ing this time the males go in search of the females, and are exceedingly fierce and dangerous. The period of gestation extends a few days beyond eight months, and the hind usually produces a single calf. The stag is remarkably shy and wary, and its sense of smell is exceedingly acute. In former times it was hunted with horse, hound, and horn, and such is still the practice in Devonshire and in Ireland, but in Scotland the old method has been superseded by "stalking." A full grown stag stands about 4 feet high at the shoulders; its fur in summer is of a reddish-brown colour with a yellowish-white patch on the buttocks, in winter the fur is much thicker and of a grayish brown.

The Wapiti Deer (*Cervus canadensis*) may be regarded as the representative of the stag in North America. It stands, however, a foot higher, and bears correspondingly heavier antlers. It occurs chiefly in Canada, where it feeds on grass and the young shoots of the willow and poplar. It has gained the reputation of being the most stupid of the cervine family, but this may have partly arisen from the peculiar noise it makes, corresponding to the "belling" of the stag, but in its case resembling very much the braying of an ass. Its flesh is coarse, and is held in little estimation by the Indians, owing to the excessive hardness of the fat. It thrives well in Britain, and would probably have been introduced had its venison been better.

The Fallow Deer (*Dama vulgaris*), a species semi-domesticated in Britain, where it forms a principal ornament in parks, still occurs wild in Western Asia, North Africa, and Sardinia, and in prehistoric times appears to have abounded throughout Northern and Central Europe. It stands 3 feet high at the shoulders, and its antlers, which are cylindrical at the base, become palmated towards the extremity, the palmation showing itself in the third year, and the antlers reaching their full growth in the sixth. The fur is of a yellowish-brown colour (whence the name "fallow"), marked with white spots; there is, however, a uniformly brown variety found in Britain, and said to have been brought by James I. from Norway on account of its hardiness. The two varieties are said by Darwin to have been long kept together in the Forest of Dean, but have never been known to mingle. The bucks and does live apart except during the pairing season, and the doe produces one or two, and sometimes three fawns at a birth. They are exceedingly fond of music, and a herd of twenty bucks were, it is said, brought from Yorkshire to Hampton Court, led by music from a bagpipe and violin. They feed on herbage, and are particularly fond of horse chestnuts, which the males endeavour to procure by striking at the branches with their antlers.

The Roe Deer (*Capreolus capra*) is the smallest of the British *Cervidæ*, a full-grown buck standing not more than 26 inches high at the shoulders. The antlers are short, upright, and deeply furrowed, and differ from those of the preceding species in the absence of a basal "tine." The horns, in this, as well as in the other members of the deer family, are largely employed in the manufacture of handles for cutlery, and the parings from these were formerly used in the preparation of ammonia, hence the name hartshorn still applied to that substance. The Roe Deer inhabits southern and temperate Europe as far east as Syria, where it frequents woods, preferring such as have a large growth of underwood, and are in the neighbourhood of cultivated ground. This it visits in the evening in search of food; and where roes are numerous, the damage done to growing crops is considerable. In going to and from their feeding grounds they invariably follow the same track, and the sportsman takes advantage of this habit to waylay them. In hunting the roe the woods are driven by beaters, and they are shot down, as they speed along the accustomed paths, by the ambushed hunter. The species was until recently supposed to be monogamous, pairing in December, and the period of gestation only extending over five months. This supposition arose from the fact that the fœtus in the doe was never found till January, and that then it was but slightly developed, although the sexes were known to seek the society of each other in July and August. From the investigations of Professor Bischoff of Giessen it appears that the true rutting season of the Roe Deer is in July and August; but that the ovum lies dormant until December, when it begins to develop in the normal way; the period of gestation is thus extended to nearly nine months. It was formerly abundant in all the wooded parts of Great Britain, but was gradually driven out, until in Pennant's time it did not occur south of Perthshire. Since then the increase of plantations has led to its partial restoration in the south of Scotland and north of England. It takes readily to the water, and has been known to swim across lochs more than half a mile in breadth.

The Elk or Moose Deer (*Alces malchis*) is the largest of living *Cervidæ*, its shoulders being higher than those of the horse. Its head measures 2 feet in length, and its antlers, which are broadly palmated, often weigh from 50 to 60 ℔; the neck is consequently short and stout. It is covered with a thick coarse fur of a brownish colour, longest on the neck and throat. Its legs are long, and it is thus unable to feed close to the ground—for which reason it browses on the tops of low plants, the leaves of trees, and the tender shoots of the willow and birch. Its antlers attain their full length by the fifth year, but in after years they increase in breadth and in the number of branches, until fourteen of these are produced. Although spending a large part of their lives in forests they do not appear to suffer much inconvenience from the great expanse of their antlers. In making their way among trees, the horns are carried horizontally to prevent entanglement with the branches, and so skilful is the elk that "he will not break or touch a dead twig when walking quietly." His usual pace, according to Lloyd (*Field Sports*), is a shambling trot; but when frightened he goes at a tremendous gallop. The elk is a shy and timorous creature, fleeing at the sight of man. This timidity, however, forsakes the male at the rutting season, and he will then attack whatever animal comes in his way. The antlers and hoofs are his principal weapons, and with a single blow from the latter he has been known to kill a wolf. In North America the moose is tormented in the hot season by mosquitoes, and it is when rendered furious by the attacks of those insects that it can be most readily approached. The female seldom gives birth to more than two fawns, and with these she retires into the deepest recesses of the forest, the young remaining with her till their third year. The elk ranges over the whole of Northern Europe and Asia, as far south as East Prussia, the Caucasus, and North China, and over North America from the New England States westward to British Columbia. It was formerly common in the forests of Germany and France, and is still found in some parts of Sweden and Norway, where it is strictly protected. The elk, according to Lloyd, is easily domesticated, and was at one time employed in Sweden in drawing sledges. During winter it is frequently seen alone, but in summer and autumn it may be met with in small herds. In summer also it frequents morasses and low grounds, and takes readily to the water; in winter it retires to the shelter of the forests, where alone it can find suitable sustenance. Its flesh is considered excellent, and its tongue and nose are regarded as delicacies.

