

March 13, 1875.]

THE SPECTATOR.

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his wife, his child, and a young sailor lad, on the newest of seas, whose shores were once crowned with wealthy and powerful cities, to visit those cities in their silent, grey old age; "to see Medemblik and Stavoren before the grass has grown over their walls, and their names are effaced from the map of the Low Countries."

This picturesque voyage is very interesting and pleasant to follow, described as it is, with frank enthusiastic admiration, frequently touched with comical vexation because the author finds so few to share it. The phlegmatic and positive Dutchmen try his temper severely; he flies for relief to the beauty of the scenes, which they do not understand, and revels in visions of the "Zee" when it was not a sea, but a vast plain covered with forests, in which "wolves and bears disputed the scanty resources of the chase with man;" and of the "Y" as it shall be in the not far distant future, when "in the place of this liquid plain shall be flowery pasture for droves of the fine black and white cattle of Holland; when a simple canal shall replace the little sea, dried up by modern industry." The great dams of Schellingwoude, through whose immense gates five ships may sail abreast, delight him,—he can compare them only with those of Trollhætta, in Sweden. The *talk* passes through the dykes together with the little fishing fleet returning to the island of Marken, having discharged their cargo of anchovies, and is fairly afloat on the gulf, which has no tameness or sameness in the eyes of M. Havard—feasted on its varying colour—and of whose shore he says:—

"That uninterrupted flat band of verdure, stretching itself out far beyond our sight, produces an impression full of tenderness, and rests one's mind. In the presence of that endless horizontal line, one feels no need of thought, no strength for action; a strange feeling comes over one, a sense of supreme tranquillity takes hold of one; the mind sinks into reverie, and one understands how it is that a race which has gazed on this spectacle for centuries has subsided from its original violence and impetuosity into a state of reflection and calm. In a short time we can distinguish the roofs of the houses, and the spire of the church of Marken; then the pretty villages perched upon slight eminences; lastly, the entire island, which looks like an immense green raft, adrift upon a grey sea. The houses become more distinct, their deep colour stands out strongly against the light blue of the sky; black, red, and green are the prevailing tones, and they lend strength, indeed almost violence, to the picture. What delight to the artist is this marvellous colouring of nature! In beholding such spectacles, we readily understand how it is that Holland has produced such great colourists."

The island of Marken, where the men are never at home except on Sundays, where nobody is rich and nobody is poor, where everybody is healthy and all the children are handsome, where people habitually live to eighty years, where no foreign admixture of blood has ever taken place, and which has not for many years been invaded from the mainland except by the doctor, the preacher, and the schoolmaster, must be a strange place to see. The description of it, and indeed that of the other dead cities, remind the reader constantly of Mr. Morris's lines:—

"No vain desire of unknown things
Shall vex you there, no hope or fear
Of that which never draweth near;
But in that lovely land and still
Ye may remember what ye will,
And what ye will forget for aye."

There is nothing but the wonderful contrasts and contradictions which time has worked out to remind the traveller of the Dutch and of Mr. Motley. The study of those picturesque histories of his would be impressive here, where there is no trace of the historic past in the life of the people, except it be found in the unexpected stores of ancient objects of art, carefully kept indeed, but hardly comprehended,—Japanese porcelain and Delft vases, richly embroidered house-linen of great age, and chests and wardrobes rich with the priceless carving of the artists of the grand old days. The present is very quaint and peaceful, secluded and unknown. Of the Markmaars, who even at Amsterdam are held to be a kind of savages, M. Havard gives an attractive account. He dwells particularly upon the respective costumes of the men and women, which are precisely similar to those worn three centuries ago, and are specially remarkable for their brilliant colouring. The people have simple, cordial manners, not lacking dignity. Here is a characteristic anecdote:—

"One day Van Heemskerck was sketching the little church of Marken and the adjacent houses. An old man drew near, and gazed long upon my friend's work. At length he said, 'You are painting my house. I was born there, and my father before me, there also my children came into the world, and a little while ago my grandson. I think the house is beautiful, because it is full of remembrances, but I never should have thought that another person would think it beautiful and worthy of being painted. You do it honour.'"

