his own well-trained and thoroughly cultured mind always a careful and conscientious interpreter, an intelligent and lucid reporter of the thoughts of others. His own opinion of a book was judicially given, and it was safe to buy whatever he praised. Yet he was not in the least dictatorial or arrogant. He never wrote, as so many reviewers of the old school wrote, for the sake of giving pain. In his critical writing there is oftenest a genial kindness which was a sure indication of the substantial goodness of his heart. He liked to say a word of encouragement to young writers whose performance might not be equal to their promise. He could point out faults very gently, and sometimes he would take no little trouble to do so. Having the whole range of modern literature at his command, he knew at once whether any book supplied an acknowledged want or added to the facilities of scholars and of writers. When it was necessary to do for a departed author that which we are now attempting to do for himself, nothing could surpass the tact, delicacy and deep feeling with which the task was performed. Thus he had noticed in these columns the deaths of many distinguished literary men, and made here that final summary of their work and character which the world expects upon their departure. This and all else he did with a precision and accurate estimate beyond all praise.

When Sainte-Beuve died, in 1869, Mr. Ripley was travelling in Europe. He sat down instantly, and without access to any biography of the departed critic, or to any of his works, wrote to THE TRIBUNE, on the spur of the moment, a masterly analysis of his literary character and a sketch of his career. There is so strong a resemblance, in some things, between his own methods of criticism and those of the French master, that a part of this letter may well be quoted here:

Sainte-Beuve obtained his reputation as the critical historian of the literary activity of France during a considerable portion of the last half century. Born in 1804, his early manhood was devoted to professional studies, with no thought of making literature the occupation of his life. It was not long, however, before his sensitive taste grew weary of the resultless details of Anatomy, and other studies preparatory to the practice of medicine, and the prospect of spending his days in the chamber of disease,—the witness of human infirmities which he had no power to alleviate,—presented no charm to his youthful imagination. His decision was soon made, and he abandoned the study of medicine for the pursuit of literature. The first fruits of his new career were one or two romances, and a few poems, which though marked by a certain subtlety of mental analysis, gave few indications of inventive power, and have been entirely eclipsed by the splendor of his subsequent productions. With the exception of his elaborate historical work on the recluses of Port Royal, his pen was henceforth devoted to critical studies which have introduced a new method into that branch of literature, and now remain a permanent monument of the rare versatility and acuteness of his mind. Within the period of his activity, few works have appeared in the province of belles-lettres, on which he has not recorded his mature judgments. He was equally at home in poetry, fiction, history, biography—in all the productions of imagination and taste—excluding only the fruits of abstract speculation and physical research, which opened too wide a field for the labors of a single intellect, however comprehensive, although his favorite themes related to the portraiture of character as exhibited in the creations of genius.

The critical faculty of Sainte-Beuve consisted in the sagacious application of what may be called the psychological method to the judgment of literary productions. The estimate of a book with him was not only the exercise of high artistic skill, but the result of a keen mental analysis. It was an intellectual labor, no less profound, no less conscientious, of a no less responsible character, than the solution of a scientific problem, or the composition of a history, although it was one into which he threw his heart so completely that it betrayed no odor of midnight oil, but had all the freedom and airy grace of spontaneity. He regarded a book not as a collection of verbal wonders, an exhibition of rhetorical artifices, or a mirror of personal ambition, but as "the precious life-blood of a master-spirit," suited to be the nutriment and medicine of coming ages; and those which did not in some degree approach to this standard had no power to touch his imagination and were passed by with as little interest as though they had been unwritten leaves of parchment or papyrus. The human aspect of a book, so to speak, was of more importance to him than its literary relations. It was the exponent of the author's soul, rather than a cleanly composition of prose and verse. Hence, although a consummate judge of literary art, his criticisms of a work dwelt less on the external form and expression than on the inward spirit and creative idea which presided at its birth. The actual accomplishments of a writer, in his view, were of not so much moment as the intellectual motive which gave the impulse to his endeavors. No man certainly ever excelled Sainte-Beuve in the happy faculty of reproducing the contents of a work of genius, of expressing the essence of a large volume in a brief essay, and of imparting the exact measurement of its intellectual proportions; but no was not content with this; he ascended from the stream to the fountain; detected the spirit of the author in the coloring of his work; analyzed his genius from its development in words; and from the foot of the Hercules drew a portrait of the person. Perhaps it is not too much to say that his criticisms often did more justice to a writer than the writer did to himself. He understood not only what was said, but what was intended. Beneath an imperfect expression, he would detect a profound or subtle thought. He entered so fully into the mind of an author that he would present in striking perspective and impressive illustration the conception or fancy which was left obscure in the original, and needed the warmth of sympathy for its complete exposition.