The Reindeer (*Tarandus rangifer*), the only domesticated species of deer, has a range somewhat similar to the elk, extending over the entire boreal region of both hemispheres, from Greenland and Spitzbergen in the north to New

Brunswick in the south. There are several well-marked varieties differing greatly in size, and in the form of the antlers—the largest forms occurring furthest north; while by many writers the American reindeer, which has never been domesticated, is regarded as a distinct species. The antlers, which are long and branching, and considerably palmated, are present in both sexes, although in the female they are more slender and less branched than in the males. In the latter they appear at a much earlier age than in any other species of deer, and Darwin conjectures that in this circumstance a key to their exceptional appearance in the female may be found. The reindeer has long been domesticated in Scandinavia, and is of indispensable importance to the Lapland race, to whom it serves at once as a substitute for the horse, cow, sheep, and goat. As a beast of burden it is capable of drawing a weight of 300 ℔, while its fleetness and endurance are still more remarkable. Harnessed to a sledge it will travel without difficulty 100 miles a day over the frozen snow, its broad and deeply cleft hoofs being admirably adapted for travelling over such a surface. During summer the Lapland reindeer feeds chiefly on the young shoots of the willow and birch; and as at this season migration to the coast seems necessary to the well-being of the species, the Laplander, with his family and herds, sojourns for several months in the neighbourhood of the sea. In winter its food consists chiefly of the reindeer moss and other lichens, which it makes use of its hoofs in seeking for beneath the snow. The wild reindeer grows to a much greater size than the tame breed, but in Northern Europe the former are being gradually reduced through the natives entrapping and domesticating them. The tame breed found in Northern Asia is much larger than the Lapland form, and is there used to ride on. There are two distinct varieties of the American reindeer—the Barren Ground Caribou, and the Woodland Caribou. The former, which is the larger and more widely distributed of the two, frequents in summer the shores of the Arctic Sea, retiring to the woods in autumn to feed on the tree and other lichens. The latter occupies a very limited tract of woodland country, and, unlike the Barren Ground form, migrates southward in spring. The American reindeers travel in great herds, and being both unsuspicious and curious they fall ready victims to the bow and arrow or the cunning snare of the Indian, to whom their carcases form the chief source of food, clothing, tents, and tools. Remains of the reindeer are found in caves and other Post-Pliocene deposits as far south as the south of France, this boreal species having been enabled to spread over Southern Europe, owing to the access of cold during the glacial period. It appears to have continued to exist in Scotland down even to the 12th century.

The Muntjac (*Cervulus vaginalis*) has its two pronged horns placed on permanent bony pedestals 3 inches in length, and the male is further furnished with long canines in the upper jaw. It is a native of Java, where it may occasionally be seen in the inclosures of Europeans, but, according to Dr Horsfield, it is impatient of confinement, and not fit for the same degree of domestication as the stag. Its flesh forms excellent venison. There are four species of muntjacs inhabiting the forest districts from India to China, and southward to Java and the Philippine Islands.

The Musk Deer (*Moschus moschiferus*) differs from the true deer in the absence of horns, and in the presence of the musk-bag, and is now usually regarded as the type of a distinct family—*Moschidæ*. The young, however, are spotted as in the *Cervidæ*, and it is doubtful whether the differences already mentioned are sufficient to warrant its separation from the other deer. Canine teeth are present in the upper and lower jaws of both sexes, those in the upper jaw of the male being longest. It is a native of the highlands of Central Asia from the Himalayas to Peking, being found at an elevation of 8000 feet, and in its habit resembling such mountain species as the chamois. It is exceedingly shy and difficult of approach, and is hunted solely for its musk—an unctuous brown secretion, possessing a most penetrating and enduring odour, extremely disagreeable when present in large quantities, but forming a pleasant perfume when used sparingly. The substance is contained in a bag, almost the size of a hen's egg, situated on the abdomen, and secreted in greatest quantity during the rutting season. The hunters cut off the bag, and close the opening, and after drying, it is ready for sale.

Fossil Deer.—Remains of many extinct species of deer belonging to existing genera have been found in Post-Pliocene and other recent deposits; while the remains of extinct genera occur in both hemispheres, but do not extend further back than the Upper Miocene. The deer family, so far as yet discovered, is thus of comparatively recent origin, and is probably, as Mr Wallace suggests, an Old World group, which during the Miocene period passed to North America and subsequently to the southern continent. The best preserved species of fossil deer is the gigantic Irish Elk (*Cervus megaceros*). It is not a true elk, but is intermediate between the fallow deer and reindeer, and is found in great abundance and perfection in the lake deposits of Ireland. It occurs also in the Isle of Man, in Scotland, and in some of the English caverns. The antlers of a specimen of this species in Dublin weigh about 80 ℔, and their span is twice that of the living elk. It appears to have been contemporaneous with the extinct mammoth and rhinoceros, but it is still doubtful whether it co-existed with man. In Kent's Hole, near Torquay, the base of an antler, partly gnawed, was found; and this, according to Owen, probably belonged to the most gigantic of our English cervine animals. (J. GI.)

DEFAMATION, saying or writing something of another, calculated to injure his reputation or expose him to public hatred, contempt, and ridicule. See LIBEL and SLANDER.

DEFENDER OF THE FAITH (*Fidei Defensor*), a peculiar title belonging to the sovereign of England, in the same way that *Catholicus* belongs to the king of Spain, and *Christianissimus* to the king of France. Although certain charters have been appealed to in proof of an earlier use of the title, it appears to have been first conferred by Leo. X. on Henry VIII. in 1521 for writing against Luther. It was afterwards confirmed by Clement VII. When Henry suppressed the religious houses at the time of the Reformation, the Pope not only deprived him of this designation, but also deposed him; in the thirty-fifth year of his reign, however, the title of "Defender of the Faith" was confirmed by Parliament, and has continued to be used by all his successors on the English throne.

DEFFAND, MARIA DE VICHY-CHAMROND, MARQUISE DU (1697–1780), a celebrated leader in the fashionable literary society of Paris during the greater part of the 18th century, was born in Burgundy of a noble family in 1697. Educated at a convent in Paris, she there displayed, along with great intelligence, the sceptical and cynical turn of mind which so well suited the part she was afterwards to fill in the philosophical circles of Paris. Her parents, alarmed at the freedom of her views, arranged that Massillon should visit and reason with her, but this seems to have had little effect. They married her at twenty-one years of age to the Marquis du Deffand without consulting her inclination. The union proved an unhappy one, and resulted in a speedy separation. Madame du Deffand, young and beautiful, did not, according to the common belief, succeed in keeping herself uncontaminated by the abounding vice of the age, and it is said that she was for

a time the mistress of the regent. She was afterwards reconciled to her husband, but it proved impossible for them to live together, and a second and final separation took place. Without heart and without enthusiasm, Madame du Deffand was incapable of any strong attachment, but her intelligence, her cynicism, and her *esprit* made her the centre of attraction to a circle which included nearly all the famous philosophers and literary men in Paris, besides not a few distinguished visitors from abroad. In 1752 she became blind, and soon afterwards she took up her abode in apartments in the convent of St Joseph in the Rue St Dominique, which had a separate entrance from the street. This became the frequent resort of such men as Choiseul, Boufflers, Montesquieu, Voltaire, D'Alembert, David Hume, and Horace Walpole. In 1764 the society was split into two parties by the defection of her companion Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, who took with her D'Alembert and several others. Madame du Deffand had most affinity of nature with Horace Walpole, who paid several visits to Paris expressly for the purpose of enjoying her society, and who maintained a close and most interesting correspondence with her for fifteen years. She died on the 24th September 1780. Of her innumerable witty sayings probably the best, and certainly the best known, is her remark on the Cardinal de Polignac's account of St Denis's miraculous walk of two miles with his head in his hands,—"Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte."

