDON TO LORD RUSSELL AT WOBURN ABBEY.

Feb. 15, 1679.

“ At dinner at Lord Shaftesbury’s I received your letter, and found nothing in it that hindered my offering it him to read ;—he did so at the table, and some part of it to the company. I wish the day* over, but fear it is so likely to be a troublesome one, that I shall not see you so soon as my last desired ; yet if it may be, I wish for it—the main reason is, to discourse something of that affair my uncle Ruvigny was on Sunday so long with me about. It is urged, and your Lordship is thought a necessary person to advise with about it.† Your tasks are like to be difficult in town and country : I pray God direct your judgment in all your actions. I saw Sir Ieveril at Lord Shaftesbury’s, who told him my Lord Russell was a greater man than he, for he was but one knight, and Lord Russell would be two.‡ Sir Ieveril answered, if it were in his power he should be a hundred. This is but one of many fine things I heard to-day, yet my heart thinks abundantly more due to my man.

* * * *

My love, I am in pain till Tuesday is past, because I am sure you have a great deal. I am, to the last minute of my life, your most obedient wife,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

1680.

“ My thoughts being ever best pleased when I, in some kind or other, entertain myself with the dearest of men, you may be sure I do most willingly prepare this for Mr. Chandler. If I do hear to-morrow from you, it will be a great pleasure to know you got well to Stratton, though

* The elections were then pending.

† Perhaps this refers to the bill for excluding the Duke of York from the throne.

‡ During the Parliament elections, Lord Russell was returned both for Bedfordshire and Hampshire.

I fear for you every day, knowing you will frisk out abroad. * * * A lady out of the city told me it was certain there was before the Mayor yesterday, examinations of some apprentices concerning a new plot; and that five did take their oaths it was to put the Lords* out of the Tower, and burn them and the Duchess of Portsmouth† together. This is the latest design I hear of. If any other discoveries be made between this and Tuesday night, I hope I shall not fail to be your informer, and after that that you will be quickly mine again: I long for it truly, my dear. Miss says she means to write herself, so I have no messages. I am so well pleased to be alone, and scribbling, that I never consider the matter. Pardon, my dear love, (as you have a thousand other failings,) all the nonsense of this, and accept the passionate, kind intentions of yours,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

June 12, 1680.

“ My dearest heart, flesh and blood cannot have a truer and greater sense of their own happiness than your poor but honest wife has. I am glad you find Stratton so sweet—may you live to do so one fifty years more; and, if God pleases, I shall be glad I may keep your company most of those years, unless you wish other at any time; then I think I could willingly leave all in the world, knowing you would take care of our brats;—they are both well, and your great one’s letter she hopes came to you. * * * I hope your letter will bring no worse news than I send—your girls and your wife being as well as my best love left them, I praise God. Little Kate makes her journey often to papa, but the other keeps her cares in her breast. * *

* Four noblemen confined in the Tower on suspicion of being concerned in the pretended plot of the Papists to murder the King.

† The favourite mistress of Charles I. much disliked by the people, because she was supposed to use her influence to attach the King to the French interest.

I wish your business so soon dispatched, that I will not take more of your time than is just necessary to tell you, you have a loving creature of your

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

1680.

“ These are the pleasing moments, in absence, my dearest blessing, either to read something from you or be writing something to you ; yet I never do it but I am touched with a sensible regret, that I cannot pour out in words what my heart is so big with, which is much more just to your dear self (in a passionate return of love and gratitude) than I can tell you ; but it is not my talent, and so I hope not a necessary signification of the truth of it, at least not thought so by you. I hear you had the opportunity of making your court handsomely at Bagshot,* if you had had the grace to have taken the good fortune offered. * * * *

FROM LONDON TO WOBURN.

Aug. 24, 1680.

“ Absent or present, my dearest life is equally obliging, and ever the earthly delight of my soul. It is my great care (or ought to be so) so to moderate my sense of happiness here, that when the appointed time comes of my leaving it, or its leaving me, I may not be unwilling to forsake the one, or be in some measure prepared and fit to bear the trial of the other. This very hot weather does incommode me, but otherwise I am very well, and both your girls. Your letter was cherished as it deserved, and so, I make no doubt, was hers, † which she took very ill I should suspect she was directed in, as truly I thought she was, the fancy was so pretty. My sister and Lady Inchiquin are coming, so that I must

* The Duke of York was then residing there.

† Their eldest little girl.

leave a better diversion for a worse; but my thoughts often return where all my delight is. I am yours entirely,
 “ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO WOBURN.

Sept. 6, 1680.

“ My girls and I being just risen from dinner, Miss Rachel followed me into my chamber, and seeing me take the pen and ink, asked me what I was going to do? I told her I was going to write to her papa. ‘ So will I,’ said she; ‘ and while you write, I will think what I have to say.’ And truly, before I could write one word, she came and told me she had done, so I set down her words; and she is hard at the business, as I am not, one would conclude by the pertinence of this beginning. But my dear man has taken me for better and worse in all conditions, and knows my soul to him; so expressions are but a pleasure to myself, not him, who believes better things of me than my ill rhetoric will induce him to by my words. To this minute I am not one jot wiser as to intelligence, (whatever other improvements my study has made me,) but I hope the afternoon’s conversation will better me that way. Lady Shaftesbury sends me word if her Lord continues as well as he was this morning, I shall see her; and my sister was visiting yesterday. I will suck the honey from them all, if they will be communicative. Your birds came safe to feast us to-morrow. —I am yours, my dear love,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO WOBURN.

Sept. 17, 1680.

“ These moments of true pleasure, I proposed at the opening of your letter, were hugely disappointed; first, when I found less than one, would despatch in the reading of it; and secondly, yet more, that I could not prolong my delight as usual, by reflections on those expressions, I receive as the joy of my unworthy life, which can

never be miserable in any accident of it, whilst my affectionate heart can think you mine, as I do now. But your headache over night, and a dinner at Bedford next day, gives me more than ordinary longings for a new report of your health, in this crazy time. * * *

“ Dispose, I beseech you, of my duty and service and all other ways, as you please, in all particulars, of your ever faithful, obedient, passionately affectionate wife,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

“ Mrs. Cellier* stood this day in the pillory, but her head was not put in the hole, but defended one side of her head, as a kind of battledore did the other, which she held in her hand. All the stones that were thrown within reach, she took up and put in her pocket.”

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

During the sitting of Parliament, 1680.
Stratton, Thursday night.

“ Sending your victuals by the higler, I take the same opportunity to let my dearest know I have his by-coach, and do humbly and heartily praise God for the refreshing news of his being well: yet you do not in words tell me if you are very well; and your going to the House tells no more than that you are not very ill. If your nose bleeds as it did, pray let me beg of you to give yourself time to bleed in the arm. My heart, be assured mine is not easy, till I am where you are; therefore send us a coach as soon as you can; it shall find us ready as whenever it comes, if God bless us to be well. I wrote more fully to this purpose in the morning, only I am willing to hint it again, in case of its miscarriage. I have sent up one maid this day, and on Monday all follow. It seems to me the ladies at Petworth [*the residence of her half-sister,*

* Mrs. Cellier was a nurse of the Roman Catholic religion: a woman of some cleverness, but of very bad character. She had been charged with being concerned in the Popish plot, but was acquitted. Being afterwards convicted of the publication of a libel, called ‘Malice Defeated,’ she was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and fined a thousand pounds.

Lady Percy] are as particular to the Marquis as they were to the Duke before; but the wondrous things he tells, I may aim at, but shall never guess, nor care to do it,—or anything else but to move towards London, and meet my better life, as I wish to see him well and mine, as I am his, and so to be to an old age; but, above all, praying for hearts and minds fitly disposed to submit to the wise and merciful dispensations of the great God. From the sharpest trials, good Lord preserve us, if it may be. I guess my Lord* will soon be in town—pray present my duty to him. Our girls are very well: we were altogether at the farm-house this day. Pray keep good hours.—Believe me your obedient wife,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO WOBURN.

Feb. 1680. Tuesday Night.

“ Since you resolve not to be here till Thursday, this may come time enough to tell you we are all well; and I will say little more, guessing this as likely to miss of coming to your hands, as to be read by you, since I hope you lie at Dunstable to-morrow. I shall defer answering any particular of your last till we meet, and then I shall fail, I doubt, of my part in some; but it will be by my incapacity, who can never be what I should or would to my best and dearest life; but I will ever submit.

* * * *

I am in a little haste, and am content to be so, because I think what I have said is to no purpose; but I defy Lord Russell to wish for Thursday with more joy and passion, and will make him own he has a thousand times less reason to do so, than has his

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO STRATTON.

About Feb. 1681.

“ From the opinion I have that Lord Russell is a very

* The Earl of Bedford, Lord Russell's father.

sincere personage, I am very well pleased with all the parts of his letter, that he came in good time to his inn, and had really such kind reflections as he tells me of. I hope we shall enjoy those dozen years he speaks of, and cannot forbear wishing to double them: as one pleasure passes, I doubt not but we shall find new ones,—our nursery will help to furnish us,—it is in good order, I thank God. Your father came this morning, and gave me the report of Devonshire elections. * * *

Your own story of thieves, and so many as we hear of every day, makes me very desirous of your being at poor Southampton House * again, in the arms of your

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM LONDON TO OXFORD.

March, 1681.

“ I hope my dearest did not interpret amiss any action of mine, from seven o'clock Thursday night to nine on Friday morning. I am certain I had sufficient punishment for the ill conduct I used, of the short time then left us to spend together, without so terrible an addition; besides, I was really sorry I could not scribble as you told me you designed I should, not only that I might please myself with remembering I had done you some little service at parting, but possibly I might have prevailed for the laying by a smart word or so, which will now pass current, unless you will oblige a wife, after eleven years, by making such a sacrifice to her now and then, upon occasions offered. * * * The report of our nursery, I humbly praise God, is very good. Master† improves really, I think, every day. Sure he is a goodly child: the more I see of others, the better

* It was situated on the north side of Bloomsbury Square, then called Southampton Square, London. Lord and Lady Russell usually passed the winters at Southampton House, and the summers at Stratton. After their death, their residence in London descended to their grandson, and received the name of Bedford House. It was pulled down by the Duke of Bedford in 1800.

† Her infant son.

he appears. I hope God will give him life and virtue. Misses and their mamma walked yesterday to see their cousin Allington.* Miss Kate wished to see him, so I gratified her little person.—Yours only entirely,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

“ Look to your pockets: a printed paper says you will have fine papers put into them, and then witnesses to swear.”†

FROM LONDON TO OXFORD.

March, 1681.

“ I cannot express to my dearest, how pleasant to me the sight of his hand is; yet I readily excuse the seeing of it, when he cannot perform it at a seasonable hour, or that he is pressed with more weighty affairs, so that I may be assured he will let me know if he be not well.

* * * *

“ The children are all well. I think this is sufficient for one time, from your obediently affectionate wife,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

“ My duty to papa.”‡

FROM STRATTON TO FRIMLEY.

1681.

“ A messenger, bringing things from Alsford this morning, gives me the opportunity of sending this by the post. If he will leave it at Frimley, it will let you know we are all well,—if he does not, it may let such know it as do not care, but satisfy no one’s curiosity in any other point; for having said thus much, I am ready to conclude with this one secret—first, that as thy precious self is the most endearing husband, I believe, in the world, so am I the most grateful wife, and my heart most

* A new-born son of Lady Allington’s.

† The caution here given conveys a vivid idea of the suspicion and insecurity of the times.

‡ These last words are written by the child.

gladly passionate in its returns. Now you have all for this time, from your

“ R. RUSSELL.”

“ Boy is asleep, girls singing a-bed.”

FROM STRATTON TO FRIMLEY.

1681.

“ It is so much pleasure to me to write to you, when I shall see you so soon after, that I cannot deny myself the entertainment. My head will lie the easier on my pillow, where I am just going to lay it down, as soon as I have scribbled this side of paper. All has been well here since you, our best life, went. I need not tell you I received your letter; Will Wright coming shows it: nor I need less say anything to acquaint your dear self the joys it brought with it, from the expressions in it to poor unworthy me. Some alloys possibly I found, but I defer that matter till Friday, when I hope once more to be blessed with the sight of what I love best.—Good night, dearest life: love your

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

Sept. 20, 1681.

“ To see anybody preparing, and taking their way to see what I long to do a thousand times more than they, makes me not endure to suffer their going, without saying something to my best life, though it is a kind of anticipating my joy when we shall meet to allow myself so much before the time; but I confess I feel a great deal, that, though I left London with reluctance, (as it is easy to persuade men that a woman does,) yet that I am not like to leave Stratton with greater. They will tell you how well I got hither, and how well I found our dear treasure here: your boy will please you—you will, I think, find him improved, though I tell you so beforehand. They fancy he wanted you, for as soon as I alighted, he followed, calling papa; but, I suppose, it is

the word he has most command of, so was not disobliged by the little fellow. The girls were fine in remembrance of the happy 29th of September;* and we drank your health after a red-deer pie, and at night your girls and I supped on sack-posset,—nay, master would have his room, and for haste burnt his fingers in the posset, but he does but rub his hands for it. It is the most glorious weather here that ever was seen. The coach shall meet you at the cabbage-garden,—be there by eight o'clock or a little after, though I guess you can hardly be there so soon, day breaks so late; and indeed the mornings are so misty, it is not wholesome to be in the air so early. I do propose going to my neighbour Worsley to-day. I would fain be telling my heart more things—anything to be in a kind of talk with him; but I believe Spencer stays for my despatch. He was willing to go early; but this was to be the delight of this morning, and the support of the day. It is performed in bed, thy pillow at my back, where thy dear head shall lie, I hope, to-morrow night, and many more. I trust in His mercy, notwithstanding all our enemies or ill-wishers. Love, and be willing to be loved by

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

Oct. 20, 1681.

“ The hopes I have, my dearest life, that this will be the concluding epistle, for this time, makes me undertake it with more cheerfulness than my others. We are very busy in preparing, and full of expectation to see a coach come for us.”

After some remarks about conveying the hawks, dogs, &c. to town, she proceeds:—

“ I hope you will tell us your mind about these things to-morrow, if you can think of any thing but Parliamentary affairs. I pray God direct all your consultations

* Lord Russell's birth-day.

there ; and, my dearest dear, you guess my mind. A word to the wise. I never longed more earnestly to be with you, for whom I have a thousand kind and grateful thoughts. You know of whom I learned this expression. If I could have found one more fit to speak the passion of my soul, I should send it you with joy ; but I submit with great content to imitate, but never shall attain to any equality, except that of sincerity, and I will ever be (by God's grace) what I ought and profess, thy faithful, affectionate, and obedient wife,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

“ Miss sends me word she is well, and hopes to see papa quickly ; so does one more.”

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

Nov. 1681. Monday, 10 o'clock.

“ I have felt one true delight this morning already, being just come from our nurseries, and now am preparing for another,—these being my true moments of pleasure, till the presence of my dearest life is before my eyes again. How I long for it, I will not go about to tell you, nor how I take your abusing me about my perfections : you should leave those things for your brother to say, when occasion serves. * * *

Yours entirely,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

“ Miss brings me her mite ; but there has been almost wet eyes about it, she thinks it so ill done.”

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

Nov. 22, 1681.

“ As often as you are absent, we are taught, by experience, who gives life to this house and family ; but we dodge on in a dull way, as well as we can. * * *

* * * I have just come from our little master—he is very well ; so I left him, and saw your girls a-lacing. Miss Kate says, sure papa is upon

the road. I wish for Wednesday, that I may know if I am to hope he will be so this week. * *

* * One remembrance more, my best life,—be wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove. So farewell for this time.—Yours,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

The following letter from Lord Russell to his wife, is dated

Nov. 26, 1681.

“ I suppose you received mine of Thursday. I hope this will be the last time, for this bout, of troubling you in this kind; for on Thursday, God willing, I intend to set out to go to my dearest dear's embraces, which, upon my word, I value now as much as I did ten, eleven, or twelve years ago, and more than any the town can afford, now you are out of it. On Monday we intend to be at Westminster, to be bail for my Lord Shaftesbury, in case it be demanded; and I hear the Lieutenant of the Tower has order to bring him Lord Howard,* Wilmore, and Whitaker; so that it is concluded they will be released, although some talk as if they would bring fresh matter, but I do not believe it. It is thought by some of your friends, where we dined together when you were in town, that the fair man was the person most troubled at Thursday's business; and really by his looks, and what he said to-day in my hearing, one would have thought so. If the coach can conveniently come to Hertford Bridge on Tuesday, let it,—else Will Wright will ride upon great Dun, and lead little one.

“ I come just now from eating oysters with your sister, which shall be all my supper; and I hope to get to bed earlier than I have been able to do hitherto. My father is not come to town. Farewell, my dearest: kiss my little children from me; and believe me to be, as entirely as I am, yours, and only yours,

“ RUSSELL.”

