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I.

RECENT DISCUSSION IN MATERIALISM.

THESE are phases of contemporary materialism which have little in common with the doctrines of ancient and mediæval materialists, and which in point of subtlety and philosophical attractiveness are quite in accord with the advanced position of nineteenth century thought. The idealist of to-day flatters himself that he avoids the inconsistencies of Berkeley and Fichte, so the materialist smiles at the mention of Priestly, D'Alembert, and Holbach. But these growths respectively in idealistic and materialistic thought have not been parallel. Idealism has tended in the last thirty years to withdraw its gaze from the thought-ultimate as a monistic conception, to perception as a dualistic relation, that is from cosmic to psychological idealism; while materialism has tended in quite the opposite direction, *i. e.*, from the crude postulate of matter in bulk to the search for an ultimate materialistic principle, that is from psychological to cosmic materialism. Each has strengthened its flank and the battle is now joined between psychological idealism and metaphysical materialism.

Spiritualism has gained vastly by this change of base. As long as the ontology of spirit rested upon a dogmatic assertion of universal mind, there was no weapon at hand wherewith to attack the corresponding assertion of universal matter. I have as good right to assert an universal as you have and *chacun à son goût* is the rule of choice. But now that philosophy is learning to value a single fact more than a detailed system, and is sacrificing its systems to the vindication of facts, it is spiritualism and not materialism which is profiting by the advances of science. Materialism has appealed to the metaphysics of force, spiritualism has appealed to consciousness

IV.

THE AUTHOR OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

THAT "Robinson Crusoe" had an author, the world, believing as it does that no effect happens without a cause, has always accepted. But who he was, or what he was, it has apparently been little concerned to know. Twenty years ago, a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* said of him: "Daniel Defoe, one of the most popular of English authors, and probably one of the most voluminous writers in the language, is to many readers little better than a name." Yet the fault, if fault it be, is not owing to lack of biographers. Three at least have taken him in hand. The biographies by George Chalmers (1786), Walter Wilson (1830), and William Lee (1869), the latest and fullest, bring "Defoe's Life" within easy reach of English readers. Each, as it appeared, added something to the general stock of information, and all are supplemented by a careful study of Defoe in the "English Men of Letters" series, by William Minto. In addition to these biographies, articles on Defoe have appeared from time to time, though with no great frequency, in our periodical literature.

Nor is this somewhat general ignorance of the author of "Robinson Crusoe" owing to any want of incident in his career. In fact, the story of his life is almost as wonderful as that of Robinson Crusoe, the delight of so many a boyhood. Defoe claimed in his Preface to the Third Part, "Serious Reflections During the Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," that "when in my observations and reflections of any kind in this volume, I mention my solitudes and retirements, and allude to the circumstances of the former story, all these parts of the story are real facts in my history, whatever borrowed lights they be represented by." It will doubtless be a surprise to many that his celebrated fiction should in any sense be regarded as an autobiography. But aside from this, his career was exceptionally eventful. That he was an active participant in the notorious insurrection of Monmouth; that he was an indefatigable politician, employed by high personages of State on grave State affairs, such as the union of Scotland with England; that he was the trusted counselor and confidant of King William; that he was a man of business, engaged in extensive trade; that he

was, according to his last biographer, the author of two hundred and fifty-four different works; that in consequence of one of these he was imprisoned in Newgate and pilloried; that while in prison he established the *Review*, thought by some critics to be the parent of the *Tattler* and *Spectator*; that he should have written his greatest works, "Robinson Crusoe" especially, when he was sixty years of age; that his life ends in a mystery not yet cleared up; all this is a story which goes far to show that fact is oftentimes stranger than fiction. The life and adventures of Daniel Defoe are certainly as wonderful as the "Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." That he should be comparatively so little known must be reckoned one of the accidents of literature. That he should be better known is due him not only on the score of his services to political and religious freedom; not only because he was a pioneer in the advocacy of some modern social reforms; but due him most of all because he has given to six generations of boys, since his "Robinson Crusoe" was first published, so much and so innocent enjoyment.

Daniel Foe or De Foe or Defoe* was born in the year 1661 in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London. His father was James Foe, a butcher by trade, a Nonconformist in religion, and altogether a worthy citizen. Mr. Forster describes him as a "grave, reserved and godly man," who gave his son, of whom he seems to have been proud, the best education then possible to *Dissenters in England*. It seems to have been his father's intention that he should be prepared for the ministry. To this Defoe subsequently alluded as a "disaster:" "it was my disaster first to be set apart for, and then to be set apart from the honor of that sacred employ." The Academy at Newington Green, then under the care of the Reverend Charles Morton,† evidently gave him a substantial education. The course of study in Dissenters' academies then ran through five years. In this time Defoe acquired a good knowledge of Latin and Greek, several modern languages, was versed in history and geography, and appears to have made some progress in political science. "We were made masters of English," he says, and names one element of his education not provided for in the curriculum, but none the less valuable on that account; "from a boxing young English boy I learnt this early piece of generosity, not to strike my enemy when he is down." Dean Swift's sneer in the *Examiner* at Defoe's *illiteracy* was of course an affectation and a lie. All Defoe's writings will serve to show him, if anything, Swift's superior in learning of all

* About the year 1703 he seems to have signed his name as Daniel Foe, and afterwards variously, sometimes de Foe, sometimes Foe and then Defoe.

† Afterwards, on being compelled by religious persecution to find a refuge in New England, chosen Vice-President of Harvard College.

kinds. His retort, in the *Review*,* on Swift shows him fully equal to the savage Dean in bitterness of sarcasm. “. . . . To my irreparable loss, I was bred only by halves, for my father, forgetting Juno’s Royal Academy, left the language of Billingsgate quite out of my education. . . . I have had the honor to fight a *ascal*, but never could master the eloquence of calling a man so; nor am I yet arrived at the dignity of being laureated at her Majesty’s bear-garden. I have also, *illiterate* as I am, made a little progress in science. I read Euclid’s Elements, and yet never found the mathematical description of a *scurrilous gentleman*. . . .” He might have further retorted upon Swift, that his degree, whatever it was, was not conferred *speciali gratia*.