The correspondence of Madame du Deffand with D'Alembert, Henault, Montesquieu, and others was published at Paris in 1809. Her letters to Horace Walpole, edited, with a biographical sketch, by Miss Berry, were published at London from the originals in Strawberry Hill in 1810.

DEFOE, Daniel (1661–1731), was born in London in the year 1661, in the parish of St Giles, Cripplegate. Neither the exact date nor place of his birth is known, nor is his baptism recorded, probably because he was of a nonconformist family. Hardly anything is known of his ancestors; his grandfather, Daniel Foe, is said to have been a squire or wealthy yeoman at Elton, in Huntingdonshire (not Northamptonshire, as more generally stated), and to have kept a pack of hounds; but the authority for the former statement seems to be mainly traditional, and for the latter we have merely an anecdote in one of Defoe's newspaper articles, which is at least as likely to have been fiction as fact. Attempts have been made, but merely fancifully, to trace the name to Vaux, Fawkes, or even Devereux. As to the variation Defoe or Foe it is to be noticed that its owner signed either indifferently till a late period of his life, and that his initials where they occur are sometimes D. F. and sometimes D. D. F. Mr Lee's conjecture, that the later form originated in his being called Mr D. Foe to distinguish him from his father, seems not unlikely. It may be added that three autograph letters of his are extant, all addressed in 1705 to the same person, and signed respectively D. Foe, de Foe, and Daniel Defoe.

James Foe, the father of the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, was a butcher and a citizen of London. Of his mother nothing is known. Daniel was chiefly educated at a famous dissenting academy, Mr Morton's of Stoke Newington, where many of the celebrated nonconformists of the time were brought up. It is noteworthy that one of his school-fellows suggested the unusual name of Crusoe. In after life Defoe frequently asserted the sufficiency of his education and the excellence of the methods observed by his teacher. Judging from his writings his stock of general information must have been far larger than that of most regularly educated men of his day; but it is probable that his attainments were in no particular line very exquisite or profound. With very few exceptions all the known events of Defoe's life are connected with authorship. In the older catalogues of his works two pamphlets, *Speculum Crapegownorum* (a satire on the clergy) and *A Treatise against the Turks*, are attributed to him before the accession of James II., but there seems to be no publication of his which is certainly genuine before *The Character of Dr Annesley*, the family minister, published in 1697. He had, however, before this (if we may trust tradition) played an active part in public affairs. He had taken up arms in Monmouth's expedition, and is supposed to have owed his lucky escape from the clutches of the king's troops and the law, into which not a few of his school-fellows fell, to the fact of his being a Londoner, and therefore a stranger in the west country. On January 26, 1688, he was admitted a liveryman of the city of London, having claimed his freedom by birth. Since his western escapade he had taken to the business of wholesale hosiery. At the entry of William and Mary into London he is said to have served as a volunteer trooper "gallantly mounted and richly accoutred." In these days he lived at Tooting, and was instrumental in forming a dissenting congregation at that place. His business operations at this period appear to have been extensive and various. He would seem both now and later to have been a sort of commission merchant, especially in Spanish and Portuguese goods, and at some time or other he visited Spain on business. Later we hear him spoken of as "a civet-cat merchant," but as he can hardly have kept a menagerie of these animals it is odd that no one has supposed that the civet-cat was the sign of his place of business (it was a very usual one) rather than the staple of his trade. In 1692 his mercantile operations came to a disastrous close, and he failed for £17,000. By his own account the disaster would seem to have arisen from relying too much on credit. His misfortunes made him write both feelingly and forcibly on the bankruptcy laws; and although his creditors accepted a composition, he afterwards honourably paid them in full, a fact attested by independent and not very friendly witnesses. Subsequently, he undertook first the secretaryship and then the managership and chief ownership of some tile-works at Tilbury, but here also he was unfortunate, and his imprisonment (of which more hereafter) in 1703 brought the works to a stand-still, and thereby lost him £3000. From this time forward we hear of no settled business in which he engaged. He evidently, however, continued to undertake commissions, and made his political visits to Scotland an occasion for opening connections of this kind with that country. In the last thirty years of his life business played but a subordinate part, though he seems to have derived more profit from it than from his earlier ventures. It was probably at the time of his troubles in 1692 that he had occasion to visit Bristol, where—according to a local tradition—he lay *perdu* for fear of bailiffs all the week, but emerged in gorgeous raiment on Sunday, whence he was known by the nickname of "the Sunday gentleman."

It was not as a business man that Defoe was to make his mark, though his business experiences coloured to some extent the literary productions to which he owes his fame. The course of his life was determined about the middle of the reign of William III. by his introduction (we know not how) to William himself and to other influential persons. He frequently boasts of his personal intimacy with the "glorious and immortal" king (epithets, by the way, to the invention of which he has considerable claim), and in 1695 he was appointed accountant to the commissioners of the glass duty, which office he held for four years. During this time he produced (January 1698) his *Essay on Projects*, one of the first and not the least noteworthy of his works. This essay contains suggestions on banks, road-management, friendly and insurance societies of various kinds, idiot asylums, bankruptcy, academies (in the French sense),

