

those of Egypt. Most important of all, the De Rougé hypothesis, which is the basis of Dr. Taylor's work, is falling into deeper and deeper discredit. But it is unnecessary to go on with details. The book is as it was written in 1883, and that is enough. The reprinting is a mistake and a misfortune—a mistake for Dr. Taylor's own reputation; a misfortune as it stands in the way of a modern work on the subject.

An address on "Machiavelli's Influence in England" was recently given by Mr. Louis Dyer before the Workingmen's College in London, of which Prof. A. V. Dicey is the President. P. D. Maurice having been its founder. As Florentine Secretary, Machiavelli occupied, he said, a post like that of chief confidential clerk in the Colonial Office. Machiavelli was ousted from office by revolution, after fourteen years' tenure, and Florence lost his services during his prime. His three great works were produced in retirement. "The Prince" must be read in the light of the "Discourses on Livy," which show our author's preoccupation with the people. The Prince was their only possible representative, because there was no such thing as the people then in any part of Europe. Queen Elizabeth's policy was avowedly Machiavelli's, and Lord Bacon was his greatest English disciple. "The Prince" had many incarnations everywhere; he was the national leader under whom the several peoples of Europe made their perilous migration from the old order to the new, and passed the great divide separating the old world of the Crusades, the Holy Roman Empire, and the Church Universal from the new world of independent and self-centred modern states. His function to protect and defend his people is well exemplified in "The Golden Speech of Queen Elizabeth to her Last Parliament" (1601), and his power to rise above himself and speak the absolute mind of the people shows startlingly in "Bluff King Hal's" speech as Protector and Supreme Head of the Church to his Parliament of 1546, where he reprimands the theological hair-splitting of zealots and the assaults of sectaries on the good order of the Church. Machiavelli's reason for painting "The Prince" as he did was that only such a one could in those days be the centre of national life, and stand for the people. Ecclesiastical princes did not interest our author, because they alone among princes could not fulfil this duty, and were freed from all incentive to defend and maintain national life. The influence of Machiavelli in England began long after his principles had shaped English state policy. They were, as Bacon abundantly shows, practised by Henry VII. But just when English affairs began to be so complex that a reasoned theory of the new statecraft was indispensable, Thomas Cromwell, the earliest English disciple of Machiavelli, and the son of a London workman, came to the front and inaugurated, under Henry VIII, the government of the Prince, for the People, by the People.

FORD'S FRANKLIN.

The Many-Sided Franklin. By Paul Leicester Ford. The Century Co. 1899. 8vo. pp. 515.

Mr. Ford applies to our great diplomatist, politician, agitator, wit, moralist, inventor, and natural philosopher that same method of characterization he lately applied so success-

fully to Washington, and which, in a general way, had already been applied, for example, by Walewsky to Catherine II., and, still better, by Alfred Lévy to Napoleon. That is to say, he considers Franklin successively under all possible aspects in as many separate chapters. As the progress of psychology gradually imparts to biography a deeper scientific seriousness, this method will, no doubt, be more and more applied and improved. Its merits are no less striking for artistic than for scientific purposes. It enables one to gain an intimate acquaintance with a great man that no chronological narrative of the events of his life could possibly confer. By always keeping in view some definite question, it holds the reader's attention without effort or fatigue for him. It is the artistic side of the method, apparently, to which Mr. Ford has been attracted. His design seems to have been, by skilfully fitting together a multitude of small items with little comment or cement, to produce the brilliant effect of a mosaic picture; and in this he has succeeded. The general effect is most lifelike. But a mosaic, however beautiful, always leaves much to be desired if we seek in it a representation of fact. Nobody would dream of employing it to illustrate the description of an animal or plant; and Mr. Ford, by his particular way of following out the general method he has selected, is forced to renounce all attempt at anything like a psychological analysis or explanation of Franklin's idiosyncrasies. He must stick to the concrete for the sake of his mosaic effect, and indulge in no other generalizations than such as everybody uses in speaking of any person's character. The result is that the work, considered as conveying information and regardless of pictorialness, is more a conveniently arranged assortment of facts to serve as a basis for a thorough study of Franklin, than an essay towards a clear and unitary conception of his mental constitution.