His early manhood, falling as it did upon that vehement struggle of the English people against the Popish machinations of James II, is marked by his intense zeal for Protestant liberties. No Englishman of his time wielded a more trenchant pen than Defoe in support of a true Protestantism. His first known publication seems now acknowledged to be “A Letter containing some *Reflections* on his Majesty’s Declaration for *Liberty of Conscience*, dated the 4th April, 1687.” This Declaration, as is well known, was a crafty “attempt to divide the forces of Protestantism.” The “Declaration of Indulgence” was meant to array Dissent against the Church. Men like Baxter, Howe and Bunyan saw through it. So did Defoe, then a young man of twenty-six, and accordingly he wrote the letter. He sounded the alarm in words like these: “We can see no reason to induce us to believe that a *Toleration of Religion* is proposed with any other design but either to divide us or to lay us asleep till it is time to give the alarm for destroying us.” That the warning in Defoe’s letter was needed is evident from the fact that some Dissenters were ready to be cajoled by its specious offers. Hence Defoe reminds them that “it is not so very long since that nothing was to be heard at Court but the supporting of the *Church of England* and the extirpating all the *Nonconformists*, . . . but now all is turned round again.” The letter was, of course, anonymous. It would have cost Defoe his head to have thus bearded a tyrant like James II. When, a year later, the king renewed the Declaration and the Seven Bishops refused to read it, they were committed to the Tower.

Indeed, it is to Defoe’s strong Protestant feeling that we must ascribe his part in the insurrection of Monmouth. It was no mere love of wild and reckless adventure. Still less can we view it as any insane admiration for Shaftesbury. Defoe thought that both the religion and the liberties of his country were in danger, as indeed

* Quoted by Lee, “Life of Defoe,” Vol. i, p. 13.

they were. He knew Monmouth to be a sincere Protestant and a lover of freedom who had "suffered disgrace for having vainly striven to moderate Episcopal cruelties in Scotland," the first Scottish act of the reign of James II having been a "law to inflict death on conventicle preachers." Defoe joined Monmouth's cause, but fortunately escaped the vengeance of the king after the fatal collapse at Sedgmoor. The motive of Defoe in this undertaking, which no one, of course, justifies, was the motive which ruled his pen ever afterwards—an honest zeal for Protestant liberty. When, however, we next see him entering the lists of controversy, he was compelled to strike a blow at what seemed to him, on the part of some Dissenters, a fatal sacrifice of principle, the practice of "Occasional Conformity." Sir Humphrey Edwin, a Dissenter, was chosen Lord Mayor of London, September 29, 1697. During his mayoralty he worshiped one part of Sunday in the Established Church, and on the other in his own, a Presbyterian Church. Defoe took up the matter, which it seems was not uncommon in the cases of Dissenters taking office. He wrote, anonymously, "*An Enquiry into the Occasional Conformity of Dissenters in Cases of Preferment. With a Preface to the Lord Mayor.*" The gist of the whole is found in a single section of the Preface: "Since we find your Lordship is pleased to practice such latitudinarian principles as to be a Conformist in the morning and a Nonconformist before night, it puts us upon considering what this new sort of a religion, that looks two ways at once, means." His first attack on the practice had no effect. Three years later, Sir Thomas Abney, a member of the church over which Rev. John Howe was minister, was chosen Lord Mayor, and upon induction to office, took the Sacrament in one of the Established Churches. Thereupon, Defoe republished his "Enquiry," substituting a Preface to Mr. Howe for the Preface to the Lord Mayor. To that, Howe replied in not the best of tempers, and assailing the author of the "Enquiry" because he chose to write anonymously. Finally, when in the opening of Queen Anne's reign, in the new crusade against all Nonconformists started by the High Church party, a bill for preventing this *Occasional Conformity* was introduced into Parliament in 1702, Defoe again put out his tract, "*An Enquiry into Occasional Conformity*, showing that the Dissenters are no way concerned in it." He attacked the bill and thereby incurred the charge of inconsistency. It was, however, a seeming, not a real inconsistency. Dissenters, as a body, have nothing to fear from such a bill, he argued. At the most, it would only affect such as chose to take office, since none others were under any temptation to conform. *They* ought to be got rid of as sacrificing the essential principles of their body. But it was utterly unjust on

the part of High Churchmen to be pushing such a bill. It was a new sort of persecution on their part. Mr. Minto, in his "Life of Defoe,"* does him scant justice, to say the least. Certainly Defoe was right in exposing the inconsistency of such practices on the part of Dissenters. It may have been impolitic in him to attack the bill for their suppression, but it was his instinct to resist all forms of intolerance. That was intolerance in the High Church party, which in the body of Dissenters would only have been consistency with their principles. But it cost Defoe dearly. He was cast out of the Synagogue by the Dissenters.

Meantime, the bitterness of the High Church party was on the increase. Dissenters' chapels were pulled down. Dissenters were publicly insulted in the streets. Dr. Sacheverell had hung out at Oxford from one of the University pulpits his "bloody flag and banner of defiance," and his sermon was hawked about the streets for two-pence. Defoe published at this juncture his "Shortest Way with Dissenters." It appeared in December, 1702, a tract in quarto, of twenty-nine pages, entitled, "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters; or, Proposals for the Establishment of the Church." The pamphlet was anonymous. It was in form a grave argument for carrying out High Church principles to their farthest extreme in a forcible suppression of Dissent. The arguments of High Church extremists are all marshaled with the greatest logical skill; religious persecution is justified; the solemnity of the issue is stated; the duty of instant action is urged, and the pamphlet ends thus: "Alas! the Church of England! what with Popery on one hand and schismatics on the other, how has she been crucified between two thieves!

"Now let us crucify the thieves; let her foundations be established upon the destruction of her enemies; the doors of mercy being always open to the returning part of the deluded people, let the obstinate be ruled with a rod of iron."