military colleges, high schools for women, &c. It displays Defoe's lively and lucid style in full vigour, and abounds with ingenious thoughts and apt illustrations, though it illustrates also the unsystematic character of his mind. In the same year Defoe wrote the first of a long series of pamphlets on the then burning question of occasional conformity. In this, for the first time, he showed the unlucky independence which, in so many other instances, united all parties against him. On the one hand he pointed out to the dissenters the scandalous inconsistency of their playing fast and loose with sacred things, and on the other he denounced the impropriety of requiring tests at all. In direct support of the Government he published, towards the close of the reign, a *Defence of Standing Armies*, against Trenchard, and a set of pamphlets on the Partition Treaty. Thus in political matters he had the same fate as in ecclesiastical; for the Whigs were no more prepared than the Tories to support William through thick and thin. He also dealt with the questions of stock-jobbing and of electioneering corruption. But his most remarkable publication at this time—the publication, indeed, as the author of which he became famous—was *The True-Born Englishman*, a satire in rough but extremely vigorous verse on the national objection to William as a foreigner, and on the claim of purity of blood for a nation which Defoe chooses to represent as crossed and dashed with all the strains and races in Europe. He also took a prominent part in the proceedings which followed the famous Kentish petition, and was the author, and some say the presenter, of the equally famous *Legion Memorial*, which asserted in the strongest terms the supremacy of the electors over the elected, and of which even an irate House of Commons did not dare to take any great notice. The theory of the indefeasible supremacy of the freeholders of England, whose delegates merely (according to this theory) the Commons were, was one of Defoe's favourite political tenets, and he returned to it in a most powerfully written tract entitled *The Original Power of the Collective Body of the People of England examined and asserted*. At the same time he was occupied in a controversy on the conformity question with the well-known John How (usually spelt Howe at present), and wrote several minor political tracts.

The death of William was a great misfortune to Defoe, and he soon felt the power of his adversaries. After publishing *The Mock Mourners*, intended to satirize and rebuke the outbreak of Jacobite joy at the king's death, he turned his attention once more to ecclesiastical subjects, and, in an evil hour for himself, wrote the famous *Shortest Way with the Dissenters*. The traditional criticism of this remarkable pamphlet is a most curious example of the way in which thoroughly inappropriate descriptions of books pass from mouth to mouth. Every commentator (with the single exception of Mr Chadwick) has dilated upon its "exquisite irony." Now, the fact of the matter is, that in *The Shortest Way* there is no irony at all, and, as Defoe's adversaries acutely remarked, irony would never have been pleaded had not the author got into trouble, when of course it suited him *faire flèche de tout bois*. The pamphlet is simply an exposition in the plainest and most forcible terms of the extreme "high-flying" position, and every line of it might have been endorsed, and was endorsed, by consistent high-churchmen. The author's object clearly was by this naked presentation to awaken the dissenters to a sense of their danger, and to startle moderate churchmen by showing them to what end their favourite doctrines necessarily led. For neither of these purposes was irony necessary, and irony, we repeat, there is none. If any lingering doubt from the consensus of authority on the other side remain, let the student read *The Shortest Way* and then turn to Swift's *Modest Proposal* or his *Reasons against Abolishing the Church of England*. He will soon see the difference. Ironical or not, however, it was unlikely that the high-churchmen and their leader Nottingham (the Don Dismal of Swift) would let such a performance pass unnoticed. The author was soon discovered; and, as he absconded, an advertisement was issued offering a reward for his apprehension, and giving us the only personal description we possess of him, as "a middle-sized spare man about forty years old, of a brown complexion and dark brown-coloured hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, grey eyes, and a large mole near his mouth." In this conjuncture Defoe had really no friends, for the dissenters were as much alarmed at his book as the high-flyers were irritated. He surrendered, and his defence appears to have been injudiciously conducted; at any rate he was fined 200 marks, and condemned to be pilloried three times, to be imprisoned indefinitely, and to find sureties for his good behaviour during seven years. His sojourn in the pillory, however, was rather a triumph than a punishment, for the populace took his side; and his *Hymn to the Pillory*, which he soon after published, is one of the best of his poetical works. Unluckily for him his condemnation had the indirect effect of destroying his business. He remained in prison until August 1704, and then owed his release to the intercession of Harley, who represented his case to the queen, and obtained for him not only liberty but pecuniary relief and employment, which, of one kind or another, lasted until the termination of Anne's reign. Defoe was uniformly grateful to the minister, and his language respecting him is in curious variance with that generally used. There can be little doubt that, independently of gratitude, Harley's moderation in a time of the extremest party-insanity was no little recommendation to Defoe. During his imprisonment the latter was by no means idle. A spurious edition of his works having been issued, he himself produced a collection of twenty-two treatises, to which some time afterwards he added a second group of eighteen more. He also wrote in prison many short pamphlets, chiefly controversial, published a curious work on the famous storm of November 26, 1703, and started perhaps the most remarkable of all his projects, *The Review*. This was a paper which was issued during the greater part of its life three times a week. It was entirely written by Defoe, and extends to eight complete volumes and some few score numbers of a second issue. He did not confine himself to news, but threw his writing into the form of something very like finished essays on questions of policy, trade, and domestic concerns; while he also introduced a so-called "Scandal Club," in which minor questions of manners and morals were treated in a way which undoubtedly suggested the *Tatlers* and *Spectators* which followed. It is probable that if the five points of bulk, rapidity of production, variety of matter, originality of design, and excellence of style are taken together, hardly any author can show a work of equal magnitude. It is unlucky that only one complete copy of the work is known to exist, and that is in a private library. After his release he went to Bury St Edmunds for change of air, though he did not interrupt either his *Review* or his occasional pamphlets. One of these, *Giving Alms no Charity, and Employing the Poor a Grievance to the Nation*, is for the time an extraordinarily far-sighted performance. It denounces on the one hand indiscriminate alms-giving, and on the other the folly of national work-shops, the institution of which on a parochial system had been proposed by Sir Humphrey Mackworth.

In 1705 appeared *The Consolidator, or Memoirs of Sundry Transactions from the World in the Moon*, a political satire which is supposed to have given some hints for *Gulliver*: and at the end of the year Defoe performed a secret mission (the first of several of the kind) for Harley.