The somnolence of Monnikendam equals its picturesqueness. The town is an assemblage of great trees and small houses, of red and green; the pavement is of yellow bricks, the façades, centuries old, look as if the sculptor had desisted from his task but yester-

day. Only the once splendid but now deserted church is older than the year 1515, when the ancient city was destroyed by fire; its vacant vastness would be a world too wide for the dwellers in the present city, where the arrival of the two strangers was a great event. The streets are deserted and the canals devoid of traffic. "The trees and the houses, alike bending forward, are reflected in the slumbering water, and seem to share its slumber. The demeanour of the inhabitants is marked by a majestic calm. Young and old, men and women, all seem half asleep, as though they were economising life by taking it slowly. Looking upon this quietude, so nearly death, it is difficult to believe that Monnikendam was one of the twenty-nine cities of Holland when the Hague was only a burgh, and that it enjoyed in that capacity privileges which were denied to the seat of the Government." Of Vollandam and Edam we have similar pictures, but in both instances cheeses intrude, and lend at least some commercial vivacity to the sketch; of Hoorn, and its grand monumental Eastern Gate, and beautiful old houses, rich in carving and colour, a charming description, of its historic glories a vivid *résumé*, and of its actual condition some comical illustrations. Enkhuisen (Paul Potter's native place) is a spectacle of desolation, and its inhabitants forced the strangers to depart, because M. Havard was a Frenchman, and a fisherman from the town had once been imprisoned for six months at Havre for a proven offence! The once famous Medemblik is a mouldering tomb for the half-dead inhabitants, surrounded by monotonous, endless grasslands. The municipal council has recently sold the splendid wood carvings of the *Stadthuis* to a collector at the Hague, and demolished the majestic towers of the antique castle which stands at the entrance of the port, and is one of the most ancient relics in the Low Countries.

From Medemblik the travellers made an excursion across North Holland by land, passing through numberless pretty villages, where not only the houses, but the trees and the brick-paved ground are all painted in bright colours, sky-blue being very fashionable for the trees. By this bit of information, the author clears up the mystery of the Dutch toys. The variegated trees and the tartan farmhouses are evidently copied from nature as seen in North Holland. During this portion of the book we find ourselves among rising, not decaying towns, and have an interesting account of the Dutch Fleet and the Naval system of Holland. The brief interval of animation is pleasant, but we take to the *talk* again as readily as did the travellers, and accompany them with ever-increasing interest in their visits to the dead cities of old Friesland. The most interesting and important chapter in the book is devoted to the most ancient of those cities, Stavoren, once so splendid that it is recorded that "the vestibules of its houses were gilded, and the pillars of its palaces were of massive gold." Its name was celebrated throughout Europe, and its jurisdiction extended to Nimeguen. To-day it consists of about a hundred houses, "half of them falling into a ruinous condition, and not one among them which could recall even vaguely the palaces which once were crowded together within its walls. These mean dwellings border the two sides of a wide and deep canal, and the gaps in their ranks increase in number year after year. Stavoren is no longer even a village; it is a cemetery, and its five hundred inhabitants are like troubled spirits come back to mourn the extinct splendour of their country and the past greatness of their kings."

MR. SIDGWICK'S METHODS OF ETHICS.* [FIRST NOTICE.]

ONE of the many merits of the volume before us is that it accurately carries out the aim announced in its title and explained in its preface. "It claims to be an examination, at once expository and critical, of the different methods of obtaining reasoned convictions as to what ought to be done" which have emerged in the history of thought; and this claim it carries out with the completeness of representation generally given only by sympathy, and the admission of limit and exception generally possible only to an impartiality by which sympathy is excluded. On the whole, we know scarcely any moral treatise that is its equal in intellectual justice. The word expresses, besides the high and rare order of merit it points out, the limitation of the scope of the work, and paradoxical as it may seem to say so, it suggests also the fault we have to find with it. If a dissertation on Ethics should strike one chiefly by its justice, it will not, of course, be characterised by positive thought. This aim is disclaimed implicitly in the sentence we have quoted, and explicitly elsewhere, so that it is at the de-