The whole piece was, of course, ironical. It was of a kind with Dean Swift's "Modest Proposal," or his "Argument for Abolishing Christianity." It was, however, taken seriously. At first nobody, either in the ranks of High Churchmen or Dissenters, suspected its drift. Dissenters were frightened by it; High Churchmen applauded it. When, at length, its true character as irony was known, its unlucky author was between two fires. Dissenters could not forgive him for their scare. High Churchmen could not forgive him for unmasking their secret thoughts. Both were unforgiving because they were alike obtuse in failing to discover his drift. The consequences for Defoe were serious. Government offered a reward of £50 for his apprehension and delivery. He was thus described

* "English Men of Letters" Series, "Defoe," pp. 20, 21.

in the proclamation published in the *London Gazette*: "A middle-sized spare man, about forty years old, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown colored hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; . . . For many years was a hose-factor in Freeman's Yard in Cornhill, and now is owner of the brick and pantile works near Tilbury Fort, in Essex." The charge against him was for writing a "Scandalous and seditious pamphlet entitled 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters.'" "

For some time he eluded search. But when the printer and bookseller were arrested, then Defoe gave himself up; in his own words, "came forth to brave the storm." In the interim between the search for him by the authorities and his surrender of himself he wrote and published "A Brief Explanation of a Late Pamphlet." It is a simple and manly statement of what the brochure meant. It was a "banter upon the high-flying churchmen," only this and nothing more. Alas for Defoe! his "banter" was treated as if it were a crime. The House of Commons ordered the pamphlet burned by the hands of the common hangman. Then he was indicted at the Old Bailey on the 24th of February and his trial set down for the following July. He was found guilty, sentenced to a fine of two hundred marks, to stand three times in the pillory, to be imprisoned during the Queen's pleasure, and to find sureties for good behavior for seven years. Back then to Newgate he went and in due time to the pillory. On the 29th of July appeared "A Hymn to the Pillory," by Daniel De Foe. A few of its lines are worth recalling, as betokening the spirit in which he met his fate:

"Hail, Hieroglyphic State Machine,
 Contrived to punish Fancy in:
 Men that *are* men, in thee can feel no pain,
 And all thy insignificants disdain.
 Contempt, that false new word for shame,
 Is, without crime, an empty name,
 A shadow to amuse mankind,
 But ne'er to fright the wise or well-fix'd mind."

And when he stood in the pillory before the Royal Exchange in Cornhill, garlands were flung on it by a sympathizing crowd of the common people, and it is said he saw his hymn passed from one to another and heard them repeat one of its trenchant stanzas:

"Tell them the men that placed him here
 Are scandals to the times,
 Are at a loss to find his guilt
 And can't commit his crimes."

Eyre Crowe, the artist who has painted so many fine pictures illustrating scenes in English history, as the "Scene at the Mitre—

Dr. Johnson, Boswell and Goldsmith," "Pope's Introduction to Dryden," "Milton Visiting Galileo in the Prison of the Inquisition," "Dean Swift at St. James' Coffee House," has also painted "Defoe in the Pillory." Art has thus pilloried the insane and blundering intolerance and persecution of a set of religious bigots. But when Alexander Pope flung his cruel sneer at the sufferer in the line of the "Dunciad,"

"Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe,"

he was possibly meaner than the bigots. They had motives; he had none.

Defoe was in Newgate, and what Newgate was as a prison, history has been at no pains to conceal. We have no space in which to draw the picture of the indiscriminate mingling of both sexes, of all sorts of criminals, the political prisoners compelled to herd at least in part with the subjects for the hangman. Crowded, infested with disease, noisy and noisome, what a fate for such an offense! Yet amid its walls Defoe continued work, for which he deserves grateful mention, and some of his novels never would have been written but for his immuring in its walls. We cannot trace farther the history of Defoe's writings in behalf of Dissent, of a true religious toleration, and in opposition to all sorts of religious intolerance. Those who wish to pursue the subject will find in Mr. Lee's index of Defoe's writings ample evidence that his busy and effective pen for long years wrote brave and manly words on such questions.* We confess our inability to see why Mr. Minto puts an interrogation mark after the title to his chapter, "A Martyr to Dissent?" on the subject of Defoe and the Dissenters. It should have been a period or an exclamation point.

What he was as a social reformer, should be well considered by any one wishing to estimate this many-sided man at his just worth. Defoe was a man of business. If he had failed in his first business ventures, he had succeeded in his second. He had an eye for keen observation of men and things. He was an early explorer in that field of investigation now known as social science. It was while he was in his first business troubles that he wrote, at Bristol,

*The following selections from Defoe's writings will show the extent of his authorship on the general subject: "The Sincerity of the Dissenters Vindicated," etc., 1703; "The Dissenters' Answer to the High Church Challenge," 1704; "More Short Ways with the Dissenters," 1704; "Persecution Anatomized," etc., 1705; "A Plea for the Nonconformists," 1706; "A Short View of the Present State of the Protestant Religion in Britain," etc., 1707; "A Letter to the Dissenters," 1713.

No clearer idea of the position of religious parties in Britain can be gained than from the various pamphlets of Defoe.

in 1697, his noted "Essay upon Projects." In this remarkable book, the first *volume* he ever published, he discusses divers subjects, as Finance and Education, Insurance and Roads. It may be, as Mr. Minto suggests, that his various projects are slightly dashed with visionary schemes. But making every abatement, his work remains a striking proof of versatile and brilliant genius. His discussion of banking suggested reform in the system and a plan for central county banks. His ideas upon highways are advanced and comprehensive. He pleaded eloquently for reforms in the system of bankruptcy, to protect the honest debtor and to punish the dishonest one. He anticipated the Bishop of Peterborough two centuries in some suggestions on wagering, but the more striking features of the book are his advocacy of a kind of savings bank and the institution of an academy for women of which Girton and Nuneham are nineteenth-century realizations. He proposed to found in England an academy after the model of the French Academy—a project discussed by Mr. Matthew Arnold at great length in his "Essays on Criticism." He urged institutions for the care of idiots which long ago anticipated the asylums since reared for the unfortunates described by him as "a particular rent-charge on the great family of mankind." These discussions show in him two things, first, his remarkable power of forecasting needed reforms, and, secondly, his earnest spirit as a social reformer. It is not too much to say of the book, with Mr. Minto,* "it abounds in suggestions which statesmen might profitably have set themselves with due adaptations to carry into effect." It will strike some as not the least memorable fact connected with this work of Defoe that our own Franklin says, in speaking of the library in his uncle's house to which he had access, "there was also a book of Defoe's called an 'Essay on Projects,' which perhaps gave me a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal future events of my life." There is not a little in "Poor Richard's Almanac" which goes to show that the essay had much to do with his *turn of thinking*.