While on one of these in the west of England he was molested, though with no serious result, by the zealous country justices. In 1705 also appeared the famous *Mrs Veal*. As is well known, this admirable fiction is said to have been composed for a bookseller, to help off an unsaleable translation of *Drelincourt on Death*. Mr Lee, however, has thrown some doubts on this story. Defoe's next considerable work was *Jure Divino*, a poetical argument in some 10,000 terribly bad verses; and soon afterwards (1706) he began to be largely employed in promoting the union with Scotland. Not only did he write pamphlets as usual on the project, and vigorously recommend it in *The Review*, but in October 1706 he was sent on a political mission to Scotland by Godolphin, to whom Harley had recommended him. He resided in Edinburgh for nearly sixteen months, and his services to the Government were rewarded by a regular salary. He seems to have devoted himself to commercial and literary as well as to political matters, and prepared at this time his elaborate *History of the Union*, which appeared in 1709. In this latter year occurred the famous Sacheverel sermon, and Defoe wrote several tracts on the occasion. In 1710 Harley returned to power, and Defoe was placed in a somewhat awkward position. To Harley himself he was bound by gratitude and by a substantial agreement in principle, but with the rest of the Tory ministry he had no sympathy. He seems, in fact, to have agreed with the foreign policy of the Tories and with the home policy of the Whigs, and naturally incurred the reproach of time-serving and the hearty abuse of both parties. At the end of 1710 he again visited Scotland. In the negotiations concerning the Peace of Utrecht, Defoe strongly supported the ministerial side, to the intense wrath of the Whigs, and this wrath was displayed in an attempted prosecution against some pamphlets of his on the all-important question of the succession, but the influence of Harley saved him. He continued, however, to take the side of the dissenters in the questions affecting religious liberty, which played such a prominent part towards the close of Anne's reign. He naturally shared Harley's downfall; and, though the loss of his salary might seem a poor reward for his constant support of the Hanoverian claim, it was little more than his ambiguous, not to say trimming, position must have led him to expect. He was violently attacked on all sides, and at last published in 1715 an apologia entitled *An Appeal to Honour and Justice*, in which he defends his political conduct, and which furnishes us with the main authority for the details of his life. With this publication his political work was formerly supposed to have ended; but in 1864 six letters were discovered in the Record Office from Defoe to a Government official, Mr Delafaye, which established the fact that in 1718 at least Defoe was doing not only political work, but political work of a somewhat equivocal kind—that he was, in fact, sub-editing the Jacobite *Mist's Journal*, under a secret agreement with the Government that he should tone down the sentiments and omit objectionable items. He seems to have performed the same not very honourable office in the case of two other journals—*Dormer's Letter* and the *Mercurius Politicus*; and, if we may trust Mr Lee, he wrote in these and other papers till nearly the end of his life.

However this may be, the interest of Defoe's life from this time forward is very far from political. He was now a man of fifty-five years of age; he had, up to this period, written nothing but what may be called occasional literature, and, except the *History of the Union* and *Jure Divino*, nothing of any great length. In 1715 appeared the first volume of *The Family Instructor*, which was subsequently continued, and which was very popular during the last century. Three years afterwards came forth the first volume of *Robinson Crusoe*. The first edition of this was published on the 25th of April 1719. It ran through four editions in as many months, and then in August appeared the second part. Twelve months afterwards the third part, or *Serious Reflections*, appeared. This last part is now hardly ever reprinted. Its connection, indeed, with the two former is little more than nominal, Crusoe being simply made the mouth-piece of Defoe's sentiments on various points of morals and religion. Meanwhile the first two parts were reprinted as a *feuilleton* in *Heathcote's Intelligencer*, perhaps the earliest instance of the appearance of such a work in such a form. *Crusoe* was immediately popular, and various wild stories were set afloat of its having been written by Lord Oxford in the Tower, and of its being simply a piratical utilization of Alexander Selkirk's papers. It is sufficient to say that all such stories are not only intrinsically of the wildest improbability, but also possess not a tittle of evidence in their favour. A curious idea, recently revived by the late Mr H. Kingsley, is that the adventures of Robinson are allegorical and relate to Defoe's own life. This idea was certainly entertained to some extent at the time, and derives some colour of justification from words of Defoe's, but there seems to be no serious foundation for it. The book was almost immediately imitated; of such imitations *Philip Quarll* is the only one now known even by name. Contemporaneously with the later parts of *Crusoe* appeared *The Dumb Philosopher*, or *Dickory Cronke*. It is a short and rather dull book, of something the same type as the *Serious Reflections*.

In 1720 came forth *The Life and Adventures of Mr Duncan Campbell*. This, unlike the two former, was not entirely a work of imagination, inasmuch as its hero, the fortune-teller, was a real person. There are amusing passages in the story, but it is too desultory to rank with Defoe's best. In the same prolific year appeared two wholly or partially fictitious histories, each of which might have made a reputation for any man. The first was the famous *Memoirs of a Cavalier*, which, as has been often repeated, Lord Chatham believed to be true history, and which Mr Lee believes to be the embodiment at least of authentic private memoirs. It is more probable, however, that Defoe, with his extensive acquaintance with recent English history, and his astonishing power of working up details, was fully equal to the task of its unassisted composition. As a model of historical work of a certain kind it is hardly surpassable, and many separate passages—accounts of battles and skirmishes—have never been equalled except by Mr Carlyle. *Captain Singleton*, the last work of the year, has been unjustly depreciated by most of the commentators. The record of the journey across Africa, with its surprising anticipations of recent discoveries (anticipations which were commented on by Dr Birdwood in a paper read before the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society in 1863, and which are probably due to Defoe's intercourse with Portugal) yields in interest to no work of the kind known to us; and the semi-piratical Quaker who accompanies Singleton in his buccaneering expeditions is a character thoroughly deserving of life. It may be mentioned that there is also a Quaker who plays a very creditable part in *Roxana*, and that Defoe seems to have been well affected to the Friends. In estimating this wonderful productiveness on the part of a man sixty years old, it should be remembered that it was a habit of Defoe's to keep his works in manuscript sometimes for long periods.

In 1721 nothing of importance was produced, but in the next twelvemonth three capital works appeared. These were *The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders*, *The Journal of the Plague Year*, and *The History of Colonel Jack*. *Moll Flanders* (as a whole) may be placed next to *Robinson Crusoe* in order of merit, or bracketted for

