

who probably thought that his professional work would serve him in good stead for preparation. He was a regularly authorized agent, and a facsimile of one of his certificates of vaccination is given in the sketch. Many of the country clergy and their wives, and even peasants, were among the active followers of Jenner. Not the least striking feature of the history of vaccination in Denmark is the apparently universal favor with which it was received and has ever since been held. If there have been opponents, they have not made themselves felt. From an early period, however, the Danish medical profession, from business motives, opposed vaccination by laymen, and since 1823 the work has been confined to physicians. Between 1810 and 1824 no cases of smallpox occurred in Denmark. The smallpox epidemic of 1833 led to the introduction of revaccination. The last important improvement in the Danish system of vaccination was the substitution of animal lymph, the preparation of which is intrusted to the Institute, in Copenhagen, from which it is sent all over Denmark. Heavy penalties are provided for the use of any other lymph. The annual budget of the Copenhagen Institute, which provides for a population of more than two millions, is less than \$3,000.

MRS. FAWCETT'S LIFE OF MOLESWORTH.

Life of the Right Hon. Sir William Molesworth, Bart., M.P., F.R.S. By Mrs. Fawcett, LL.D. Macmillan Co. 1901.

Mrs. Fawcett's book raises two questions: First, Was it worth while to draw a literary portrait of Sir William Molesworth?

To this inquiry a critic may return an unhesitating and an affirmative answer. Molesworth's name is well-nigh forgotten, and it never at any time made any great impression on the general public; he was never known to English electors as was Brougham, or Palmerston, or Gladstone, or Bright, or Cobden. Even in the world of philosophic literature he did not fill a very large space; he never came near to the position of a thinker like Bentham, he was never known to thoughtful readers as was such a successful exponent of the ideas of a school as John Mill. In truth, the amount of his actual achievement in the sphere, either of politics or of letters, was small. But, for all that, Molesworth exhibited a peculiarity, or even an originality, of character which gives him a right to a portrait in any gallery of English worthies. He united qualities which have hardly ever been found in combination; he had the merits and demerits of a country gentleman, and at the same time the virtues and the defects of a fanatical Benthamite. He was at once a squire and a philosophic radical. It is this combination which gives the flavor of originality to his acts, his words, and his thoughts.

Let the reader think for a moment how unprecedented was, in 1830, a turn of mind which strikes one as strange even in 1902. The English squire was, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a natural-born Tory; his interests were of necessity the pleasures and duties of a country landowner. He might, indeed, under the stress of circumstances (though this was rare),

become a Whig, but even then he was occupied in the enjoyments and pursuits of country life, and never a bookworm, a philosopher, or a radical. Now if you look at Molesworth's life from one side, and especially if you dwell upon the anecdotes, only too few, which Mrs. Fawcett has collected of his youth; you perceive at once that he inherited the tastes and showed the traditions of a country gentleman. He was, it is true, turbulent and pugnacious. So was Bismarck, who owed half his strength to his possessing the qualities of a Prussian squire. Molesworth was also, like other young gentlemen of his age, determined to enjoy life. The one striking feature of his early manhood is the vigor with which he threw himself into any pursuit whatever that roused his feelings or excited his interest. He was at any moment ready to fight a duel, and challenged and fought his college tutor. No one was killed, but the duel was a very serious matter, and a Highland servant devoted to Sir William had made up his mind that, if his master fell, he, McLean, would slay Sir William's antagonist. While fighting his tutor, Molesworth, whose father was dead, kindly patronized his mother, and wrote to her the assurance of his being highly satisfied with her conduct throughout the whole affair. She well deserved this praise, for she had entered into the spirit of the fray, and, when asked to interpose, replied that she never could advise what hereafter might be deemed injurious to her son's honor. Twice, or even thrice, he was again on the verge of a duel. This, the reader should note, was all in keeping with the code then adopted by gentlemen. Both Scott and Macaulay—much more pacific persons than Molesworth—were prepared, when honor required it, to go out and kill, or, at any rate, try to kill, their man.