To estimate properly what Defoe was as a social reformer, notice must be taken of the range which his attacks on existing evils took, and also of the different weapons he employed. Often it was a keen and biting satire. Again, it was reasoning on facts and statistics. Sometimes it was strenuous remonstrance, sometimes plain didactic moralizing. But he always suited his writing to the matter in hand. In 1704, he published his "Giving Alms no Charity, and Employing the Poor a Grievance to the Nation; being an Essay upon the Great Question, Whether Workhouses, etc., etc., . . . are not Mischievous to the Nation. . . ." Defoe proclaimed

* "Life of Defoe," p. 18.

himself in his pamphlet, "No enemy to charity hospitals and workhouses," but he urged that "*Methods to keep our poor out of them far exceed, both in prudence and charity, all the sentiment and endeavors in the world to maintain them there.*" We have italicized this sentence as a curious anticipation of the principles avowed by our later social science in its congresses. Mr. Forster's praise of this tract seems none too strong.* It would be difficult to name a more soundly reasoned or shrewdly written pamphlet than his "Giving Alms no Charity." He published, in 1704, an "Essay on the Regulation of the Press," which reëchoes the sturdy doctrines of John Milton in his *Areopagitica* concerning the liberty of speech. Before Bishop Burnett, in his "History of His Own Time," had branded the stage of that day "as the corruption of the town;" before Jeremy Collier had exposed its immoralities, on which Macaulay, in one of his essays,† has expatiated with so much eloquence; Defoe had attacked this debased and debasing drama. So early as 1701, he published his "Villainy of Stock-jobbers Detected," and, in 1719, followed up his first onslaught by a more celebrated and more trenchant exposure of stock-jobbing arts in his "Anatomy of Exchange Alley; or, A System of Stock-jobbing; Proving that Scandalous Trade, as it is now carried on, to be Knavish in its Private Practice and Treason in its Publick." He strikes at evils, false information, etc., etc., which, with hardly a change of name, would be found, unless all reports are false, in Wall street to-day. He gives instances to point his moral. He enlivens his pages with dialogues between the stock-jobber and his victim. He denounces in the plainest Saxon the practices of "Exchange Alley," and ends with the exclamation: "And how much meaner Robberies than these bring the Friendless even to the Gallows every Sessions."

But Defoe was not content with the negative work of arraigning evil-doers before the bar of public opinion. He sought as well to give positive teachings which would build up virtue. Hence, we find him, in 1715, publishing his "Family Instructor," republished in 1718, enlarged by new discussions. He discoursed of the duties of fathers and children, masters and servants, husbands and wives. Except his "Robinson Crusoe," no work of his had so wide a circulation. These volumes, together with another on "Religious Courtship," went, says Mr. Forster,‡ through countless editions, and found their way not only in handsome setting forth to the king's private library, but on rough paper to all the fairs and markets of the kingdom. . . . Beyond and up to the beginning of the century they were

* Forster's "Biographical Essays," p. 118.

† "Comic Drama of the Restoration."

‡ "Biographical Essays," p. 143.

generally among the standard prize books of schools, and might be seen lying in coarse workman garb with "Pomfret's Poems," or "Hervey's Meditations," on the window-seat of any tradesman's house. Grave moral questions had, in truth, not before been approached with anything like that dramatic liveliness of manner. It is certainly characteristic of Defoe, that he had the boldness to deal with crimes which perhaps should not be named.*

All his life long he had close at heart the welfare of the English tradesmen. He was one of this class himself, knew their struggles and temptations, himself had known misfortunes, had been bankrupt, but at last honorably discharged all his obligations. He attempted to do the tradesmen a service by his volume, "The Complete English Tradesman" (1725-27). It was homely counsel, dealing not only with true methods of business, but the principles of morality which underlie it. Mr. Forster speaks of a "surlly vein of satire in it" which rendered it "less popular than others of its class." The satirist is seldom popular. The trouble with it is rather that the satire is not perfect enough as satire to compel attention to it. A much more original work is his "Protestant Monastery," published about the same time, 1726. The title is further given as "A Complaint Against the Brutality of the Present Age, Particularly the Pertness and Insolence of Our Youth to Aged Persons. With a Caution to People in Years, How They Give the Staff Out of Their Own Hands and Leave Themselves to the Mercy of Others. Concluding with a Proposal for Erecting a Protestant Monastery, Where Persons of Small Fortunes May End Their Days in Plenty, Ease and Credit Without Bothering Their Relations or Accepting Publick Charities." There was in Defoe a vein of chimera side by side with his strong, shrewd sense. It seems strange that the author of the "Essay on Projects" should, after years of experience, ventilate such a scheme as that of the Protestant Monastery. One is tempted to doubt sometimes whether he meant to be taken *au serieux* in many of his writings. Still, in just such treatises as this the passion for social reform can be seen. It was in him as no secondary nor fugacious purpose. In fact, it swayed him to the end. The last publication that appeared from his pen, in the year of his death, 1731, was "An Effectual Scheme for the Immediate *Preventing* of Street Robberies." In 1728, three years previous, he had written two tracts on the same subject. The annals of the time show us what need there was for some public discussion of the matter. He takes it up with his accustomed energy, and deals with it in the same trenchant fashion which characterizes all his papers on reform. He seems versed in all the ways of the footpad, is full of homely suggestions going

* "Use and Abuse of the Marriage Bed," 1727.

straight to the mark, and the last word he speaks to the English public is a word of reform. These are illustrations of what Defoe was in his formal teachings on social and moral reforms. They show his range and his method. But it is only when we consider his journalism that we can fully estimate what his busy brain and unflagging pen attempted in his time.

Immediately after his confinement in Newgate he started the *Review*. It was at first a weekly journal. After the eighth number it became a semi-weekly, and in its second year of publication a tri-weekly. The first number was issued February 19, 1704. It was discontinued June 11, 1713. The words of Mr. Lee* are none too strong in reference to this achievement :

“When it is remembered that no other pen was ever employed than that of Defoe upon a work appearing at such frequent intervals, extending over more than nine years, and embracing in more than five thousand printed pages, essays on almost every branch of human knowledge, the achievement must be pronounced a great one, even had he written nothing else. If we add that between the dates of the first and last numbers of the *Review* he wrote and published no less than eighty other distinct works, containing 4727 pages, and perhaps more not now known, the fertility of his genius must appear as astonishing as the greatness of his capacity for labor.” During all his journeys to and from Scotland, while engaged in promoting the union of the two Crowns, during his residence in Edinburgh, amid such labors as preparing his “History of the Union,” a folio of more than 700 pages, to say nothing of other and lesser work, the *Review* regularly appeared. It was a feat in journalism which nothing in the history of the modern newspaper has surpassed.