The volume reproduces no less than seven portraits of the American sage, without counting the Boston medal (p. 86). The frontispiece shows the soft, characterless thing in the Harvard Memorial Hall. There is a work of the Scotch painter, David Martin (p. 266), very handsome and winning, but, as a likeness, unconvincing. There is (p. 435) a rough caricature, valuable as proving to those who have attributed the slightly projecting lower jaw to false teeth (a suggestion evincing small research into Franklin's family) that this was already a salient feature at the age of fifty-eight. These three portraits are all wiggled, and are doubtless earlier than the others. There is (p. 470) a miniature with an air of self-assertion, taken perhaps in 1774. There is (p. 40) a drawing in profile by the amateur Carmontelle, which quite bears out the reputation of the inventor of the *procruste* as a producer of breathing and piquant likenesses. As might be expected, it exhibits Franklin as a wit. There is (p. 395) a profile sketch by West, seemingly very accurate. Lastly, and best of all, there is (p. 465) a portrait by West in an unfinished group of the American Peace Commissioners of 1783. This carries conviction in every respect but one—it is difficult to imagine that so vigorous a countenance belongs to an invalid of seventy-seven years. We give the pages on which these portraits are to be found, because everybody who looks over the book will wish to compare them. He will en-

deavor to form a mental composite out of them; and if he has enjoyed the acquaintance of a number of Franklin's descendants, some remembered features from those sources will contribute to the image. The same thing is true of one's efforts to realize the social impression that was so important a factor of Franklin's success. Here, too, one will, if he is in a situation to do so, avail himself of a class of facts that Mr. Ford could not very conveniently include, and which, not to be personal about men and women now living, we may content ourselves with exemplifying by recalling to those who knew him how much there was in the eminent geodesist, Dr. Alexander Dallas Bache, to persuade one that one saw in him something of the captivating mixture of geniality and finesse that must have shone in his great-grandfather.

Prof. Lombroso, in arguing his thesis that genius is a sort of insanity, does not shrink from mentioning William Shakspeare; but he never once finds it convenient to draw his reader's attention to Benjamin Franklin. Is Franklin, then, not universally acknowledged to be a man of genius? If he was not so, one thing about him which produced many of the effects of genius was the strength and completeness in him of all the instincts of the normal man. Less hastily impulsive nobody could be. His colleagues complained of his excessive disinclination to come to any decision about most matters. That was because he habitually distrusted reasons. He was fond of joking about the deceptions of intellect. "So convenient a thing it is," he would say, "to be a reasonable creature, since it enables one to find or make a reason for everything one has a mind to do." But when the "sub-conscious self," as it is nowadays the fashion to call it, gave forth any utterance about men, in that he would confide; and the event almost invariably justified his confidence. In the noontide market-place of rationalism, as the Paris of his day surely was, though naturally irreligious, he continued steadfastly to believe in prayer and in future rewards and punishments. The very nature of the reason he gave himself for this belief, namely, that it was a wholesome one, suffices to show that something deeper than reason was his veritable guide unknown to himself. His common sense, the strength and normality of his unanalyzed judgments, his complete human nature, were what enabled him to acquire his knowledge of men and his skill in dealing with them; while his susceptibility, generosity, gentleness, and warmth sprang from the same root. "Friend," said a contemporary Quaker, "did thee ever know Dr. Franklin to be in the minority?"