For, above all, Sainte-Beuve was a sympathetic critic. He was wont to speak of the writers that came under his notice as his patients or clients, never as his victims. He knew too well the secrets of literary composition not to be naive to its difficulties and not to cherish a certain tenderness for those who had attempted it unsuccessfully. The line which separates excellence from mediocrity is of so shadowy a character that he had no passion for placing the elect on one side and the condemned on the other. He had no belief in purgatory, but also no desire to define the limits between Heaven and Hell. The man who writes a poor book, in his opinion, was not necessarily an idiot or a knave, and could be driven out of the pale of the bayonet. Nothing but vanity, pretension, affectation or insincerity was to him the meet subject of literary castigation; the punishment of worthlessness was neglect; he had a wide inking for every variety of mental accomplishments; he opened hospitably his doors to authors of manifold degrees of merit; he treated them all, if not with smiling welcome, with courteous kindness; though he was not afraid to smite, and when he struck he struck sore. Still, he loved rather to dwell on the positive side of every production of literary art. He had no taste for scanning the defects of a work, and displaying his own acumen and ingenuity at the expense of the author. With the school of Jeffrey and Sydney Smith and the critics of *Blackwood's Magazine*, which delights to expatiate on the shortcomings which it discovers, and to treat the writer from whom it differs in taste or opinion with contempt rather than with discrimination, he had no affinity. Nor was his tolerance the result of a blind and effeminate charity. It was not because he feared to offend that he brought an indulgent generosity to the judgment of authors. Rather it grew out of the catholic extent of his appreciation, the largeness of his nature, which took in every variety of manifestation, and the vitality of his tastes which were alive to every expression of humanity. His work was less the work of dissection than of reconstruction. He was one of the few critics who dwelt with more emphasis on the positive qualities of a book, than on its negations and limitations, and passed judgment on an author according to what he had done, rather than to what he had left undone. It was no part of the critical function, in his view, to give the last quietus to the hopless abortions of literature, but rather to discover and cherish the symptoms of healthy life.

After all, he regarded the productions of literature as illustrations of humanity, rather than creations of art. Hence his peculiar interest in works of a biographical character, for it was these that gave him occasion to pass from the rules of literary composition to sketches of experience and the analysis of passion, reproducing the personages of history in the living colors of reality. He delighted most in books which brought him into contact with persons, which pivoted on the lights and shades of character, and afforded him materials for his masterly delineations of special individualities, and his dramatic grouping of events in the panoramic display of society. The detection of the human element in a work of literature always touched his imagination and inspired his pen with fresh power. Hence his graphic sketches and illustrations of character in many respects, form the most significant commentary on the history of his age.

Mr. Ripley's judgment never waited for the popular voice. It is one of his highest titles to praise that he determined the real worth of a book at once, without reference to what might be said of it elsewhere. His review of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" is quoted in the bibliographical dictionaries as an instance of the early recognition which "the obscurest man of letters in America" obtained by the publication of his celebrated romance. The appearance of Mr. Darwin's "Origin of Species" was instantly followed in THE TRIBUNE by a review which not only pointed out the significance of that remarkable book, but gave a masterly synopsis of its argument and its illustrations. This, perhaps, was one of the most notable of Mr. Ripley's expository reviews. On August 12, 1879, he published the first criticism of Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" that appeared in any American paper—long before the book itself had been printed in this country or had begun to be talked about. In closing his long notice he said: "As a magnificent work of imagination and a sublime appeal in the interests of the loftiest human virtue, we tender it the sincerest welcome and grasp the author by the hand as a genuine prophet of the soul." A few months later everybody was reading the poem, and repeated editions justified Mr. Ripley's anticipation of the general verdict. His reviews of Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Sociology" (April 28, 1875), and "Data of Ethics" (July 18, 1879), were striking examples of his skill in philosophical analysis, and in compact and lucid statement. Two extracts from the former of these articles will illustrate his happy faculty of making dark things plain:

HERBERT SPENCER'S SOCIOLOGY.

The ultimate object of his studies has been to discover a scientific basis for the principles of right and wrong in conduct at large. This, he affirms, is an urgent need in the present state of human inquiry and speculation. As moral injunctions are losing their authority with a large class of thinkers, given by their supposed sacred origin, the secularization of morals is becoming imperative. Nothing can be more disastrous than the decay of a regular system, before it can be replaced by another regulative system better adapted to human wants. It is thought by most of those who reject the current creed that its controlling agency may safely be set aside and the vacancy left unfilled by any other controlling agency. At the same time the defenders of the current creed allege that in the absence of its guidance no other guidance can exist. The divine commandments they deem the only possible guides. The two currents of thought thus meet at a common point. The one class holds that the vacancy left by the disappearance of the code of supernatural ethics need not be filled by a code of natural ethics. The other class holds that it cannot be so filled. In the view of both a vacuum is contemplated, which the one wishes and the other fears. But as the change which threatens or promises to bring about this state is making rapid progress, those who believe that the vacuum can be filled are called upon to do something in pursuance of this belief.

The ground is now prepared for touching the vital point of Mr. Spencer's ethical theory, in his definition of good and bad conduct, the discussion of which opens numerous views of pregnant importance, but of which we can here present only the most superficial outline.