* *The Methods of Ethics.* By Henry Sidgwick, M.A. London: Macmillan and Co.

liberate choice of the author that it is not realised. Now it may seem foolish to tell a writer who has studied his subject far more deeply than his critic, that he should have treated it from a different point of view, but yet we cannot help coming as near this position as is implied in saying that we think our author would have attained his end more surely if it had not been his only end. A survey of various methods of thought will never be entirely distinct if it is merely critical. Perhaps, indeed, it may be the inevitable shadow of so high a merit as the judicial intellect which so eminently characterises Mr. Sidgwick, that his exposition of a complex subject should be somewhat wanting in distinctness, a relation of cause and effect which will not seem fanciful to any one who has ever tried to express a carefully formed judgment. We do not mean that any sentence or paragraph in this book is obscure,—there are not many that need to be read twice in order to find out their meaning. But when we try to sum up the result, we seem to lose our way in mazes of concession and qualification, and find it difficult to extricate the author's own conclusions from his careful exhibition of those with which he has no sympathy. However, we readily allow that this defect lies very near a merit. The demand for conviction in all moral discussion has its right place, but the instinct which makes this claim often oversteps its boundaries, and in its eagerness to divide truth and error turns aside from the disinterested criticism which is an indispensable prelude to such separation. Truth has few enemies more deadly and subtle than impatience of doubt. Fresh from the heated rhetoric of much writing on morals, we should keenly appreciate the calm and delicate estimate of every different shade of opinion that is here presented to us. At the same time we may perhaps allow that it needs some such background. Merely to criticise so critical a work would, at any rate, put us at too many removes from positive thought, and we propose to bring into stronger relief the general purport of this review of ethics by the attempt to look at it under a less diffused light than Mr. Sidgwick has thrown on it,—to make the meaning of the two main views of moral obligation which contain all others clearer, by indicating the position in which each seems to us to stand towards the truth. If in so doing we supply him with the florid background which best exhibits by contrast the sobriety of his own colouring, we shall at least have helped forward the appreciation of a book of permanent value.

Although we cannot in so brief a space follow the order of this essay, and shall wholly omit all allusion to the method of Egoism which the author has added to the so-called Utilitarian and Intuitionist systems as a third possible theory of morals, yet we must so far go along with him as to begin with a notice of his preliminary chapter on free-will, a delay made by us the more willingly, as it is the one chapter in the book where his characteristic merits emerge wholly unmixed with the drawbacks we find elsewhere. After a perusal of a large part of what has been written on this subject, we would select this chapter as the only statement of the question which shows a due appreciation of its difficulty. This appreciation, indeed, will be felt by some persons to take a somewhat unsatisfactory form, and those readers who demand trenchant certainty on every point touched on, will turn with impatience from the confession (p. 75) that a writer on ethics cannot come to any decision on the question which some suppose to lie at the root of ethics. A confession welcomed by us not only as a guarantee for patient candour, but for the implied discernment that in strict logical accuracy the question is irrelevant to the discussion which follows it. But the opinion that "it would be quite possible to compose a treatise on Ethics which should completely ignore the Free-will controversy" (p. 45), in which we agree, would appear to us practically false, if it were not joined, as we think every important assertion in this volume is, with its polar truth that "such a treatment would not only be felt to be shallow, but would omit the consideration of really important questions." The exact path of the shadow cast on our moral world by this eclipse of conviction is not shown quite so clearly as we are led to hope from the distinctness with which the antithesis of conflicting certainties is described, but it is a great object to get it recognised at all. Mr. Sidgwick sees that "the Determinist can give to the fundamental terms of Ethics perfectly clear and definite meanings:" and "that the distinctions thus obtained give us a practically sufficient basis for criminal law" (p. 50). But he sees also that you cannot measure the influence of belief by tracing its line of direct logical inference. We could wish this often forgotten truth had been dwelt on more at length by one whose delicate sense of proportion enables him so accurately to bring out faint shades of thought. However, we have no excuse for dwelling on a question which is mainly metaphysical, and must allow ourselves only to suggest