* Imprisoned on the suspicion of having contrived a treasonable pamphlet.

FROM STRATTON TO LONDON.

Sept. 25, 1682.

“ I staid till I came from church, that I might, as late as I could, tell you all your concerns here are just as you left them. The young man * as mad, winking at me, and striking with his drumstick whatever comes to his reach. If I had written before church, while my morning draught † was in my head, this might have entertained you better ; but now those fumes are laid, I find my spirits more dull than usual, as I have more cause—the much dearer and pleasanter part of my life being absent from me : I leave my Lord Russell to guess who that is. * * *

* * * I know nothing new since you went ; but I know, as certainly as I live, that I have been for twelve years as passionate a lover as ever woman was, and hope to be so one twelve years more : happy still, and entirely yours.

“ R. RUSSELL.”

Alas ! this hope was never to be realized ! Lord Russell was a friend to liberty, and made no secret of his opposition to the unrestrained prerogative of the King. He thought the people were right in being jealous of French influence, and of the ever restless intrigues of the Roman Catholics at that period. Charles the Second and his brother James were warmly attached to the French court, from which they had received much kindness during the administration of Cromwell ; and, perhaps, in their inmost hearts they could never forgive the English nation for having beheaded their father. It was natural that the licentious Charles, so far as he cared for any religion, should prefer that, which, by half an hour's ceremony on his death-bed, offered to absolve all the errors of a most sinful life ;—he was, however, too coldly selfish to endanger his throne by an avowal of sentiments so dis-

* Her infant son.

† Coffee and tea were scarcely known in England at this period, —wine-posset was used for breakfast.

tasteful to his subjects. The Duke of York, on the contrary, made no concealment of his bigoted attachment to the Church of Rome ; and when we reflect how hard that church struggled to regain its former despotic power, by means of its able and most effective instruments the Jesuits, we cannot be surprised at the universal alarm which prevailed among the English Protestants.

It has already been mentioned that Lord Russell zealously favoured the bill to exclude James from succession to the throne. But Charles was obstinately bent upon supporting his brother's claims ; and, what was still worse, the indolent monarch allowed him to possess great influence, which was generally exerted in favour of the most unjust and tyrannical measures. Waller remarked, that " Charles, in spite to the Parliament, who had determined the Duke should not succeed him, was resolved that he should reign even in his lifetime."

In this state of things, discontent was universal ; and there seemed to be no redress for the people, unless they could gain it by strong and determined resistance. A council of six was formed to consult upon what measures were necessary to be taken to check the despotic proceedings of Charles and his brother.

" This council consisted of the Duke of Monmouth (the King's natural son)—Lord Russell—Lord Essex—Lord Howard—Algernon Sidney, son of the Earl of Leicester—and John Hampden, grandson of the great Parliamentary leader. The members of this council differed extremely in their views. Sidney was passionate for a republic. Essex had embraced the same project. Monmouth entertained hopes of obtaining the crown for himself. Russell and Hampden were much attached to the ancient constitution, and intended only the exclusion of the Duke of York, and the redress of grievances."

But it unfortunately happened, that while these gentlemen were concerting schemes to restrain the abuse of kingly power, an inferior and more violent order of malcontents, among whom were some of the old officers of Cromwell's army, were holding meetings, in which they openly talked of assassinating the King and the Duke.

under the familiar appellation of *lopping*. Lord Shaftesbury, a rash man, whom the disaffected were in the habit of regarding as their leader, employed these men as his tools, unknown to Russell and his friends. It seems, indeed, that Lord Shaftesbury formed the only link between two plots totally dissimilar in their characters, and in the motives which originated them. Lord Russell accompanied the Duke of Monmouth and Lord Grey one evening to the house of a wine-merchant, in whom they confided. They expected to meet Lord Shaftesbury and some of their friends; but finding no one, except two of the desperate characters, above mentioned, they were displeased with the company, and entered into no conversation,—Lord Russell merely stopped to taste some wines he wished to purchase, and they departed. The designs of these violent men were betrayed by the treachery of one of their confidants. Lord Shaftesbury, the only one who had countenanced them, went into Holland, where he died. The virtuous Lord Russell would have been at any time shocked with schemes of blood; but the brief interview with Lord Shaftesbury's creatures, at the wine-merchant's, proved of fatal consequence to him. These men became witnesses against him; but, for that circumstance, he might have escaped the utmost malice of the crown, as did his friend Hampden. Being in the company of these conspirators was construed into a proof of knowing and sharing all their designs. Lord Russell was arrested, and the seizure of his associates soon followed. The dastardly and unprincipled Lord Howard confessed all he knew, in order to save his own miserable life. It was proved that Lord Russell, Essex, Hampden, &c. intended resistance to the government, in some form or other, at some indefinite time. All who from fear, or the love of reward, were friends to the Duke of York, were anxious to represent the two plots as one and the same: hence Lord Russell and his friends were charged with projected insurrection and intent to take the King's life.

The Duke of Monmouth absconded, although his royal father came very near ensnaring him by that insidious

policy which always characterized his dealings with mankind.*

Sidney was beheaded—rejoicing to the last that he died in “the good old cause of republicanism.” Lord Howard was the only evidence against Hampden, and the statute required two witnesses: the crown lawyers were therefore unable to make out a case of high treason; but they managed to obtain a sentence against him for misdemeanour, and fined him the enormous sum of forty thousand pounds. Lord Essex was at his house in the country, when he heard that his friend Lord Russell was arrested. He made no attempt to escape; and when it was urged upon him, he replied that he would not do it, lest his flight should be construed into an evidence of guilt, and thus do an injury to Lord Russell’s cause: “My own life is not worth saving,” said he, “if, by so doing, I bring his into danger.”

He was committed to the Tower; and, on the very morning of Lord Russell’s trial, he was found with his throat cut, said to be done by his own hand—a circumstance of which the court made great use to the prejudice of Lord Russell. Even Hume, whose feelings are always on the Tory side, acknowledges that a most unjustifiable use was made of this incident. Considering the tenderness Lord Essex had expressed toward Lord Russell’s cause, suspicions very naturally arose that he did not die by his own hand. The King and the Duke of York had made a visit to the Tower that morning, under pretence of inspecting the ordnance. Two children, a boy and girl, from ten to twelve years old, heard a great noise from his window, and affirmed that they saw a hand throw out a bloody razor. The boy afterward contradicted his statement in open court; but his father had an office in the custom-house, of which the King could deprive him.

* The King had a most affectionate interview with the Duchess of Monmouth, advising her to conceal her husband in her own apartment, which he sacredly promised should not be searched. The Duke being informed of this, said, “I will not trust him.” The event proved that his suspicions were right; for the apartment of the Duchess was the first place searched.

The girl always stood firmly to her story. On the other hand, it was said that Lord Essex was subject to very deep fits of melancholy,—that he had been heard to vindicate suicide,—that among other things, which he had ordered to be sent from his house, he had called for a penknife and a razor ; and the surgeons declared that his throat was cut in such a manner that he must have done it himself. The real truth can never be known in this world ; and historians and readers will judge of the transaction according to their opinions of the Duke of York.

From the manner in which Lord Russell was taken up, it seemed as if the court, always crooked and cowardly in its proceedings, were willing to connive at his escape. Burnet tells us that the day before Lord Russell was arrested, a messenger was observed many hours waiting near his door—" A measure that was taken in so open and careless a manner, (the back door of his house not being watched,) as led to the suspicion that it was intended to frighten him away." Had Lord Russell fallen into this snare, it would have saved them from the odium of his death, and would have given them a fine opportunity to blacken his character. But he, conscious of no other political opinions than those which he had long and openly avowed in Parliament, refused to avail himself of this insidious measure ; and his " faithful, obedient, and most affectionate wife" was tempted by no unworthy weakness to advise him to a course of conduct inconsistent with his innocence and honour.

Lord Russell would not attempt to leave the house while the messenger from the council was pacing before his door, although he was ignorant of what, and by whom he was accused. His lady was sent to obtain information and consult his friends,—with what anxiety the task was performed, we can well imagine. Lord Russell was so well aware of the virulence of his enemies, that, from the moment of his arrest, he began to prepare his mind for death. But this conviction occasioned no despondency in him, nor did it prevent her from using every honourable endeavour to save his precious life. During the fortnight that elapsed between his commitment to the

Tower and his trial, she was diligently employed in procuring information as to what was likely to be urged against him, and in adopting every measure of precaution. She accompanied him to Court on the day of his trial,—on which occasion the crowd was so great, that the counsel complained of not having room to stand. When Lord Russell requested to have a person to take notes of the trial for him, the Chief Justice said, “Any of your servants shall assist you in writing any thing you please.” To which Lord Russell replied, “My wife is here to do it.” As he spoke, the excellent daughter of the virtuous Southampton rose up, and stood by his side. At this sight, a thrill of anguish ran through the crowded audience. Her father’s services—her husband’s unsuspected patriotism—the excellence of his private life, and their known domestic happiness—all combined to give her a peculiar claim upon public sympathy. It is much to be regretted that history does not inform us how she supported herself through that fatal day, nor how she received the tidings of the death of Lord Essex, which was suddenly brought into Court, and which she was aware would have a material influence on her husband’s destiny. We only know that she so commanded her feelings, as neither to disturb the Court, nor distract the attention of her husband.

Lord Russell was not mistaken in what he had to expect from the violence of his unprincipled enemies. The lawyers, desirous of paying court to the royal brothers, resorted to subtle evasions. The prisoner’s strict adherence to truth would not allow him to deny that he had assisted in plans of resistance to the king’s despotic measures; false charges were artfully mixed up with true ones, and he was not allowed to point out the difference between them. At one time, he intended to make a full confession of all he had done and all he had thought; but his counsel suggested that use might be made of his disclosures to endanger his friends; and Lord Russell was not a man to save himself by sacrificing others. He therefore simply pleaded not guilty to any designs upon the king’s person, and threw himself upon the laws of his

country, which no doubt would have saved him if justice had been allowed to have its course. But even Lord Russell's virtues were turned against him; it being said that the great estimation in which he was held made him dangerous. The jury was picked out with great care, and consisted entirely of men strongly prejudiced in favour of the king and his brother. Some objections were made to this jury, but they were over-ruled. It was thought that Chief-Justice Pemberton did not state the matter with sufficient eagerness against the noble prisoner, and he was soon after turned out of his office. Sergeant Jeffries, afterward the detestable Judge Jeffries, made an insolent speech full of fury and indecent invectives; and in his address to the jury, he turned the untimely fate of Essex into a proof of his consciousness of the conspiracy. This brutal wretch was soon after appointed Chief Justice, and afterward Lord Chancellor. His life was divided between drunken riots and judicial murders. His name ought to be handed down to the everlasting execration of posterity, in common with all other judges, English or American, who allow personal enmity, or political prejudice to influence their decisions. There is but one crime equal to thus poisoning the fountain of justice; and that was committed by the priest, who administered death to his enemy in the form of the holy sacrament.

Lord Russell's behaviour during his trial was calm and dignified. He expected to die, and was not disappointed when the jury brought in a verdict against him.

The following extract from the *London Gem* for 1831, is historically true in facts, though some of the details are imagined. The editor may be blamed for inserting it in the midst of a well-authenticated biography; but the heart becomes so painfully interested in the lovely and most excellent Lady Russell, that we are eager to supply the deficiencies of history, and to imagine just what she said, and how she looked, during those agonizing scenes, which would have broken her heart, had not love been stronger than death:—

“ At last her task was finished,—quietly she laid down her pen, —her eyes and her hand were weary, and her heart was sick al-

most unto death. She had heard the conviction and the condemnation of her husband; but not a sob, not a sound, had escaped her lips;—she had come prepared to hear, and, with God's help, to sustain the worst, without uttering a word that might agitate her beloved husband, or shake his grave and manly composure. When she rose up to accompany him from Court, every eye was turned toward them, and several of the kind and compassionate wept aloud; but the Lady Russell was enabled to depart with the same sweet and modest self-possession—still her husband's nearest, dearest companion. When they reached his prison, she gave way to no wild and passionate bursts of grief; but, repressing every murmur, she sat down, and began to discuss with him all and every possible means of honourably saving his life. He had a settled conviction that every exertion would be in vain, and secretly gave himself to prepare for inevitable death; but, to please and satisfy her, he entered into all her plans, at least consulted with her upon them; and, at her request particularly, drew up a petition to the Duke of York, which, however, proved utterly fruitless—the Duke of York being his determined and relentless enemy.

“ Still the Lady Russell was unwearied, and resolved that nothing should daunt her. To the king she determined to go in person, and to plead at his feet for her husband's life.

“ When she reached Whitehall, she could not choose but remember with what different feelings she had before ascended the staircase, and passed along the stately galleries of the beautiful palace. She thought of the first time she entered those walls; she thought of her light heart, her girlish curiosity, when those around her, and she herself had been loved and welcomed visitors to the royal presence. Fearful that an audience might be refused her, if her name or errand were told before-hand to the king, she had come with a very private equipage, her servants wearing a plain livery. She had before requested one of the lords in waiting, to whom she was well known, and in whose noble and friendly spirit she could place full confidence, to give her an opportunity of seeing the king, and to announce her merely as a gentlewoman of condition, who had solicited an interview; and she now besought him so earnestly to allow her to be admitted into the ante-room to the chamber where the king was then sitting, that, after some decided refusals, and much hesitation, he at last permitted her to follow him. In a few minutes she was left alone in that ante-chamber; for it happened that a little page, who had been waiting there, was called away for a short time as she and Lord —— entered.

“ She soon distinguished the king's voice from the room within, for its tones were loud and sonorous; and the latch of the door, though pulled to, had not caught, so that the door stood partly open: ‘ Who is it would see us, did you say?’ The Lady Russell drew near, and bent her ear that she might not lose a word. ‘ A gentlewoman of condition has demanded a private interview with your majesty.’

“The words were hardly spoken when a light, yet loud laugh rung through the chamber, and a woman’s voice cried out, in tones of raillery, ‘You are a dangerous messenger, my lord; there may be peril to the king’s heart in such an interview.’ ‘Pshaw, Pshaw,’ interrupted the king, half joining in the laugh, and speaking in a tone of heavy merriment: ‘tell me this lady’s age; is she young or old, for much depends on that?’ ‘She is a young and noble matron,’ was the quiet, grave reply. ‘But how does she call herself?’ was the continued inquiry in the same jocular voice. ‘She bade me say a gentlewoman of condition.’ ‘Sir,’ said the king impatiently, ‘no trifling, if you please!—What is the woman’s name?—Do you know her name?’ ‘I cannot tell your majesty an untruth,’ replied the nobleman; ‘I do know her name.’ ‘Why, then, do you not declare it?’ ‘Because, sire, I was forbidden by the lady to do so, and as a gentleman of honour—’ ‘As a gentleman of honour, you may be bound to your gentlewoman of condition, and may keep silence as far as she is concerned; but as I am also a party concerned, allow me to decline the favour of this interview with your gentlewoman of condition; I have seen mysterious affairs enough of late, and there may be danger in this interview.’ ‘I would stake my life, sire, there is none,’ said the nobleman; ‘and I will go beyond my commission, and disclose a name unsullied and pure, and lovely to the ear, being made so by her who bears it; the blameless, but unhappy Lady Russell, is the gentlewoman that has sought an audience with your majesty.’ ‘Oh! I cannot see her,’ cried the king, raising his voice; ‘I forbid you to admit her to my presence. Remember, sir, I am positive. Much as I pity the Lady Russell, I cannot see her: why should unnecessary pain be given to her and to myself?—Tell her this from me.’ ‘Alas, sire, I dread to deliver so disheartening a message from your gracious majesty, she is already in so woful a plight. I know not what her hopes may be of urging her suit with success; but I know she did hope to hear a refusal, if she must have one, given from no other lips than yours: even now she waits anxiously, fondly hoping that your majesty will see her.’ Here again the female voice was heard; kind and almost coaxing were its tones:—‘Do see her—do admit her—poor unhappy lady! my heart bleeds for her—you may be stern to men, but you would never let a woman beg in vain.’ ‘It is to save a woman’s feelings,’ replied the king, in a softer voice than he had yet spoken: ‘Do not urge me—you know that his life cannot be spared—you know it is impossible.’ Dismiss the lady at once, my lord, with the assurance of my regret. You said that she was waiting,—where did you leave her?’ ‘She waits in the ante-room to this very chamber.’ ‘So near, sirrah!’ exclaimed the king; ‘thou hast taken a most unwarrantable liberty.’ ‘She begged that I would let her follow me,’ said the nobleman; ‘and her importunity was so great and sudden, that she prevailed against my calmer judgment.’ ‘Let there be no mistake continued in,’ cried the king ‘and weary me no longer with your explanations. Dismiss the lady instantly.’