The essential meaning of a word, Mr. Spencer remarks at the commencement, is to be understood by comparing its meanings in different connections, and observing what they imply in common. We speak, for instance, of a knife, a gun, a house as good, or of a bad umbrella, or a bad pair of boots. The characters indicated by the words good and bad are not intrinsic characters, for apart from human wants, such things have neither merits nor demerits. They are called good or bad, according as they are well or ill adapted to achieve prescribed ends. The good knife is one that will cut; the good gun is one that carries far and true; the good house is one which affords the requisite comfort and accommodation. On the other hand, the badness of the umbrella or the pair of boots is predicated of their failure in fulfilling the ends of keeping out the rain and protecting the feet. It is the same when we pass from inanimate objects to inanimate actions. We call the day bad in which the weather prevents us from satisfying some of our desires. A good season is one which has favored the production of valuable crops. Passing from lifeless things and actions to living ones, we find the use of words in the same sense. The goodness or badness of a pointer or a hunter, of a sheep or an ox, refer in the one case to the fitness of their actions for effecting the ends for which they are used, and in the other case to the qualities of their flesh to support human life and gratify the pleasures of taste.

These instances of the meanings of good or bad as otherwise used, illustrate their meanings as applied to conduct in its ethical aspects. We use the respective terms according to the greater or less efficiency of the adjustment of acts to ends. In the last analysis, the words good and bad have come to be especially associated with acts which further the complete living of others, and acts which obstruct their complete living. Goodness suggests, among all other things, the conduct of one who aids the sick in recovering normal vitality, assists the unfortunate in acquiring the means of maintaining themselves, defends those who are threatened with harm in person, property or reputation, and aids whatever promises to the living of all his fellows. The leading correlative term, badness, on the contrary, expresses the conduct of one, who in carrying on his own life, damages the lives of others by injuring their bodies, destroying their possessions, or otherwise invading their rights.

We thus perceive that the conduct to which we apply the name good is the relatively more evolved conduct, and that bad is the name which we apply to conduct which is relatively less evolved. Evolution, moreover, ever tending toward self-preservation, reaches its limit when individual life is the greatest, both in length and breadth, and hence we regard as good the conduct furthering self-preservation, and as bad the conduct tending to self-destruction. In the last conclusion, the form of conduct most emphatically termed good is that made possible in an advanced state, which not only avoids preventing the completion of life in others, but tends to the furtherance of it in all its members.

A criticism upon the Rev. Joseph Cook's "Biology" (October 26, 1877) shows Mr. Ripley in a caustic vein which he rarely indulged, although when he thought the occasion called for severity he could be formidable indeed:

THE REV. JOSEPH COOK.

The contents of this volume comprise a series of lectures delivered during the past year in Boston, as part of a course intended to present the latest results of German, English and American scholarship on some of the more important topics concerning the relation of religion and science. In selecting his theme the author has had reference chiefly to recent discussions of the connection between psychology and physiology, between the phenomena of the nervous system and those of intelligence and thought, involving the origin of life, the doctrine of evolution, the theory of materialism, the immortality of the soul, and the relation of the Divine Omnipotence to the cosmic forces of the universe. Not a holiday task, by any means, was thus presented to the reverend lecturer. To set forth the contents of so many profound and subtle problems, with the athletic striving for their solution, to a popular audience in a dozen lectures was an experiment which few persons would willingly undertake. It reminds one of the request of Madame De Staël to a German philosopher to expound the essence of German speculation for half a century in the conversation of half an hour. Mr. Cook, however, seems to have "snuff'd the battle afar off," and to have entered the arena with an alacrity and confidence which might easily forbode the joy of triumph.

He was strong in his audience, which, we are told, "included in large numbers the representatives of the broadest scholarship, the profoundest philosophy, the acutest scientific research, and the finest intellectual culture of Boston and New-England," an audience which he modestly suggests he cannot cheat, and with "as many brains in it as any other weekly audience in America—one, where in New-England at least, he would be most likely to be tripped up if he were to make an incorrect statement." Nor was his preparation for the work unworthy of the transcendent superiority of his audience. He planted himself on the solid rock of "clear ideas." Disdaining all nebulous and fantastic notions, all specious plausibilities, he stood solely on the "orthodox and strictly evangelical verities," coveting "no philosophy, no platform, no pulpit, no dying-pillow, that does not rest on rendered reasons." While previous philosophers have dozed, and still dozed, in guesses, he deals alone in facts, firm and ever-lasting truths. In studying the Sistine Madonna "day after day for a month" it was the "Unseen Ineffable," the "Unseen Holy" that impressed his soul more than all the visible glories of the picture; he always left the contemplation in a kind of trance; the same state of mind was induced in the study of the living cells of human physiology, and he was convinced by the "Madonna painting of Almighty God" that it was "the purpose of the artist to make the interior suggest the ineffable exterior."

