

and objective historian. There is no moralizing and no striving for dramatic effect; the purpose is simply to trace and explain the development and character of a very remarkable institution, whose real nature is to be seen in its normal operations rather than in the sensational episodes of its history, and whose significance lies "not so much in the awful solemnities of the *auto da fe*, or in the cases of a few celebrated victims, as in the silent influence exercised by its incessant and secret labors among the mass of the people and in the limitations which it placed upon the Spanish intellect."

The amount of detail which this method of treatment involves will to some appear excessive, but it is only in concrete detail that the actual workings of institutions can be understood, and it is refreshing to have at hand a substantial amount of definite fact in a field where previous writers have given us so much passionate and unsupported generalization. Moreover, it is impossible to cut deep into a subject like the Inquisition without throwing light on many other sides of Spanish history. Thus, a careful examination of the correspondence of Ferdinand the Catholic with the officials of the Inquisition not only shows his minute control of every department of the Government and his anxiety to lose nothing of the confiscated property of the condemned, but also reveals "an innate sense of justice wholly unexpected in a monarch who ranked next to Cesar Borgia in the estimation of Machiavelli." The rare appearance of Isabella's name in this correspondence leads Mr. Lea to "the conviction that her share in the administration of her kingdom has been exaggerated." There are also interesting illustrations of the anarchy of mediæval Castile, the struggles of Crown and Cortes, the character of the bureaucracy, and the system of taxation. The appendix contains a list of tribunals and inquisitors-general, and a brief account of the intricacies of Spanish coinage, as well as a number of interesting documents.

AN ENLIGHTENED SPIRIT.

The Journal of Latrobe: Being the Notes and Sketches of an Architect, Naturalist, and Traveller in the United States from 1796 to 1820. By Benjamin Henry Latrobe, Architect of the Capitol at Washington. With an introduction by J. H. B. Latrobe. D. Appleton & Co. 1905.

This is a remarkably comely and restrained filial memorial to a man who deserves to be remembered professionally and for his own high qualities. Latrobe was born, presumably in England, about 1767; there is no precise statement of place or date, and the particulars of his transatlantic life are very meagre. His father, of Huguenot stock, was a Moravian clergyman; his mother was a Pennsylvanian of a family well known to Gen. Washington. He himself was educated in Yorkshire and at Leipzig on the eve of the French Revolution, whose generous principles he imbibed without fanaticism. His draughtsmanship was precocious, and he was well advanced in the practice of architecture when the death of his first wife depressed his spirits and determined him to remove to America. There is no certain knowledge of the works he left behind him.

He landed in Norfolk, Va., and it would appear that he never visited the country east of the Delaware. He resided by turns in Richmond, Philadelphia, Washington, Pittsburgh, Baltimore, and finally New Orleans, where he died in 1820. In the twenty-four years thus occupied he had built a penitentiary for Richmond, the Bank of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia, the Baltimore Exchange and Cathedral (this still unfinished, except as regards the interior), with many other minor edifices, and had furnished Philadelphia and New Orleans with water works. Above all, having been in 1803 made Surveyor of Public Buildings in Washington, he had rescued the new Capitol from its deplorable beginnings and reared the best-known monument to himself. Of architecture, nevertheless, there is all too little in this volume. He says of his craft (p. 147):

"The architect, indeed, requires all the imagination of the painter. The building exists in his mind before it is sketched upon paper; and if the operation of design is the same in other heads as mine, arrangement, construction, and decoration are attained so simultaneously that I seldom materially change the design first elaborated."

Other personal indications are his preference for the French arrangement of domestic interiors by which rooms freely become thoroughfares, as contrasted with "the detestable, lopsided London house, in which a common passage and stairs acts as a common sewer to all the necessities of the dwelling" and forbids equable heating (p. 187). And again (p. 140): "I would never put a cupola on any spherical dome. It is not the ornament, it is the use that I want." He says (p. 54) of Mrs. Radcliffe that she is particularly successful in descriptions of buildings, "though I once endeavored to plan the Castle of Udolpho from her account of it and found it impossible." Robert Morris's folly, the huge unfinished pile constructed upon L'Enfant's carefully secreted plans, equally baffled him. "It is impossible to decide which of the two is the madder, the architect or his employer. Both of them have been ruined by it" (p. 92). Eight years later, in Washington, "daily through the city stalks, the picture of famine, L'Enfant and his dog. The plan of the city is probably his, though others claim it" (p. 133). Latrobe's criticism of Thornton's plan for the national Capitol, of which no drawings existed, is (p. 115): "To speak plainly, the design was evidently the production of a man wholly ignorant of architecture, having brilliant ideas, but possessing neither the knowledge necessary for the execution nor the capacity to methodize and combine the various parts of a public work." His son tells us that when he had received the commission to build the Bank of Pennsylvania there was no book procurable in this country to which to refer for the proportions of the orders. The Journal fitly closes with his observation of two French officers looking at this building without saying a word. "After some time one of them exclaimed several times, 'C'est si beau, et si simple!' He said no more, and stood for a few minutes longer before he walked away with his companion. I do not recollect distinctly anything that has happened that has given me so much particular satisfaction."