But Sir William was no mere fighter; he mixed in society, foreign and English; he delighted in social intercourse; he went to balls and dinners; he enjoyed all the pleasures of life. Above all, he felt keenly the dignity and the responsibilities attaching to a country gentleman of good lineage and to the heir of a good estate. But Molesworth was also a philosophic radical; and adopting, as he did, with all his natural vehemence, the dogmas of the sect which he had joined, he was, from many points of view, everything which a country gentleman was then most certain to condemn. He was a democrat; he wished to destroy the state of society in which English squires delighted. He revelled in argument, and his logical training supplied him with arms for an assault on all the institutions which an English country gentleman held in honor. He was a bookworm, but he had no love for literature; he might be called a scholar, but he thought little or nothing of the sort of scholarship which English gentlemen, imbued with prejudices or principles, picked up at Oxford or Cambridge.

Then, too, the future editor of Hobbes, the admirer of Grote, and the disciple of James Mill, was a freethinker. It is hardly possible for a modern reader to understand the unpopularity which Molesworth's type of radicalism was certain to excite among the gentlemen of Cornwall. How deep was the prejudice against the philosophic radicals may be best understood by recalling to our minds the attitude towards them of

men as fair and liberal-minded as Macaulay and Frederick Denison Maurice. The author of the celebrated articles on Utilitarianism, who was himself at bottom a utilitarian, derides Bentham's disciples as the foes of polite literature and the advocates of logical pedantry; and Maurice, in his unread and almost unreadable novel, "Eustace Conway," betrays the belief that a utilitarian was likely to be a scoundrel. The truth is, that the philosophic radicals, with all their great merits, were doctrinaires. They were at once advocates of popular rights and yet themselves unpopular. They, moreover, suffered under the imputation, not altogether unfounded, of a skepticism which the outspoken brutality of 1830 called atheism, and the milder and fairer language of 1902 would term agnosticism; and Molesworth, on this point, as on every other, shared the unpopularity of his associates. He adopted all the political ideas which were then most unpopular in the English gentry. He was an advocate of the ballot, he favored free trade; he desired democratic changes which went far beyond the Reform Act of 1832; he detested and abused the Whigs, he founded the *Westminster Review*, and, from his vigorous and successful attempts to secure for the colonies something like practical independence as well as immunity from the importation of convicts, appeared to most of his contemporaries, and certainly to his political opponents, to be hostile to the greatness of the empire. A modern Liberal, indeed, may hold that Molesworth, in common with the philosophic radicals, was, as regards many political doctrines, in advance of his age.

But an observer who is more interested in human nature than in politics will care less to determine whether Molesworth was politically right or wrong than to understand and note the trick of fate by which a Cornish squire became a Benthamite radical. Nor will such an observer fail to note that it is the combination of incongruous qualities which gives an interest to Molesworth's character, and even to his statesmanship. He was a philosophic radical, but a philosophic radical with a difference. He shared sentiments which James Mill would have condemned as prejudices, and which John Mill, in spite of all his desire to give and receive sympathy, would never have been able to understand. Molesworth, from the beginning to the end of his life, when his last directions were that his funeral, though plain and unostentatious, should be "like a gentleman's," remained the Cornish squire. His portrait was well worth drawing, and Mrs. Fawcett's picture of the man as an individual is, if not exactly powerful, at least full of sympathy and interest.