“ The Lady Russell had heard all that had been spoken ; had hung breathless on every word ; and her heart had sunk within her, when she found how firmly the king seemed opposed to showing any mercy to her husband. She had blessed the woman, whose voice pleaded so kindly for her, though she guessed, and guessed rightly, that she was blessing the frail Louise de Querouaille, then Duchess of Portsmouth.

“ She heard the receding steps of the lord in waiting, and felt that in another moment her opportunity would be gone. She did not stop to think or hesitate, but threw open the door, and advanced quietly and meekly to the very centre of the chamber.

“ The room which Lady Russell entered, was of large dimensions, and furnished rather with splendid luxuriousness than elegance. The windows opened into a balcony, filled with orange trees in full blossom, and the atmosphere of the chamber was richly scented with the delicious perfume of the flowers : the walls were hung alternately with some of Lely’s beautiful but wanton portraits, and with broad pier-glasses ; and the profusion of gilding with which the sculptured frames and cornices, the tables, the couches and seats of various descriptions, were enriched, dazzled and fatigued the gaze. Upon and underneath one table, amid piles of music, lay several kinds of lutes and other musical instruments. On another, an ivory casket of jewels stood open, glowing and blazing in a flood of sunshine. Before a broad slab of the richest green marble, opposite one of the looking-glasses, sat Louise de Querouaille, on a low ottoman. She had been reading aloud to the idle monarch, and her book,—a loose French romance,—lay upon the table, the place kept open by a bracelet of large pearls. Very near her the king was carelessly reclining upon a sofa covered with cushions of Genoa velvet : his attention had been divided between listening to the French romance, and listlessly looking over a collection of Oliver’s exquisitely painted miniatures, some of which lay on the sofa beside him, others on the marble table. Into this chamber a pure and modest matron had entered, to plead for the life of one of the most noble and upright gentlemen of the land ; had she much chance of success with *such* a ruler ? ‘ I am prepared,’ said the Lady Russell, as she kneeled before the king, ‘ to bear though not to brave your majesty’s just anger. My coming thus uncalled into your presence is an intrusion, an impertinence, which the king may not perchance forgive ; but I make my appeal not to the king, but to the gentleman before whom I kneel.’ Charles, who had sat astonished rather than angry at the unexpected appearance of the lady, rose up at these words, and, tenderly raising her, led her to a seat with that gallant courtesousness in which he was excelled by no one in his day. ‘ My boldness is very great,’ she continued ; ‘ but grief makes me forget all difference of station : I am alive only to the power conferred upon your majesty’s high station by the Almighty and most merciful of kings. Forgive a wife, once a very happy wife, if she implores you to use that power in its most blessed ex-

ercise of mercy. Think that on the breath of your lips it depends whether the whole future course of a life, long so supremely happy, shall be gloom and wretchedness to the grave. But let me not take so selfish a part as to plead only for my own happiness. Do justice to an upright, honest subject; or if you deem him faulty, (and who is not?) do not visit a fault with that dreadful doom that you would give to wickedness and crime. Nay, for yourself, for your own good interest, do not let them rob you of a servant whose fellow may not easily be found, one who shall serve your majesty with more true faithfulness than many that have been more forward in their words.'

"The king listened with attention, with well-bred and courteous attention, and then expressed, with soft and well-bred excuses, his deep regret that it was impossible, beyond his power, as one bound to consider the welfare of the State, to accede to her entreaties: and as he spoke, the Lady Russell could not help contrasting the artful softness of his voice and manner with the rough, but far more honest, refusal she had heard when waiting in the ante-room.

"Charles ceased speaking; and the Lady Russell, who had continued seated all the time she spoke, and who had spoken with modest and reverent dignity of manner, still sat calm, sad, and motionless, perplexed and silenced by his cold, easy self-possession.

"'There is then no hope?' she at length exclaimed. The monarch met the melancholy gaze of her soft eyes, as she asked the hopeless question, and the few words in which he replied were intended to destroy all hope; yet they were spoken in the same smooth, courteous tone.

"She rose up, but she did not go; still she remained standing where she rose up, calm, bewildered, her lips unclosed, her eyes cast down, as if unwilling to depart, yet too stupified by grief and disappointment to know what to say: too abashed, indeed, by his polite indifference, to know how to act. At last she roused herself; and as she lifted up her head, a clearness and brightness came into her eyes, and over her brow, and over her whole countenance. 'I must not, will not go abashed and confounded,' she thought within herself; 'I must not lose this last, this very last opportunity, I can ever have of saving him.' 'Bear with my importunity,' she said, with a feminine sweetness, which, notwithstanding the deep dejection that hung on every look and every word, was inexpressibly fascinating; 'bear with me, and do not bid me rise, till I have been heard:' and she again threw herself at the feet of the king. 'At least let me speak in my own name, let me urge my own claims to your gracious mercy. As the daughter of Thomas Wriothsley, your long-tried servant, your royal father's faithful and favoured friend, I humbly ask for pity and for mercy; forget not your friend and your father's friend. Alas, sire, you are not one to whom affliction is unknown; your heart is not hardened, I am sure it cannot be, against such calamities as mine are likely to be very soon. You have known,' she added, raising her clasped hands, and her meek

and innocent face, over which the tears flowed fast; 'you have known one, whose loyed and honoured head was cruelly laid low; you have seen something of what a widow and a mother suffers in such a desolate estate as mine will be, I fear, too soon. No, no! you do not misunderstand me—you know well of whom I speak. Imagine what your royal mother would have felt, had she knelt, as I do now, to one who could have saved the life of her beloved and noble husband; and pity—pray, pray, pity me!—What, not one word—one kind, pitying word!' She turned her eyes, as one who looks for help on either side; and her glance fell upon the frail, but kind-hearted Louise de Querouaille, who sat weeping and sobbing with unaffected feeling. The Lady Russell rose from her knees, and went to her;—'Madam,' she said entreatingly, 'they say you have much influence with the king: I am sure you have a kind heart; come and beg that for pity's sake he will hear me.' The Duchess of Portsmouth did not refuse—she came forward. *Just then a side-door was gently opened, and the Duke of York entered the apartment.* He stopped and stared at all presents with a look of apparent astonishment: for a moment his eye met that of the king; but he said not a word, walked to the farther end of the room, laid on the table a packet of papers, which he carried in his hand, and seemed to occupy himself busily with them. The Lady Russell felt, that if ever there had been a hope of success for her, there was now none. The king was still as courteous, and as smooth in speech as before, though a little more commanding in his manner. The Duchess of Portsmouth was still careless to hide her weeping, and, kneeling in her tears before the king, she implored for Lord Russell's pardon; and she herself, the wretched, heart-stricken wife, redoubled her entreaties; nay, at last she ceased to ask for pardon, (seeing that her prayer was utterly in vain) and begged but for a respite of six weeks for her condemned husband. She turned to the Duke of York:—coldly and civilly he begged to decline offering any interference. The only words he spoke were those by which he replied to the Lady Russell; and he would have seemed to her entirely occupied with his papers, had she not once or twice observed his eye fixed with a calm and penetrating glance upon his royal brother. At last, the king grew weary; his dark brow lowered heavily, and his strongly marked and saturnine features assumed an expression not commonly harsh and unpleasant.—'What!' said he angrily, and almost brutally, 'shall I grant that man six weeks, who, if he had it in his power, would not have granted me six hours!'

"The poor, insulted lady spoke not another word of entreaty. She arose at once, and, with a grave, meek sorrow, at once dignified and sweetly humble, she departed. The Lady Russell went forth from the palace, convinced in her own mind that her husband's life would not be spared; and, more at peace than she had been for many days, she could scarcely understand how with such a settled conviction she could be calm. But she began to see the gracious

design of Him to whom she prayed so constantly, to prepare her for her heaviest trial by the strong supports and consolations of his grace. She entered her husband's cell, with a firm step and an untroubled countenance, and told him herself and at once, with a voice that faltered only when she began to speak, that according to his expectation, her errand to Whitehall had been utterly useless."

All other possible measures were used to save Lord Russell. The Earl of Bedford, his father, offered the Duchess of Portsmouth the enormous sum of one hundred thousand pounds, if she would procure his pardon; but notwithstanding her notorious love of money, she either did not dare to move in the case, or her exertions were rendered unavailing by some influence even stronger than hers. Lord Cavendish, a talented, high-spirited, though dissipated nobleman, was, both personally and politically, a warm friend to Lord Russell. He generously offered to manage his escape, and to stay in prison for him, while he should go away in his clothes; but Lord Russell would not listen to such a proposition. The Duke of Monmouth likewise sent word, that if it would do him any service, he would come in and run fortunes with him. Lord Russell replied, that it could be no advantage to him to have his friends die with him.

Oldmixon informs us, that Lord Cavendish likewise proposed that a chosen party of horse should attack the guard as the coach passed on the way to the place of execution, by the street turning into Smithfield, while another party did the same on the Old Bailey side, to take Lord Russell out, and, mounting him on a horse, make off with him—a design which the people would have most cordially facilitated. But Lord Russell would by no means consent that his friends should risk their lives to save his. He had submitted his case to the decision of the laws, and he was resolved to abide the penalty.

Doctors Burnet and Tillotson, in hopes of saving his life, tried to prevail upon him to acknowledge to the King that subjects had, in no case whatever, a right to resist the throne. Lord Russell replied, "Upon such an hypothesis, I see no difference between our government and the Turkish. I can have no conceptions of a

limited monarchy, which has not a right to defend its own limitations; and my conscience will not permit me to say otherwise to the King." His heroic wife approved of this answer. She never wished to save his life by any base compliance, or by the abjuration of the noble truths for which he was persecuted;—she shared in his steady adherence to his principles, as she shared in his sufferings for them. All the concession she had ever asked him to make, was to write to the Duke of York, promising, if his life were spared, to live beyond sea, and never again mingle with English politics. He took the step to satisfy her, though he himself had no hope.

The Marquis de Rouvigny, the maternal uncle of Lady Russell, had a good deal of influence with Louis the Fourteenth; and it is said, that he prevailed upon that monarch to write a letter to Charles the Second, in favour of Lord Russell. When Charles heard that Rouvigny was coming over with this letter, he said, "I cannot prevent the Marquis from coming here; but Lord Russell's head shall be struck off before he arrives."

Doctor Burnet was with Lord Russell every day in prison, and accompanied him to the scaffold; and he has given some very interesting details of what occurred during the last moments of his life. He says—"All the while he expressed a very Christian temper, without sharpness or resentment, vanity or affectation. His whole behaviour looked like a triumph over death. Upon some occasions, as at table, or when his friends came to see him, he was decently cheerful. I was by him when the sheriffs came to show him the warrant for his execution. He read it with indifference; and when they were gone, he told me it was not decent to be merry with such a matter, otherwise he was near telling Rich, (who, though he was now of the other side, yet had been a member of the House of Commons, and had voted for the exclusion of the Duke of York,) that they should never sit together in the House any more to vote for the Bill of Exclusion. The day before his death he fell a bleeding at the nose; upon that he said to me pleasantly, 'I shall not now let blood to divert this: that will be done to-morrow.' At

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night it rained hard : and he said, ‘ Such a rain to-morrow will spoil a great show, which was a dull thing in a rainy day.’ He said the sins of his youth lay heavy upon his mind ; but he hoped God had forgiven them, for he was sure he had forsaken them, and for many years he had walked before God with a sincere heart : if, in his public actings, he had committed errors, they were only the errors of his understanding ; for he had no private ends nor ill designs of his own in them. He was still of opinion that the King was limited by law, and that when he broke through those limits, his subjects might defend themselves and restrain him : he thought a violent death was a very desirable way of ending one’s life,—it was only the being exposed to be a little gazed at, and to suffer the pain of one minute, which he was confident was not equal to the pain of drawing a tooth. He said he felt none of those transports that some good people felt ; but he had a full calm in his mind, no palpitation of heart, nor trembling at the thoughts of death. He was much concerned at the cloud that seemed to be now over his country ; but he hoped his death would do more service than his life could have done. He thought it was necessary for him to leave a paper behind him at his death ; and because he had not been accustomed to draw such papers, he desired me to give him a scheme of the heads fit to be spoken to, and of the order in which they should be laid, which I did ; and he was for three days employed for some time in the morning to write out his speech.. He ordered four copies to be made of it, all which he signed ; and gave the original, with three of the copies, to his lady, and kept the other to give to the sheriffs on the scaffold. He writ it with great care ; and the passages that were tender he writ in papers apart, and showed them to his lady and to myself, before he writ them out fair. He was very easy when this was ended. He also writ a letter to the King, in which he asked pardon for every thing he had said and done contrary to his duty, protesting he was innocent as to all designs against his person and government, and that his heart was ever devoted to that which he thought was his true interest.

He added, that though he thought he had met with hard measure, yet he forgave all concerned in it, from the highest to the lowest ; and ended, hoping that his Majesty's displeasure at him would cease with his own life, and that no part of it should fall on his wife and children.

“ On the Tuesday before Lord Russell's execution, after dinner, when his lady was gone, he expressed great joy in the magnanimity of spirit he saw in her, and said the parting with her was the hardest thing he had to do, for he said she would hardly be able to bear it,—the concern about preserving him filled her mind so now, that it in some measure supported her ; but when that would be over, he feared the quickness of her spirits would work all within her. On Thursday, while my lady was gone to try to gain a respite till Monday, * he said, he wished she would give over beating every bush, and running so about for his preservation ; but when he considered that it would be some mitigation of her sorrow, that we left nothing undone that could have given any probable hopes, he acquiesced ; and indeed I never saw his heart so near failing him as when he spake of her,—sometimes I saw a tear in his eye, and he would turn about, and presently change the discourse.

“ The day before his death, he received the sacrament from Tillotson with much devotion. And I preached two short sermons to him, which he heard with great affection. And we were shut up until toward evening. Then Lady Russell brought him his little children, that he might take leave of them ; in which he maintained his constancy of temper, though he was a very fond father. Some few of his friends likewise came to bid him farewell. He spoke to his children in a way suited to their age, and with a good measure of cheerfulness, and took leave of his friends in a calm manner as surprised them all. Lady Russell returned alone in the evening. At eleven o'clock she left him ; he kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrow so within herself, that she gave him no disturbance by their parting. As soon as she was gone, he said to

* Even this small boon was denied her.

me, ' Now the bitterness of death is past ;' for he loved and esteemed her beyond expression, as she well deserved it in all respects. He ran out into a long discourse concerning her—how great a blessing she had been to him—and said, what a misery it would have been to him if she had not had that magnanimity of spirit, joined to her tenderness, as never to have desired him to do a base thing for the saving of his life. He said there was a signal providence of God in giving him such a wife, where there was birth, fortune, great understanding, great religion, and great kindness to him ; but her carriage in this extremity was beyond all. He was glad she and her children were to lose nothing by his death ; and it was a great comfort to him that he left his children in such a mother's hands, and that she had promised him to take care of herself for their sakes ; which I heard her do.

" He went into his chamber about midnight : and I staid all night in the outer room. He went not to bed till about two in the morning ; and was fast asleep till four, when, according to his order, we called him. He was quickly dressed, but would lose no time in shaving : for he said he was not concerned in his good looks that day. He went into his chamber six or seven times in the morning, and prayed by himself, and then came out to Tillotson and me : he drunk a little tea and some sherry. He wound up his watch, and said, ' Now I have done with time, and am going to eternity.' He asked me what he should give the executioner ; I told him ten guineas : he said with a smile, it was a pretty thing to give a fee to have his own head cut off. When the sheriffs called him about ten o'clock, Lord Cavendish was waiting below to take leave of him. They embraced very tenderly. Lord Russell, after he had left him, upon a sudden thought came back to him, and pressed him earnestly to apply himself more to religion ; and told him what great comfort and support he felt from it now in his extremity.

" Tillotson and I went in the coach with him to the place of execution. Some of the crowd that filled the streets wept, while others insulted : he was touched with a tenderness that the one gave him, but did not seem at

all provoked by the other. In passing, he looked toward Southampton-House : the tear started in his eye, but he instantly wiped it away. He was singing psalms a great part of the way ; and said, he hoped to sing better very soon. Observing the great crowds of people, he said, ' I hope I shall soon see a much better assembly.' When he came to the scaffold, he walked about it four or five times. Then he turned to the sheriff and delivered his paper. He protested he had always been far from any designs against the king's life, or government : he prayed God would preserve both, and the Protestant religion. He wished all Protestants might love one another, and not make way for popery by their animosities. After he had delivered the papers, he prayed by himself : then Tillotson prayed with him. After that he prayed again by himself, and then undressed himself, and laid his head on the block, without the least change of countenance : and it was cut off at two strokes."