It is plain enough that neither Franklin's wit nor his scientific sagacity, in which two powers his genius shone the brightest, could be an effect of instinct. Mr. Ford has a chapter entitled "The Humorist." Perhaps it is not quite accurate to dub Franklin a humorist. The French say of themselves that they cannot understand Anglo-Saxon humor. Certainly, in the days of classicism, a humorist proper would hardly have been relished in France as Franklin was relished. What is called Franklin's humor is a quality not altogether disparate from Voltaire's wit, albeit in buoyant gaiety it may have fallen short. It would be easy to select samples of the two writers that should be, we will not say in-

distinguishable, but quite of the same stamp. This goes to prove how extraneous to the real man the accomplishment, wit, is; for it must be granted that two sons of Adam never were more utterly foreign to one another than the excitable Voltaire, so often childish, petty, wicked, and the simple, not too fine-spun Franklin. They had, no doubt, their curious points of contact, that might throw some light on both of them. Their wit was one such point. Whatever this was in Voltaire, in Franklin it was an artifice founded on a desire to say something cheery and animal-spirited in his newspaper, whittled to laconics for his almanac, perfumed with French essences for the diplomat's purposes, and usually decorating some reflection of human nature. The humanity of the man was an essential ingredient—the most substantial ingredient that was not quite factitious. That Franklin himself did not esteem his wit or humor as belonging to his inmost self is shown by his fancying he very strongly resembled a man so remarkably devoid of it as C. A. Helvétius, who, by the way, defined very well, in his own solemn fashion, the distinctions between the different genera of pleasantry in the last part of his principal work. According to those distinctions, Franklin ought, we think, to be called in English a wit and not a humorist.

We do not deem it needful to expatiate upon how well Mr. Ford has treated the literary side of Franklin, because that will be taken for granted by the entire reading public. The scientific side is less well done. To begin with, the mosaic art does not lend itself very well to this subject; and then Mr. Ford does not sufficiently distinguish between the inventor and the scientific discoverer. Thus, he speaks of the Franklin stove and the lightning-rod as important discoveries. He quotes, apparently with approval, at any rate without a jeer, Jefferson's stricture upon the chemists of his day as not sufficiently confining their attention to matters of human utility. That is, he would have had Lavoisier, Scheele, and Priestley tread the pathway of Boerhaave, and Lemery, and the Cadets, who were a sort of apothecaries. If they had done so, the creation of chemistry would have been postponed to a wiser generation. Jefferson must not be blamed for not seeing how the new chemistry was destined to revolutionize human life; but can any instance be imagined that should more completely refute the policy of restraining inquiries seemingly useless? The true devotee of science, so long as he enacts that rôle, never thinks or cares about Philistine utility. In his mind, to learn the ways of Nature and the reasonableness of things, and to be absorbed as a particle of the rolling wave of reasonableness, is not *useful*, but is the *summum bonum* itself towards which true usefulness tends. At the same time, when one descends to the question of food and raiment, warmth and cleanliness, to decree that the scientific investigator shall pursue utility alone, can only mean that he shall pursue nothing but what appears to be useful in advance of investigation, usually among the less useful class of inquiries even in the most grovelling sense. Dr. Franklin ought to have considered that before he asked: "What signifies philosophy which does not apply itself to some use?" It was precisely that utilitarian spirit which made the eighteenth century a scientific

desert. Franklin's remark, however, is valuable to us as showing what an unraised spirit of plain instinct and common sense was his.

Mr. Ford does not furnish sufficient data about Franklin's electrical researches to enable us to gauge his scientific powers. In eighteenth-century fashion, he puts the emphasis upon the identification of lightning with electricity—a contribution to meteorology and not to pure physics. The idea was not at all new, and probably not original with Franklin. His argument for it, which reads for all the world like an example out of the Port Royal Logic, was marked by his usual good sense and penetration. In the experimental verification he was anticipated by two other electricians; and his own showy demonstration was soon abandoned by him for their method. So far as the present state of electrical theory encourages us to venture an opinion, his single-fluid theory of electricity was probably substantially correct—at least, as against the two-fluid theory; but his argument about it has absolutely no value at all. He was led to the truth in this case (if it was the truth) by an operation of the mind of which he could give no rational account, so that this is another illustration of his subconscious strength. That which was really the best in his electrical work was his analysis of the phenomena of condensers; although he was not the first in this field. Here he was for the moment seduced from his eternal practicality, and appears as a genuine physicist. Mr. Ford gives a relatively better account of Franklin's studies of the Gulf Stream and of the effect of oil upon ripples and waves. But what strikes us most here is that, having got notice in advance of other scientific men of phenomena of great importance, he was only able to treat them in an amateurish and feeble way. There was, no doubt, every excuse for this; but the fact remains that these things illustrate better Franklin's sagacity in seeing that there was something important to be learned, than his power of bringing that something into the light of reason. The study of his scientific work strengthens our conviction that it was the general balance of the whole man that produced and still produces the impression of greatness. It was not reason, or focussed intellect, although he was eminent in that respect, too.