Secondly—Has Mrs. Fawcett given us a just estimate of her hero? The fact that Molesworth is her "hero" makes it all but impossible to return to this inquiry a favorable reply. Hero-worship is in itself the negation of fairness; the worshipper is sure to fall into one at least of two errors—he either erects too high a pedestal for his idol, or tries to exalt the object of his admiration by unduly depreciating every possible competitor for fame. Mrs. Fawcett falls into both these errors. She assuredly gives to Molesworth a higher place than he would have claimed for himself or than would be assigned to him by any impartial critic. Even as a thinker

and writer, he did not stand in the first rank among the men of his school. He attracts little if any attention from inquirers who, like Leslie Stephen, have made a special study of Utilitarianism. He published a meritorious edition of Hobbes's work. He meant to publish a life of Hobbes, but he died without accomplishing his intention. He never exerted anything like the influence of John Mill, and he never accomplished in the world of letters anything equivalent to the work of Grote. In politics he did not become a leader. He did good work in the improvement of Britain's colonial system, and might have done more had he not died comparatively young. But with speculations about what might have been, a wise man will not greatly trouble himself.

It would be folly and ingratitude to depreciate Molesworth's labors; he did a great deal more for the good of the country than do most M. Ps. But to suppose that his efforts on behalf, for instance, of free trade can be placed side by side with the labors of Bright or of Cobden, would argue on the part of a critic a lack of all sense of proportion. The Corn Laws might have remained unrepealed till to-day if the academical arguments of the philosophic radicals had not been reinforced or superseded by the enthusiasm, the harangues, and the noisy agitation of the Anti-Corn-Law League. But Molesworth, Mrs. Fawcett is obviously convinced, is not to be confounded with the Manchester school, whose services to the country she does not at all fully appreciate. The distinction which she obviously draws, and insists upon far too strongly, between the principles of Molesworth and the political doctrines with which the Manchester school is identified, is, in a very limited sense, real, but Mrs. Fawcett makes far too much of it. The distinction, such as it is, lies in the fact that Molesworth did not, at any rate in the later part of his career, share Cobden's belief in the lasting reign of peace, and, further, that he entertained a certain sympathy with the imperial greatness of England. But when you look at the matter dispassionately, it is extremely difficult to believe that Molesworth was, as we gather his biographer believes, an Imperialist born before his time.

We doubt very much whether he himself would have drawn, and whether either his critics or his admirers did in fact draw, the distinction, which seems so important to Mrs. Fawcett, between Molesworth and other radicals. He, it is true, separated from Cobden and Bright on the question of the Crimean War, and, though that war meets fewer defenders now than it did when it was undertaken, it is quite arguable that Molesworth was in the right. What is certain is that many radicals were supporters of a war which seemed to them to be resistance to Russian aggression. On any other point it is a little difficult to see where it was that Molesworth differed fundamentally from Cobden and Bright. He attacked the Colonial Office, and wished that the English colonies should as soon as possible receive responsible government and be allowed to manage their own local affairs. So did Cobden and Bright. He clearly believed, as appears from the well-known speech of April 10, 1851, to which Mrs. Fawcett makes constant reference, that the colonies cost England much useless expense; he was firmly convinced that

England's Colonial Empire ought not to be extended, and especially that it ought not to be extended in South Africa. In all this he occupied exactly the same position, whether we hold the position right or wrong, as the Manchester radicals. He no doubt entertained a vague hope that the colonies, if left to themselves, might come to the aid of the mother country in any just and necessary war; and in this hope he differed, let us admit, from the Manchester School. But, after all, we must not attach too much importance to a hope supported, as it happens, by a fallacious argument which was obviously meant to conciliate opponents. The great speech of 1851 might in its general tone have been endorsed by Cobden or Bright; and, after all, Molesworth's views as to South Africa in 1852 and 1854 are decisive as to his whole position. It is vain to deny that he showed himself at that time precisely what is, in the slang of to-day, called a "Little Englander." His attack on Sir Harry Smith cannot be overlooked. It is exactly the kind of attack which is now directed against Sir Alfred Milner. Whether the attack can be held in either case or in both cases justifiable, is a point which we have not the least intention of arguing. All that we insist upon is that Mrs. Fawcett's honest statement of Molesworth's attitude about South Africa is fatal to her general estimate of his statesmanship. He published in May, 1854, the notes of a speech never delivered in defence of the abandonment of the Orange River territory. In 1878 Kruger was in England to protest against the annexation of the Transvaal; he obtained from Molesworth's widow leave to republish the Notes. Certainly Kruger did not believe that Molesworth was an advocate of Imperialism, and in this matter we agree rather with Kruger than with Mrs. Fawcett.