that the answer to this perennial puzzle (as far as any answer can be given at all) lies in the double element of all moral judgment,—the frank recognition, nowhere more clearly made than in these pages, that truly to estimate any question concerning Duty, we must in some way harmonise the startling differences discerned in it, according as the agent concerned is the first person or the third. Whether any stereoscope *can* combine these views, whether the ultimate decision attainable for us in this present stage may not be that things look thus from one point of view, and thus from another, we would not say, but we are sure that the strife between the two parties arises from the one regarding the question exclusively from within, and the other exclusively from without.

We could gladly have delayed upon this subject, not only from its intrinsic interest, but because it includes the only part of the work in which we are entirely at one with the author. However, we must say, on the threshold of our polemic, that so uniform is the justice characteristic of the volume, that almost everything we have to say is there in germ. Our argument is little more than the expansion of remarks scattered through the volume (we have not, in all cases, been able to recover the reference) of which the author does not appear to feel the full weight, so that in most cases he might point to some passage in which a difficulty brought forward by us had been touched upon by him. But we do not think these difficulties are adequately dealt with in any case, and all have more or less connection with what seems to us an erroneous conception of his subject-matter,—a conception implied in the definition he gives of it as "the Science of Conduct" (p. 1). We should say that this includes much that ethics is not, and excludes the thing it undoubtedly is. If we wanted an elaborate demonstration that there was no such thing as a Science of Conduct, we should turn to the volume before us. It is evident, not only from explicit admission, but from the tone of the whole treatise, that the writer believes the truth on this matter to lie with the Utilitarians. Now we learn from his examination of Utilitarianism that the conduct it sanctions would usually follow the laws of common-sense, but would deviate from them in those exceptional cases to which the rules framed to meet ordinary circumstances do not really apply, all selfish motives being carefully excluded by those who allow themselves this liberty. Surely you cannot call that sort of decision even a contribution to a science of conduct. We would anxiously avoid the apparent imputation of triteness; nothing in this book is trite. There are passages here which seem to condense into a line the perplexities of years, passages before which every now and then the reader pauses as in some picture-gallery before a portrait or landscape which recalls an intimate past. But in no case is their effect destroyed by what would have been so disappointing, as the attempt to offer a solution of the problem suggested. Now if a Science of Conduct is not a decision as to what is right to be done in difficult circumstances, we do not know what it is. On the one hand, then, such a title suggests questions which ethical science does not undertake to answer; on the other, it ignores the fundamental question of ethical science—What constitutes the claim of Duty? What is the meaning of the word "ought"? We are not quite sure how far this ignoring is intentional, whether (as would appear from a passage on p. 119) Mr. Sidgwick, in treating of the *Methods of Ethics*, does not systematically exclude from his attention the basis of ethics, but this would seem to us such a mutilation of any ethical treatise that we can hardly suppose it to be his intention, and besides it is not quite consistently carried out. At any rate, we are sure that the author's treatment of the question is too slight and allusive for so fundamental a question, and we are left in doubt whether his fragmentary dealings with it are inevitable invasions of a region excluded by the original design, or an incomplete survey of the land lying within the heart of included territory. Such doubt may be the fault rather of critic than author, but it is not the result of a slight or hasty perusal of the work.

We do not believe that this half of Ethical science need be left a blank, and we hope to enter upon it afterwards, but we will now only suggest an explanation of the reason why it should often be neglected by Utilitarians. Thinkers of this school, Mr. Sidgwick reminds us (p. 459), are naturally more occupied with the arrangements for general welfare implied in political questions and jurisprudence than those are who look upon objective rightness as a more ultimate aim than general happiness, and it is an inevitable result that they should occupy themselves with the test of virtue almost to the exclusion of the sanction of duty. For in the corresponding science of jurisprudence, if we except the department of international law, the constructive thinker chiefly concerns himself with that part of his subject which cor-

responds to this smaller half (as we think it) of the moralist's task. How such and such acts are to be prevented is for the legislator a minor question; his problem is mainly, if not solely,—*What acts are to be prevented?* And thus the system of ethics that moulds itself on positive law falls into a like security as to its sanctions, when those sanctions are absent.