Defoe's *Review* was a new development in periodical literature. Nothing like it had appeared before. In the variety of topics it handled, in the sprightly and entertaining way it handled them, it was almost as unique in the field of journalism as “Robinson Crusoe” in that of fiction. It discussed politics, it discussed the moralities of life, it exposed the evils of the time, it ridiculed the affectations of the age. It inveighed against immoderate drinking, swearing, gambling, and with special boldness attacked the duelling practices of the gentry. Its “Scandalous Club” summons offenders before its tribunal, hears the case, and adjudges on the points raised. Its political papers were weighty. Its moral essays were always vivacious and pointed. Judged by the *Review* alone, Defoe must be considered as having won his place in literature, side by side with the English essayists of a later date. Indeed his *Review* antedated the *Tattler* and *Spectator*. The *Tattler* was begun by

* “Life of Defoe,” Vol. i, p. 85.

Steel in 1709—five years after Defoe had issued his *Review* from the walls of Newgate. The *Tattler* lived but two years; the *Spectator* in both its issues not more than three. Johnson's *Rambler* and *Idler* each but two. The *Review* of Defoe expired in its ninth year.

To the political worth of the journal Mr. Minto pays a deserved tribute when he says:* "He (Defoe) could not undertake to tell his readers what was passing from day to day, but he could explain to them the policy of the Continental Courts; he could show how that policy was affected by their past history and present interests; he could calculate the forces at their disposal, set forth the ground of their alliances and generally put people in a position to follow the great game that was being played on the European chess-board. In the *Review*, in fact, as he himself described his task, he was writing a history, sheet by sheet, and letting the world see it, as it went on."

But his journalistic labors did not end with the expiring *Review*. He was afterwards a steady and copious writer for Mist's *Journal*. He "founded, conducted, and wrote" for other periodicals: among them the *Mercurius Politicus*, a monthly (1716-1720), Downer's *News-Letter* (1716-1718); the *Whitehall Evening Post*, a tri-weekly, 1718; the *Daily Post*, 1719; Applebee's *Journal*, to which he was a contributor from 1720 to 1726. We owe to the industry of Mr. Lee for the first time anything like a full picture of Defoe's journalistic activity. With unconquerable patience he ransacked all journals of the period for Defoe's writings. He has given the results of his labor in Vols. ii and iii, volumes of 500 pages each, and containing the various contributions of that most prolific pen. Only when they are put side by side with the eight years' work on the *Review* can we estimate the extent of his journalistic labors. In amount they transcend anything yet known to journalism.† And what is a leading characteristic both of the earlier and the later journalism, is his unintermitting endeavor for social and moral reform. It would need a glance along the indexes of the volumes referred to, to gain any full idea of it. His papers "Against Flogging in the Army," "Unprincipled Immorality Rebuked," "A Place for Charity Schools," "A Satire on City Politics," "On the Increase of Robberies and Murders," "Against Printing Indecent Books," "Against the Authors of Indecent Books," "Stock-job-

* "Life of Defoe," "English Men of Letters," pp. 52, 53.

† It must not be supposed, says Mr. Lee in his Preface to Volume ii, that these volumes contain the whole of Defoe's hitherto unknown writings discovered during eighteen months' continued labor. Fully one-half was passed by without copying, as having little comparative interest for the general reader of the present day. Even of those actually transcribed, I have thought it better, for many reasons, to publish only a selection.

bing in Paris," titles culled at random, show how he kept constantly before him as the journalist's first duty, guarding the public morals. To him is owing, as Mr. Lee has shown, the invention of the *leading article* then known as a *letter introductory*. Defoe was one of the earliest and most outspoken defenders of copy-right. He suffered grievously from literary piracy himself, and he lifted a stirring protest against the robbery of authors, speaking for his brethren of the craft no less than for himself. His last or nearly his last journalistic effort was to write a prospectus for the *Universal Spectator* and an introductory essay on the "Qualifications of a Great Writer." The weekly paper thus founded continued to exist for twenty years.

Defoe's political career would in itself have made him famous. It began with the Revolution of 1688; it lasted into the reign of George I. As a pamphleteer and as a journalist, he had made his power felt in national affairs. In his time, the political pamphlet was perhaps at the zenith of its power. The rise of the modern newspaper with its "leaders" has largely superseded its use. But it is only necessary to read Swift's "Conduct of the Allies," or his "Drapier Letters," to recognize its power in the early part of the eighteenth century. It would be impossible in the limits of this article to give any detailed view of Defoe's political writings. Mr. Lee's biography has effectually exploded the notion that they ended in 1715. Long after that he was writing on State questions in *Mist's Journal* and other papers. There are, however, two salient points of his political career, which must be reviewed in order to any adequate conception of the man. No sooner had the Prince of Orange landed at Torbay, than Defoe, "armed and on horseback," left London and joined the army of the Prince. His sturdy Protestantism, his love of British liberty, led him to espouse King William's cause with all his heart. Ever afterwards, he commemorated the 4th of November as an anniversary of freedom. "A day," he said in his *Review*, "famous on various accounts, and every one of them dear to Britons who love their country, value the Protestant interest or have an aversion to tyranny and oppression."

He entered the lists of political debate by the publication, in 1694, of "The Englishman's Choice and True Interest in the Vigorous Prosecution of the War Against France; and Serving K. William and Q. Mary and Acknowledging Their Right." It was a vigorous defense of the policy of King William against the insidious attacks then so rife, and which Macaulay has described with so much power. The pamphlet instantly drew the attention of the government to Defoe as a powerful writer. He was to give proof of that power and that loyalty more than once. In succession appeared his

“Argument Showing that a Standing Army, with Consent of Parliament, is not Inconsistent with a Free Government,” 1698; “The Two Great Questions Considered: I. What the French King Will Do with Respect to the Spanish Monarchy. II. What Measures the English Ought to Take,” 1701; “The Danger of the Protestant Religion from the Present Prospect of a Religious War in Europe,” 1701; “The Six Distinguishing Characters of a Parliament Man,” 1701; “The True-born Englishman,” 1701; “Reasons against a War with France,” 1701; “The Original Power of the Collective Body of the People of England Examined and Asserted.” Every one of these pamphlets was, directly or indirectly, a strong support of King William. The pamphlet discussing the “Questions of the Standing Army” and that on the “Rights of the People of England” are no temporary documents. They are to-day a seminary of facts and arguments on their several topics. It is, however, the “True-born Englishman” which has about it the most of popular interest. It is a satire in verse. Defoe was no poet, but on occasion he could use a vigorous rhyming power with telling effect, as in his “Hymn to the Pillory.” The occasion of this satire was the constant fusillade of attack on King William as a *foreigner*. It is a matter of history that King William and his friends were bitterly assailed as *foreigners*. “They were no true-born Englishmen; that was the cant in vogue. . . . The feeling had vented itself in the previous year, on that question of the dismissal of the Dutch Guards, which the King took so sorely to heart. . . . It now threatened the fair and just rewards which William had offered to his deserving Generals.”*