With the study of the masterpieces of painting as a preparation for its lectures, Mr. Cook has combined the study of the most illustrious living philosophers in their published works. No' austerness of thought, no subtlety of argument, no obscurity of expression has daunted his zeal. He has even found a "delicious" satisfaction in the hours devoted as a Summer pastime to Lionel Beale and Hermann Lotze, and other scientific writers, under the spreading shade of the "Bloomfast Beech, in one of my groves near Lake George." Of all the living biologists, Lionel Beale, in the estimation of the author, seems to bear away the palm. His work on the "Microscope," though bulky, elaborate and full of plates, is "worn ragged" in the author's favorite public library, "with its one hundred thousand volumes, its one hundred magazines and one hundred newspapers and excellent professional collections," and "used by the Sumners and Wilsons and Emersons who are not likely to waste time on rubbish." Beale's volumes "are more eloquently black," while those of Bastian are hardly stained (the judicious book-buyer, however, we are advised, had better not invest in Beale quite yet as his stupendous work "is going into the fifth edition"). Besides this proof of the preeminence of Mr. Cook's philosophic and erudite, not to say learned, he is quoted in a standard German work on physiology, which the author "sought when he was in Jena and brought with him across the Atlantic, although he was a minister, and had no right to know anything on the subject." Still, as Mr. Cook plaintively remarks, Beale is not once mentioned by Professor Huxley in his article on Biology in the edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" now passing through the press.

Another powerful ingredient in the sparkling wine of these lectures—the "carte blanche" and "ne plus ultra" of philosophy—is the study of Hermann Lotze, a living German metaphysician. If we look at this able writer through the purple glasses of the author, Lotze "leads the philosophy of the most learned land on the globe" and "is read with the most enthusiasm by students of religious and philosophical science in Germany and England and Scotland." He has taught Mr. Cook, among others, to look at the borderland between physiology and metaphysics "with all the reverence with which we bow down before Almighty God." He is "a scholar enriched by the massive spoils of all the German metaphysical systems, and made opulent by all physiological knowledge, and building up with those two sides the colossal arch of a new system, with many a Christian truth at its summit." His philosophy is "the most brilliant, the most audacious, the most abreast of the time, of all the philosophies of the globe." If any doubt remains as to its position among the lights of the universe, Mr. Cook announces as the last verdict: "I have some acquaintance with Hermann Lotze," and, "I am actually sorry that you have heard of Herbert Spencer, whose star touches the Western pines, and know nothing of Hermann Lotze, whose star is in the ascendant." It is certainly remarkable that the most intensely enlightened audience in Christendom, to which these lectures were addressed, should never have heard of this rising star, whose brilliancy throws all other luminaries in the shade; but the circumstance may perhaps be "explained though not excused, by the fact that no mention is made of Hermann Lotze by Professor Bowen in his copious history of "Modern Philosophy," that Ueberweg in his standard "History of Philosophy" devotes to him less than a dozen lines, and neither Mr. William T. Harris nor Professor Gillet in their recent popular expositions of German philosophy refers to Lotze, except in a single line on the subject by the first named writer. Mr. Cook may justly be entitled to the credit of raising a good philosopher and a worthy man to a preeminence over the rest of the human race, which would not have been likely to be otherwise discovered. As an interesting example of his prowess, Mr. Cook assures the most critical audience in existence that "if Hermann Lotze, the first philosopher of Germany, were on this platform to-day, he, in the name of the axiom that every change must have a sufficient cause, would thus and here face the orator bears a piece of waste [paper] tear into shreds the materialistic and mechanical theories of the origin of living tissues and of the soul." We are not in the least surprised that this admirable dramatic touch, "suiting the action to the word and the word to the action," should have been received by the select æsthetic circle who witnessed the performance with a burst of applause (which circumstance is duly noted in the margin of the volume). It is certainly a matter of profound regret that this rising sun of German philosophy should have been under an ominous eclipse for the matter of some ten years, during which time Hermann Lotze, though so decidedly in the ascendant, has published no new important work, and the world has not been permitted to rejoice in one bright ray from that brilliant and beneficent source.

After learning the vast preparations of the author for his solving the riddles of biology, the reader will be curious to know his method of conducting the experiment. He addresses himself to the great problems before him with a jaunty gayety evincing the confidence and self-possession of a master of the subject. He bears the resources of ancient and modern learning on the tips of his fingers. The mysteries of physical science and the depths of speculative philosophy are as familiar to his mind as the poetry of the New-England Primer or the prose of the Assembly's Catechism. This mass of universal knowledge is tempered and softened by the benign influence of a radiant imagination. He so deftly combines fancies and facts in his sparkling discourse that you are at a loss to determine whether you are listening to the dreams of a poet or the reasonings of a philosopher. The strength of his argument is often concealed by a luxuriance of flowers, but doubtless the edge of the sword is not blunted by the wreaths that adorn the hilt. Mr. Cook's style, indeed, is a model of exuberant, original and striking imagery, and it is rare that the truths of science and the deductions of philosophy are set forth with such seductive eloquence, such pomp and glory and gorgeousness of magnificent language. Happily, however, the intolerable splendors of his diction are relieved at frequent intervals by passages of skeleton-like analysis, which present the doctrines under discussion with the ghastly dryness of the bones in a dissecting-room.