The affinity of ethics with jurisprudence has thus, we think, had the effect of casting the larger half of ethics into the shade for a particular class of ethical thinkers. The analogy of ethics with logic has a tendency towards the same result for all. Logic stands in the same relation to thought as ethics to action, each science affords a test for the discovery of error,—on the one hand, in opinion, on the other, in practice. Ethics we hold to be as little a science of conduct as logic (in the narrower English sense) of truth, but both sciences stand in the same relation to their respective ends; each affords a preliminary criterion by which certain hindrances to right belief or right conduct may be discarded. Now logic, when it has pointed out these hindrances, has nothing more to say. Having shown that certain consequences flow from certain data, it has not to convince the believer in these data that he has to believe the conclusion. The question,—Why should I believe what is true? is absurd. Some thinkers, as Mr. Sidgwick reminds us (p. 83), would say that the question,—Why should I do what is right? is also absurd. And we should be disposed to make much larger concessions to them than he probably would, for while, on the one hand, we hold Will to be a latent element in belief, on the other, we believe that it is not an obvious element in some of the worst sins. Still it cannot be denied that when a man sees a thing to be true, he always believes it, and when he sees a thing to be right he does not always do it. And thus we must hold that the science which deals directly with the will has an element wholly wanting to the science which deals directly with the faculty of belief, even though we also hold that will has a share in belief. Moral science has to inquire how conviction is converted to volition, by what correlation of spiritual force the movement of the assenting intellect becomes the heat of the efficient will. It is true that belief may be just as painful, or rather far more painful than action, and that it is possible to turn from it *on that ground alone*. But this is a state of mind on which logic throws no light, and if ethics throws no light on the corresponding state of mind with regard to painful duty, it abdicates what we have hitherto supposed its most important function.

We have said that Utilitarians are not specially liable to the effect of this false analogy between ethics and logic, as they are to the false analogy between ethics and law. But in truth the argument tells only against them. The whole issue between them and those who have been labelled, not quite so infelicitously perhaps, but still with the misleading tendency of most labels, "Intuitionists" lies in the question, "Does Duty supply its own sanction?" It is on a confusion with the allied, but still distinct question, "Has Duty no test?" that a large part of the arguments for Utilitarianism depends. This confusion, indeed, we find in Mr. Sidgwick's definition of Intuitionism as the theory that "we have the power of seeing clearly to some extent what actions are right and reasonable in themselves, independently of the consequences, except such consequences as are included in the notion of the acts" (p. 178; cf. also p. 80). Here the true issue seems to us dropped. The titles of both parties are certain to disguise it, and Mr. Sidgwick himself admits that the contrast they suggest is not a real antithesis. It may be because we are bigoted Intuitionists, but we can never use the word Utilitarianism without a mental protest against a name which seems to us to combine every possible disadvantage a name can have. That cumbersome polysyllable which has diluted its one-eighth of significance with seven-eighths of mere suffix, and which raises a set of associations quite ludicrously inappropriate to the subject-matter it is applied to, does not suggest an issue between two sets of thinkers on Ethics, it does not even suggest any issue at all. In a very important sense we all are and must be both Utilitarians and Intuitionists. When we apply a test to duty, we must be Utilitarians. When we inquire into its sanction, we must be Intuitionists. After discovering that many things are desirable as means to something else, we must come at last to the things for the sake of which men prize other things. Sometimes we shall find them such as people have in mind when they say, "There is no accounting for tastes"—experiences which may be an object to A and not to B—without our regarding either party as under a mistake. But all desire is not of this nature, as we see clearly by looking at desire on its negative side; each one of us is quite sure that it is an object to every one else, whoever he may be, to get rid of

