

Cheshire was included by the Romans within the province of *Flovia Caesariensis*. It was certainly traversed by several Roman roadways, some of which may have partly represented the line of older British roads or tracks; but although there are still remains of these roadways here and there, they are not continuous or distinct enough to enable antiquaries to come to any decided agreement as to their exact course. The Antonine "Itinerary" gives us a line of road from URICOINIUM to the station DEVA, which is usually identified with the site of the modern Chester. The exact line of this roadway must to a certain extent depend upon what we imagine to have been the state in the Roman period of the valley, which we have some reason to believe was once part of the estuary of the Dee. The station immediately preceding DEVA is the "Itinerary" is called BOVIUM (10 miles distant), and has been identified with the modern village of *Bangor*, on the border of Flintshire. The same itinerary gives us a continuation of this line of road beyond DEVA by a station called CONDATE (20 miles), to another called MAMUCIUM (18 miles). The site of the former of these two stations is usually identified with a field called the *Harbour Field*, in the parish of *Kinderton*, in Cheshire, and that of the latter with the modern *Manchester*. The Antonine "Itinerary" gives us another line of road from CONDATE to a station called MEDIOLANUM (19 miles), which we have already identified with *Chester* in Staffordshire, whence a road led to ETOCETUM or *Wall*. Some of our readers may remember that there is a MEDIOLANUM mentioned in the "Itinerary" as the next station before BOVIUM, on the line of road from URICOINIUM to DEVA. Antiquaries usually make these two distinct places, but the recurrence of the same name among the same set of stations without any distinctive epithet for either is rather puzzling, and looks as if we had not arrived yet at the real facts. We should remark that the station next beyond CONDATE on the line of road from MEDIOLANUM (*Chester*) is MANCINIUM (18 miles), a variation of the name of the station at the modern *Manchester*. The Geographer of Ravenna gives us another name of a Roman station—VERATINUM—placed by antiquaries on the Cheshire bank of the Mersey opposite to *Warrington*. Besides a roadway connecting DEVA with VERATINUM, another is believed at a somewhat later time in the Roman period to have connected the latter station directly with CONDATE. We do not feel, however, that we are treading on secure ground in mentioning these last lines of road.

Horsley had conjectured that the Romans first permanently established themselves at DEVA under Agricola, about the year 84. A more recent discovery brought to light brass tablets recording a grant of the freedom of the city of Rome to certain troops serving in Britain in the reign of Trajan (A.D. 98-117), "a portion at least of which may be presumed to have been stationed near Bickley, where the tablets were found." The Chester inscriptions also are considered to establish that the 20th Legion was stationed there in the consulship of Commodus and Lateranus, A.D. 154, and as late as the joint reign of Diocletian and Maximian (A.D. 283-304). "Long time previous to this, a coin of the Emperor Geta (A.D. 210-212) recognizes the city as a colony of Rome."

Besides the Roman remains, there are three camps attributed to a British origin, but whether of the earlier or later period of their struggles with successive invaders it is not possible to determine. They are "Bucton Castle, on the edge of Yorkshire; Maiden Castle, near Barnhill; and Kellsborow, in the parish of Delamere; and to these may be added a strong but irregular work between the Dee and the Walling Street, near Eccleston."

"Of Roman traces on the map of Cheshire," writes Mr. Earle, in a communication printed in the *Archæological Journal*, "may be quoted the following, which, though they have little of the Latin element in their composition, are yet monuments of the Roman occupation of the district:—*Stamford Bridge*, near *Tarvin*, *Siretton*, *Walton* are all vestiges of a line of Roman road. There is the stone-paved ford of the river; the town on the old *via stvata* or *street*; and, thirdly, the town by the *wall* or embankment. But the leading Roman feature is the capital city, and the names whereby that city has been designated at different times and by different peoples. In our own day it is *Chester*, a softened modern form of the Saxon *Cæster*, as this, again, was an alteration from the Latin *Castrum*. And not the Saxons only, but the Cambrians have taken this as the basis of their name for this city. The Welsh at the present day call it *Cæwr-Leon-ar-Dwyfr-Dwy* (*Castrum Legionum ad Devam*), or *Cæwr* (*i. e., Castrum*)." "Upon the Saxon-Latin name of Chester one or two variations have been played. It was sometimes known as *Lego-Cæster*, which is the Welsh *Cæwr-Leon*, the same as *Castrum Legionum*. Another variation given by Camden, but I know not if ever it had circula-