In a different style again is the analysis of the character of Voltaire, which appeared as an editorial article in THE TRIBUNE of May 30, 1878, on the occasion of the centenary of that philosopher:

CHARACTER OF VOLTAIRE.

The earliest dates in the history of Voltaire present a transparent contrast to the glory of its final schemes. He appears in the character of a cunning Bohemian, intent on wresting a livelihood from a reluctant world, rather than as a man of genius whose writings were to excite a fermentation of thought, and dissolve the relics of tradition from the opinions of the age. His first step was to change his family name of Arouet to the more sonorous title of Voltaire. He soon finds his place in the brilliant and corrupt society of that period. His pen, his free exercise in the field of irony and satire; his mocking genius is called into early action; he sends the shafts of his wit with less regard to the accuracy of their aim than to the effect of their stroke, and by the time he is twenty years old he is thrown into prison for lampoons on the King. But as soon as the tempest passes, makes friends with his accusers, and is again launched on the topmost wave of social and literary success. He becomes a shrewd financial manager, a fortunate speculator in stocks, a trader in pensions and offices, and a contractor with the Government for furnishing the Army with bacon and beef.

The wonderful power of Voltaire in the subsequent stages of his career was doubtless due to the studious facility with which he adapted himself to the spirit of the age. He struck while the iron was hot. It was an epoch of transition from mediæval religiousness to modern free-thinking. The whispers of doubt against the authority of the Church were uttered in secret; but Voltaire proclaimed upon the housetops what had been whispered in the cell of the thinker and the study of the scholar. He gave vocal expression to the ideas which had been cherished in private, and the secret of the sceptic became the property of the world. At that time the sentiment of religion was identified with the faith of the Church in the leading intellectual circles of French society. Protestantism had made little headway in the land of the Huguenots. The Roman Catholic faith was considered the genuine faith of Christianity, which was held responsible for the encroachment of ecclesiastical power on the claims of human freedom. Voltaire made no distinction between religion and Catholicism. In his attacks on religion he deemed himself the defender of freedom, and supposed that he was battling for the cause of humanity while attempting to demolish the authority of the Church. Nor was Voltaire in sympathy with the thoroughgoing scepticism which was the characteristic of the eighteenth century; he attacked Christianity, less as a creed or a sentiment than as an obstacle, in its existing manifestations to liberty of thought, and while he kept no terms with the ecclesiastical authorities of the age, was wont to express his conviction of a retributive Providence, and even erected a church at Ferney, dedicated to the Supreme Being, which, however, and perhaps justly, was recognized less as an evidence of piety than of vanity. The influence of Voltaire on his age, accordingly, was as the champion of mental freedom, of the manly pursuit of truth, of the rights of man, the use of a phrase which was then coining into currency, and which has since served as the keynote to pregnant movements of public policy.

The methods of Voltaire also took their stamp as much from the character of the age as from his own intellectual traits and tendencies. It was a period when the grave aspect of the scholastic philosophy was softened down into the unwrinkled visage of modern vivacity. Voltaire was essentially the royal jester in the court of literature. He did not undertake to "sap a solemn creed by solemn sneer," but tried to undermine the faith of ages by ridiculing and flight paradoxes. He courted inquiry with some sorry jokes on things, and laughed off the stage what he could not destroy by serious discussion. He seemed to have no earnestness of character, to play with his strongest convictions, to prefer a sparkling repartee to a lucid argument, and in his most strenuous combats to rely more on the flashes and flourishes of his sword than on the temper of the blade. His attacks on religion partook of the shallow and mercurial nature of the man. If he could make a brilliant point against the priesthood, he took little care to verify its truth. He held Christianity responsible with its life for many antiquated theories which since his time have parted with much of the prestige that had embalmed them in the odor of sanctity, and which are now by no means considered as essential elements of an orthodox creed. His famous, or rather infamous, watchword, which has usually been thought to apply to the founder of the Christian religion, was more probably hurled against the pretensions of political authority, but he was always too hasty and careless a thinker to seek out an essential difference under apparent resemblances.

Still, in his airy, mocking way, Voltaire was no doubt a lover of humanity. He had a keen sense of the evils of modern society, and a certain half ironical hope that they were not past redemption. He felt for the "oppressions that were done under the sun," but it was less a feeling of love of the oppressed than hatred of the oppressor. In his application of remedies for the miseries of the race, he is for the most part a Mephistopheles surgeon who wards off a hospital who approaches his patient with a demoniac grin instead of a cheerful smile, and handles the limb which is racked by rheumatic agonies with a cynical laugh at the pain rather than a tender sympathy with the sufferer.