The Journal is the production of a gentleman of breeding, liberal education, tone, humor, democratic instincts, and sobriety of living. He was, for example, a water-drinker, and had every reason to be shocked in his fastidiousness by the coarse manners prevalent in his day at the South; but he records it all without disgust. He discusses the question, raised by a cultivated Italian traveller, "Do you think the Virginians really hospitable?" quite philosophically and in extenuation of "us Virginians." He had a taste of Washington's hospitality on a visit to Mt. Vernon in 1797, a valuable record. The ex-President "laughed heartily several times in a very good-humored manner." Eleanor Custis was a dream of beauty (she is delineated as a figure on a Grecian vase); young Lafayette rather awkward in his build. Latrobe's being consulted as to the regulations and by-laws of the Charlestown (Va.) Academy draws from him an elaborate comment editorially mislabelled, "Thoughts on National System of Education." Noticeable here is his objection not to teaching the classics, but to giving them the preference over everything, and his humane protest against flogging.

New Orleans is the main rubric of the Journal, and it is hard to refrain from quoting Latrobe's many graphic "impressions" regarding the inhabitants and their ways (in 1818), and his broadminded observations on Sabbatarianism, cremation, yellow fever, etc. We shall, however, conclude this notice with his unpremeditated reflections on slavery, in which he speaks as an American or even as a Virginian. It is true, he wrote after ten days' acquaintance with the city and its exemplification of the "peculiar institution," though the Rev. Amasa Converse, D. D., a Northern man with Southern and secessionist principles, laid down the law to the Rev. Albert Barnes, D. D., that no one was qualified to write on slavery who had not lived at least five years in a slaveholding community. Still, here is what Latrobe sets down of the creoles and their reputation for extreme cruelty (p. 182):

"In going into Davis's ball-room and looking around the brilliant circle of ladies, it is impossible to imagine that any one of the fair, mild, and somewhat languid faces could express any feeling but of kindness and humanity. And yet several, I had almost said many, of these soft beauties had themselves handled the cow-skin with a sort of savage pleasure, and those soft eyes had looked on the tortures of their slaves, inflicted by their orders, with satisfaction, while they had coolly prescribed the dose of infliction, the measure of which should stop short of the life of their property."

The contrast haunts him, for, after cataloguing some atrocious cases, one on the part of his own landlady—"Madame Tremoulet, why should I conceal the name of such a termagant?"—while he was a guest in her hotel, he recurs to that ballroom on Washington's birthday (p. 184):

"All pale, languid, and mild. I fancied that I saw a cow-skin in every pretty hand, gracefully waved in the dance; and admired the comparative awkwardness of look and motion of my countrywomen, whose arms had never been rendered pliant by the exercise of the whip upon the bound and screaming slaves."

But Latrobe was, if not unjust to the creoles, too lenient to his adopted countrywomen. In "American Slavery As It Is"

(1839), at page 23, one may read Miss Sarah M. Grimké's unimpeachable Southern aristocratic testimony to this effect:

"A punishment dreaded more by the slaves than whipping, unless it is unusually severe, is one which was invented by a female acquaintance of mine in Charleston—I heard her say so with much satisfaction. It is standing on one foot and holding the other in the hand. Afterwards it was improved upon, and a strap was contrived to fasten around the ankle and pass around the neck, so that the least weight of the foot resting on the strap would choke the person. . . . I heard this same woman say that she had the ears of her waiting-maid *shut* for some petty theft. This she told me in the presence of the girl, who was standing in the room. She often had the helpless victims of her cruelty severely whipped, not scrupling herself to wield the instrument of torture, and with her own hands inflict severe chastisement. Her husband was less inhuman than his wife, but he was often goaded on by her to acts of great severity."

In the following acute generalization Latrobe is again too narrow in confining its application to creoles (p. 204):

"Servants who are slaves are always treated with more familiarity than hirelings; probably because if you indulge and behave familiarly to a hireling, you cannot, if he presume upon it, correct him as you correct a slave, and make him feel his inferiority by corporal punishment. Therefore we find cruelty and confidence, cowhiding and caressing, perfectly in accord with one another among the creoles of this place and their slaves."

If we needed any excuse for these extracts it would be found in the old taunt (still echoing), "Why don't you go South and see for yourself?" We know what condition is suppressed: "but [in the parlance of the photographer's studio] 'look pleasant.'" Latrobe went unbidden to the South, lived in the South, without bias. He did not "look pleasant" at slavery. What weight will the Southern mind attach to his testimony?

The numerous charming sketches from Latrobe's brush sprinkled through his Journal are the best sort of historical annals, and illustrate natural scenery and the works of man from the Wissahickon to the Balize. A few thumb-nail pen-and-ink portraits, of marked felicity—Edmund Randolph, Patrick Henry, Washington—make us long for more. On the other hand, a book so beautifully and generously made, with large type and unglazed paper, is painfully marred by faulty proofreading. The worst instance (p. 247) results in this unintelligible characterization: "Chateaubriand, the *disgrace* of eloquence and of talents." In fine, this work, whose entertaining and instructive quality we have but faintly suggested, should find an honored place in every library.