We shall not do Mr. Ford the injustice of making any excerpts from his book. Anecdotes that, when fitted into their places in the mosaic, are effective enough, would seem amazingly flat and dull if taken out and scrutinized by themselves; they have suffered enough in their first transplantation. The volume contains portraits of Franklin's acquaintances, facsimiles, and other valuable illustrations in such number that the search for a particular one in the unordered list is a little onerous. The index is copious. The book is printed with all the taste and pomp that Mr. De Vinne commands; the plate-finished paper is good of its kind. The volume has a cover of which the possessor will never tire.

WADDINGTON'S SEVEN YEARS' WAR.

La Guerre de Sept Ans: Histoire Diplomatique et Militaire. Les Débuts. Richard Waddington. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 1899. This is a work which represents a great

deal of investigation among the unpublished state papers of Paris, London, and Vienna. Consequently, one cannot criticise it to the best advantage when separated by the Atlantic from the national archives upon which it depends. No good historian neglects the labors of distinguished predecessors, however successfully he may supplant them, and M. Waddington's pages abound with references to existing studies of the Seven Years' War; but the characteristic feature of his own addition to the large body of literature on this subject which has been produced by Englishmen, Frenchmen, Prussians, and Austrians is its copious use of original manuscripts. When we say that he undertakes to follow up Arneth on his own ground, we disclose in a word the serious nature of his task.

The volume before us is not M. Waddington's first examination of a topic in the diplomatic history of the *Ancien Régime*. Three years ago he discussed, in his 'Louis XV. et le Renversement des Alliances,' the question of that singular *colle-facé* whereby France, having sided with Prussia in the War of the Austrian Succession, dropped her connection with Frederick and espoused the cause of Maria Theresa. This monograph on one of the most delicate points in eighteenth-century diplomacy was warmly welcomed, and its author has accordingly felt encouraged to approach a larger and more important theme, namely, the deadly contest for Continental supremacy and colonial empire which forms the central episode of European history between the death of Louis XIV. and the outbreak of the French Revolution.

M. Waddington begins with a detailed account of Frederick's movements in Saxony at the end of August, 1756, and includes under the title "Les Débuts" the whole operations of 1757. It will accordingly be seen that, in this opening volume, the action centres almost wholly in Bohemia and Germany. A chapter is devoted to the Anglo-French struggle in America, but it forms a small proportion of the whole, and indeed seems like an episode which interrupts somewhat brusquely the narrative of European affairs. For the rest, one sees at a glance what an opportunity of holding his reader's attention is presented to M. Waddington by the military vicissitudes which marked the beginning of the Seven Years' War on the Continent. At the end of 1757 the advantage rested with Frederick, inasmuch as he had preserved his own frontiers and retained a hold upon the greater part of Silesia. But, down to the battle of Leuthen, fortune had shifted her place with baffling rapidity from the allies to the King of Prussia, and then back again. Kolin and Hastenbeck had been followed by Rossbach, Rossbach by Breslau, and to Breslau succeeded Leuthen, which left the lesser power, territorially, with a narrow margin of profit at the close of the year. The tale of such astonishing shifts and changes, when told with the skill and learning which M. Waddington commands, has all the excitement of a carefully developed drama.

The peace of Aix-la-Chapelle is, in the light of history, a mere truce, and doubtless the statesmen who were chiefly concerned in arranging it recognized its hollowness. France had her standing feud with England, and, after Frederick's robbery of Silesia, Maria Theresa could not remain un-

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