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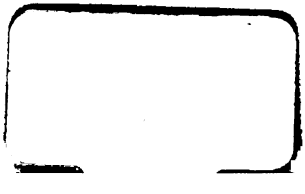

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THE BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY 1, 1881.

ART. I.—*Augustodunum.*

(1) *Traduction des Discours d'Eumène.* Par M. l'Abbé LENDRIOT et M. l'Abbé ROCHET. Accompagnée du Texte, &c., &c. Par M. l'Abbé ROCHET. Publication de la Société Éduenne. Autun. 1854.

(2) *Cartulaire de l'Église d'Autun.* Publié par A. DE CHARMASSE. Publication de la Société Éduenne. Paris, and Autun. 1854.*

IT is not very many years since we set forth the claims of Augusta Treverorum, *Trier, Trèves,* of its history and of its monuments, to the study of those whose thoughts lead them to the transitional ages of European history, and to the part which the city on the Mosel, the dwelling-place of Constantine and Valentinian, played in the events of those stirring times.† From Trier we may feel almost naturally called to another famous Gaulish city with which Trier is in some sort brought into a sisterly relation. We cannot go through our chief authorities for the great days of the city of the Treveri without having the city of the Ædui brought strongly home to our thoughts. From Augusta Treverorum by the Mosel we are taught to look to Augustodunum by the far smaller and less

* These two volumes are among the many publications of an active local society, which still cleaves to the ancient name of the district which is the scene of its work. We can bear witness, by experience on the spot, that several others of the Æduan Society's books are of real use in working out Æduan history on Æduan soil. But, alas, some of the most valuable of these are not to be bought, either at Autun or seemingly elsewhere. Writing away from Autun, we have been confined to such help as was to be got from the two whose names we have copied.

† See BRITISH QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. cxxiii., reprinted in 'Historical Essays.' Third Series.

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famous Arroux. And from both, in the days of their common glory, we are further led to cast our eyes over a far wider space, even to the distant Illyrian land whence in that age came forth the chosen rulers of mankind. Our thoughts flit to and fro between Trier and Autun, they flit from both to Naissus and Salona, when an orator from the banks of the Arroux sets forth by the banks of the Mosel how much both the city of his birth and the city of his sojourn owed to Cæsars and Augusti from beyond the Hadriatic. Trier is the city of the panegyrists; but one of the chief of the panegyrists, if he spoke at Trier, came from Autun, and made Autun his theme rather than Trier. We thus get pictures of the two cities in the same age, the age which was the most flourishing of all ages for the city of the Treveri, and which seems to have been a time of renewed splendour for the city of the Ædui. Eumenius, Athenian by descent, but by birth, by education, by local feeling, a loyal son of Autun, came to Trier, as the imperial city of the West, to plead for his native city, to return thanks for good deeds done to his native city, to set forth the praises of the princes by whom his native city had been brought back to somewhat of the flourishing state from which she had been lately cast down. Two generations of the Flavian house listened to the honeyed words of the orator whose heart, and the hearts of his countrymen, professed to be lifted up with joy because Augustodunum had for a moment changed its name to Flavia. Eumenius came to speak the panegyric of the elder Constantius, while he still held only the rank of Cæsar. The Cæsar could not be praised without adding the praises of his father the Augustus, and the Augustus of the West could not be praised without adding the praises of the mightier Augustus of the East, whose will alone had called the other princes of the Roman world into their Imperial being. The orator of Autun pays his homage to Constantius at Trier; but he must also pay his homage to Maximian, the official chief of his own ruler, and to Diocletian, father and lord of all. Thus, as we trace out the great works of Roman power at Autun, memory makes its way by only a few stages, not only to the Black Gate of Trier, but to the columns of Herculius at Milan and to the arcades of Jovius by the Dalmatian shore. As the Æduan orator had come to praise the father, so he came on the same ground to praise his yet more famous son. Constantine, already Augustus but not sole Augustus, lord of York and Trier but not yet lord of Rome, listened, perhaps with equal good will, to the discourse which set forth his merits as the second founder of the Æduan Flavia, and to the discourse which hailed