Of Lady Russell we know nothing during this melancholy scene. But who cannot imagine her feelings, till the heart aches with the painfulness of sympathy ? While there was anything to do for him—while there was a shadow of hope—there was something to support her fortitude ; but when she had looked on him for the last time—when she returned to her desolate home, where she was never more to welcome him,—there to count the wretched minutes that should elapse before the fatal stroke was given—Oh God ! what but thine infinite mercy could have supported her through that mortal agony !

Lord Russell was beheaded on Saturday, July 21st, 1683. He died as he had lived : the firm friend of truth, of the Protestant religion, and of the liberties of his country. His firmness in refusing to make any retraction of sentiments which his conscience approved, is the strongest evidence of that integrity and virtue, which gave him so much influence in his own time, and have for ever consecrated his name to posterity. In private life he was unexceptionable. His benevolence never kept pace with his income ; and the greatest satisfaction he took in the prospect of inheriting large estates was, that they would

increase his power of doing good.—He was not beheaded on Tower-Hill, (the common place of execution for men of high rank) but in Lincoln's-inn-fields, in order that the populace might be humbled by the sight of their favourite leader carried through the city, to the place of execution. This plan, like most others of a similar kind, produced an effect totally different from what was intended. Perhaps the death of Lord Russell, followed by that of his friend Sidney, tended more than any other single event, to bring about the Revolution, which not long after for ever freed England from the insupportable tyranny of the Stuarts. Oldmixon informs us, that the Duke of York descended so low in his revenge, as to desire that this innocent nobleman might be executed before his own door in Bloomsbury-Square: an insult the king himself would not consent to.

“ The substance of the paper Lord Russell gave the sheriff, was, first a profession of his religion, and of his sincerity in it;—that he was of the Church of England, but wished all would unite together against the common enemy;—that churchmen would be less severe, and dissenters less scrupulous. He owned he had a great deal against Popery, which he looked on as an idolatrous and bloody religion; but that, though he was at all times ready to venture his life for his religion or his country, yet that would never have carried him to a black or wicked design. No man ever had the impudence to move to him any thing with relation to the King's life; he prayed heartily for him, that in his person and government he might be happy both in this world and the next. He owned he had been earnest in the matter of the exclusion, as the best way, in his opinion, to secure both the King's life and the Protestant religion; and to that he imputed his present sufferings: but he forgave all concerned in them, and charged his friends not to think of revenge. He thought his sentence was hard: killing by forms of law was the worst sort of murder.” At the close, he says, “ Since my sentence, I have had few thoughts but preparatory ones for death; yet the importunity of my friends, and particularly *the best and dearest wife in*

the world, prevailed with me to sign petitions for my life, to which I was ever averse ; for (I thank God) though in all respects I have lived the happiest and contentedest man in the world, (for now very near fourteen years,) yet I am so willing to leave all, that it was not without difficulty that I did any thing for the saving of my life, that was begging ; but I was willing to let my friends see what power they had over me, and that I was not obstinate nor sullen, but would do any thing that an honest man could do for their satisfaction, which was the only motive that swayed or had any weight with me.

“ And now to sum up all, as I had not any design against the king’s life, or the life of any man whatsoever, so I never was in any contrivance of altering the government. What the heats, passions, and vanities of other men have occasioned, I ought not to be responsible for, nor could I help them, though I now suffer for them. But the will of the Lord be done, into whose hands I commend my spirit ! and trust that Thou, O most merciful Father, hast forgiven all my transgressions, the sins of my youth, and all the errors of my past life, and that Thou wilt not lay my secret sins and ignorances to my charge, but will graciously support me during that small time of life now before me, and assist me in my last moments, and not leave me then to be disordered by fear, or any other temptation, but make the light of thy countenance to shine upon me. Thou art my sun and my shield, and as thou supportest me by thy grace, so I hope thou wilt hereafter crown me with glory, and receive me into the fellowship of angels and saints, in that blessed inheritance purchased for me by my most merciful Redeemer, who is, I trust, at thy right hand, preparing a place for me, and is ready to receive me ; into whose hands I commend my spirit !”

The speech of Lord Russell to the sheriffs, and the paper he delivered to them at the place of execution, are still preserved at Woburn-Abbey in letters of gold. The speech was so soon printed, that it was selling about the streets an hour after Lord Russell’s death. The King and the Duke of York were extremely angry. Doctor

Burnet was accused of advising and assisting in it, and was called before the King to answer for himself. At the command of the monarch he read to him a journal containing a minute account of all that had passed between him and Lord Russell, which he had written at the request of Lady Russell. The light in which this presented the noble-minded victim was quite as displeasing to the Court as the paper delivered to the sheriffs had been; and Dr. Burnet was universally considered as a ruined man.

Lady Russell, in these first days of her despondency, was aroused to address a letter to the King, to repel the attack made upon her husband's memory, by thus denying the authenticity of the papers he left. In this letter she does full justice to Dr. Burnet's conduct and sentiments.

LADY RUSSELL'S LETTER TO CHARLES II.

Indorsed by her, " My letter to the King a few days after my dear Lord's death."

" May it please your Majesty,—I find my husband's enemies are not appeased with his blood, but still continue to misrepresent him to your Majesty. 'Tis a great addition to my sorrows to hear your Majesty is prevailed upon to believe, that the paper he delivered to the sheriffs at his death was not his own. I can truly say, and am ready in the solemnest manner to attest, that I often heard him discourse the chiefest matters contained in that paper, in the same expressions he therein uses, as some of those few relations that were admitted to him can likewise aver. And sure 'tis an argument of no great force, that there is a phrase or two in it another uses, when nothing is more common than to take up such words as we like, or are accustomed to, in our conversation. I beg leave farther to avow to your Majesty, that all that is set down in the paper read to your Majesty on Sunday night, * to be spoken in my presence, is exactly true; as I doubt

* The Journal.

not but the rest of the paper is, which was written at my request, and the author of it in all his conversation with my husband, that I was privy to, showed himself a loyal subject to your Majesty, a faithful friend to him, and a most tender and conscientious minister to his soul. I do therefore humbly beg your Majesty would be so charitable to believe, that he who, in all his life was observed to act with the greatest clearness and sincerity, would not at the point of death do so disingenuous and false a thing, as to deliver for his own, what was not properly and expressly so. And if, after the loss in such a manner of the best husband in the world, I were capable of any consolation, your Majesty only could afford it by having better thoughts of him, which, when I was so importunate to speak with your Majesty, I thought I had some reason to believe I should have inclined you to, not from the credit of my word, but upon the evidence of what I had to say. I hope I have written nothing in this that will displease your Majesty. If I have, I humbly beg of you to consider it as coming from a woman amazed with grief: and that you will pardon the daughter of a person who served your Majesty's father in his greatest extremities, (and your Majesty in your greatest posts,) and one that is not conscious of having ever done any thing to offend you (before). I shall ever pray for your Majesty's long life and happy reign.

Who am, with all humility,

May it please your Majesty," &c.

Not long after this, Dr. Burnet was discharged from preaching the Thursday lecture at St Clement's, for a sermon on the words—"Save me from the lion's mouth: thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns." This was thought of dangerous construction, because the lion and unicorn supported the king's escutcheon; so timid a thing is tyranny! He was soon after dismissed from being preacher of the Rolls. On the accession of James the second, he deemed it safe to leave England; during his reign he resided in Holland, enjoying the

friendship and confidence of the Prince and Princess of Orange, who afterward came to the English throne. Violent pamphlets against Lord Russell, full of bloody charges, were published by those hirelings, of whom plenty may be found in every age and country, always ready to bow down and worship the reigning powers. But although Lady Russell's gentle heart was almost crushed under its weight of misery, she was ever a faithful guardian of her husband's fame; and we find her using the utmost diligence to have all false charges publicly refuted. The course of public events assisted her affectionate endeavours to transmit his name to posterity in unclouded lustre. During a temporary reconciliation between Charles and his son, Duke of Monmouth, the Duke solemnly averred that all Lord Russell had stated was strictly true, and that in losing him, the king lost the best subject he ever had. Other circumstances tended to prove that pretended plots had been fabricated, and that even what was true had been much exaggerated. In consequence of these things, Charles is said to have expressed some regret at the severe measures that had been taken.

In one point of view, it must have been a great consolation to Lady Russell to have her husband's innocence so fully proved, and so universally believed; but in another point of view, it must have aggravated her "raging sorrow," to feel that had he but lived a little longer, he might have avoided the dreadful fate, which cut him off in the strength of his days.

Her own pathetic letters will best express the deep and abiding sorrow of this meekly-resigned, and most celestial woman.

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.*

Woburn-Abbey, Sept. 30, 1683.

[About two months after Lord Russell's death.]

"I need not tell you, good Doctor, how little capable I have been of such an exercise as this. You will soon

* He had been chaplain in her father's family.

find how unfit I am still for it, since my yet disordered thoughts can offer me no other than such words as express the deepest sorrow, and confused as my yet amazed mind is. But such men as you, and particularly one so much my friend, will, I know, bear with my weakness and compassionate my distress, as you have already done by your good letter and excellent prayer. I endeavour to make the best use I can of both; but I am so evil and unworthy a creature, that though I have desires, yet I have no dispositions or worthiness toward receiving comfort. You that knew us both, and how we lived, must allow I have just cause to bewail my loss. I know it is common with others to lose a friend; but to have lived with such a one, it may be questioned how few can glory in the like happiness, so consequently lament the like loss. Who can but shrink from such a blow, till, by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, we will let the gift of God, which he hath put into our hearts, interpose? That reason which sets a measure to our souls in prosperity, will then suggest many things which we have seen and heard, to moderate us in such sad circumstances as mine. But, alas! my understanding is clouded, my faith weak, sense strong, and the devil busy to fill my thoughts with false notions, difficulties, and doubts, as of a future condition;* but this I hope to make matter of humiliation, not sin. Lord, let me understand the reason of these dark and wounding providences, that I sink not under the discouragements of my own thoughts. I know I have deserved my punishment, and will be silent under it; but yet secretly my heart mourns, too sadly, I fear, and cannot be comforted, because I have not the dear companion and sharer of all my joys and sorrows. I want him to talk with, to walk with, to eat and sleep with: all these things are irksome to me now,—the day unwelcome, and the night so too: all company and meals I would avoid, if it might be; yet all this is that I enjoy not the world in my own way, and this sure hinders my comfort. When I see my children before me, I remember the pleasure *he* took in them,—

* Some words are lost in this sentence.

this makes my heart shrink. Can I regret his quitting a lesser good for a bigger? Oh! if I did steadfastly believe, I could not be so dejected; for I will not injure myself to say, I offer my mind any inferior consolation to supply this loss. No: I most willingly forsake this world—this vexatious, troublesome world, in which I have no other business than to rid my soul of sin,—secure, by faith and a good conscience, my eternal interests,—with patience and courage bear my eminent misfortunes, and ever hereafter be above the smiles and frowns of it; and when I have done the remnant of the work appointed me on earth, then joyfully wait for the heavenly perfection in God's good time, when, by his infinite mercy, I may be accounted worthy to enter into the same place of rest and repose where he is gone, for whom only I grieve. From that contemplation must come my best support. Good Doctor, you will think, as you have reason, that I set no bounds when I let myself loose to my complaints; but I will release you, first fervently asking the continuance of your prayers, for your infinitely afflicted, but very faithful servant,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

DR. BURNET TO LADY RUSSELL.

Feb. 2. 1684.

* * * * *

* * * “ I can truly say, the vast veneration I have for your Ladyship, both upon his account to whom you were so dear, and on your own, which increaseth with every letter I receive from you, makes me impatient if any thing occur that might be matter of censure.* I know you act by worthy and noble principles, and you have so strange a way of expressing yourself, that I sincerely acknowledge my pen is apt to drop out of my hand when I begin to write to you, for I am very sensible I cannot rise up to your strain. I am confident God has

* This refers to some advice about a matter not explained, probably something which he feared would offend the government.

not bestowed such talents on you, and taken such pains, both by kind and severe providences, to distinguish you from most other women in the world, but on a design to make you an instrument of much good; and I am very glad you intend to employ so much of your own time in the education of your children, that they shall need no other governess; for as it is the greatest part of your duty, so it will be a noble entertainment to you, and the best diversion and cure of your wounded and wasted spirits. I long so much to see your Ladyship, and those about you, in this employment, that I hope you will pardon me, if I beg leave to come down and wait on you, when the Master of the Rolls goes out of town; for since it was not thought fit that I should go on with the Thursday's lecture, I am master of my own time during the weeks of the vacation; and I will esteem that which I hope to pass at Woburn as the best of them. I will not touch in all this letter your deep and ever green and tender wound. I believe the touching of it in the softest manner, gives more pain than all I can say about it can mitigate; and therefore I shall say no more of it, but that it comes in as large a part of my best thoughts that God would give you such an inward sense of his love, and of the wisdom and kindness of his providence, and of the blessed state to which he has raised that dearest part of yourself, and whither the rest will follow in due time, that all these things may swallow up the bitter sense of the terrible stroke you lie under, and may possess you with these true and solid joys that are the only proper cure for such a wound. But I will dwell no longer on so dismal a subject, for I am afraid you dwell too much on it. * *

* * Now the business of the printer* is at an end; and, considering how it was managed, it has dwindled to a very small fine, which one may well say was either too much or too little. The true design of the prosecution was to find me in it, and so the printer was tampered with much to name the author." * * *

* The printer was convicted of printing a libel, called Lord Russell's Speech, and, having made his submission, was fined only 20 marks.

Mr. Hoskins, a lawyer, on whose good sense and discretion Lady Russell had great reliance, thus writes to her:—"I am much pleased to hear your Ladyship so resolved to follow your business. Your Ladyship will require less help than most others, and are so much valued, that there is nobody of worth but will be glad to serve you. Nothing but your sorrows can hinder you doing all that is to be done; and give me leave, Madam, as often as it comes in my way, to mind your Ladyship, that the hopes your dear Lord had, that you would bear his loss with magnanimity, and nothing would be wanting to his children, loosened all the hold this world had of him."

Having been some time at Woburn-Abbey with her, in March 1684, the same gentleman, after treating of business, says, "I wish I could find your Ladyship had a little more overcome your mighty grief. To see how it had wasted your body, how heavy it lay upon your mind, and how hardly you struggled with it, made me melancholy all the time I was at Woburn. * * *

At all times and places I shall sadly reflect on your Ladyship, and pray that God would comfort you, and lift up your drooping spirit."

In the April following, after some details about her affairs, he writes—"I do indeed wish well to your Ladyship's affairs; but what most concerns me is, to see you so overwhelmed with grief. I should not doubt their good success, were you not so much oppressed with that: it pities me to see how hard you struggle with it, and how doubtful it is which will overcome. Continue, good Madam, to do your utmost,—the more you strive, the more God will help. All the little service that I have done, or can do your Ladyship, are not worth half the notice you take of them. There cannot be a greater pleasure in the world than serving a person I so much value, both on your own account, and upon his of whom you were so deplorably bereft."

But as Lady Russell had never been selfish in prosperity, neither would she be selfish in sorrow. In the midst of her affecting struggles with her "mighty grief,"

she neglected no immediate duty, either to the memory of her Lord—to her own children—or the children of her beloved sister. By the condemnation of Lord Russell for treason, the trust of Lady Elizabeth Noel's children devolved upon the King. In a letter concerning the re-settlement of her sister's trust, Mr. Hoskins says —“ I cannot but very much approve the great care you have of my Lady Elizabeth Noel's children, answerable to your near relation and great friendship.”