At this juncture, Defoe published his satire. Its rhyme is rude, its metre somewhat faulty; but its sterling sense, its mastery of historical facts, its home-thrusts, its plain, unanswerable argument, that Englishmen are the “most mixed race on the earth,” made it instantly successful. Couplets like these went like chain-shot among the ranks of the Tories:

“These are the heroes who despise the Dutch
 And rail at new-come foreigners so much,
 Forgetting that themselves are all derived
 From the most scandal race that ever lived.
 A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones
 Who ransack’d kingdoms and dispeopled towns,
 The Pict and painted Briton, treach’rous Scot,
 By hunger, theft and rapine hither brought;
 Norwegian pirates, buccaneering Danes,
 Whose red-haired offspring everywhere remains,
 Who, joined with Norman-French, compound the breed
 From whence your true-born Englishmen proceed.”

* Forster’s “Biographical Essays,” p. 88.

The satire in verse like this was worthy of Dryden :

“But England, modern to the last degree,
 Borrows or makes her own nobility ;
 And yet she boldly boasts of pedigree ;
 Repines that foreigners are put upon her
 And talks of her antiquity and honor ;
 Her Sackvilles, Savilles, Cecils, Delameres,
 Mohuns and Montagues, Durass and Veres ;
 Not one have English names, yet all are English peers.”

The sale of the satire was great. Besides nine editions published by Defoe, twelve were pirated. Eighty thousand copies, it is said, were sold upon the streets of London.

It introduced him to the personal favor and friendship of King William. Years afterwards, Defoe said of it : “How this Poem was the occasion of my being known to his Majesty ; how I was afterwards received by him ; how employed ; and how, above my capacity of deserving, rewarded, is no part of the present case, and is only mentioned here, as I take all occasions to do, for the expressing the honor I ever preserved for the immortal and glorious memory of that greatest and best of Princes, whom it was my honor and advantage to call Master as well as Sovereign.” Defoe’s satire ended all the whining cant about being “true-born Englishmen.” It brought him into frequent intercourse with the king. It was an honor to Defoe, civilian that he was, to be thus recognized by royalty for the power of his pen as well as for the loyalty of his heart. For the king, it was fortunate that he had at his command such powers.

The Union of England with Scotland is one of the great landmarks in British history. It was accomplished in the reign of Queen Anne. In the procuring of this Union, Defoe stands out as one of the most prominent figures. There were very great difficulties in the way of its accomplishment. Religious and commercial jealousies long prevented its consummation. It had been a favorite project of King William. He had urged it from his death-bed. It was followed up by Queen Anne and finally secured in 1707. Long after the ruling parties in both countries had been convinced of its necessity, the populace in both countries were bitterly opposed to it. Scotsmen were jealous of England’s possible gain commercially by the Union. Englishmen desired the restoration of Episcopacy north of the Tweed. “National animosity had been influenced to a passionate pitch by the Darien disaster and the massacre of Glencoe.” Defoe had remarkable fitness for the task of reconciling the opposing parties. He was thoroughly versed in all the commercial bearings of the proposed Union. He was a Dissenter

who had been pilloried for his opinions. From the first, he saw that the Union of the two Crowns meant a lasting advantage for both countries. He began at once to advocate it in his *Review*. Article after article appeared from his pen. He never wrote more vigorously nor more effectually. Nor was this all. No sooner had the Joint Commissioners assembled at Whitehall, April, 1706, than Defoe published his "Essay at Removing National Prejudices against a Union with Scotland; to be Continued During the Treaty Here."

The second part, with the same title, speedily followed. The Articles of Union having been signed in London, July 22, 1706, had to be ratified by the Scottish Parliament. All now hung upon this. But the Scotch people gave no sign of any willingness as yet to have the union ratified. At this juncture, Defoe was sent to Scotland. He published in Edinburgh the "Essay at Removing National Prejudices, etc.," named above. He published four additional essays advocating the same cause. He published his poem, "Caledonia," for the same end. At first he ran risks of his life; was, on one occasion, mobbed. His position in Scotland is well defined by Mr. Lee as a "semi-official one, in which he was under no party ties but employed by the Queen and the Prime Minister, to render all assistance in his power in promoting the Union." It would be saying too much to say that without Defoe the Union never would have been consummated. The truth is, that no other man in the two kingdoms could have done what he did to bring it about. His "History of the Union" was, in after-years, written as in part a vindication of his motives. The Union itself is his best vindication. That it has been fruitful of blessing to both countries all admit. Few, however, know how large and noble was the part played by the author of "Robinson Crusoe" in securing it.

Defoe long continued to keep his hand employed in the politics of the time. Till Mr. Lee published his volumes in 1869, all his biographers had asserted his cessation from political work in 1715. We now know that his political career extends beyond that. It is, however, no part of our purpose to trace it further. But notice must be taken of the discovery, in 1864, in the State Paper office of six letters of Defoe, which not only show his later connection with the politics of the time, but which do cast a blot on the fame of their author. Stated briefly, these letters disclose the fact that Defoe, while employed on a Tory journal, *Mercurius Politicus*, was secretly in the service of the government. He suppressed, in its interest, furious attacks on the government; he took the sting out of others; he used all his art to make the Tory organ innocuous, its proprietor and its patrons all the while supposing him to be in full sympathy with its avowed

principles. Defoe himself speaks of this as "Worshipping in the home of Rimmon." This puts it, however, only on the level of such a morality as the code of diplomacy recognizes. It cannot be justified on any principle of honorable or safe political warfare. All arguments in defense or extenuation come at last to this—the end justifies the means. That, first and last, belongs to the politics of Jesuitism, and has written too many chapters of blood in human history. All that can justly be said of Defoe's conduct in this affair, is that he had, for the time, swung away from allegiance to principles of honor and honesty—which else ruled his life. His political writings are in fact a model, in so far as freedom from the partisan scurrility of the time is concerned. He has, moreover, every quality of a good political writer. Swift was not his superior in the art of saying things, so as to make deep and lasting impressions on the popular mind.