With all his remarkable gifts of brilliant execution the nature of Voltaire was essentially meagre and thin, never rising to the loftiest regions of feeling or descending to the profoundest depths of thought. Both his moral and mental qualities were vitiated by an incurable taint of frivolity. His convictions appear to have been sincere; that is, he cherished no doubt of the absurdity which he dragged to light from beneath the mask of plausibility; but we find no traces of the passion for truth, the master sentiment which inspires the soarings of philosophy and fructifies the vigils of science. In this respect he compares unfavorably with Rousseau, whose wildest speculations were marked by intense earnestness, and who published his convictions, not as the result of a mere intellectual frolic, but as vital truths for the regeneration of the race. Voltaire not only adapted himself to the spirit of the age; he presented its most conspicuous type and characteristic expression; he was the apostle, and prophet, and high priest of the eighteenth century, of which the philosophy was restricted within the domain of the senses, and its ethics a cunning contrivance for the highest degree of selfish enjoyment. The present century has opened a new era in which Voltaire would find himself a stranger and a foreigner. His influence has left but few traces on the intellectual development of the age; his genius for sarcasm and mockery has grown pale before the rising dawn of devout earnestness, and the profound seriousness of inquiry which mark the researches of modern science; and the hollow and selfish cynicism of his morality has been thrown into eclipse, even by the impassioned appeals of Auguste Comte, who, in this respect at least, has approached the borders of the Christian faith, in claiming a regard to the welfare of our neighbor, no less than of ourselves, as the supreme legitimate principle of human action. The spirit of the nineteenth century calls for guides and teachers of different metal from that of Voltaire. Let the mocking spectre repose unmolested in the realms of shade; let no violence be offered to his aged bones as they rest in their laurelled though moss-grown sepulchre, but let him not be honored as the intellectual sovereign of the present or the coming age. The sceptre has departed from the sage of Ferney; let his shrine be no longer invoked as the law-giver of thought; but while he is dethroned from his intellectual supremacy over a superficial age, let us not fail to do justice to his higher qualities as the armed foe of superstition and the alert champion of the freedom of the human mind.

Mr. Ripley was one of the founders of *Harper's Magazine* and edited the literary department of that periodical for many years. In connection with Bayard Taylor, whose firm friend and congenial associate he remained until death intervened, he prepared a "Handbook of Literature and the Fine Arts," which was published in New-York in 1852, as one of a series of useful works of reference in a small compass. He had nearly reached the period of life at which most men who have labored so hard and accomplished so much as he had would have thought of resting upon their well-earned laurels, when he began a new labor of singularly severe character—the publication of an encyclopædia upon a larger scale than any similar work ever undertaken in America. In this enterprise he obtained the cooperation of Mr. Charles A. Dana. The first volume of "The New American Cyclopædia" appeared at the beginning of 1858, the sixteenth and last in 1863. During the seven years occupied in this publication Mr. Ripley, besides writing as usual all the literary criticisms of THE TRIBUNE and contributing other matter to this paper and to *Harper's Magazine*, etc., performed the greater part of the editorial work of the Cyclopædia, carefully examining every line and conducting all the intercourse with a large staff of writers. His extensive acquaintance with literary and scientific men, and his familiarity with an immense variety of branches of learning, gave him a peculiar fitness for work of this kind. Probably he could never have accomplished the vast labor which fell upon him at this time if he had not possessed in a marked degree the faculty of intense application. He came to his desk every morning, fresh and smiling; he hatted pleasantly with his assistants for a little while; but as soon as he began work he worked in earnest, not with headlong haste, but with a steadiness that engrossed his whole mind for the time being. There are many stories of the rapidity with which he could absorb and summarize important and abstruse books; but his reviews never bore marks of haste. He wrote easily and quickly from an overflowing mind, and the purity and polish of his style seemed to be only a natural mode of expression.

In 1866 he revisited Europe. This was a tour in search of the rest and amusement to which his long life of steady application certainly gave him a strong title. He wrote frequently for THE TRIBUNE during his tour—for the old instinct was not to be resisted—and his letters from Stuttgart and Baden Baden during the war between Prussia and Austria showed a very keen insight into the political and military situation. A second and more extended journey in 1869 and 1870 yielded still more abundant results. He was received with the greatest cordiality and honor in London literary and scientific circles, whither his fame as a critic and a man of general culture had preceded him; and under the charm of his genial manner, his sunny temper, and his fascinating conversation, which touched with grace and elegance the lighter topics of the day, or sounded with ample knowledge the deepest themes of philosophy, respect ripened in many cases into warm and enduring friendships. His visit to London at this time was a brief out busy and precious experience. From a quieter place on the Continent, a little later in the Summer, he sent THE TRIBUNE an admirable series of letters, giving his impressions of some of the aspects of English life, and sketches of the prominent men and women with whom he was brought into contact. John Bright and Louis Blanc among politicians; James Martineau among theologians; Tyndall, Huxley, and Carpenter among scientific men; Carlyle and Herbert Spencer among philosophers—such are a few of the characters drawn for us in his vivid letters. With nearly all of them he had already established that tacit good understanding which naturally springs up between an appreciative critic and the authors whom he passes in review. Of a visit to Carlyle he wrote as follows:

THOMAS CARLYLE.