that position with the somewhat similar *Roxana*. Both are triumphs of novel-writing. Both have subjects of a rather more than questionable character, but both display the remarkable art with which Defoe handles such subjects. It is not true, as is sometimes said, that the difference of the two is the difference between gross and polished vice. The real difference is much more one of morals than of manners. Moll is by no means of the lowest class. Notwithstanding the greater degradation into which she falls, and her originally dependent position, she has been well educated, and has consorted with persons of gentle birth. She displays throughout much greater real refinement of feeling than the more high-flying Roxana, and is at any rate flesh and blood, if the flesh be somewhat frail and the blood somewhat hot. Neither of the two heroines has any but the rudiments of a moral sense; but Roxana, both in her original transgression and in her subsequent conduct, is actuated merely by avarice and selfishness—vices which are peculiarly offensive in connection with her other failing, and which make her thoroughly repulsive. The art of both stories is great, and as regards the episode in *Roxana* of the daughter Susannah is consummate; but the transitions of the later plot are less natural than those in *Moll Flanders*. It is only fair to notice that while the latter, according to Defoe's more usual practice, is allowed to repent and end happily, Roxana is brought to complete misery; Defoe's morality, therefore, required more repulsiveness in one case than in the other. *The Journal of the Plague Year*, more usually called, from the title of the second edition, *A History of the Plague*, has perhaps lacked less of its due meed of admiration than any of its author's minor works. Here also the accuracy and apparent veracity of the details is so great that many persons have taken it for an authentic record, while others have contended for the existence of such a record as its basis. But it appears that here too the genius of Mrs Veal's creator must, in the absence of all evidence to the contrary, be allowed sufficient for the task. *The History of Colonel Jack* is an unequal book. There is hardly in *Robinson Crusoe* a scene equal, and there is consequently not in English literature a scene superior, to that praised by Lamb, and extracted in Knight's *Half Hours with the Best Authors*,—the scene where the youthful pickpocket first exercises his trade, and then for a time loses his ill-gotten (though for his part he knows not the meaning of the word ill-gotten) gains. But great part of the book, and especially the latter portion, is dull; and in fact it may be generally remarked of Defoe that the conclusions of his tales are not equal to the beginning, perhaps from the restless indefatigability with which he undertook one work almost before finishing another. *Roxana, or the Fortunate Mistress*, already commented on, appeared in 1724; and in the same year came forth the first volume of *A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain*, which was completed in the two following years. Much of the information in this was derived from personal experience, for Defoe claims to have made many more tours and visits about England than those of which we have record; but the major part must necessarily have been dexterous compilation. In 1725 appeared *A New Voyage round the World*, apparently entirely due to the author's own fertile imagination and extensive reading. It is full of his peculiar verisimilitude, and has all the interest of Anson's or Dampier's voyages, together with a charm of style superior even to that of the latter, and far beyond anything which the *soi-disant* chaplain of the "Centurion" could attain to. The journey by land across South America is of especial interest, and forms an admirable pendant to the African travels in *Singleton*. In the same year Defoe wrote a curious little pamphlet entitled *Everybody's Business is Nobody's Business, or Private Abuses Public Grievances, exemplified in the Pride, Insolence, and Exorbitant Wages of our Women-Servants, Footmen, &c.* This subject was a very favourite one with Defoe, and in the pamphlet he showed the immaturity of his political views by advocating legislative interference in these matters. Like all his work of this sort, however, it is extremely amusing reading. Towards the end of this same year *The Complete English Tradesman*, which may be supposed to sum up the experience of his business life, appeared, and its second volume followed two years afterwards. This book has been variously judged. It is generally and traditionally praised, but those who have read it will be more disposed to agree with Charles Lamb, who considers it "of a vile and debasing tendency," and thinks it "almost impossible to suppose the author in earnest." It is certainly clear to those who know it what our foreign critics mean by the reproach of "shop-keeping;" and the intolerable meanness advocated for the sake of the paltriest gains, the entire ignoring of any pursuit in life except money-getting, and the representation of the whole duty of man as consisting first in the attainment of a competent fortune, and next, when that fortune has been attained, in spending not more than half of it, are certainly repulsive enough. But there are no reasons for thinking the performance ironical or insincere, and it cannot be doubted that Defoe would have been honestly unable even to understand Lamb's indignation. In 1706 came forth *The Political History of the Devil*. This is a curious book, partly explanatory of Defoe's ideas on morality, and partly belonging to a series of demonological works which he wrote, and of which the chief others are *A System of Magic*, and *An Essay on the History of Apparitions*. In all these works his treatment is on the whole rational and sensible; but in *The History of the Devil* he is somewhat hampered by an insufficiently worked-out theory as to the nature and personal existence of his hero, and the manner in which he handles the subject is an odd and not altogether satisfactory mixture of irony and earnestness. There are many very amusing things in the book, but to speak of its "extraordinary brilliancy and wit" (as Mr H. Kingsley has done) is certainly inappropriate. The works which have just been mentioned, together with *A Plan of English Commerce*, containing very enlightened views on export trade, appeared in 1727–8. During the whole of the years from 1715 to 1728 Defoe had issued pamphlets and minor works far too numerous to mention. The only one of them perhaps which requires special notice is *Religious Courtship* (1722), a curious series of dialogues displaying Defoe's unaffected religiosity, and at the same time the rather meddling intrusiveness with which he applied his religious notions. This latter point was more flagrantly illustrated in one of his latest works, *The Treatise concerning the Use and Abuse of the Marriage Bed* (1727). This, which was originally issued with a much more offensive name, has been called "an excellent book with an improper title." It might more properly be called an ill-judged work, with a title which gives fair warning of its contents. *The Memoirs of Captain Carleton* (1728) have been long attributed to Defoe. There is, however, a well-known anecdote of Johnson which makes this extremely unlikely; it is now known that an actual officer of the name did exist and serve; and the internal evidence is, we think, strongly against Defoe's authorship. These *Memoirs* have been also attributed to Swift, with greater probability as far as style is concerned. *The Life of Mother Ross*, reprinted in Bohn's edition of Defoe, has no claim whatever to be considered his.

There is little to be said of Defoe's private life during this period. He must in some way or other have obtained a considerable income. In 1724 he had built himself a large

house at Stoke Newington (only pulled down about ten years ago), which had stables and grounds of considerable size. From the negotiations for the marriage of his daughter Sophia it appears that he had landed property in more than one place, and he had obtained on lease in 1722 a considerable estate from the corporation of Colchester. It was formerly thought that he soon got rid of this lease, but from documents in Mr Lee's possession it seems that he only effected a mortgage upon it (afterwards paid off), and that it was settled on his unmarried daughter at his death. Other property was similarly allotted to his widow and remaining children, though some difficulty seems to have arisen from the misconduct of his son, to whom, for some purpose, the property was assigned during his father's life-time, and who refused to pay what was due. There is a good deal of mystery about the end of Defoe's life; it used to be said that he died insolvent, and that he had been in jail shortly before his death. As a matter of fact, after great suffering from gout and stone, he died of a lethargy in Ropemaker's Alley, Moorfields, on Monday the 6th of April 1731, and was buried in the well-known ground of Bunhill Fields. He left no will, all his property having been previously assigned, and letters of administration were taken out by a creditor. How his affairs fell into this condition, why he did not die in his own house, and why in the previous summer he had been in hiding, as we know he was from a letter still extant, are points apparently not to be cleared up.