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

“ 'Tis above a fortnight, I believe, good Doctor, since I received your comforting letter, and 'tis displeasing to me that I am but now sitting down to tell you so ; but it is allotted to persons under my dismal title, and yet more dismal circumstances, to have additional cares, from which I am sure I am not exempt, but am very unfit to discharge well or wisely, especially under the oppressions I feel ;—however, 'tis my lot, and a part of my duty remaining to my choicest friend, and those pledges he has left me. That remembrance makes me do my best, and so occasions the putting by such employments as suit better my present temper of mind, such as I am now about. If in the multitude of those sorrows that possess my soul, I find any refreshments, (though, alas ! such are but momentary,) 'tis by casting off some of my crowded thoughts to compassionate friends, such as deny not to weep with those that weep, or in reading such discourses and advices as your letter supplies me with. * * *

You deal with me, Sir, just as I would be dealt withal ; and 'tis possible I feel the more smart from my raging griefs, because I would not take them off, but upon fit considerations : 'tis easiest to our natures to have our deep wounds gently handled ; yet as most profitable, I would yield, nay, desire to have mine searched, that, as you religiously design it, they may not fester. 'Tis possible I grasp at too much of this kind, for a spirit so broke by affliction. I am so jealous that time or necessity, (the ordinary abater of all violent passions,) nay, even

employment, or company of such friends as I have left, should do that which my reason or religion ought to do, as makes me covet the best advices, and use all methods to obtain such a relief, as I can ever hope for—a silent submission to this severe and terrible providence, without any ineffective unwillingness to bear what I must suffer; and to gain such a victory over myself, that, when once allayed, immoderate passions may not be apt to break out again upon fresh occasions and accidents, offering to my memory that dear object of my desires, which must happen every day, I may say every hour, of the longest life I can live, that so, when I must return into the world, so far as to act that part which is incumbent on me, in faithfulness to him I owe as much as can be due to man, it may be with great strength of spirits and grace to live a stricter life of holiness to my God, who will not always let me cry to him in vain. On him I will wait, till he have pity on me, humbly imploring, that by the mighty aids of his Holy Spirit, he will touch my heart with greater love to himself,—then I shall be what he would have me. But I am unworthy of such spiritual blessings, who remain so unthankful a creature for those earthly ones I have enjoyed, because I have them no longer. Yet God, who knows our frames, will not expect that when we are weak we should be strong. This is much comfort under my deep dejections, which are surely increased by the subtle malice of that great enemy of souls, taking all advantage upon my present weak and wasted spirits—assaulting me with divers temptations, as when I have in any measure overcome one kind, I find another in the room: when I am less afflicted, then I find reflections troubling me, as omissions of some sort or other; that if either greater persuasions had been used he had gone away, or some errors at the trial amended, or other applications made, he might have been acquitted, and so yet have been in the land of the living (though I discharge not these things as faults upon myself, yet as aggravations to my sorrow); so that not being certain of our time being appointed, beyond which we cannot pass, my heart shrinks to think his time possibly was shortened

by unwise management. I believe I do ill to torment myself with such unprofitable thoughts."

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Woburn Abbey, April 20, 1684.

* * * "The future part of my life will not, I expect, pass as I would just choose : sense has been long enough gratified ; indeed so long, I know not how to live by faith ; yet the pleasant stream that fed it near fourteen years together, being gone, I have no sort of refreshment, but when I can repair to that living fountain, from whence all flows : while I look not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen, expecting that day which will settle and compose all my tumultuous thoughts in perpetual peace and quiet ; but I am undone, irrevocably so, as to my temporal longings and concerns. Time runs on, and usually wears off some of that sharpness of thought inseparable with my circumstances, but I cannot experience such an effect ; every week making me more and more sensible of the miserable change in my condition ; but the same merciful hand which has held me up from sinking in the extremest calamities, will, I verily believe, do so still, that I faint not to the end in this sharp conflict, nor add sin to my grievous weight of sorrows, by too high a discontent, which is all I have now to fear. You do, I doubt not, observe I let my pen run on too greedily upon this subject : indeed it is very hard upon me to restrain it, especially to such as pity my distress, and would assist toward my relief any way in their power. * *

* * * I am entertaining some thoughts of going to that now desolate place Stratton for a few days, where I must expect new amazing reflections at first, it being a place where I have lived in sweet and full content ; considered the condition of others, and thought none deserved my envy : but I must pass no more such days on earth ; however, places are indeed nothing. Where can I dwell that his figure is not present to me ! Nor would I have it otherwise ; so I resolve that shall

be no bar, if it prove requisite for the better acquitting any obligation upon me. That which is the immediate one, is settling, and indeed giving up the trust, my dear lord had from my best sister. Fain would I see that performed as I know he would have done it had he lived. If I find I can do as I desire in it, I will (by God's permission) infallibly go; but indeed not to stay more than two or three weeks, my children remaining here, who shall ever have my diligent attendance, therefore shall hasten back to them. I do not admit one thought of accepting your kind and religious offer, knowing it is not proper. If I do go, I take my sister Margaret, and I believe Lady Shaftesbury will meet me there. This I choose, as thinking some persons being there to whom I would observe some rules, will engage me to restrain myself, or keep in better bounds my wild sad thoughts. This is all I can do for myself. But blest by the good prayers of others for me, they will, I hope, help me forward towards the great end of our creation. Your ever mournful, but ever faithful friend to serve you,
R. RUSSELL."

The "obligation" of going to Stratton was delayed by the sickness and death of the heart-stricken mother of Lord Russell,* the Countess of Bedford, who died at Woburn, on the 16th of May; and after the performance of the melancholy duties attendant upon this event, it was again postponed on account of the illness of her little son. After the recovery of the child, she indulged herself in visiting the tomb, which contained the remains of her husband, at Chenies in Buckinghamshire. At this period, she thus writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam:

Woburn-Abbey, June, 1684.

* * * * * "God has been pitiful to my small grace, and removed a threatened blow, which must have quickened my sorrows, if not added to them—the loss of my poor boy. He has been ill; and

* The lovely Lady Anne Carr, daughter of the Earl of Somerset by the divorced wife of the Earl of Essex.

God has let me see the folly of my imaginations, which made me apt to conclude I had nothing left, the deprivation of which could be matter of much anguish, or its possession of any considerable refreshment. I have felt the falseness of the first notion, for I know not how to part, with tolerable ease, from the little creature. I desire to do so of the second, and that my thankfulness for the real blessing of these children may refresh my labouring, weary mind, with some joy and satisfaction, at least in my endeavours to do that part toward them, their most dear and tender father would not have omitted. And which, if successful, though early made unfortunate, may conduce to their happiness for the time to come, here and hereafter. When I have done this piece of duty to my best friend and them, how gladly would I lie down by that beloved dust I lately went to visit, (that is, the case that holds it.) It is a satisfaction to me you did not disprove of what I did in it, as some do that it seems have heard of it, though I never mentioned it to any besides yourself. Doctor, I had considered; I went not to seek the living among the dead; I knew I should not see him any more, wherever I went; and I had made a covenant with myself not to break out in unreasonable, fruitless passion, but quicken my contemplation whither the nobler part was fled, to a country afar off, where no earthly power bears any sway, nor can put an end to a happy society; there I would willingly be, but we must not limit our time; I hope to wait without impatience. As for the information you require, it is not in my power to be punctual. I reckon my first and chief business is my attendance on these children, that is, their persons; and till I see the boy in full strength, I dare not leave him, though but for one fortnight. I had fixed on the 20th of May to go to Stratton, and from that time to this, good Lady Shaftesbury has been a constant expectation to be summoned to meet me there; but Lady Bedford's death, and then the child, has kept me in this place. He has three teeth to cut, and till they be, I am apt to think he will hardly recover full strength: it may be in a week, it may be not in a month, as the wise folks say. So you

see my uncertainties. As soon as I am fixed, you shall
 be sure to know it." * * * * *

Instead of her intended journey to Stratton, Lady Russell removed from Woburn, the latter part of June, to Totteridge in Hertfordshire, for a change of air for her boy, and to be nearer the London physicians. She carried her elder daughter with her, leaving the younger at Woburn, with her grandfather. A letter from the old Earl, at this period, shows how much she was beloved by her husband's family; and her affectionate heart seems to have reciprocated all their kindness; some years afterward, being consulted concerning a projected marriage with Mr. Edward Russell, she writes, "I can pronounce it the easiest family to converse or live with that I have ever known, or could observe."

LETTER FROM THE EARL OF BEDFORD TO
 LADY RUSSELL.

Woburn, this 7th July, 1684.

"DEAREST DAUGHTER,—There is nothing in this world can come so welcome to me, as to hear of increase of hopes; that God Almighty will be so infinitely good and gracious unto me, as to give unto my fervent prayers that dear child, which if it be his good will and pleasure to grant to so unworthy a creature as I am, I shall look upon it all the days of my life as the greatest temporal blessing can be bestowed upon me, and that will supply and make up in a great measure the other great afflictions and crosses he has been pleased to lay upon me. Dear daughter, I look upon it as a good sign the holding up of his head, that the humor is gone, which I believe was the cause of the hanging down of his head. I pray Christ Jesus to give us such a blessing unto the means, that I may have every day more and more hopes of seeing that day of rejoicing, in enjoying your company and his here again, which is the constant and fervent prayer of my soul unto my gracious God. * * *

So hoping to hear of some comfortable tidings by the bearer of that dear little one, being full of prayers and fears for him and you, I rest with all the kindness in the world, which I am sure I shall do to my last breath,

Your most affectionate Father

and Friend to command,

BEDFORD.

“ My dear love and blessing to my dear boy and Mrs. Rachel. I am much cheered with Mrs. Katarine’s company ; she is often with me, and looks very well.”

LADY RUSSELL TO DR. FITZWILLIAM.

Totteridge, August 3, 1684.

“ The last letter I writ to you, good Doctor, was upon the 21st July ;* and I find yours dated the 25th ; so I conclude you had not read mine. If you have not, yours is the kinder, since I find you had entertained a memory of that return of time my sufferings in this sad and dismal year began ; and which indeed I could not pass but with some more than usual solemnity ; yet I hope I took the best arts I could to convert my anguish into advantages, and force away from my thoughts those terrible representations they would raise (at such times especially) upon me ; but I was so large in my discourse then, that it being possible it may have lighted into your hands before this does, I will not be ever repeating either my own sad story, or my own weak behaviour under it ; but rather speak to the question you would be answered in, when I design for Stratton or whether not at all? Truly, I cannot tell you which : since I move but as I am convinced is best in reference to my boy, at present, with the care of his sister, the only worldly business in this perishing world. You hear why I come hither, and soon will know I wanted the auxiliaries you took care to send me : sure I did so : but it hath pleased the Author of all mer-

* Lord Russell was arrested June 26th, tried July 13th, and beheaded July 21st, 1683.

cies to give me some glimpse and ray of his compassions in this dark day of my calamity, the child being exceedingly better; and I trust no secret murmur or discontent at what I have felt, and must still do, shall provoke my God to repeat those threatenings of making yet more bitter that cup I have drank so deeply out of; but as a quiet submission is required under all the various methods of Divine Providence, I trust I shall be so supported, that though unfit thoughts may haunt me, they shall not break in importunately upon me; nor will I break off that bandage time will lay over my wound. To them that seek the Lord, his mercies are renewed every morning: with all my strength to him I will seek; and though he kill me I will trust in him; my hopes are not of this world: I can never more recover pleasure here; but more durable joys I shall obtain, if I persevere to the end of a short life.”

* * * * *

A project of going to Stratton in September was again put off by the proposed removal of the Court to Winchester, where Charles occasionally resided in autumn, for the convenience of field-sports. The near neighbourhood of Stratton would have made a residence there, at such a time, peculiarly unpleasant to the widowed Lady Russell. In September she returned to Woburn-Abbey; and soon after, she writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam—“ I have resolved to try that desolate habitation of mine at London this winter. The doctor agrees it is the best place for my boy, and I have no argument to balance that, nor could I take the resolution to see London till that was urged; but, by God’s permission, I will see how I can endure that place, in thought a place of terror to me; but I know if sorrow had not another root, that will vanish in a few days. As soon as I had formed, or rather submitted to this advice, I hastened hither upon it, that Lord Bedford might have some weeks’ comfort in the child before I took him from him.”

In November, she again writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam, from Woburn-Abbey:—“ I have, you find, Sir, lingered out my time; and I think none will wonder at it, that

will reflect the place I am going to remove to, was the scene of so much lasting sorrow to me, and where I acted so unsuccessful a part for the preservation of a life I could have laid down mine to have continued. 'Twas, Doctor, an inestimable treasure I did lose, and with whom I had lived in the highest pitch of this world's felicity. But having so many months mourned the substance, I think (by God's assistance) the shadow will not sink me."

The death of Charles—the accession of the Duke of York, under the title of James the Second—the new rebellion of Monmouth, his failure and final execution—were events that must have been painfully interesting to Lady Russell, whose susceptible heart had, from time to time, been wounded by the execution of her husband's friends, and the fines levied upon all who attempted to justify his memory. She thus writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam:—

Southampton-House, July 17, 1685.

* * * "Never could you have more seasonably fed me with such discourses, than in these my miserable months, and in those this very week in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell out a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But God has a compass in his providences that is out of our reach; and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But sure, Doctor, 'tis the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it,—then how could I choose but feel it in a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done? * and sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the anguish of its soul than I have had; yet I hope I do most truly desire that nothing may be so bitter to me, as to think I have in the least offended thee, O my

* She probably alludes to the execution of the Duke of Monmouth.

God! and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes as the exceeding love of my Lord Jesus: that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectation of my soul, I may go through honour and dishonour, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind. The inspiring me with these desires is, I hope, a token of his never-failing love towards me, though an unthankful creature, for all the good things I have enjoyed, and do still enjoy, in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband. My niece's complaint is a neglected cold—I hope youth will struggle and overcome: they are the children of one whose least concerns touch me to the quick, * —their mother was a delicious friend. Sure nobody has enjoyed more pleasure in the conversations and tender kindnesses of a husband and a sister than myself; yet how apt am I to be fretful that I must not still do so! But I must follow that which seems to be the will of God, how unacceptable soever it may be to me.” * * *

The following reflections, which she makes upon Monmouth's insurrection, no doubt give a faithful view of her husband's character, and of the circumstances in which he was involved:—“ I take this late wild attempt to be a new project, not depending on, or linked in the least to, any former design; if there was any real one, which I am satisfied was not, no more than (my own Lord confessed) talk, and it is possible that talk going so far as to consider if a remedy to supposed evils might be sought, how it could be found. But as I was saying, if all this late attempt was entirely new, yet the suspicion my Lord must have lain under would have been great; and some circumstances, I do confess, must have made his part a hard one. So that from deceitfulness of the heart, or want of true sight in the directive faculty, what would have followed, God only knows. From the frailty of the will I should have feared but little evil; for he had so just a soul, so firm, so good, he could not warp from such

* Of her sister, the Lady Elizabeth Noel.

principles that were so, unless misguided by his understanding, and that his own, not another's; for I dare say, as he could discern, he never went into any thing considerable upon the mere submission to any one's particular judgment. Now his own, I know, he could never have framed to have thought well of the late actings, and therefore most probably must have set loose from them. But I am afraid his excellent heart, had he lived, would have been often pierced, from the time his life was taken away to this. On the other hand, having, I trust, a reasonable ground of hope he has found those mercies, that he died with a cheerful persuasion he should, there is no reason to mourn my loss, when that soul I loved so well lives in felicities, and shall do so to all eternity."

The rapid strides of James the Second toward the subversion of the religion and constitution of England were not unmarked by Lady Russell. Her letters show that she took a strong interest in the political news of the day, though always with a reference to him whose memory she faithfully treasured in her heart. Speaking of the depraved times, she says—"The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is safe landed on the happy shore of a blessed eternity. Doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs. I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity. I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions while I possessed him. All relish now is gone. * * * * *

I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in, and say, with the man in the gospel, 'I believe, help thou mine unbelief.'"

Lady Russell was detained in London much longer than she intended or wished. Her uncle, M. de Rouvigny, had come from France to solicit James the Second for the removal of the attainder of Lord Russell from his children. He brought with him his wife and niece; and the young lady was unfortunately seized with the small-

pox and died. Lady Russell, at the earnest entreaties of her uncle, immediately conveyed her children to their grandfather's, at Bedford-House in the Strand, and afterward saw the little tribe safely lodged in Woburn-Abbey. She writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam:—"I returned myself to Bedford-House, to take my last leave (for so I take it to be) of as kind a relation, and as zealous, tender a friend as ever any body had.* To my uncle and aunt their niece was an inexpressible loss, but to herself death was the contrary. She died (as most do) as she had lived—a pattern to all who knew her. As her body grew weak, her faith and hope grew strong, comforting her comforters, and edifying all about her,—ever magnifying the goodness of God, that she died in a country where she could in peace give up her soul to him that made it.† What a glorious thing, Doctor, it is to live and die as sure as she did! I heard my uncle and aunt say, that in seven years she had been with them, they never could tax her with a failure in her piety or her prudence; yet she had been roughly attacked, as the French Gazettes will tell you."

Among the MSS. at Woburn-Abbey are preserved copies, in Lady Russell's handwriting, of two letters from the Marquis de Rouvigny to the King, and notes of several conversations with his ministers, Hyde and Godolphin, upon the subject of removing the attainder from Lord Russell's children. This was promised from time to time, with the insincerity that characterized the court. Among these papers is one indorsed by Lady Russell,—

"Some discourses upon a visit from the Lord Treasurer [Hyde] to me.

"The Lord Treasurer told me that my uncle had seemed to have set the effecting it much on his heart, and with the greatest kindness to me imaginable. I told my Lord I believed it, and indeed the friendship was so

* The Marquis de Rouvigny.

† The Hugonots were then cruelly persecuted in France.

surprising, his Lordship knew very well the world imputed his coming to England to some other cause, or at least thought he had been earnestly invited to it : for the last, I positively affirmed he had not been ; but as to the first, it was too deep for me to judge of. * * *

At the same time, I am sure nothing can be done *for* me now, that can diminish, or *to* me, that can augment what I feel. * * * I do assure your Lordship I have much more care to make my children worthy to be great, than to see them so. I will do what I can they may deserve to be so, and then quietly wait what will follow. That I am very solicitous, I confess, to do my duty in such a manner to the children of one I owe as much as can be due to man, that if my son lives, he may not justly say hereafter, that if he had had a mother less ignorant, or less negligent, he had not then been compelled to seek for what, perhaps, he may then have a mind to have."