HOW OUGHT HISTORY TO BE TAUGHT AT A UNIVERSITY?

A Plea for the Historical Teaching of History: An Inaugural Lecture delivered by C. H. Firth, on November 9, 1904. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde, 1905.

Inaugural Lecture on the Study of History, Delivered on Wednesday, February 7, 1906, by Charles Oman. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: H. Frowde, 1906.

Professor Firth and Professor Oman are two of the most eminent among Oxford teachers. They have each given a reply

to the above question. It is well worth while to set aside for a moment matters of detail which concern only the mechanism of historical teaching at Oxford, and to consider what is the answer provided by two distinguished historians to an inquiry which assuredly ought to be of interest to the universities of America no less than to those of England. There is the more reason for doing this because readers who compare the inaugural lecture of Mr. Oman with the inaugural lecture of Mr. Firth are likely to imagine (erroneously, as we are convinced) that a very marked difference means something like distinct opposition, and that two men equally devoted to historical study utterly disagree as to the mode in which history should be taught.

Professor Firth obviously considers that the main object of historical teaching at a great university is the preparation of students for the work of historians. It is quite certain, he insists, and no one can doubt, with perfect truth, that our future historians need special training. In the attempt to ascertain and to draw the proper inferences from the events of the past, or, to use Professor Firth's expression, "to reduce superabundant facts into order, to show their connection with each other and to distinguish the true statement from the false," an historical student needs special training quite as much as does a youth bent upon learning medicine or law or divinity or any other branch of liberal knowledge. It is also certain that this special training is not at present provided at the old English universities. The result seems inevitably to follow that "it is the business of the Professors of History and the University teachers of the subject . . . to provide this in Oxford; *the professional training of historians is our proper function.*"

The words we have italicized contain the true gist of his inaugural address. Nor can any impartial judge doubt that the principle on which he insists is of the very highest value. In the sphere of history, as elsewhere, special and technical knowledge has acquired a new importance. It becomes, therefore, a matter of necessity that a university which fulfils its duty should supply for any man who intends to make the object of his life the ascertainment of historical truth, the discipline essential for the attainment of his purpose. We may go a step further and agree with Professor Firth that Oxford has some special advantages for successfully performing a duty which the University does not at present adequately discharge. The distinction between College tutors and University professors has its evils. No one can fail to see that the relation between the two needs readjustment; but no man who acknowledges, as we unreservedly do, the immense debt owed by the University to the collegiate teachers can doubt that the distinction between College instruction and University teaching might lead to a very beneficial division of work. This division might leave to the historical professors, as their special task, the training of men who wished to become themselves historians. Then, too, the intimate relation between teacher and student which is the essential merit of the College system, might also characterize the relation between the professor and the students whom he trained as specialists. Nor can one

keep out of view the consideration that the historical character of the old English seats of learning and of English institutions generally does excite, as it ought to excite, among many undergraduates and graduates special interest in history. To bring the matter home to our own public, we ask whether they can doubt that, if Oxford provided an elaborate training in historical research, England would supply a better school for the training of American inquirers interested in the past of the whole English people than could, for them, be created at Paris or at any of the universities of Germany? If this inquiry be answered as we are convinced it must be, then the doctrine preached by Mr. Firth ought to be hailed with enthusiasm by every American citizen who wishes to join the noble group of historians who form one of the glories of the English-speaking people. For what Mr. Firth maintains is this, not that every man who learns history should be a specialist, but that every man who wishes to become a specialist should find at Oxford the needful instruction. To put his point in plain terms: men who have taken their degrees, or perhaps do not mean to take a degree at all, should receive at Oxford a training at least as good as anything which they can acquire at Paris or Berlin.

Professor Oman, who may seem at first to contradict, will be found, if his lecture be carefully studied, in reality not to oppose but to supplement the doctrine of Mr. Firth. He looks at the matter, no doubt, from a very different point of view. He, rightly enough, perceives what, by the way, Mr. Firth never for a moment denies—the great virtues of the tutorial system. He recognizes a fact which is often overlooked by zealous reformers, that no system of teaching can flourish which does not meet the wants of the learners; and this general truth is in a very particular sense applicable to the universities of England. There are, indeed, far too many men who come there to have a good time and to enjoy the natural and in themselves innocent pleasures of vigorous youth; but with these men we need not for the moment concern ourselves. Teachers at a university must in the main devote their powers to the benefit of students who wish, or whose parents wish them, to receive training in something better than rowing, football, and cricket. But even when we have eliminated the men whose object in coming to Oxford or Cambridge is not the development of their intellectual talents, we must still draw a distinction between two views of this sort of moral or intellectual instruction which a university should provide for its true students.

The fact "that must be faced is, that [Oxford] is a Place of Education as well as a Place of Research"—these words strike the real keynote of Professor Oman's inaugural address. They deserve, as they will receive, careful attention. It is often, as the Professor admits, most difficult to correlate these two functions of general education and special research; but in any case "there remains the obvious fact that we are confronted by a large body of young men who have to be educated, and that the larger proportion of them are intended for careers for which no technical-schools curriculum exists." Of this body a very small proportion indeed are destined in the