the toothache. "But that is not an intuition," we shall be told, "that is a mere matter of experience." "Give it what name you please," we reply, "but then extend that name to whatever other experience stands in a like relation to desire, or to its opposite, fear. If the discovery that one has treated a sufferer with harshness, or a benefactor with ingratitude, represents an object of dread quite as remote from the region of taste as bodily pain, do not try to find any name for the conviction that one experience is hateful which will not apply to the conviction that another experience is hateful." "But the very hinge of Intuitionism," our opponent may reply, "is the assertion that one set of feelings is known to be hateful *independently of experience*, and not the other." Now here is the mischief of labels. If any man or set of men have maintained that in some magical way we discern what is excellent in one part of our being without having ever tried it, and that in all other parts of our being we must taste experience to know what it is like, let the groundlessness of such an assumption be fully demonstrated. But do not confuse such an assumption with the knowledge that certain things are ends which have never been the subject of our experience, for this is a certainty not confined to the moral world. If we take the deepest of all pleasures, mutual affection, it is obvious that we do not require ever to have been without that happiness in order to dread its loss. It is enough to have experienced that fluctuation of tenderness which those do experience who love each other best, to know that estrangement would be the greatest of ills; as it is enough to have felt those gleams of kindliness which fall upon the lives least rich in love, to know that harmonious intercourse is the greatest of blessings. And this is all we mean with regard to the sense of rightness. A being who had no experience of a more and less in this region is to us quite inconceivable, but we should readily grant that such a being could have no intuition whatever of the evil of envy or deceit. The concession, however, is surely irrelevant. It is unquestionable that just as the tenderest mother or wife has known moments of transitory chill towards child or husband, so the most perfect saint or hero has sometimes preferred the low aim to the high, and has the same ground for dreading the surrender to evil as she has for dreading the estrangement which has not in either case been felt. Experience has as much to do with one dread as the other. Mark, we are not defining an issue. We are enunciating the truths which all must believe who know what the words mean which enunciate them.

We have here aimed at showing that what Mr. Sidgwick calls Intuitionism and Utilitarianism ought not, if words be used rightly, to be applied to two different opinions about a single issue, but rather to two different stages of thought on the same line of progress. But it is not meant to imply that the schools which he labels as "Intuitionist" and "Utilitarian" are fighting about words. Such a resolution of the disputes that have lasted for centuries into mere verbal misunderstandings, though it is an expedient which cannot be denied to have commended itself to great men, has always appeared to us somewhat shallow. The antithesis between these two parties is real and ultimate. Utilitarianism, to take Mr. Mill's own account of the theory which is now chiefly associated with his name, implies "that pleasure, and the absence of pain are the only things desirable as ends, other things being desirable as a means to these ends," (*Essay on Utilitarianism*, p. 10, 1st. ed.) Now, of course, this was not on Mr. Mill's lips an identical proposition. Mr. Sidgwick warns us against those "sham axioms" which "delude the unwary with a tempting aspect of clear self-evidence," "but which appear self-evident only because they are tautological," and of which he says that "no one can conceive the extent to which thinkers of repute have acquiesced in tautologies of this kind" (353-354). We have sometimes wondered whether the above account of Utilitarianism was not of this kind,—whether, if the above sentence were analysed, we should not find pleasure defined as that which is an end to men, and an end described as whatever gives pleasure. However, we are certain Mr. Mill must have meant something more in this treatise than that men want only what they wish for. He was implicitly denying the proposition that purity, fortitude, and generosity were ends as ultimate as the appeasing of hunger, the exercise of the intellect, the satisfaction of the heart. The question between the two schools is altogether as to the point at which analysis is arrested. We all agree that it is so in the first set of aims, is it also in the last? Is mutual affection valuable for its own sake, and generosity, for instance, as a means of producing such affection? This issue seems blurred to Mr. Sidgwick's vision by his perception of the need which this system has of borrowing its first principle from that which it assails, and the want of a clear discernment,

as it seems to us, that this loan invalidates its whole pretensions.