After her uncle's return to France, she rejoined her children at Woburn-Abbey. The last of November 1685, she writes—" I believe it may be near Christmas before my Lord Bedford removes for the winter, but I have not yet discoursed with him about it, nor how long he desires our company ; so whether I will come before him, or make one company, I know not ;—he shall please himself, for I have no will in these matters, nor can like one thing or way better than another, if the use and conveniences be alike to the young creatures, whose service is all the business I have in this world, and for their good I intend all diligence in the power of your obliged servant,
" R. RUSSELL."

In January 1686, Lord Delamere was tried for partaking in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, and was acquitted. This circumstance painfully reminded Lady Russell of her husband's harder fate. Speaking of this event, she says—" I do bless God that he has caused some stop to the effusion of blood has been shed of late in this poor land. But as diseased bodies turn the best
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nourishments, and even cordials into the same sour humour that consumes and eats them up, just so do I. When I should rejoice with them that do rejoice, I seek a corner to weep in. I find I am capable of no more gladness; but every new circumstance, the very comparing my night of sorrow after such a day, with theirs of joy, does, from a reflection of one kind or other, rack my uneasy mind. Though I am far from wishing the close of theirs like mine, yet I cannot refrain giving some time to lament mine was not like theirs; but I certainly took too much delight in my lot, and would too willingly have built my tabernacle here: for which I hope my punishment will end with life."

The revocation of the edict of Nantes, by Louis the Fourteenth, and the cruelties exercised against the Protestants, produced a great sensation in England, and tended to hasten the downfall of James the Second. Lady Russell, speaking of Louis, says—"I cannot choose but think myself less miserable than this poor king; so truly miserable, by debasing, as he does, the dignity of human nature. Near two millions of souls made of the same clay as himself, have felt the rigours of that savage man. It is enough to sink the strongest heart to read the relations are sent over. How the children are torn from their mothers, and sent into monasteries,—their mothers to another. The husband to prison or the galley. These are amazing providences! God out of infinite mercy strengthen weak believers!"

In these troublesome times, the Marquis de Rouvigny, as an especial favour, obtained from Louis the Fourteenth, permission to remove with his family to England, where he died. His son entered the service of William and Mary, though he forfeited his French estates by it;—he was by them created Earl of Galway. Mr. Evelyn, in his Diary, mentions that he assisted at a French sermon, in Greenwich church, to a congregation of above a hundred French refugees, of which M. de Rouvigny was the chief, and for whom he had obtained the use of the parish church, after the English service was over.

The mother of Lady Russell was a Hugonot; and

with other virtuous and noble principles instilled by her father, she received from him sentiments of great toleration with regard to religion. Clarendon thinks it necessary to make a slight apology for the Earl of Southampton's liberality in this respect. He says, "He was a man of exemplary virtue and piety, and very regular in his devotions; yet he was not generally believed by the bishops to have an affection keen enough for the government of the church, because he was willing and desirous that something more might have been done to gratify the Presbyterians than they thought just."

His daughter evinced the same kind regard for the religious opinions and feelings of others. In writing to Dr. Fitzwilliam to procure a chaplain for her family, she says, "I approve the Church of England—the best church, and the best offices and services in it upon the face of the earth that we know of. But I covet one so moderate, as not to be impatient and passionate against all that cannot think as he does. I would have him of such a temper as to be able to converse peaceably and without giving offence to such as have the freedom of my family, though these are not of our church.—I take it to be the best way of gaining good people to our opinions."

Lady Russell, with her usual good sense and kind feeling, resolved to employ one of the refugees to instruct her son, then nearly six years old, in the French language. She says, "Here are many scholars come over, as are of all kinds, God knows. By taking a Frenchman I shall do a charity, and profit the child also." The doating grandfather objected to the plan, lest the boy's health should be injured by study; but Lady Russell, though a very devoted mother, was not a weakly indulgent one; and she overcame Lord Bedford's scruples by the assurance that the child should not be urged beyond his strength. Through his whole life she watched over the education and character of her son with the most scrupulous attention—alike regardless of her own anxieties, and her own indulgence.

Acting under the influence of the same blessed spirit, which never allowed her to be selfish, in joy or in sor-

row, we find her, in case of sickness in Lady Montague's* family, taking charge of her children. She says, "My own sad trials making me know how mean a comforter I can be, I think my best service is to take care of her two children, who are both well now, and I hope God will be pleased to keep them so."

When her advice and assistance was asked concerning making a proposal of marriage to one of her sister's (Lady Noel) daughters, she writes—"I have done it, though I wish choice had been made of any other person than myself, who, desiring to know the world no more, am utterly unfit for the management of any thing in it; but must, as I can, engage in such necessary offices to my children as I cannot be dispensed from, nor desire to be, since it is an eternal obligation upon me to the memory of a husband, to whom and to his I have dedicated the few and sad remainder of my days."

Time seems to have wrought but little change in her deep, unostentatious sorrow. In July 1686, she thus writes: "On Tuesday my sister Allington designs to be here: I am sorry it happens to be just on that day, since I affect nothing that is particular or singular; but as yet I have not seen any body besides my children on that day—being the 13th of July—nor does it seem decent for me to do it, almost when I remember the sad scene I saw and attended at all that day, and the miserable accidents of it, as the unfortunate end of Lord Essex, to me so fatal, if the Duchess of Portsmouth told me true, that they said the jury could not have condemned my Lord, if my Lord Essex had not died as he did. But I will do as I can: I hope she will not misconstrue what I shall do. I am sure I will never fail to her, (by God's grace,) because I know how tenderly *he* loved her, though I am apt to think now she returned it not in love to a degree I once thought she had for him, and that sure he merited from her. But we are not always loved most by those we love best." A few days after, she writes—"It is the 21st completes my three years of true sorrow,

* Formerly Lady Percy.

which should be turned rather into joy ; as you have laid it before me with reasons strongly maintained and rarely illustrated. Sure he is one of those has gained by a dismission from longer attendance here : while he lived his being pleased made me so too, and so it should do still, and then my soul should be full of joy. I should be easy and cheerful, but it is sad and heavy ; so little we distinguish how and why we love—to me it argues a prodigious fondness of one's self. * * * This comfort I think I have in my afflictions, that I can say, ' Unless thy law had been my delight, I should have perished in my trouble.' The rising from the dead is a glorious contemplation ! nothing raises a drooping spirit like it."

In June 1687, Lady Russell made her long-intended visit to Stratton. She describes herself as " indeed brimful with the memory of that unfortunate and miserable change in my own condition, since I lived regularly here before. The poor children are well pleased to be a little while in a new place, ignorant how much better it has been both to me and them ; yet I thought I found Rachel not insensible, and I could not but be content with it in my own mind. Those whose age can afford them any remembrance, should, methinks, have some solemn thoughts for so irreparable a loss to themselves and family, though after that I would cherish a cheerful temper in them with all the industry I can ; for sure we please our Maker best, when we take all his providences with a cheerful spirit."

On the 25th of June, she writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam :—
 " Seasonably enough your letter comes to me, this being the eve of the sad day that ushered in the great calamity of my life. The same day my dear Lord was carried from his house, I entertained the sad assurance of quickly after losing the sight of him for ever in this world ; what the manner of it will be in the next is dark and unknown to us—it is enough that we shall be happy eternally. My house is full of company : to-morrow being Sunday, I propose to sanctify it, if my griefs unhallow it not by unjustifiable passions ; but having given some hours to pri-

vacy in the morning, live in my house as on other days, doing my best to be tolerably composed. It is my first trial; for all these sad years past I have dispensed with the seeing any body, or till late at night,—sometimes I could not avoid that, without a singularity I do not affect. There are three days I like best to give up to reflection—the day my Lord was parted from his family—that of his trial—and the day he was released from all the evils of this perishing world.”

On the mournful 21st of July, the same year, she again writes to Dr. Fitzwilliam:—“ I must observe to you how kindly Providence (I will imitate you, and not call it chance) disposes of your letters to my hands. I read yours of July 11th, on the 20th, the eve of that day—I will not suffer my hand to write fatal, because the blow struck on it was that which gave eternal rest to my beloved friend. I do not contend on these days with frail nature, but keep her as innocent as I can. What you stated to me is just: I had made him my idol, though I did not know it—loved man too much, and God too little; yet my constant prayer was not to do so, but not enough fervent I doubt. I will turn the object of my love all I can upon his loved children; and if I may be directed and blessed in their education, what is it I have to ask in relation to this perishing world for myself? It is joy and peace in believing that I covet, having nothing to fear but sin.”

In this year, Lord Cavendish (now Earl of Devonshire) the generous and active friend of Lord Russell, proposed a union of the families by the marriage of his son with Lady Russell's eldest daughter. As the parties were very young, and large estates were to be settled on both sides, the arrangements cost the parents some trouble. Lady Russell writes, “ I am in a great and constant hurry, from my careful endeavours to do my duty to my child, and to my friend, sister Margaret Russell,* which, by God's grace, I intend to do as cordially as to my child-

* Lord Strafford had proposed for her; the marriage did not take place.

ren. I meet with many difficulties in both; yet in my girl's there is no stop but such as the former settlements caused, which will hinder a conclusion till he is sixteen. I trust if I perfect this great work, my careful endeavours will prosper; only the Almighty knows what the event shall be; but sure it is a glimmering of light I did not look for in my dark day. I do often repeat in my thoughts, the children of the just shall be blessed: I am persuaded their father was such; and if my heart deceive me not, I intend the being so, and humbly bless God for it."

In another letter, speaking of the occupation given her by her daughter's proposed marriage, she says, "I would fain be delivered from them, conclude my affairs, and so put some period to that inroad methinks I make in my intended manner of living upon earth. But I hope my duty will always prevail over the strongest inclination I have. I believe to assist my yet helpless children is my business, which makes me take many dinners abroad, and do of that nature many things, the performance of which is hard enough to a heavy and weary mind, but yet I bless God for it."

The arrangements were at last satisfactorily completed. In 1688, the "little Fubs," mentioned in Lady Russell's charming *love-letters*, became Lady Cavendish, afterward Duchess of Devonshire. By a melancholy coincidence, the marriage took place on the 21st of June, a circumstance which Lady Russell would gladly have avoided, had she ever in her whole life allowed herself to be selfish; but the Lord Devonshire, having other engagements, was in haste, and she raised no objections. After this wedding she writes, "As early as my mournful heart can, I will pass over those sad days, which at the return of the year will, let me struggle all I can, set more lively than at other times, sad objects before my sight: but the reviving hope of that immortal life my dear friend is already possessed of, is my best support. This very solemnity has afforded me, alas! many a thought I was forced to check with all my force, making me too tender; though in retirement they are pleasant: and that way I can indulge myself in at present. Sure, if departed souls know

what we do, he approves of what I have done, and it is a reward upon his children for his patience, and so entire submission during his sufferings. * *

There is a sort of secret delight in the privacy of one of those mournful days ; I think, besides a better reason, one is, that I do not tie myself up as I do on other days : for God knows my eyes are ever ready to pour out marks of a sorrowful heart, which I shall carry to the grave, that quiet bed of rest. * * *

That I have not sunk under the pressure, has been I hope in mercy, that I might be better fitted for my eternal state ; and form the children of a loved husband, before I go hence. With these thoughts I can be hugely content to live ; though God only knows how I may acquit myself, and what help I may be to my young creatures ; I mean well toward them, if I know my heart." In August the young bridegroom went abroad upon his travels, and Lady Cavendish remained with her mother. Dr. Tillotson had at first feared an abatement in Lady Russell's esteem, on account of the unworthy concessions he had advised her husband to make ; but his first interview after Lord Russell's death occasioned a perfect renewal of friendship, and he continued to correspond with her during her life. In a letter on the subject of her daughter's marriage, he says, " I pray God to preserve my Lord Cavendish in his travels from the hazards of all kinds to which he is likely to be exposed, and to return him to you and to his excellent lady, greatly improved in all true, noble, and virtuous qualities. My mind doth presage much happiness to you in him ; I earnestly wish it."

The " hazards" to which Dr. Tillotson alludes, were, in part, political. There is a spirit in the English people, which will not long endure any gross violation of their liberties. William, Prince of Orange, was urged to come over to free the kingdom from the bigotry and intolerance of his father-in-law. James was as cowardly in adversity as he had been insolent in power. Notwithstanding the untiring malice with which he had persecuted Lord Russell, he dared to apply to the Earl of Bedford for assistance. The afflicted monarch is said to have addressed him thus :

“ My Lord, you are an honest man, have great credit, and can do me signal service.” The aged Earl replied, “ Ah, sir, I am old and feeble ; I can do you but little service ; *I once had a son*, that could have assisted you ; but he is no more.” James was so much struck with this reply, that he could not speak for some minutes.

When Dykevelt, Minister Plenipotentiary from the States of Holland, arrived in England, he was sent, by the express order of the Prince and Princess of Orange, to Lady Russell, to condole with her on her loss, and assure her of the lively interest they took in it, both as having a great and just regard for the two families to which she belonged, and as considering her lord’s death a great blow to the Protestant religion ; assuring her at the same time, there was nothing in their power, they were not ready to do, either for herself or her son. The ambassador declared that he did not deliver this message in his private capacity ; but that he was charged with it as a public minister. The Princess of Orange, in a letter to Lady Russell, says, “ If you knew the esteem I have for you, you would be persuaded your letters could not be too troublesome ; and since you will make me believe it is some satisfaction to you, I shall desire you to continue, for I assure you I am extreme glad to contribute any way to that. I hope this match of your daughter’s will afford you all the joy and comfort you can desire. I do not question but you have made a very good choice ; and since I wish so well to my Lord Devonshire, I cannot but be glad it is his son, believing you will have taught your daughter, after your own example, to be so good a wife, that Lord Cavendish cannot choose but be very happy with her. I assure you I wish it with all my heart, and if that could contribute anything to your content, you may be sure of as much as it is possible for you to have ; and not only my wishes, but upon all occasions I shall be glad to show more than by words, the esteem I have for you.

“ MARIE.”

Hague, February 13, 1688.

Two whole months elapsed between the landing of the Prince of Orange and the final departure of King James—a period of great difficulty and danger to those actively concerned in politics. Lady Russell evidently watched with anxiety for the clearing away of the storm; but her letters are extremely guarded in their expressions. She removed with Lord Bedford from Woburn to London, in season to witness the peaceable settlement of the new government. She thus speaks of this important event:—“Those who have lived longest, and therefore seen the most change, can scarce believe it more than a dream; yet it is real, and so amazing a reality of mercy, as ought to melt our hearts into subjection and resignation to Him, who is the dispenser of all providences.”

The young Lady Cavendish was present with her mother-in-law, the Countess of Devonshire, at the proclamation of William and Mary, and accompanied her to their first drawing-room in the evening of the same day. The following extracts are taken from a letter in which she describes the scene:—“My Lord Halifax made the Prince and Princess a short speech, desiring them in the name of all the Lords to accept of the crown. The Prince answered him in a few words, and the Princess made curtsies. They say, when they named her father's faults, she looked down as if she was troubled. The Speaker of the House of Commons showed the Prince what they had agreed of, but made no speech. After this ceremony was ended, they proclaimed them King and Queen of England. I was at the sight, and, you may imagine, very much pleased to see them proclaimed in the room of King James, my father's murderer. There was wonderful acclamations of joy, which, though they were very pleasing to me, yet they frightened me too; for I could not but think what a dreadful thing it is to fall into the hands of the rabble—they are such a strange sort of people. At night I went to Court with my Lady Devonshire, and kissed the Queen's hand and the King's also. There was a world of bonfires and candles almost in every house, which looked extremely pretty. The King applies himself mightily to business, and is wonder-

fully admired for his great wisdom and prudence in ordering all things. He is a man of no presence, but looks very homely at first sight ; but if one looks long on him, he has something in his face both wise and good. But as for the Queen, she is really altogether very handsome ; her face is very agreeable, and her shape and motions extremely graceful and fine. Her room was mighty full of company, as you may guess."

One of the first acts of William and Mary was the reversal of Lord Russell's attainder. In the preamble to the bill his execution is declared a *murder*. In 1689, the House of Commons appointed a committee to examine who were the advisers and promoters of Lord Russell's murder. These proceedings awakened the inconsolable widow to a thousand painful recollections, and no doubt gave rise to bitter regret that he could no longer be benefited by the royal predilections in his favour.