Defoe was twice married, and his second wife Susannah outlived him a few months. He had seven children, one of whom, Martha, died in 1707—the others survived him. The eldest, Daniel, emigrated to Carolina. The second, Bernard or Benjamin Norton, has, like his father, a scandalous niche in the *Dunciad*. Three of the daughters, Maria, Henrietta, and Sophia, married well—the husband of the last-named being a Mr Henry Baker, of some repute in natural science. In April 1877 public attention was called to the existence, in some distress, of three maiden ladies, directly descended from Defoe, and bearing his name; and a crown pension of £75 a year was bestowed on each of them. There are several portraits of Defoe, the principal one being engraved by Vandergucht.

We have said that in his life-time Defoe, as not belonging to either of the great parties at a time of the bitterest party strife, was subjected to obloquy on both sides. The great Whig writers leave him unnoticed. Swift and Gay speak slightingly of him,—the former, it is true, at a time when he was only known as a party pamphleteer. Pope, with less excuse, put him in the *Dunciad* towards the end of his life, but he confessed to Spence in private that Defoe had written many things and none bad. At a later period he was unjustly described as "a scurrilous party writer," which he certainly was not; but, on the other hand, Johnson spoke of his writing "so variously and so well," and put *Robinson Crusoe* among the only three books that readers wish longer. From Scott downwards the tendency to judge literary work on its own merits has to a great extent restored Defoe to his proper place, or, to speak more correctly, has set him there for the first time. Lord Macaulay's description of *Roxana*, *Moll Flanders*, and *Colonel Jack* as "utterly nauseous and wretched" must be set aside as a freak of criticism.

The grounds upon which the last-mentioned writer bases his depreciation of others of Defoe's minor works are curious. "He had undoubtedly a knack of making fiction look like truth, but is such a knack much to be desired? Is it not of the same sort as the knack of a painter who takes in the birds with his fruit?" And De Quincey regards the literary skill/of writers of this class as comparatively inferior because of the close resemblance of their writings to the current speech and manner of their day. But nothing is really a greater triumph of art than this similarity, and Macaulay has certainly made a mistake in confounding the requirements of painting and of writing. Scott justly observed that Defoe's style "is the last which should be attempted by a writer of inferior genius; for though it be possible to disguise mediocrity by fine writing, it appears in all its naked inanity when it assumes the garb of simplicity." The methods by which Defoe attains his result are not difficult to disengage. They are the presentment of all his ideas and scenes in the plainest and most direct language, the frequent employment of colloquial forms of speech, the constant insertion of little material details and illustrations, often of a more or less digressive form, and, in his historico-fictitious works, as well as in his novels, the most rigid attention to vivacity and consistency of character. Plot he disregards, and he is fond of throwing his dialogues into regular dramatic form, with bye-play prescribed and stage directions interspersed. A particular trick of his is also to divide his arguments after the manner of the preachers of his day into heads and subheads, with actual numerical signs affixed to them. These mannerisms undoubtedly help and emphasize the extraordinary faithfulness to nature of his fictions, but it would be a great mistake to suppose that they fully explain their charm. Defoe possessed genius, and his secret is at the last as impalpable as the secret of genius always is.

The character of Defoe, both mental and moral, is very clearly indicated in his works. He, the satirist of the true-born Englishman, was himself a model, with some notable variations and improvements, of the Englishman of his period. He saw a great many things, and what he did see he saw clearly. But there were also a great many things which he did not see, and there was often no logical connection whatever between his vision and his blindness. The most curious example of this inconsistency, or rather of this indifference to general principle, occurs in his *Essay on Projects*. He there speaks very briefly and slightingly of life-insurance, probably because it was then regarded as impious by religionists of his complexion. But on either side of this refusal are to be found elaborate projects of friendly societies and widows' funds, which practically cover, in a clumsy and roundabout manner, the whole ground of life-insurance. In morals it is evident that he was, according to his lights, a strictly honest and honourable man. But sentiment of any high-flying description (to use the cant word of his time) was quite incomprehensible to him, or rather never presented itself as a thing to be comprehended. He tells us with honest and simple pride that when his patron Harley fell out, and Godolphin came in, he for three years held no communication with the former, and seems quite incapable of comprehending the delicacy which would have obliged him to follow Harley's fallen fortunes. His very anomalous position in regard to Mist is also indicative of a rather blunt moral perception. One of the most affecting things in his novels is the heroic constancy and fidelity of the maid Amy to her exemplary mistress Roxana. But Amy, scarcely by her own fault, is drawn into certain breaches of certain definite moral laws which Defoe did understand, and she is therefore condemned, with hardly a word of pity, to a miserable end. Nothing heroic or romantic was within Defoe's view; he could not understand passionate love, ideal loyalty, æsthetic admiration, or anything of the kind; and it is probable that many of the little sordid touches which delight us by their apparent satire were, as designed, not satire at all, but merely a faithful representation of the feelings and ideas of the classes of which he himself was a unit. We have noticed Charles Lamb's difficulty as to *The Complete Tradesman*, and we think that the explanation we have preferred will extend to a great deal more of his work.

Some peculiarities of that work follow as a natural corollary from those considerations. His political and economical pamphlets are almost unmatched as clear presentations of the views of their writer. For driving the nail home no one but Swift excels him, and Swift perhaps only in *The Drapier's Letters*. There is often a great deal to be said against the view presented in those pamphlets, but Defoe sees nothing of it. He was perfectly fair but perfectly one-sided, being generally happily ignorant of everything which told against his own view.

The same characteristics are curiously illustrated in his moral works. The morality of these is almost amusing in its downright positive character. With all the Puritan eagerness to push a clear, uncompromising, Scripture-based distinction of right and wrong into the affairs of every-day life, he has a thoroughly English horror of casuistry, and his clumsy canons consequently make wild work with the infinite intricacies of human nature. We have noticed, in remarking on *The Use and Abuse*, the worst instance of this blundering morality. Another, though very different instance, is his amusingly feminine indignation at the increased wages and embellished dress of servants. He is, in fact, an incarnate instance of the tendency, which has so often been remarked by other nations in the English, to drag in moral distinctions at every turn, and to confound everything which is novel to the experience, unpleasant to the taste, and incomprehensible to the understanding, under the general epithets of wrong, wicked, and shocking. His works of this class therefore are now the least valuable, though not the least curious, of his books. His periodical publications necessarily fall to some extent under the two foregoing heads, and only deserve separate notice because of the novelty and importance of their conception. His poetry, as poetry, is altogether beneath criticism. It is sometimes vigorous, but its vigour is merely that of prose. Of his novels we have already spoken in detail, excepting, as universally known, *Robinson Crusoe*.