For supposing pleasure to be our only aim, what is to force me to find an aim in any pleasure but my own? There is a palpable sophism in urging that the happiness of the human race is a thing of the same kind as the happiness of any individual, but very much larger in degree, so that if the person whose happiness has to be sacrificed for the general interest can once see that the two things conflict, he will by that very intuition desire to give up the small thing for the large. Take the case in which our morality has the greatest need of correction from a true Utilitarianism. A man has insane parents, and desires to marry. Does any one, not himself tempted to such a step, or forced into doubt by the love of one who is tempted, doubt which is best for the human race,—the certainty that one life is to be lonely and wretched, or the strong probability that this evil is to go on indefinitely spreading for ever? No one, we venture to say, ever contemplated the question impartially, and failed to choose the first alternative as best for the race. But most rarely has it happened that any one has contemplated the question partially, and failed to choose the first as best for himself. What, then, is to bring to bear on the person tempted all those considerations which are clear to every one else? How is the perception that a particular course is better for the majority to be converted into a determination in one to sacrifice his happiness for the sake of the majority? In other words,—what are the dynamics of Utilitarianism?

We have seen both that our author's definition of this subject excludes this question, and also that he suggests certain answers to it, and we remain in doubt whether he supposes that it must stand or fall with those answers, or whether he supposes this question may remain an open one. The last view is in harmony with his assertion that "it is a fair description of Utilitarianism to say that it resolves all other virtues and duties into rational benevolence" (p. 401). But such a description contains another confusion besides that on which enough has been said for our small space. Benevolence means well-wishing, or rather well-willing, towards every one. Now, unless you limit the general welfare which we are to make our aim to that part of welfare which we call happiness or pleasure, and which all must feel to be not continuous with it, this is a description not of one moral system, but of almost all. The desire to confer good is all that we mean by goodness. Here, again, Mr. Sidgwick's own views entirely justify him in the use of the word taken in his own sense, for he has decided (book i., chap. 14) that ultimate good is happiness, that we cannot conceive any other meaning of the word which is not too vague to form the subject-matter of reasoning. That is exactly the issue between the so-called Utilitarians and Intuitionists, and so of course this is a fair description of Utilitarianism for *Utilitarians*. The considerations which it ignores, and which Mr. Sidgwick does not seem to see that it ignores, must be treated in a future notice, in which we hope also to give our own view on the question at issue.

MALCOLM*.

FEW people of ordinary intelligence, we are disposed to think, would be inclined to dispute that Mr. Macdonald has had bestowed upon him that *divinus afflatus* which for lack of a better word we call "genius;" and though genius undoubtedly has its prerogatives, we can only regret that Mr. Macdonald's recent works should compel us to suggest that it has its responsibilities also. There are undoubtedly in the world evil and unclean beings, steeped in and saturated with iniquity like Mrs. Catanach, whose mouth is emphatically an "open sepulchre," but it is scarcely consistent with Mr. Macdonald's position as the avowed apostle of whatsoever is pure, lovely, and of good report, to lead his unwary disciples to the very edge of an open sewer. Again, unlawful passion, unhappily, is by no means outside the pale of high art, but the idea running like a thin thread through this otherwise remarkable and admirable story, of something which we can only express by the paradoxical phrase of innocent guilt, namely, the passionate love of a man for a woman who is, though he does not know it, his own sister, is, we conceive, as injurious as it is unpleasant; and we may suggest, that that unpleasantness and injuriousness will in no way be mitigated if, as we think possible, the sequel which has yet to be published should prove that the Lady Florimel was no relation after all. Mr. Macdonald's influence is so wide, especially with the young, and has been exercised so nobly, that we are compelled to make what, had we judged his work simply as a novel, might seem a severe criticism; but it is with a sense of relief we turn to

the pleasanter portion of our task, and make a brief analysis of the story before us,—a story which, with the exception of the two blots we have pointed out, is certainly one of the best we have yet had from Mr. Macdonald's pen.