tion, is *West-Chester*." This supposed name Mr. Earle considers to have arisen from a misreading of a passage in 'The Saxon Chronicles,' in which it is styled "a waste (*westre*) fortress (*ceastre*) in Wirrill, called *Leguceastre*. At this time, then," he concludes, "its name and former celebrity had alike expired from living tradition, and the place was designated only by its present character, 'a fortress' (*ceastre*), a deserted fortress (*West-Chester*), or a military fortress (*Leguceastre*), of which the *Cæstrum* and *Civitas Legionum* were a mediæval Latin translation. The true old Roman name had been *DEVA* (Antoninus) and *COLONIA DEVANA* (on a coin of Septimus Geta), and it was while these names were buried in forgetfulness, after the Roman evacuation, and during the presumed desertion of *DEVA*, that the modern name took its rise." This desertion of *DEVA* or *DEVA* has been generally attributed to the effects of Danish or Norse invasions, but Mr. Earle thinks the loss of the original name points to the desertion of the city as having its date from the overthrow of the Brito-Roman power by the earlier Teutonic invaders. If so, we must reject altogether the Welsh traditions which give it an intermediate history, and the Saxon traditions which have been supposed to support this view, and must conclude that *DEVA* had never been reinhabited down to the close of the year 894, when, as we read, the Norse invaders "marched day and night till they reached a waste fortress in Wirrill, called *Leguceaster*. The Saxon army could not overtake them before they were within and had possession of the fortress."

However this may have been, the surrounding country seems to have been for a long time independent, or under the dominion of the British princes of Gwynedd, though one tide of invasion after another advanced and receded again over its frontiers. Ethelfrid, King of the Northumbrian Bernicia, is said, in the year 607, to have massacred the monks of *Bangor*, and then defeated the British King of Powys, but to have been himself defeated by some other British prince near Chester; and the district was not again subjected to the Saxons till about the year 828, when Egbert is said to have conquered it. We doubt much, however, whether its final reduction under the Saxon power must not be referred to a considerably later period.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE ORIGIN OF CIVILIZATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your issue of August 28th you do me the honour to notice some remarks which I offered on Sir John Lubbock's paper at the recent meeting of the British Association; but, owing to the imperfect manner in which the proceedings were reported, you have entirely misunderstood what I really said. I beg, therefore, that you will allow me to state what are the opinions I hold on this point, and which I then endeavoured to express.

You represent me as saying:—"Suppose that a European colony were entirely isolated from their race, then I believe that there is almost a moral certainty that in the course of centuries they would suffer a considerable amount of degradation, and hardly be recognized as the descendants of a civilized people;" and you then go on to argue (and, I think, very justly) that under such circumstances progress is, at least, as probable as degeneration. But the supposition which I made was a different one. It was the isolation of a very small European community in a country very ill-adapted for civilization and progress,—a country, like Australia, with no indigenous animals capable of domestication, and without cereals, or roots, or fruits adapted for cultivation,—a country without native iron, and with such an unpropitious climate as to necessitate frequent migrations and a perpetual struggle to support life. Under such conditions I maintained that degradation to comparative savagery would be inevitable, just as under analogous circumstances would be the reversion of cultivated plants or domestic animals to a state approaching that of their wild allies. I argued, therefore, for degradation under extremely unfavourable conditions, not as the result of mere isolation; and as, during the long period that man has existed upon the earth, such unfavourable conditions must frequently have occurred, it appears to me more philosophical to admit that some of the lower races may owe their present state of barbarism to a partial degradation, than to maintain that they necessarily represent an original low condition, above which they can at no time have arisen.