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the return to good old Roman ways, as the Treveran amphitheatre beheld his Frankish captives helpless in the jaws of the wild beasts.* The future founder of a new and Christian Rome, the future president of the first œcumenical synod of the Church, was then satisfied to be addressed as the favourite of Apollo by the pagan orator who returned thanks for the restoration of a pagan city.† Trier was the favoured spot which rejoiced to be before all others his special dwelling-place;‡ but Autun too had once at least seen his face, and she rejoiced to think of his bounty and to remember that she bore his name. The elder city of the Ædui, Bibracte, famed in the days of the first Cæsar, had been honoured with the name of the Julii of the elder line. So had Florence by the banks of Arno; so had Pola in the Istrian peninsula. But the newer city of the Ædui had now a name, less ancient, but, it is implied, more glorious. She was now Flavia, the city of the princes who had called her into a second being.§

The discourses of this courtly orator, while supplying some of our materials, such as they are, for the general history of the time, supply our very best materials for the local history of his own city in the days when Augustodunum rejoiced to be called Flavia. In his day, in his pages, Autun fully makes good her claim to be counted as one of the same group, though assuredly the least member of the group, with Spalato, Trier, and Ravenna. That group might fairly be looked on as stretching from York to Nikomêdeia; but it is the sisterhood of Trier and Autun which is naturally the theme of the Æduan panegyrist haranguing in the Treveran palace. The bounty of Constantine had enabled Autun to put on the likeness of Trier.

* See the passages in Eumenius' Panegyric of Constantine, 11, 12, commented on in 'Historical Essays.' Third Series, p. 120.

† The reverence of Constantine for Apollo—'Apollo tuus'—comes out in the Panegyric, 21.

‡ Eumenius begins the *Gratiarum Actio* with this flourish: 'Si Flavia Æduorum, tandem æterno nomine nuncupata, sacratissime Imperator, commovere se funditus, atque huc venire potuisset, tota profecto coram de tuis in se maximis pulcherrimisque beneficiis una voce loqueretur; tibique restitutori suo, imo, ut verius fatear, conditori, in ea potissimum civitate gratias ageret, cujus eam similem facere coepisti.' So cap. 2: 'In hac urbe, quæ adhuc assiduitate præsentiæ tuæ præ ceteris fruitur.'

§ The Gratiarum Actio ends as it begins: 'Omnium sis licet dominus urbium, omnium nationum, nos tamen etiam nomen accepimus tuum, jam non antiquum. Bibracte quidem huc usque dicta est Julia, Pola, Florentia; sed Flavia est civitas Æduorum.'

There has been a vast deal of disputing over this passage, which may be seen in the opening chapter of the 'Notice Historique sur Autun,' in the edition of Eumenius at the head of this article. M. Rochet, like others before him, labours hard to prove that Bibracte was called Pola and Florentia. But the plain meaning is; 'Bibracte may be Julia, like Pola [Pietas Julia], Florence, and many other places.' See also the 'Recueil des Histoires des Gaules,' i. 24.

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And it certainly is remarkable that, among all the cities of central and northern Gaul, these are the two which to this day stand out most conspicuously for the number and grandeur of their abiding Roman buildings. But the special glory of which Autun was specially to boast itself, the possession of the Flavian name, has utterly passed away; but for the witness of Eumenius itself, the fact might have been wholly forgotten. Autun has been for ages as little used to the name of Flavia as Trier has been used to the name of Augusta. But, while Trier cast aside its Imperial title altogether, Autun threw aside a later Imperial title to fall back on an earlier one, which has lived on, with a mere contraction, to this day. Augusta Treverorum has for ages been simply *Treveris* or *Trier*. Augustodunum is to this day *Autun*. And the difference in the history of the names points to some important differences in the history of the two cities.

The Ædui, friends and brothers, as they delighted to be called, of the Roman people, held the highest place among the nations of central Gaul. Their friendship and brotherhood was acknowledged by the Romans themselves. It was a special badge of distinction. Rome had many allies; the Ædui were her only brothers.* The brothers of Rome were naturally the first among the nations of Gaul to find their way into the Roman Senate. Such a privilege as this is naturally made the most of by the Æduan orator speaking before the throne of Constantine. Rome had had other faithful allies; but they had become her allies from motives of self-interest. Saguntum had sought the alliance of Rome in hopes of enlarging her own dominion in Spain. Massilia had sought it in hopes of winning Roman protection against barbarian neighbours. The Mamertines in Sicily, boasted children of Mars, the people of Ilios, boasted metropolis of Rome, had striven to assert a kindred with Rome by dint of cunningly devised fables. The Ædui alone had, neither out of fear nor out of flattery, but of their own free will, become the brethren of Rome on equal terms by willing adoption.† Rome and Autun, in the ideas of the orator of Autun, were sister cities of equal dignity. We must remember