Her half sister Lady Montague, thus writes to her : " I am very sorry, my dear sister, to find by yours that your thoughts have been so much disturbed with what I thought ought to have some contrary effect. It is very true, what is once taken from us, in that nature, can never be returned ; all that remains of comfort (according to *my* temper) is a bringing to punishment those who were so wickedly and unjustly the cause of it. I confess it was a great satisfaction to me to hear that was the public care ; it being so much to the honour, as well as what was in justice due to your dead lord, that I do not doubt, when your sad thoughts will give you leave to recollect, you will find comfort. I heartily pray God you may, and that you may never have the addition of any other loss."

Could worldly distinctions have effaced her sorrow, Lady Russell would have grieved no longer. Honours were showered upon the families of Bedford and Devonshire ; and her own individual character obtained a degree of respect and consideration rarely bestowed upon woman. Dr. Tillotson applied to her for advice concerning his acceptance of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, which had been offered him by King William. Dr. Fitzwilliam likewise consulted with her concerning his con-

scientious resignation of preferment under the new government ; and the following letter, from the Duchess of Marlborough, shows how much deference was paid to her opinion : “ Regard for the public welfare carried me to advise the Princess to acquiesce in giving King William the crown. However, as I was fearful about everything the princess did, while she was thought to be advised by me, I could not satisfy my own mind till I had consulted with several persons of undisputed wisdom and integrity, and particularly with the Lady Russell of Southampton House and Dr. Tillotson, (afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury). I found them all unanimous in the expediency of the settlement proposed.”

The high opinion the new sovereigns were known to entertain of Lady Russell, produced numerous applications for her patronage and interest. She made very moderate use of this power, as might have been expected from her delicate mind. Addressing Queen Mary in favour of one of Lord Carberry's family, she says, “ It is a sensible trouble to me when I do importune your Majesty, yet I do sometimes submit, because I would not be quite useless to such as hope for some benefit by my means, and I desire to do what good I can.”

For those who had loved the character, or vindicated the memory of her deceased husband, she exerted herself with the utmost earnestness and perseverance.

The following among several letters from the Queen, proves how kindly her requests were received.

“ I am sorry my Lady Russell knows me so little, or judges so wrong of the kindness I have for her, to think she needs make an excuse for writing to me. I shall never think it a trouble to hear from you, and should be very glad to do what you desire ; but as I was wholly unacquainted with the place, and believe there is no great haste in the filling it, so I left all who spoke to me liberty to write for themselves ; so that the King may have disposed of it before I can let him know your desire ; I am persuaded he will be as willing to please you in it as I am myself. You are very much in the right to believe I have cause enough to think this life not so fine a thing

as many others do ; that I lead at present (beside the pain I am continually in for the king) it is so contrary to my own inclination, that it can be neither easy nor pleasant : but I see one is not ever to live for one's self ! I have had many years of ease and content, and was not so sensible of my own happiness as I ought, till I lost it ; but I must be content with what it pleases God ; and this year I have reason to praise him hitherto for the successes in Ireland, the news which came so quick upon one another, that made me fear we have some ill to expect from other places.

* * *

The King continues, God be praised, very well ; and though I tremble at the thoughts of it, yet I cannot but wish a battle well over.

“ I have heard nothing all this while of your petition, which I am sorry for ; wishing for any occasion to show how really I am, and always shall be,

Your very affectionate friend,

Whitehall, July, 1691.

“ MARIE R.”

Lady Russell had now frequent opportunities of retaliating upon those who had persecuted her husband, or turned a deaf ear to her supplications in the days of her great distress. But her character, with all its strong powers of endurance, had the perfect mildness of a dove. Even in the first outpourings of her anguish, we find no mixture of bitterness toward her enemies. We even find her expressing a hope that God would bless King James, because he allowed a contribution to be taken for the French Protestants. And when Lady Sunderland, wife of the principal minister and adviser of Charles the Second, at the time of Lord Russell's execution, applied to his sorrowing widow for her good offices with the reigning powers, she answers in the kindest manner imaginable, saying, she “ pitied her sorrows, and heartily wished her ease.” An expression in one of her letters must have touched the feelings of Lady Sunderland ; she says, “ So unhappy a solicitor as I was once for my poor self and family, my heart misgives me when I aim at anything of that kind any more.”

She thus writes to Lord Halifax, when he was in affliction, alluding to her own misfortunes, and to his ineffectual exertions to assist her at the most mournful period of her life: "For my part, I think the man a very indifferent reasoner, that, to do well, he must take with indifference whatever happens to him. It is very fine to say, 'Why should we complain that is taken back which was but lent to us, and lent us for a time, we know;' and so on. They are the receipts of philosophers I have no reverence for, as I have not for anything unnatural. It is insincere, and I dare say they did dissemble, and felt what they would not own. I know I cannot dispute with Almighty power; but yet, if my delight is gone, I must needs be sorry it is taken away, according to the measure it made me glad. The Christian religion alone, believe me, my Lord, has the power to make the spirit easy under any great calamity. Nothing less than the hope of being again made happy, can satisfy the mind. I am sure I owe it more, than I could have done to the world, if all the glories of it had been offered me, or to be disposed of by me. And I do sincerely desire your Lordship may experience the truth of my opinion. If I could form a better wish for your Lordship, your willingness to have made me less miserable than I am, if your power had been equal to your will, engages me to make it; that alone would have bound me, though my own unworthiness and ill-fortune had let you have forgot me ever after my sad lot. But since you would not do so, it must for ever deserve particular acknowledgment from," &c.

In the midst of prosperity, we find Lady Russell recurring with mournful tenderness to the treasure she had lost. In a letter to Dr. Fitzwilliam, *July 21, 1689*, she says, "It was an entire affection which was between us; and no time I believe can waste my sorrow. All I desire is to make it innocent. For the late circumstances in my family, I would have assisted to my power for the procuring thereof, but for any sensible joy at these outward things, I feel none: I think I should if I live to see him a worthy man." In 1690 she writes to Dr. Burnet,

then Bishop of Salisbury, upon the occasion of the death of her half-sister, Lady Montague, and of her nephew, the Earl of Gainsborough. She says, "The one was a just and sincere man, the only son of a sister and friend I loved with too much passion; the other was my last sister, and I ever loved her tenderly. After above forty years' acquaintance with so amiable a creature, one must needs, in reflecting, bring to remembrance so many engaging endearments, as are at present embittering and painful; and indeed we may be sure, that when any thing below God is the object of our love, at one time or another it will be the matter of our sorrow. But a little time will put me again into my settled state of mourning; for a mourner I must be all my days upon earth, and there is no need I should be other. My glass runs low: the world does not want me, nor I want that; my business is at home, and within a narrow compass. I must not deny, as there was something so glorious in the object of my biggest sorrow, I believe that in some measure kept me from being then overwhelmed. So now it affords me, together with the remembrance how many easy years we lived together, thoughts that are joy enough for me, who look no higher than a quiet submission to my lot, and such pleasures in educating the young folks as surmounts the cares that it will afford."

Lady Russell's health had not sunk under her mental sufferings; she gratefully acknowledges a freedom from bodily pain, "to a degree I almost never knew; not so much as a strong fit of headache have I felt since that miserable time, who used to be tormented with it very frequently." But she now began to feel the approaches of infirmity, particularly in a rapidly increasing weakness of sight. In 1689 she complained a good deal of her difficulty in seeing. It has been reported that she wept herself blind; but this was not the case; the disease in her eyes was a cataract, from which she obtained relief by couching, in 1694. When unable to read, she still continued to write. She seems to have endured the prospect of blindness with the same patient magnanimity, that had ever distinguished her; expressing thanks to God

that he had so long enabled her to enjoy the blessing of eye-sight. She writes, "While I can see at all, I must do a little more than I can when God sees it best that outward darkness shall fall upon me, which will deprive me of all society at a distance, which I esteem exceeding profitable and pleasant."—Her letters to her son-in-law, Lord Cavendish, breathe her usual spirit of kindness, good-sense, and piety. In a letter directed to him at Brussels, she says, "Finding you are going farther from us, I must tell you how concernedly my prayers and best wishes attend you. Your return would be a time of more sensible content to me, and yet if I were to dispose of your person, what you are doing should be my choice for you; for to live well in the world, it is for certain most necessary to know the world well. We are under the same protection in all places where we can be. It is very true, the circumstances of our beings do sometimes require our better diligence and watch over ourselves, than at other times; and it is now going to be so with your Lordship: you are launching into the ocean; if you steer wisely, you secure a calm for your whole life; you will discern the vanity of all the pomps and glories of this world; how little intrinsic good there is in the enjoyment! and how uncertain it is how long we shall enjoy that good there is in them! And by observation, you will be made sensible how much below the dignity of human nature it is to gain one's point, let the matter be what it will, by any mean, or insincere way. Having proved all, I hope you will choose the best, and take under your care the whole compass of virtue and religion." At another time she writes, "I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons, * very near and dear to me, had not made me utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. * * *

The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear Lord, rather than I whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is that we should all reflect there is no passing

* Lady Montague, and Lord Gainsborough.

through this to a better world, without some crosses ; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended, before we think we have gone half way ; and that a happy eternity depends upon our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation. Live virtuously, my Lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long."

The return of Lord Cavendish from abroad, in 1691, separated her from her elder daughter. During his absence Lady Cavendish resided with her mother ; she was now established with her husband at the house of the Earl of Devonshire. Lady Russell, ever minutely careful in all that related to her children's welfare, wrote a letter to the Mistress of the Robes to Queen Mary, recommending the young Lady Cavendish to her particular attention and advice, adding, " She is unexperienced enough to want it, and never been till now from too fond a mother, I doubt."

In 1692, the Earl of Rutland proposed a marriage between his eldest son and Lord Russell's younger daughter. After allowing some time for the family to form an acquaintance with the young man, the marriage was concluded in the summer of the following year. Thus " little Kate" became Lady Roos, afterward Duchess of Rutland. The wedding festivities, when the bride and bridegroom arrived at their new home, are described by Sir James Forbes, in a letter to Lady Russell, as having been " exceeding magnificent ;" and he says, " Their journey to Belvoir looked more like the progress of a king and queen through their country, than that of a bride and bridegroom going home to their father's house." Lady Russell excused herself from going with all the wedding company to Belvoir, because too much exertion greatly increased the pain in her eyes ; but she soon followed the young couple thither. Dr. Burnet, in allusion to this marriage, says, " Your family is now the greatest in its three branches, that has been in England in our age." In answer to Dr. Fitzwilliam's congratulations, Lady Russell says, " I hope I have done my duty well to my daughters, and that they shall enjoy a lasting happiness ; but above all, my prayer is, that the end of their faith may be the

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salvation of their souls : that they may be endued with such graces here, as may fit them for the glories of the state hereafter."

In May, 1694, the Earls of Bedford and Devonshire were advanced to the dignity of Dukes ; Lord Bedford was likewise created Marquis of Tavistock. In the preamble to the patent, the following are some of the reasons given for bestowing these high honours : " That this was not the least, that he was the father of Lord Russell, *the ornament of his age*, whose great merits it was enough to transmit by history to posterity, but they (the King and Queen) were willing to record them in their royal patent, to remain in the family as a monument consecrated to his *consummate virtue*, whose name would never be forgot so long as men preserved any esteem for sanctity of manners, greatness of mind, and a love of their country, constant even to death. Therefore, to solace his excellent father for so great a loss, to celebrate the memory of so noble a son, and to excite his worthy grandson, the heir of such mighty hopes, more cheerfully to emulate and follow the example of his illustrious father, they entailed this high dignity upon the Earl and his posterity."

The following anecdote illustrates Lady Russell's self-possession and equanimity of temper. Even in our own days few would have been so calm under such circumstances ; and we must remember that, a century and a half ago, people were abundantly more superstitious.

" As I was reading in my closet, the door being bolted, on a sudden the candle and candlestick jumped off the table, a hissing fire ran on the floor, and after a short time left some paper in a flame, which with my foot I put into the chimney to prevent mischief ; then sat down in the dark to consider whence this event could come. I knew my doors and windows were fast, and there was no way open into the closet but by the chimney ; and that something should come down there, and strike my candle off the table in that strange manner, I believed impossible. After I had wearied myself with thinking to no purpose, I rang my bell ; the servant in waiting, when I told him what had happened, begged pardon for having by mistake given

me a candle, with a gunpowder squib in it, which was intended to make sport among the fellow-servants on a rejoicing day." Her ladyship bid him not to be troubled at the matter, for she had no other concern about it, than that of not finding out the cause.

While Lord Tavistock was as yet but thirteen years old, his mother received proposals from Sir Josiah Child, for marrying him to his grand-daughter, the Lady Henrietta Somerset, giving as a reason, "I desire so great a fortune as God's providence has cast upon her may fall into the best and most pious noble family I know, for such I esteem my Lord Bedford's to be."*

We are not informed why these proposals were not accepted. Two years afterward, Lady Russell contracted a marriage for her son with Miss Howland, another grand-daughter of Sir Josiah Child, in whose character and education she seems to have taken as much interest as she could have done in that of her own daughter. In a letter to the young lady's mother, speaking of some masters who had attended her, she writes—"Though I confess fashion, and those other accomplishments that are perhaps over-rated by the world, and that I esteem but as dross, and as a shadow in comparison of religion and virtue, yet the perfections of nature are ornaments to the body, as grace is to the mind; and I wish and do more than that, for I pray constantly she may be a perfect creature, both in body and mind." The marriage had not taken place but a few months, and the young Lord Tavistock was still under the care of a private tutor, preparing for Oxford University, when, in October 1695, Lady Russell was urged to consent that he should stand as member for Parliament;—to make the proposal more flattering, permission was asked to drop the newly-acquired title of Marquis of Tavistock on the day of election, and present him to the county under the popular and beloved appellation of Lord Russell. The young nobleman was but fifteen years of age; and his judicious mother

* The Russell family have always been the friends of freedom. The present Lord John Russell, the great advocate for REFORM in the British Parliament, is a direct descendant of Lord William Russell.

at once decided that such a premature entry into public life would be likely to ruin his character and happiness.

During Lord Tavistock's stay at the University, Lady Russell occasionally resided there, for the purpose of maintaining the entire and confidential friendship, which had ever existed between her and her son. At the age of seventeen, the young heir to so many honours and so much wealth was sent abroad to perfect his education. His aged grandfather parted from him with extreme reluctance, though he seems to have entirely approved the arrangements made by Lady Russell;—indeed, in the boy's infancy, she had said, "I shall always take my Lord Bedford along with me in every thing that concerns the child."

Lord Tavistock's numerous letters to his mother are said to give a favourable opinion of the young man's desire to inform himself, and to profit by foreign society; and, above all, of his affection, deference, and unlimited confidence in his mother. Her letters to him, while abroad, are not preserved.

Lady Russell seems to have entertained some fears of his love for play, before he left England; for in a letter from the Hague, he assures her she has no grounds, and never shall have, for such anxiety. But a young man so much flattered, and the heir of such a princely income, must have been more than human had he not been guilty of some of the follies incident to his age and situation. We accordingly find that he made expensive presents without the knowledge of his governor, and lost very considerable sums at play. In his difficulties he appeals directly to his mother's indulgence. He says, "If your Ladyship did but know a little part of the grief I suffer, I am sure you would forgive me; and if I did not think you would, I could not bear it." After owning that he was living at great expense, he tells her—"But then it is certain that the honours I have received here (at Rome) are so very extraordinary, that the expense could not be less. It is undoubtedly much for the honour of the family: as for myself, I think I deserve nothing, since I am capable of afflicting your Ladyship. *

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If you did but know my thoughts

and half the trouble that I am in, I am certain your Ladyship would grant what I desire. I will yet come home to be a comfort to your Ladyship, and make you easy; and so follow, in some things, I hope at least, the steps of my good father."

Lady Russell did not, however, know of the amount of her son's losses at play till he returned to England in the year 1699. The sum was so considerable, as to oblige her to apply to the Earl of Bedford to assist her as a security in raising the money. The considerate manner in which she addresses the old man, and speaks of the errors of the young, in her letter on this subject, is a sufficient reason for the affectionate confidence placed in her by both.

In the year 1700 the Earl of Bedford died, and Lord Tavistock succeeded to his title and estates. Her letter to her son a few years after this event, shows how clearly she perceived his true interests, and how much more she cared for his advancement in holiness, than for all the fleeting dignities of this transient life.

LADY RUSSELL TO HER SON THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.

Stratton, July 1706.