My call on Mr. Carlyle was in the busiest portion of the day, when I knew that he was engaged in the absorbing task of revising his works for the new edition now passing through the press, and I did not expect to accomplish anything more than to appoint a time for a future interview. With a little difficulty I found his modest dwelling in a rural suburb of London on the left bank of the Thames, almost concealed from view by a high brick wall on the opposite side of the street. The ancient dame who opened the door meekly informed me that Mr. Carlyle was at home, but would probably not be able to see any visitors at that hour. Fortifying my card with a brief note, explaining the purpose of my visit and expressing my wait upon him at some more opportune moment, I was at once invited to his study up one flight of stairs. It was a room of humble pretensions, looking out on a bleak wall in front, well lined with books that had evidently seen service in other days, adorned with a few portraits and busts, and the furniture of the scantiest and simplest description. Mr. Carlyle received me without ceremony, and in the kindest manner. He remembered my name, and expressed pleasure that he had not been forgotten by his American friends. I should have known him anywhere from his resemblance to his common photographs, although I expected to see more decided marks of his weight of years. Of about the middle height, he stands firm and erect. His head is not of unusual magnitude, his brow broad rather than high, and his dark eye of brilliant vivacity. His hair, to a great degree, retains the color of youth. The expression of his face indicates self-reliance and decision. His voice is clear and articulate, rising in conversation to the highest notes, and with a strong Scottish accent. He rarely closes his sentences with an emphatic cadence, the suspension of his tone, leading you to expect a suspension of the sense. His costume was characteristic, betraying no deference to fashion, and adopted for convenience rather than beauty. It was a long gray robe, sometimes like a surtout, reaching from the chin to the feet, closely buttoned and giving the impression of an inmate of a mediæval religious house.

The conversation of Mr. Carlyle, like that of Coleridge, as his visitors have frequently remarked, is principally in monologue. This appears to arise not so much from indifference to his guests as from absorption in his theme. He talks like one of Goethe's demonic men who "is taken possession of by some superior force, and speaks only as the spirit gives him utterance. You listen to him as to a wierd and mighty power of Nature, and would no more think of interrupting him than of staying the course of the whirlwind or of arresting the current of Niagara. He leaps from point to point, as the lightning on the Alps, not from wilfulness, but because he is borne along by the winding at his "own sweet will," but hurled like lava from a volcano. His discourse presents a strange agglomeration of wisdom, humor, pathos, kindly sentiments, bitter antipathies, profound sayings, curious fantasies, trophetic announcements, indignant protests, all mingled in a many-colored texture, and clothed in a sparkling torrent of unctuous words. He seems to take a secret delight in his own thoughts and fancies, as if they had struck him for the first time, and sometimes chuckles over them with a burst of unearthly laughter, as if he had just heard them from some spirit in the air. His fits of glee are almost uncouth in their vehemence, though assuming no ludicrous phase in their character. The tone of irony which pervades his writings gives equal pungency to his conversation. It is doubtless the natural expression of his intense earnestness of feeling, which can only find sufficient vent in persiflage and extravagance. On this account, Mr. Carlyle is often misunderstood. In listening to his talk you must constantly keep in mind the intention of the speaker, without putting a too literal construction on his words. Nor can you hold him to a rigid account, as you would a man who expresses himself with more deliberate purpose, and whose words are the symbols of his will. Mr. Carlyle gives you little idea of a conscious personality, subject to the control of reason, and acting from choice and volition; he seems rather some grand pantheistic force urged onward by its own laws, with which expression is identical with existence.

In my interview with him he spoke with warm affectionate feeling of his old American friends, especially of R. W. Emerson and Henry James, whom he always remembered with love. Emerson he alludes in a tender and high words with the latter for his inclination to transcendental speculation. I doubt whether Carlyle's mind is able to comprehend the philosophic depth of Mr. James, and it is no wonder that he would get a little angry at seeing his friend plunge into fields and forests which to him were nothing but thorny and desert wildernesses. Of the personal traits which so strongly attach each of those distinguished men to the circle of their acquaintance, he spoke not only with hearty admiration, but with enthusiasm. The admiration of America, I am bound to acknowledge, was discounted on my side in terms less remarkable for flattery than for force. "As sure as the Lord reigns," said he, "you are rushing down to hell with desperate velocity. The scum of the world has got possession of your country, and nothing can save you from the devil's clutches. Not, perhaps," cried he, raising his voice to its shrillest notes, "a hell burning with material fire and brimstone, but the whole weltering fiery chaos of corruption in high places, and the mutiny of the people, in your republic time! The signs of it follow in the train, and is even now on the brink of the infernal precipice — and hell below." Of course I could make no reply to these "prophetic sounds so full of woe," but waited in serene silence for the tempest to pass over. He soon subsided into a more genial humor, discoursed blandly and wisely on many topics of common interest, was in no haste to break off the conversation, and it was not until after several attempts on my part to take leave that he followed me into his attic. He seemed loth to leave the house, where I could see that he was wont to smoke his evening pipe, and I succeeded in bidding him farewell.