Again, you quote me as having found among savages "a most delicate sense of right and wrong," and as deducing from this fact

a theory—"that they are degenerate persons, who have retained amidst their degeneracy a primeval idea of morals." Allow me to say that I neither expressed nor do I hold any such theory. My object was simply to show that, treating the question as a scientific one, to be determined solely by facts, and not by feelings, there is really no such clear evidence of progress in morals as there is of progress in intellect. Children, modern savages, and prehistoric man alike exhibit deficiency of intellectual power, but we do not find an equally constant deficiency in moral feeling. Intellect, no doubt, reacts upon morals by determining the more remote effects of our actions, and by logically extending the sphere of our sympathies; but a moral sense certainly exists in savages, which, within a limited sphere of action, seems as powerful an incentive to regulate conduct as it is among the most civilized races. Morality is an essential part of man's nature, which can only be fully developed by that true civilization towards which we have as yet hardly taken the first steps. The great mass of the people in civilized countries derive benefit from modern science and its marvellous practical applications, just in the same way as do the savages who receive the products of Manchester looms and Birmingham workshops. Owing to their geographical position, the former derive rather more benefit, but as to knowing and understanding anything of this wonderful "science," the creator of the civilization which surrounds them, they are as absolutely ignorant as the Malay or the negro. Exposed as they are to the enormously increased temptations to vice with which civilization surrounds them, how can we wonder if their moral nature often remains as imperfect and undeveloped as it does in savages?—I am, Sir, &c.,

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

THE IRISH CATHOLIC BISHOPS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your number of the 4th you say of Cardinal Cullen's demand that Government should surrender the whole of the education of three-fourths of Ireland into his hands, that the main point is, what does the Catholic laity think of it? Will you permit an Irish Protestant Liberal to make two remarks on this subject which an Englishman may very well overlook?

In the first place, you will never get at the opinion of the Irish Roman Catholic laity on such a subject, in any regular ostensible way. The vast majority of them are too ignorant to form any opinion at all on such a question, except that in all such matters the priests are their natural leaders. The chief fact of Irish politics, as any one can see, is the alliance between the priests and the peasants; but the objects of the two are quite different. The peasants aim at a change in the tenure of land, the priests aim at ecclesiastical power, to be secured by keeping education in their own hands. But by the terms of the alliance, each of these two adopt the "cry" of the other; the peasants join in demands about education, of the true bearing of which they neither know nor care anything; the priests join in the demand for tenant-right, for which they care nothing as priests, though they may care much for it as kinsmen of the peasants. *That small minority of the Roman Catholics who are really Liberals prefer mixed education to denominational;* but though they include the most enlightened and best educated among the members of their Church, they are, for the most part, utterly cowed by the coalition I have described, and with rare exceptions their opinions find no expression. This state of things may be difficult for Englishmen to understand, but it must be remembered that in consequence of the unfortunate religious history of Ireland Ultramontaniam has been till now, and is still, the national side, though everywhere else it is the anti-national one. There is thus no educated lay Roman Catholic opinion by which Parliament can be guided.

In the second place, the Roman Catholics have no right to call themselves the people of Ireland. They are the majority of the people, but the State is the natural protector of minorities; and if the Roman Catholic demand for exclusive schools is granted, the Protestants, in those parts where they are few and poor, will be left without the means of education for their children.—I am, Sir, &c.,

JOSEPH JOHN MURPHY.

Old Forge, Dunmurry, county Antrim, September 6, 1869.