As a writer of fiction, Defoe has long won his place in the hearts not only of the English-speaking people, but of the world. Burkhart, the traveler, found his "Robinson Crusoe" translated into Arabic.* When Defoe's career is fully studied, it will be found, however, that his honors must be divided between his journalism and his fiction. His place as a journalist is not yet fully accorded him. Even in the field of fiction his "Robinson Crusoe" has overshadowed other works of very high merit. To say that his career as a writer of fiction began with this wonderful story is hardly true. It was no 'prentice hand which elaborated the details of the life on that solitary island, over which every boy who reads at all has hung with breathless interest. In the list of earlier works, we find published in 1705, "The Consolidator: or, Memoirs of Sundry Transactions from the World in the Moon," and in the same year, "A Journey to the World in the Moon." In 1706, he gave to the world, "A True Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs. Veal, the Next Day After Her Death," etc. Mr. Lee has effectually exploded the story, to which Sir Walter Scott gave credence, that it was written to float "Drelincourt on Death" into circulation, since, first, this book had already a good circulation and, secondly, Defoe's "Mrs. Veal" was written first. But this prince of ghost stories has in it the same art or arts which make "Robinson Crusoe" the amazing success it is in fiction. Besides these efforts, Defoe in numerous shorter articles in his *Review* and other journals had been preparing himself for his greater works—his novels written from 1719 to 1724. "Robinson Crusoe" was written when the author was fifty-eight years old. He had great difficulty to find a publisher, it seems. But it is not the only great work which has had this fate. Its success was immediate.

* Forster's "Biographical Essays," p. 146.

He followed up the first part by a second, and that by a third, "Serious Reflections During the Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," in which he avers that the original story is autobiographical. "The adventures of Robinson Crusoe are one whole scene of real life of eight-and-twenty years, spent in the most wandering, desolate and afflicting circumstances that ever a man went through, and in which I have lived so long a life of wonders, in continual storms, fought with the worst kind of savages and man-eaters, by unaccountable surprising incidents; fed by miracles greater than that of ravens; suffered all manner of violences and oppressions, injuries, reproaches, contempt of men, attacks of devils, corrections from heaven and oppositions on earth; have had innumerable ups and downs in matters of fortune, been in worse slavery than Turkish, escaped by as exquisite management as that in the story of Xavy and the boat of Salee, been taken up at sea in distress, raised again and depressed again, and that oftener in one man's life than ever was known before." This, in fact, goes far to account for the singular power of the story. Books written out of such experiences, whatever forms they take—poems, fiction, biographies, journals—have an element of real power in them.

It has indeed been the commonplace of criticism that "Robinson Crusoe" owes its success to its verisimilitude, to the close, minute circumstantial nature of the fiction. "Defoe asks us, in substance, Is it conceivable that any man should tell stories so elaborate, so complex, with so many unnecessary details, with so many indications of evidence this way and that, unless the stories were true.)*" But the article from which this sentence has been quoted shows very conclusively that Defoe's power includes more than this. The moralizing in the book, the element of mystery in which parts are wrapped, the swift easy flow of narrative style are all fitted to make it unique as fiction. Some one, we are told, asked Dr. Robertson, the distinguished Scottish historian, how to gain a good historical style. "Read Defoe," was his reply. Perhaps no higher compliment was ever paid the author of "Robinson Crusoe." But side by side with this must be named the fact, that Dean Swift caught the trick of his "Gulliver's Travels" from Defoe's "Consolidator" and the "Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." The Dean affected to despise the author, but could borrow from him the art of making a great book, when it served his own turn. Certainly Defoe seems entitled to the praise of having been the founder of the English novel, at least, in its full-grown shape. Is Mr. Forster wrong when he says, "Richardson founded his style of minute narration wholly upon him;

* Leslie Stephens' "Hours in a Library," Defoe's Novels, p. 9.

Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and Goldsmith, Godwin, Scott, Bulwer, and Dickens, have been more or less indebted to him?"

Yet it is hardly fair to Defoe's memory to give so extensive regard to this one book—his greatest, it is true—and to neglect its distinguished successors. When once he had opened this vein, in succession appeared his "Life and Piracies of Captain Singleton," 1720; "The Fortunes and Misfortunes of Moll Flanders," 1721; "The Life and Adventures of Colonel Jack," 1722; and, in the same year, the "Journal of the Plague." In 1723, "The Memoirs of a Cavalier" came out, and in 1724 "Roxana." The series closes with the "New Voyage Around the World," in 1725, and the "Life of Captain Carleton," in 1728. These fictions fall into two distinct classes; the first, novels of adventures or incidents, to which belong "Robinson Crusoe," "Captain Singleton," "Journal of the Plague," "The Memoirs of a Cavalier," "The New Voyage," and "Captain Carleton." The second comprises "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jack," and "Roxana." It is a well-known fact that the "Journal of the Plague," "The Memoirs of a Cavalier," and "Captain Singleton," have been referred to as genuine histories of actual events. Mr. McQueen, quoted in Captain Burton's "Nile Basin," names "Captain Singleton" as a genuine account of travels in Central Africa, and seriously mentions Defoe's imaginary pirate as a "claimant for the honor of the discovery of the sources of the White Nile."* Dr. Johnson believed in the genuineness of "Captain Carleton," and is supported in this view by Lord Stanhope in his "War of the Succession in Spain." There could, of course, be no greater tribute to Defoe's power of giving to imaginary adventures or incidents the convincing air of verisimilitude. Sir Walter Scott has said of the "Journal of the Plague," that its author "undoubtedly embodied a number of traditions upon this subject of which he might actually have read, or of which he might otherwise have received direct evidence," and adds, "had he not been the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' Defoe would have deserved immortality for the genius which he has displayed in this work." Both his comments are just. That Defoe did not manufacture these stories out of "whole cloth" is very probable. He had some basis of facts to work from. But the great mass is pure invention. The same is undoubtedly true of the "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jack," "Roxana," etc. It is this prodigious inventive power, which has led Mr. Minto to say,† "He was a great, a truly great liar, perhaps the greatest liar that ever lived." Is it quite just to Defoe, to apply to him this opprobrious epithet, when no one would dream of applying it to any other of the great

* Stephens' "Hours in a Library," Defoe's Novels, p. 4.