MORE FICTION.

The New Americans. By Alfred Hodder. The Macmillan Co.

Under the Skylights. By Henry B. Fuller. D. Appleton & Co.

Circumstance. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D. The Century Co.

The Marrow of Tradition. By Charles W. Chesnutt. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In Great Waters. By Thomas A. Janvier. Harper & Brothers.

Orloff and his Wife. By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Charles Scribner's Sons.

In 'The New Americans,' nationality is rather over-emphasized. The people sometimes appear more like pilgrims from a remote planet than like children of the race that calls earth its mother. Richardson classified human beings as "men, women, and Italians," and Mr. Hodder seems to accept the classification, substituting Americans for Italians. The Americanism of those citizens of Cincinnati who are selected for representation is not external, a thing obvious and objectionable to the eye and ear; it is a mental attitude, an air of rejecting experience and of individual capacity to adjust the disordered Universe; it is a sort of predominating egotism of the intelligence, which plays havoc with human relations and rather crowds

out human instincts. Such characterization, so far as it goes, is not unjust, but it does not go far enough; it creates a false impression as to fact, and it represents people so artificially that it is impossible to like or dislike them, or to care a straw about them. A fair inference from the book is that the author has been inspired more by critical than by creative purpose, and that his first intention has been to free his mind of a load of observation. His eye is particularly and sternly fixed on American women. Early in the work he sounds the censorious note. Mrs. Windet, the mother of the hero, Alan Windet, had managed (one is not definitely told how) to fall short of her husband's ideal of a wife. Since Mr. Windet had expected her to be "an embodied counsel of perfection," the author, we think, treats her failure with undue severity. "She had undertaken that function readily enough," he says; "all women undertake it with a readiness that is amazing, if one considers the sheer ignorance in which they contrive to live. They seem to assume that freedom from error is a quality of sex, like an absence of beard."

Mr. Windet never forgave his wife for disappointing him. The poor woman tried to run away, but he captured her and kept her henceforth as closely a prisoner as if she were chained to a stake. Dealing with a new generation, Mr. Hodder continues to testify; neither youth nor beauty nor talent can bribe him to equivocate. Thus does he introduce his heroine, Miss Cecily Elderlin, a young woman on whom the gods had showered gifts: "She was young and 'paid with her person' [a frequent phrase on New American lips]. She paid presumably as little as she could. She was one of the 'nice girls' who make it a point of honor to go through life quietly demanding everything and giving nothing. She was a prodigious egoist, who fancied she had earned the kingdom of heaven if she consented reluctantly to be adored." When Miss Elderlin rejects Alan Windet it is explained that "she possessed the current American conception that a woman is by birthright something for some one else to dedicate himself to and to do things for." When she resents a commonplace remark, we are informed that "she was always offended by an accent on a difference in sex; it was as if she thought the Deity had made a blunder in creating them male and female, though she was not averse to accepting the advantages of being a woman."

This kind of criticism is unquestionably animated; and we quote it neither to agree nor to dissent, but to show Mr. Hodder's indifference to the generally accepted canon of fiction which prescribes for the author an impartial attitude towards his characters. But his whole conception of the art of fiction is mistaken. The characterization is one-sided, and therefore inadequate; the story is involved, and the motives of action are so obscure that it is almost hopeless to find out what any one is driving at. Everybody and everything is over-analyzed, over-described, and, after all, we have no impression of life, only an elaborate statement of the author's opinions about life. So many of these opinions are worth expression that one may overlook Mr. Hodder's error about the form in which they should be cast. If he has failed to write a good novel, he has