MRS. STOWE AND LORD BYRON.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In reference to the charge made by Mrs. Stowe against the character of Lord Byron, would it not be well to remember the following words of Sir Thomas Browne? They are quoted by the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold in his memoir of Edgar Allan Poe, in

reference to a horrible crime of which that poet was accused. Its archaisms are somewhat perplexing, but it is, in my humble opinion, an admirable passage, and well worthy of careful reflection, as showing how dangerous and, indeed, how criminal a thing it is to disturb "moral cesspools":—

"Virtues whose truth we fear and heartily wish there were no truth therein. . . . whose relations honest minds do deprecate. For of sins heteroclital, and such as want name or precedent, there is oftentimes a sin even in their history. We desire no record of enormities: sins should be accounted new. They omit of their monstrosity as they fall from their rarity; for men count it venial to err with their forefathers, and foolishly conceive they divide a sin in society. . . . In things of this nature, silence commendeth history; 'tis the veniable part of things lost; wherein there must never arise a Pancirollus, nor remain any register but that of hell."

—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. J. L.

RAILWAY INVESTMENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your article of the 28th ult., on railway investments, you say that the London and North-Western pays only 5½ on its £100 stock. This is a mistake. The last dividend was at the rate of only 5½, but the one before that was at 6½, making an average of the two of 6¼, and this is the real test of value, as the first half of the year is never so good as the second. The London and North-Western consequently pays, not 4 per cent., as you think, but over 5 on the price of the stock, which is about 117.—I am, Sir, &c.,

JOSEPH JOHN MURPHY.

Old Forge, Dunmurry, county Antrim, September 4, 1869.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."]

SIR,—In your short notice about compulsory education in last week's number, you say that all that is necessary is "to make all payment of wages to a child illegal, unless the child spends 180 days of every year at school." I hope you will allow me to point out that this does not touch a case which from nearly three years' experience of a ragged school I know to be rather a common one, viz., when the parents take the children away from school to assist them (the parents) at home, a case not involving the question of "wages" at all. This, I fear, nothing but a fine will reach.—I am, Sir, &c.,

J. B.

BOOKS.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.*

Mrs. CLOUGH has done wisely in giving her husband's remains so frankly to the world, and all understanding readers will thank her sincerely for the true taste, perfect simplicity, and quiet literary skill with which she has edited them. These two volumes, as they now stand, contain as adequate a picture of the singular, but large, simple, and tender nature of the Oxford poet as is now attainable; and it is one which no one can study without much delight and some pain, without much profit and perhaps also some loss, without feeling the high exaltation of true poetry and the keen pleasure caused by the subtlety of true scholarship, at every turn; nor without feeling now and again the sad infection of those "blank misgivings of a creature moving about in worlds not realized," which are scattered so liberally through these fine poems of buoyant ardour, disappointed longings, and speculative suspense, and through these singular letters and reviews of reticent tenderness and rough self-satire. The new materials now for the first time published, and many of them for the first time printed, are of the highest interest in the contribution they give us to Mr. Clough's intellectual autobiography. And some of them will add greatly to his fame,—especially the strange and wonderful poem written at Naples in 1849, in which Mr. Clough starts from the precisely opposite point of view to Keble's Easter hymn, and instead of singing,—

"Oh, day of days! shall hearts set free,
No minstrel rapture find for thee?"

pours out the despair with which the poet infers from the multitude of servile hearts not set free from either guilt or meanness, that "Christ is not risen." This poem will live, we believe, for ever in English literature, as the most burning and pathetic lament which an ardent love of Christ, amazed and ashamed and aghast at the spectacle of an utterly un-Christian world calling itself Christian, and the despair of intellect naturally suggested by this spectacle, ever produced. To our minds, this singular poem, short though it be, is not unlikely to be recognized as one of the greatest poems,—

* *The Poems and Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough, with a Selection from his Letters, and a Memoir.* Edited by his Wife. 2 vols. With a Portrait. Vol. I. Life, Letters, Prose Remains. Vol. II. Poems. London: Macmillan.