Mr. Carlyle's life for the most part is one of retirement and quiet. He rarely, if ever, mingles in general society. His circle of friends is small, though of the best. Those who know him the most intimately speak with ardor of his high and noble traits of character. His grim exterior conceals a sound and kindly heart. His intellectual activity is wonderful. Though past the term of three-score years and ten, he still labors with the assiduity of an ambitious college student. The evangel of work, of which he has always been the fiery-tongued apostle, has a living illustration in his example. With all the energy with which he has waged the perennial battle with illusion and "sham," the lesson he has so wisely taught and bravely exemplified, to perform the duty which lies nearest at hand, will perhaps be remembered as his chief service to the race.

From other letters of the series we reprint the following sketches, as examples of interesting but discreet personal description, as well as of critical power:

JOHN BRIGHT.

A letter of introduction from an intimate personal friend of Mr. Bright in New-York procured me a cordial invitation to visit him at his private London lodgings. His family remain at their country residence during the greater part of the season, and, with his simple habits, he does not indulge in the luxury of a house in town. Accompanied by a gentleman, who has the *entrée* to his rooms at all times, I selected an early hour for an interview, and found the illustrious statesman at his quiet and solitary breakfast, though several visitors dropped in before the completion of the repast. Nothing could exceed the unpretending modesty of his establishment, unless it was the frank dignity of his manners. It was an impressive scene to behold a man who had wielded such a vast power over the politics of Great Britain in an environment which reminded me of the historical sketches of the Spartan simplicity in the domestic life of Samuel Adams in the days of the Revolution. The personal appearance of Mr. Bright is pretty faithfully represented in the familiar photographs. His countenance bears the impress of benevolence and sincerity. It is entirely free from pretension. With the repose of expression, which is comparatively rare in American features, his face indicates intellectual alertness, as well as a certain depth of sentiment, which is not always preserved amid the wear and tear of a long political career. No one who sees Mr. Bright, and who understands the art of reading the character in the features, can doubt his integrity and goodness of heart. He shows no traces of the wily shrewdness which is often deemed essential to success in statesmanship and diplomacy, but with no lack of sagacity or ready resource, his transparent candor is no less remarkable than his brilliant eloquence. Judging from his countenance and his bearing, I should set him down as a man who would naturally love flowers and little children and good women. I should not wonder even if his Quaker education had still left a place in his soul for the enchantments of music. Certainly I never heard more sweet and harmonious tones from flute or organ than from his finely modulated voice. I will not pretend to give you a report of his conversation, even if I could do so without violating the decorum of the familiar interview with which I was honored. I will only say that it was singularly unaffected, facile, and impressive. His words flowed like a river of oil, sparkling with golden sands, and often tempered by a vein of spicy humor, showing a rich and generous nature. I was struck with some of his remarks on the natural tendency to order and quiet, as age advances, and may make this slight allusion to them as the expression of a practised statesman somewhat in contrast with his public career: "The longer I live," said he, "I am more and more disposed to seek some point where progress is not necessary." He illustrated this idea at length, showing that it was not the whim of a statesman weary with the claims of reform, but the utterance of a sage who had wisely decided on the value of different purposes in life.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

On the following Sunday I heard Mr. Martineau in his own pulpit, and was even more impressed than before with the magnetic charm with which he holds his audience, though utterly free from the excitement of artifice, though utterly free from the excitement of artificial oratory. His chapel is a low, small building, in an obscure street, with no adornments of architecture or upholstery. It reminded me somewhat of the old-fashioned country meeting-houses in New-England in which our grandmothers shivered under the preaching of the Gospel in Winter, and slept sweetly under its drowsy tones in Summer. The music, however, is excellent, and has evidently been organized by a skilful hand for definite effect. The little congregation had mostly assembled before Mr. Martineau made his appearance. He wore a black robe, more like a student's gown than a clergyman's surplice, and ascended the aisle with a grave and modest step. His countenance exhibits a strange union of sweetness and austerity. In some of its lines it resembles the portrait of St. John, while its general expression betrays the vigils of the laborious scholar. His features, however, indicate the habitual abstraction of the thinker rather than the toil of studious research, and are remarkably free from all touch of age. In fact he looks at least ten years younger than he is. In not much by any youthful freshness of form or coloring as by the air of saintly repose which marks his presence. The occasion was one to him of deep personal interest, and forbade anything but the simplest utterance of earnest feeling. It was the Sunday after the funeral of his bosom friend, the Rev. John James Taylor, who had died the previous week in a ripe old age, leaving a memory equally fragrant with the tender graces of a beautiful character and the perfume of an exquisite and admirable scholarship. He had been a fellow-worker with Mr. Martineau for many years, connected by the tie of common studies and of practical efforts for human good. His literary culture was of the choicest nature, and though he has left no large work as an illustration of his genius, his name is familiar to English and American scholars, especially of the past generation, by several minor product