The earliest regular life and estimate of Defoe is that of Dr Towers in the *Biographia Britannica*. Chalmers's *Life*, however (1786), added very considerable information. In 1838 Mr Walter Wilson wrote the book which is the standard on the subject. It is coloured by political prejudice; it does not display any critical power of a high order, and it is in many parts rather a history of England with some relation to Defoe than a life of the latter; but it is a model of painstaking care, and by its abundant citations from works both of Defoe and of others, which are practically inaccessible to the general reader, is invaluable. In 1859 appeared a life of Defoe by Mr William Chadwick, an extraordinary rhapsody in a style which is half Cobbett and half Carlyle, but amusing, and by no means devoid of acuteness. In 1864 the discovery of the six letters stirred up Mr William Lee to a new investigation, and the results of this were published (London, 1869) in three large volumes. The first of these (well illustrated) contains a new life and particulars of the author's discoveries. The second and third contain fugitive writings assigned by Mr Lee to Defoe for the first time. For most of these, however, we have no authority but Mr Lee's own impressions of style, &c.; and consequently, though qualified judges will in most cases agree that Defoe may have written them, it cannot positively be stated that he did. Mr Lee is equally chary of his reasons for attributing and denying many larger works to his author. His work, though full of research and in many ways useful in correcting and enlarging previous accounts of Defoe, has therefore to be used with some caution. Besides these publications devoted exclusively to Defoe, there are others of the essay kind which may be consulted respecting him. Such articles have been written by Scott, Hazlitt, Forster, a writer in *The Retrospective Review*, Mr Leslie Stephen, and others. No criticisms can, however, compare with three short pieces by Charles Lamb, two of which were written for Wilson's book, and the third for *The Reflector*.

It has been a frequent and well-grounded complaint that no complete edition of Defoe's works has ever been published. There is, as may be gathered from what has already been said, considerable uncertainty about many of them; and even if all contested works be excluded, the number is still enormous. Besides the list in Bohn's *Lowndes*, which is somewhat of an *omnium gatherum*, three lists drawn with more or less care have been compiled in the last half century. Wilson's contains 210 distinct works, three or four only of which are marked as doubtful; Hazlitt's enumerates 183 "genuine" and 52 "attributed" pieces, with notes on most of them; Mr Lee's extends to 254, of which 64 claim to be new additions. Of these large numbers many are in the original editions, extremely scarce, if not unique. Only one perfect copy of the *Review* is known to exist, and this, as well as the partially printed but never published *Complete Gentleman*, is in the hands of Mr James Crossley of Manchester, whose Defoe collection is nearest to completeness. Of reprints only one has ever aspired to be exhaustive. This was edited for the "Pulteney Library" by Hazlitt in 1840–43. It contains a good and full life mainly derived from Wilson, the whole of the novels (including the *Serious Reflections* now hardly ever published with *Robinson Crusoe*), *Jure Divino*, *The Use and Abuse of Marriage*, and many of the more important tracts and smaller works. The introductions are not written on a very uniform principle, but it is otherwise an excellent edition, and had it been continued (it stopped abruptly after the third volume had been completed and a few parts of a fourth issued) would have been satisfactory enough. It is still far the best, but is unfortunately scarce and expensive. There is also an edition, often called Scott's, but really edited by Sir G. C. Lewis, in twenty volumes (London, 1841). This contains the *Complete Tradesman*, *Religious Courtship*, *The Consolidator*, and other works not comprised in Hazlitt's, but is correspondingly deficient. It also is somewhat expensive in a complete state, and the editions chosen for reprinting are not always the best. Scott had previously in 1809 edited for Ballantyne some of the novels, in 12 vols. Bohn's libraries contain an edition which through want of support was stopped at the seventh volume. It includes the novels (except the third part of *Robinson Crusoe*), *The History of the Devil*, *The Storm*, and a few political pamphlets, also the undoubtedly spurious *Mother Ross*. In 1870 Mr Nimmo of Edinburgh published in one volume an admirable selection from Defoe. It contains Chalmers's *Life*, annotated and completed from Wilson and Lee, *Robinson Crusoe*, pts. i. and ii., *Colonel Jack*, *The Cavalier*, *Duncan Campbell*, *The Plague*, *Everybody's Business*, *Mrs Veal*, *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, *Giving Alms no Charity*, *The True-born Englishman*, *Hymn to the Pillory*, and very copious extracts from *The Complete English Tradesman*. Had the space occupied by *Robinson Crusoe*, which in one form or another every one possesses, been devoted to a further selection from the minor works, this book would have gone far to supply a very fair idea of Defoe to all but professed students of literature. If we turn to separate works, the bibliography of Defoe is practically confined (except as far as original editions are concerned) to *Robinson Crusoe*. *Mrs Veal* has been to some extent popularized by the work which it helped to sell; *Religious Courtship* and *The Family Instructor* had a vogue among the middle class until well into this century, and *The History of the Union* was republished in 1786. But the reprints and editions of *Crusoe* have been innumerable; it has been often translated; and the eulogy pronounced on it by Rousseau gave it special currency in France, where imitations (or rather adaptations) have also been common. (G. SA.)

DE GÉRANDO, MARIE JOSEPH (1772–1842), one of the most distinguished ethical and metaphysical philosophers of France, was born at Lyons, February 29, 1772. When that city was besieged in 1793 by the armies of the republic, the young De Gérando took up arms in defence of his native place, was made prisoner, and with difficulty escaped with his life. He first took refuge in Switzerland, whence he afterwards fled to Naples. In 1796, after an exile of three years, the establishment of the Directory allowed him to return to France. Finding himself, at the age of twenty-five, without a profession, he resolved to embrace the career of arms, and enlisted as a private in a cavalry regiment. About this time the Institute had proposed as a subject for an essay this question,—"What is the influence of symbols on the faculty of thought?" De Gérando gained the prize, and heard of his success after the battle of Zurich, in which he had distinguished himself. This literary triumph was the first step in his upward career. In 1799 he was attached to the ministry of the interior by Lucien Bonaparte; in 1804 he became general secretary under Champagny; in 1805 he accompanied Napoleon into Italy; in 1808 he was nominated master of requests; in 1811 he received the title of councillor of state; and in the following year he was appointed governor of Catalonia. On the overthrow of the empire, De Gérando