† "Life of Defoe," "English Men of Letters," p. 165.

masters of fiction? The other comment of Sir Walter Scott, as to the genius displayed in the "Journal of the Plague," deserves more than a passing notice. After "Robinson Crusoe," it is the masterpiece of his fictions. The completeness as well as the vividness of the fiction is what makes the power of the book. No aspect of the dreadful visitation is passed over. The symptoms of the disease, the suddenness of its attacks, the terror of its victims, the talk on the streets, the frightful rumble of the dead cart, the higger-nugger burials, the confusion and alarm in the city, the orders of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, the consultation of the physicians, the pest-houses, the lives sacrificed to duty, the coal fires kept burning to prevent the spread of the disease, the stagnation of commerce, the alms poured out by the benevolent, the frequent suicides, the behavior of the police, the destruction of the cats and dogs, the increase of crimes, the carefully prepared statistics of deaths in different parts of the city, all such details are wrought up into one appalling picture, which might have been true in every feature. The same is true, only in lesser degree, of the "Memoirs of a Cavalier" and the history of Captain Singleton's piracies. Few, it may be, read nowadays these books. But no one who has not read them can be said to understand the fertility and the power of Defoe's genius in fiction.

Of his novels of the second class, "Moll Flanders," "Colonel Jack," "Roxana," etc., it can only be said that they are forerunners of that school of fiction which has the so-called "realism" for its characteristic, and of which M. Zola is chief. Had Defoe not been an inmate of Newgate Prison, it is doubtful whether he could or would have written them. They certainly have no immoral purpose. They were written, we must believe, with a moral intent. There is no reason to question the judgment of Mr. Leslie Stephens that "it was good, sound, homespun morality of the Franklin kind, and such as does not deserve the sneers it sometimes receives." In his "Colonel Jack" we not only find the highest philanthropic spirit in regard to the system of slavery in Virginia plantations, but a long and wholesome treatment* of the doctrine of repentance and divine forgiveness and this prayer in verse :

" Lord ! whatsoever sorrows rack my breast,
 Till crime removes too, let me find no rest ;
 How dark soe'er my state, or sharp my pain,
 O let not troubles cease, and sin remain.
 For Jesus' sake remove not my distress
 Till, free, triumphant, grace shall repossess
 The vacant throne from whence my sins depart
 And make a willing captive of my heart ;
 Till grace completely shall my soul subdue,
 Thy conquest full, and my subjection true."

* "Colonel Jack," Bohn's ed., pp. 408 *et seq.*

But we must affirm our conviction that "realism" in fiction, with its pictures of vice, be it treated in never so masterly fashion, is more harmful than salutary. On the stage or in the novel it is morally bad. It is a somewhat repulsive picture this, of an old man like Defoe writing such fictions, no matter with what intent. The end can never justify the means.

Of the character of Defoe the most opposite estimates have been formed. In his life time he had few friends among the Dissenters. They evidently distrusted him, though no man stood more courageously for their rights. He was loaded with obloquy by the High Churchmen. He was violently assailed in pamphlets and journals. He was looked down on by the literary coterie, Pope and Swift at their head, as not being "sealed of the tribe of Ben." He had to endure a second arrest and trial for an ironical tract against the Pretender, which came near costing him a second sentence to Newgate and the pillory. In fact, he was as solitary in England as ever was Robinson Crusoe on his island.

Nor have biographers and critics yet agreed in their estimates of Defoe's character. Mr. Lee's biography is too eulogistic; he holds a brief to defend Defoe from all attacks, and explains away what cannot be explained away, in the six fatal letters to Mr. De la Faye discovered in the State office, 1864. Mr. Forster's vigorous essay, written before this discovery, is perhaps open to the same charge. But Mr. Minto's "Life of Defoe" is, on the other hand, wanting in appreciation. We are left in doubt as to what his estimates amount to, his statements are so balanced. The closing words of his book, notwithstanding the qualifications made, are not just.* It is a very harsh judgment to apply to Defoe the term, "pure knave," even for his duplicity revealed in the six letters. This is the worst fact his enemies or his judge can quote against him. The purity of his life, his honesty in all mercantile dealings, his acknowledged services to the cause of sound morality in his writings, are facts which should effectually screen him from all such epithets. In short, the life of Defoe remains yet to be written. That he has been so scantily noticed by Macaulay, and not at all by Mr. J. R. Green, in his "History of England," are facts we cannot explain; of that time in English history, so pregnant with issues touching liberty, civil and religious, he certainly was a prominent figure. A most inviting field is here offered the biographer. The new material opened to the public by

* "Defoe was a wonderful mixture of knave and patriot. Sometimes pure knave, seems to be uppermost, sometimes pure patriot, but the mixture is so complex and the energy of the man so restless, that it almost passes human skill to unravel the two elements. The author of 'Robinson Crusoe' is entitled to the benefit of every doubt."

the industry of Mr Lee awaits a more competent hand than his to deal with it. It involves enormous labor. To read the 254 writings of Defoe and the collections from his journals in Mr. Lee's second and third volumes, to master all the English history of that period, and then, with a discriminating historical judgment, assign to Defoe his true place among English Dissenters, English patriots, English moralists, and English men of letters, is a noble undertaking. The interests of truth as well as justice to Defoe demand its execution.

Concerning his mysterious end, little so far is actually known. That he was a fugitive, a homeless wanderer, in his old age, for the two years preceding his death, is a familiar fact. But the causes of this fugitive and homeless life are not known. Conjectures have been rife. In a letter to his son-in-law, Baker, written while he was in hiding, he says: "It is not the blow I received from a wicked, perjured and contemptible enemy that has broken in upon my spirit, which, as she [his daughter Sophia] well knows, has carried me on through greater disasters than this; but it has been the injustice, unkindness and, I must say, inhuman dealing of my own son, which has both ruined my family and, in a word, has broken my heart." What was this "blow," and who was this "wicked, perjured and contemptible enemy?" That is the question. Mr. Lee conjectures that the enemy was Mist, who had once assaulted Defoe upon the streets, and that the "blow" was, convincing the government that Defoe had been treacherous in his secret services. Mr. Minto thinks it far more likely that "Mist and his supporters had sufficient interest to instigate the revival of old pecuniary claims against Defoe." Others, again, have conjectured that it was all a mood of insanity on Defoe's part, in which he baffled all the efforts of his family to discover his hiding place. All is conjecture, but the life closes in a mystery more or less tragic in its character. He died of a lethargy in the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, London, at a lodging in Ropemaker's alley, on the evening of Monday, April 26, 1731, being in the seventy-first year of his age. He was buried, as are so many of the great Dissenters, in Bunhill Fields burying-ground.

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