* Strabo. iv. 3 : οἱ δὲ Αἰδοῦοι καὶ συγγενεῖς Ρωμαίων ὠνομάζοντο καὶ πρῶτοι τῶν ταύτῃ προσῆλθον πρὸς τὴν φιλίαν καὶ συμμαχίαν. Cf. Tacitus, Annals, xl. 25.

† Gratiarum Actio 3: 'Fuit olim Saguntus fœderata, sed cum jam tædio Punici belli novare imperium omnis cuperet Hispania; fuit amica Massilia; protegi se majestate Romana gratulabatur; imputavere se origine fabulosa in Sicilia Mamertini, in Asia Ilienses; soli Ædui, non metu territi, non adulatione compulsi, sed ingenua et simplici caritate fratres populi Romani crediti sunt, appellarique meruerunt; quo nomine, præter cetera necessitudinum vocabula, et communnitas amoris apparet et dignitatis æqualitas.'

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that, now that all subjects of the Empire were alike Romans, the local Rome had lost somewhat of her pre-eminence. It may be that Eumenius himself would have shrunk from uttering such words, had he been speaking in the immediate presence of the Capitoline Jupiter to a prince born and bred among the associations of the Tiber and the Palatine. No such feelings checked the local patriotism of a Gaulish orator speaking on Gaulish soil, returning thanks to an Emperor to whom the Palatine was as yet an unknown hill and the Tiber an unknown stream, an Emperor who had drawn his first breath by the Morava, who had been proclaimed Augustus by the Ouse, and who now held his court by the Mosel. The Ædui, sharing equal love and equal dignity with their Roman brethren, had by that brotherhood drawn on them the envy of other Gaulish nations. They had borne the brunt of German invasion in the cause of their brethren. In their need they had sought for Roman help. An Æduan orator, pleading the brotherly covenant in the Roman Senate, had refused the offered seat in that assemblage of kings, and had chosen rather to make his speech in warrior's guise, leaning on his shield.* It was by Æduan invitation that Cæsar had crossed the Rhone; it was by Æduan help of every kind that Cæsar and Rome had advanced to the dominion of Gaul. It was they who, adding to Rome whatever they won from barbarian neighbours, had brought all the Celtic and Belgian tribes, all the lands between the Rhine, the Ocean, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, within the blessings of the Roman peace.†

If we turn to Cæsar's own Commentaries, we shall find that this is a somewhat rose-coloured picture of the relations between the Roman people and their Gaulish brethren. The general result is perhaps not unfairly stated. The merit or demerit of making Gaul a part of the Roman dominion must certainly be allotted to the Æduan nation. But the undoubting trust on the part of the Roman, the unswerving loyalty on the part of the Gaul, which we might infer from the picture of Eumenius, are hardly to be found in the narrative of Cæsar. We shall there see that the brethren were quite

* Gratiarum Actio, 3: 'Princeps Æduus in senatum venit, rem docuit; cum quidem oblato consessu, minus sibi vindicasset quam dabatur, scuto innixus, peroravit. Impetrata ope, Romanum exercitum Cæsaremque eis Rhodanum primus induxit.' See Merivale, i. 276.

† Ibid. 'Ædui totum istud quod Rheno, Oceano, Pyrenæis montibus, cunctis Alpibus continetur Romano imperio tradiderunt, hibernis hospitaliter præbitis, suppeditatis largiter commeatibus, armis fabricandis, pedestribus equitumque copiis auxiliantibus. Ita in unam pacem societis omnibus Celtarum Belgarumque populis, eripuere barbaris quidquid junxere Romanis.' Compare the more moderate statement of Strabo, iv. 3.