The principal scenes are laid in the little sea-port town of Portlossie, a fishing village rather than a town, composed of "as irregular a gathering of small cottages as could be found on the surface of the globe; they faced every way, turned their backs and gables every way; only of the roofs could you predict the position." Not far from this lowly fisher town stands the House of Lossie, with its wide acres and old legends. We are first introduced to a Miss Horn, a woman with a tender nature hidden under a hard exterior. "Na, na," we hear her saying, "I hae nae feelins, I'm thankfu' to say. I never kent ony guid come o' them. They're a terrible sicht i' the gait;" but she defends her weakness in not parting with a servant who had grievously wronged her by the remark, "I think it maun be that, haein' na feelins o' my ain, I hae ower muckle regard to ither fowk's, an' sae I never likit to pit her awa wi'oot doonricht provocation." Next, in strong contrast with this hard-featured but much-enduring woman we have the Lady Florimel, with her young, buoyant nature brimful of fun and mischief, very faulty, but very charming. The following little passage of arms between her and her father may serve to indicate her slightly, though the reader must remember the story is not of to-day, but of fifty years ago:—

"'Wasn't it spirited—in such poor people too?' said Lady Florimel, the colour rising in her face, and her eyes sparkling.—'It was damned impudent,' said the marquis.—'I think it was damned dignified,' said Lady Florimel.—The marquis stared. The visitors, after a momentary silence, burst into a great laugh.—'I wanted to see,' said Lady Florimel calmly, 'whether I couldn't swear if I tried. I don't think it tastes nice. I shan't take to it, I think.'—'You'd better not in my presence, my lady,' said the marquis, his eyes sparkling with fun.—'I shall certainly not do it out of your presence, my lord,' she returned. 'Now I think of it,' she went on, 'I know what I will do: every time you say a bad word in my presence, I shall say it after you. I shan't mind who's there—parson or magistrate. Now you'll see.'"

It would be far more difficult to describe Malcolm, the young Highlander, with his pride and independence, his keen sense of humour and perfect frankness, with instincts that compensate for the absence of all the world calls "cultivation," for his life is so completely mingled with every page of the book, that it is impossible by any single incident to do justice to his individuality. His grandfather, the old blind piper, is just the last representative of a state of things fast passing away, the old man who, with his pipes, for many a long year had awakened the inhabitants of Portlossie at sunrise, and warned them with the same pipes at nine in the evening that it was time to extinguish fires and lights, and who prides himself on being really piper to the Marquis of Lossie, though the post has been a veritable sinecure, since the laird was mostly absent, and when at Lossie House could ill have borne to hear the savage sounds which only distance and imagination can render sweet to civilised ears. Once only the old man is summoned to take the ancient place in the old banqueting-hall, and then it is in order that he may be played a trick, which we have Mr. Macdonald's authority for saying "elder readers, from their knowledge of similar actions, will readily believe." We can only say in such cases the present generation has something to be thankful for. The old man's passion for his bag-pipes was known and respected by every child in Portlossie:—

"Duncan would, I fancy, even unprotected by his blindness, have strode unabashed into the very halls of heaven. As he entered there was a hush, for his poverty-stricken age and dignity told for one brief moment; then the buzz and laughter recommenced, an occasional oath emphasizing itself in the confused noise of the talk, the gurgle of wine, the ring of glass, and the clink of china."

At a fancied signal, old Duncan McPhail begins to play, but is abruptly stopped till the ladies rise and leave the room, when he recommences:—

"While the old man was piping as bravely as his lingering mortification would permit, the marquis interrupted his music to make him drink a large glass of sherry; after which he requested him to play his loudest, that the gentlemen might hear what his pipes could do. At the same time he sent Malcolm with a message to the butler about some particular wine he wanted. Malcolm went more than willingly, but lost a good deal of time from not knowing his way through the house. When he returned he found things frightfully changed. As soon as he was out of the room, and while the poor old man was blowing his hardest, in the fancy of rejoicing his hearers with the glorious music of the Highland hills, one of the company—it was never known which, for each merrily accused the other—took a penknife, and going softly behind him, ran the sharp blade into the bag, and made a great slit, so that the wind at once rushed out, and the tune ceased without sob or wail. Not a laugh betrayed the cause of the catastrophe: in silent enjoyment the conspirators sat watching his movements. For one moment Duncan was so astounded that he could not think; the

* Malcolm. By George Macdonald. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1875.