"When I take my pen to write this, I am, by the goodness and mercy of God, in a moderate and easy state of health—a blessing I have thankfully felt through the course of a long life, which (with a much greater help) the contemplation of a more durable state has maintained and upheld me through varieties of providences and conditions of life. But all the delights and sorrows of this mixed state must end; and I feel the decays that attend old age creep so fast upon me, that although I may yet get over some more years, however, I ought to make it my frequent meditation, that the day is near when this earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved, and my immortal spirit be received into that place of purity where no unclean thing can enter, there to sing eternal praises to the great Creator of all things. With the Psalmist, I believe, 'at his right hand are pleasures for evermore;' and what is good and of eternal duration,

must be joyful above what we can conceive,—as what is evil and of like duration, must be despairingly miserable. And now, my dear child, I pray, I beseech you, I conjure you, my loved son, consider what there is of felicity in this world, that can compensate the hazard of losing an everlasting easy being; and then deliberately weigh, whether or no the delights and gratifications of a vicious or idle course of life are such, that a wise or thoughtful man would choose or submit to. Again, fancy its enjoyments at the height imagination can propose or suggest (which yet rarely or never happens, or if it does, as a vapour, soon vanishes); but let us grant it could, and last fourscore years, is this more than the quickest thought to eternity? Oh, my child, fix on that word—eternity! Old Hobbs, with all his fancied strength of reason, could never endure to rest or stay upon that thought, but ran from it to some miserable amusement. I remember to have read of some man, who, reading in the Bible something that checked him, he threw it on the ground,—the book fell open, and his eye fixed on the word *eternity*, which so struck upon his mind, that he, from a bad liver, became a most holy man. Certainly, nothing beside the belief of reward and punishment can make a man truly happy in this life, at his death, and after death. Keep innocency, and take heed to the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last—peace in the evening of each day—peace in the day of death—and peace after death. For my own part, I apprehend I should not much care (if free from pain) what my portion in this world was, if a life to continue, perhaps one year, or twenty, or eighty; but then to be dust, not to know or be known any more,—this is a thought has something of horror in it to me, and always had, and would make me careless if it were to be long or short: but to live, to die—to live again, has a joy in it, and how inexpressible is that joy if we secure an humble hope to live ever happily; and this we may do, if we take care to live agreeably to our rational faculties, which also best secures health, strength, and peace of mind, the greatest blessings on earth. Believe the Word of God, the Holy

Scriptures, the promises and threats contained in them ; and what most obstructs our doing so, I am persuaded, is fear of punishment. Look up to the firmament and down to the deep ; how can any doubt a Divine power ? Then, why an infidel in the world ? And if not such, who then would hazard a future state for the pleasure of sin a few days ? No wise man, and indeed no man that lives and would deserve to see good days ; for the laws of God are grateful. In his Gospel, the terrors of his majesty are laid aside, and he speaks in the still, soft voice of his Son incarnate, the fountain and spring whence flow gladness. A gloomy and dejected countenance better becomes a galley-slave than a Christian, where joy, and love, and hope should dwell. The idolatrous heathen performed their worship with trouble and terror ; but a Christian, and a good liver, with a merry heart and lightsome spirit : for examine and consider well, where is the hardship of a virtuous life ? (when we have moderated our irregular habits and passions, and subdued them to the obedience of reason and religion.) We are free to all the innocent gratifications and delights of life ; and we may lawfully, nay further, I say, we ought to rejoice in this beautiful world, and all the conveniences and provisions, even for pleasure, we find in it, and which, in much goodness, is afforded us to sweeten and allay the labours and troubles incident to this mortal state, nay inseparable, I believe, by disappointments, cross-accidents, bad health, unkind return for good deeds, mistakes even among friends, and, what is most touching, death of friends. But, in the worst of these calamities, the thought of a happy eternity does not alone support, but also revive the spirit of man ; and he goeth forth to his labour with inward comfort, till the evening of his day, (that is, his life on earth,) and, with the Psalmist, cries out, ‘ I will consider the heavens, even the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained. What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou shouldst so regard him ? Thou madest him lower than the angels, to crown him with glory.’ Here is matter of praise and gladness. ‘ The fool,’ as

the Psalmist expresses it, 'hath said in his heart, there is no God.' Or let us consider the man, who is content to own an invisible power, yet tries to believe that when man has done living on this earth, he lives no more; but I would ask, if any of these unhappy creatures are fully persuaded, or that there does not remain in those men, at times, (as in sickness or sober thoughtfulness,) some suspicion or doubt that it may be other than they try to think. And although they may, to shun such a thought, or be rid of such a contemplation, run away from it to some unprofitable diversion, or perhaps suffer themselves to be rallied out of such a thought, so destructive to the way they walk in; yet, to be sure, that man does not feel the peace and tranquillity he does, who believes a future state, and is a good man. For although this good man, when his mind may be clouded with some calamity very grievous to him, or the disorder of vapours to a melancholy temper, I say, if he is tempted to some suspicion than it is possible it may be other than he believes, (pray observe), such a surmise or thought, nay the belief, cannot drive him to any horror: he fears no evil, because he is a good man, and with his life all sorrow ends too,—therefore it is not to be denied, he is the wisest man who lives by the Scripture rule, and endeavours to keep God's laws. First, his mind is in peace and tranquillity,—he walks sure who keeps innocence, and takes heed to the thing that is right: Secondly, he is secure; God is his friend, that Infinite Being, and he has said, 'Come unto me ye that are heavy laden, my yoke is easy;' but guilt is certainly a heavy load—it sinks and damps the spirits. 'A wounded spirit, who can bear!' and the evil subtle spirit waits (I am persuaded) to drive the sinner to despair; but godliness makes a cheerful heart. Now, O man! let not past errors discourage. Who lives and sins not? God will judge the obstinate, profane, unrelenting sinner; but full of compassion to the work of his own hand, if they will cease from doing evil and learn to do well—pray for grace to repent, and endeavour, with that measure which will be given, if sincerely asked for; for at what time soever a sinner repents, (but observe

this is no license to sin, because at any time we may repent,) for that day we may not live to see; and so, like the fool in the parable, our lamps be untrimmed when we are called upon. Remember, that to forsake vice is the beginning of virtue; and virtue certainly is most conducive to content of mind and a cheerful spirit. He (the virtuous man) rejoiceth with a friend in the good things he enjoys,—bears not the reproaches of any,—no evil spirit can approach to hurt him here, or accuse him in the great day of the Lord, when every soul shall be judged according as they have done good or evil. O blessed state! fit for life, fit for death! In this good state I wish and pray for all mankind; but most particularly, and with all the ardour I am capable of, for those I have brought into the world, and those dear to them. Thus are my fervent and frequent prayers directed—that you may die the death of the righteous, and, to this end, that Almighty God would endue you all with spiritual wisdom to discern what is pleasing in his sight.”

Now that Lady Russell saw her beloved son established in all the honours of his family, happy in the wife she had chosen for him, and the father of several children, it seemed as if her sorrows were well nigh over. But she was doomed to suffer yet more in her strongest affections. Neither inoculation nor vaccine were known in those times; the Duke of Bedford caught the small-pox naturally, and died May 26, 1711, in the 31st year of his age. He left three sons and two daughters. His wife was obliged to fly from him, for the safety of her children; but his aged mother was at his bed-side, soothing his last moments, and pointing his thoughts to heaven. A short time after this afflicting event, she thus writes to her cousin Rouvigny, Earl of Galway:—

“Alas! my dear Lord Galway, my thoughts are yet all disorder, confusion, and amazement; and I think I am very incapable of saying or doing what I should. I did not know the greatness of my love to his person, till I could see it no more. When nature, who will be mistress, has in some measure, with time, relieved herself, then, and not till then, I trust the goodness, which hath

no bounds, and whose power is irresistible, will assist me by his grace, to rest contented with what his unerring Providence has appointed and permitted. And I shall feel ease in this contemplation, that there was nothing uncomfortable in his death, but the losing him. His God was, I verily believe, ever in his thoughts; towards his last hours he called upon him, and complained that he could not pray his prayers. To what I answered, he said, he wished for more time to make up his accounts with God. Then with remembrance to his sisters, and telling me how good and kind his wife had been to him, and that he should have been glad to have expressed himself to her; said something to me, and my double kindness to his wife; and so died away, there seemed no reluctance to leave this world, patient and easy the whole time, and I believe knew his danger, but loath to grieve those by him, delayed what he might have said. But why all this? The decree is past. I do not ask your prayers; I know you offer them with sincerity to our Almighty God for your afflicted kinswoman,

“ R. RUSSELL.”

FROM BISHOP BURNET TO LADY RUSSELL.

Salisbury, May 30, 1711.

“ I cannot keep myself from writing, though I cannot tell how to express the deep sense I have of this new heavy stroke, with which God is trying your faith and patience. To lose the only son of such a father, who was become so truly his son in all respects, is, indeed, anew opening a deep wound, which God had, by many special providences, for several years, been binding up and healing. But now you will see whether you can truly say, ‘ not my will, but thy will be done.’ For God’s sake, do not abandon yourself once more into a deep, inconsolable melancholy; rouse up the spirit God has given you, and say, ‘ The Lord has given, the Lord has taken; blessed be the name of the Lord.’ When God took his blessed father, he was left as a branch to spring up in his stead: now God has taken him; but the branches

are left in whom he is to live again. Remember you are now much older than when you suffered yourself to sink so much under a great, though a just load. You cannot now stand under what you bore then: and you do not know but that, as God has helped you in so eminent a manner to do your duty to your own children, he may yet have a great deal for you to do to your children's children; and therefore study to compose your spirits into a resignation to the holy will of God, and see what remains for you yet to be done, before your course is finished. I could not help giving this vent to that true and hearty concern I have in every thing that touches you in so tender a part. I can do no more but follow this with my most earnest prayers to the God of all comfort, for you and all yours, more particularly for the sweet remnants of him, whom God has taken to himself.

“I am, beyond all expression, madam, &c.”

Lady Russell was destined to survive nearly all whom she had loved most dearly. In the November following, her younger daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, after having been the mother of nine children, died in childhood. No letters from her mother, concerning this event, are preserved. But even at this advanced age, and tried as she had been with so many and recent afflictions, Lady Russell gave another remarkable proof of her power of commanding her own feelings for the good of others. Her elder daughter, the Duchess of Devonshire, was at the same time in a situation similar to that which had cost her sister's life. When she anxiously inquired concerning the health of the Duchess of Rutland, her strong-hearted mother, anxious to avoid the consequences that might result from her hearing the tidings too suddenly, calmly replied, “I have seen your sister out of her bed to-day,”—when, in fact, she was in her coffin.

Within a very few months after the death of Lady Russell's daughter, the Duke of Rutland married again. This circumstance must have been painful to the sensitive mother; but like all other trials, it only served to bring out new beauties in a character, that seems to have been

as nearly perfect as our nature is capable of being. The following letter shows how indulgent she was to the feelings and weaknesses of others.

LADY RUSSELL TO THE EARL OF GALWAY.

“MY LORD,—I have been for some weeks often resolved, and as soon unresolved, if I would or would not engage upon a subject I cannot speak to without some emotion ; but I cannot suffer your being a stranger to any that very near concerns me. Yet before I could dispose myself to do it, concluded the article not a secret to you, such care having by one side been taken, as to let it be a visiting day affair, whether or not the Duke of Rutland had not fixed a second choice? Perhaps as proper to call it the first ; for when marriages are so very early, it is accepting rather than choosing, on either side. But Lord Rutland, to the end of my good child’s life, has so well approved of the choice, in all and every respect, and now that she is no more, has, with very deliberate consideration, as soon as he composed his mind to think, first taken care to inquire, and be truly informed what powers he had to do for his children ; and then, by the strictest rules of justice and impartial kindness, settled every younger child’s portion, by adding to what they had before. As it is to me the most solid instance of his respect and love he can now give to her memory, and being, I believe it, done with an honest sincerity, and true value of her, and all her virtues, I conceive it would be wrong in me to take offence at some circumstances the censorious part of the town will be sure to do, and refine upon for the sake of talk. I miss the hearing by seeing few, and not answering questions.

“The first notice I had of his intention was by Mr. Charlton, and I really believed that was, as soon as he had given himself his own consent. He told me he found him under great inquietness, when he acquainted him with his thoughts, who said, he was under all the anxieties a man could feel how to break it to me, though it was then but a thought of his own, yet so much he would not conceal from me. Mr. Charlton undertook to

tell me, and I did as soon resolve to let it pass, as easy between him and me, as I could, by bidding Mr. Charlton let him know I would begin to him. I did so, which put us both in some disorder, but I believe he took, as I meant it, kindly. A decency in time was all I expected."

In 1718, she writes, "My very long acquaintance, Lady Essex, is no longer of this world; but not to be lamented in relation to herself, being certainly sincerely devout, in those points we ought to make our biggest care." Lady Russell was now eighty-two years old; and many of her cotemporaries, as well as many a one whose course had begun long after hers, had gone away rapidly, one after another, and left her almost alone in this vale of tears. Yet we find her to the last, keeping up a constant and affectionate intercourse with her daughter, her grandchildren, her nieces, and her friends. She was interested in their happiness, sympathized with their sorrows, and her advice was always sought for, when difficulties of any kind arose. Indeed the conscientious Lady Russell seems herself to have been the only one in the world who ever discovered that she had any faults.

The following charges against herself were found among her papers.

"Vanity cleaves to me, I fear, O Lord! in all I say, in all I do. In all I suffer, proud, not enduring to slights and neglects, subject to envy the good parts of others, even as to worldly gifts. Failing in my duty to my superiors; apt to be soon angry with, and without cause too often; and by it may have grieved those that desired to please me, or provoked others to sin by my rash anger. Not ready to own any advantage I may have received by good advice or example. Not well satisfied if I have not all the respect I expected, even from my superiors. Such has been the pride of my naught heart, I fear, and also neglect in my performances due to my superiors, children, friends, or servants. I heartily lament my sin. But, alas! in my most dear husband's troubles, seeking help from man, but finding none. His life was taken away, and so sorely was my spirit wounded, even without prospect of future comfort and consolation—the more

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faulty in me, having three dear children to perform my duty to, with thankfulness for such a blessing left me, under so heavy a dispensation as I felt the loss of him to be. But, alas! how feeble did I find myself both then, and also poorly prepared to bear the loss of my dear child and only son, in 1711.

“ If I carry my sorrow to the grave, O Lord, in much mercy let it not be imputed as sin in me! His death was a piercing sorrow to me, yet thou hast supported me, Lord! even in a very old age, and freer from bodily pain and sickness than most feel—I desire thankfully to recollect. Alas! from my childhood I can recollect a backwardness to pray, and coldness when I did, and ready to take or seek cause to be absent at the public ones. Even after a sharp sickness and danger at Chelsea, spending my time childishly, if not idly; and if I had read a few lines in a pious book, contented I had done well. Yet, at the same time, ready to give ear to reports, and possibly to malicious ones, and telling my mother-in-law to please her. At seventeen years of age was married; continued too often being absent at the public prayers, taking very slight causes to be so, liking too well the esteemed diversions of the town, as the Park, visiting, plays, and trifling away my precious time. At our return to London, I can recollect that I would choose upon a Sunday to go to church at Lord B’s, where the sermon would be short, a great dinner, and after, worldly talk; when, at my father’s, the sermon was longer, and discourse more edifying. And too much after the same way, I much fear, at my several returns to Wales and England. In the year 1665, was brought to bed of my first child; with him too indulging I fear to get strength soon, and spend my time as before, much with my loved sisters; I doubt not heedful, or not enough so, my servants went to church, if I did, or did not go myself.

“ Some time after in London, and then with my father’s wife at Tunbridge, and after with her at Bath, gave too much of my time to carelessly indulging in idleness. At Bath, too well contented to follow the common way of passing the time in diversion, and think-

ing but little what was serious ; considering more health of body, than that of my soul. Forgive my heaviness and sloth in spirituals, for Christ Jesus' sake.

“ After this, I must still accuse myself that sometimes in Wales, and other times in England, my care in good has not suited to my duty, not with the active and devout heart and mind I should in the evening have praised thee, my God, for the mercies of the past day, and recollected my evil doings, or omissions of doing good in my power. Not in the morning carefully fixing my will and purpose to pass the day pleasing in thy sight, and giving good example to man, particularly such as under my care ; more especially after my second marriage, forgetting by whose blessing I was so happy, consuming too much time with him.” * * * *

[*The end wanting.*]

Lady Russell, after a few days' illness, during which she was attended by the Duchess of Devonshire, died September 29th, 1723, in her 87th year. She survived her beloved husband forty years—a weary pilgrimage for one whose heart was ever with him. Blessed be God, we believe in a heavenly home, where her pure and quiet spirit has gone to enjoy an eternal union.

“ In the history of her country, her name will ever be embalmed with her Lord's, while passive courage, devoted tenderness, and unblemished purity are honoured in one sex. or public patriotism, private virtues, and unshaken principles revered in the other.”

NOTE.

LIST OF BOOKS REFERRED TO.

Lady Russell's Letters, from originals belonging to the Duke of Devonshire ; with some account of her Life.

Lady Russell's Letters, from originals in the possession of the Duke of Bedford, with minutes of Lord Russell's Trial.

Hume's History of England.

Burnet's History of his Own Times.

La Biographie Universelle.

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