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capable of playing a double part against each other, and that the Ædui, as well as other people, revolted, and had to be subdued before the Roman peace became an abiding thing.* We see among them the same party struggles as among other nations; we see the friends of Rome and her enemies, and we see her friends and enemies among those who were brothers in a more literal sense than Romans and Æduans were. There is Dumnorix, the ever-plotting enemy of Rome; there is the hero of the tale of Eumenius, nameless in the pages of the panegyrist, but who lives in those of Cæsar and Cicero by the famous name of Divitiacus. The Druid, skilled in the lore of his own people, who sojourned at Rome, the friend of her greatest orator and her greatest captain, the lover of Roman arts and culture, the steady ally of Rome and of Cæsar, the intercessor for the brother who withstood them,† is, in all things save one, a type of his people. It is strange, as Dr. Merivale notes, that so firm a friend of Rome, a missionary in some sort of Roman culture, had no mastery of the Latin tongue, and had, on solemn occasions at least, to speak to his Roman friends by the mouth of an interpreter.‡ But we are well pleased to make the acquaintance of the Æduan people in the form of clearly marked personalities like those of Divitiacus, Dumnorix, and Liscus. We get too some constitutional details of the Æduan commonwealth. Jealous indeed were the Æduan people of the overweening ascendency of any man or any family among them. The chief magistrate, the *Vergobret*, was chosen for a year, and, however long he survived his year of office, none of his house could be again chosen during his lifetime. But party influence sometimes overcame law among the Æduans, no less than among their Italian brothers. When the Æduan Cotus claimed to fill the highest post in the Æduan state by an irregular succession to his own brother, he might have defended the breach of local law by the example of Caius Marius, who had so often held the Roman consulship in yet more irregular succession to himself.§

* See Cæsar, Bell. Gall. vii. 42. † Bell. Gall. i. 20.

‡ Ibid. i. 19: 'Divitiacum ad se vocari jubet [Cæsar], et quotidianis interpretibus remotis per C. Valerium Procillum, principem Galliæ provinciæ, familiarem suum, qui summam rerum omnium fidem habebat, cum eo colloquitur.' This plainly shows (see Merivale, i. 276) that Divitiacus could not speak Latin. Cicero's witness is given in the book, De Divinatione, i. 41: 'In Gallia Druydes sunt, e quibus ipse Divitiacum Æduum hospitem tuum laudatorumque cognovi, qui et naturæ rationem quam physiologiam Græci appellant notam esse sibi profitebatur; et, partim auguriis, partim conjectura, quæ essent futura dicebat.'

§ Bell. Gall. i. 16: 'Summus magistratus quem vergobretum appellant Ædui, qui creatur annuus, et vitæ necisque in suos habet postestatem.' The law against

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The primacy of the Æduan state among the nations of central Gaul was not always undisputed.* The Ædui had standing rivals in the Arverni, the people of the volcanic land of Auvergne. In the revolutions which come within Cæsar's own narrative, the first place passes to and fro between the Ædui and their neighbours beyond the Arar or Saone, the Sequani, the people of the later Burgundian County.† Like the other leading nations of Gaul, like their Roman brethren themselves, the Ædui were at the head of a following of other tribes, whom Cæsar, borrowing a word from the domestic rather than the foreign relations of his own city, speaks of as their clients.‡ An Æduan political inquirer might have given no higher name to Samnites and Etruscans, as they stood before the arms of Sulla gave either citizenship or destruction to all Italy. Æduan dominion or headship was thus spread over a large extent of central Gaulish territory. The land of the ruling race and of their confederate subjects occupied a great part of the course of the Saone and the Loire. It is not without a certain fitness that the modern department which contains their capital bears the name of those two rivers. But that modern department, though it marks the later centre of the Æduan power, takes in only a small part of the Æduan dominion. In those various degrees of alliance and dependence which came under the name of 'clientship,' that dominion stretched over the land from the dwellings of the Turones on the one hand to those of the Ambarri on the other. In more familiar geography, it took in Tours at one end, and Bresse and Forez on the other; it had what was to be Anjou for a neighbour on one side, and what was to be

re-election comes out in vii. 32, 33. There are two rival *vergobrets*, as there have sometimes been rival governors in some American states: 'Summo esse in periculo rem, quod, cum singuli magistratus antiquitus creari atque regiam potestatem annum obtinere consuessent, duo magistratum gerant, et se uterque eorum legibus creatum esse dicat.' Of these Cotus had succeeded his own brother, and had been appointed in an irregular assembly. Cæsar therefore, when appealed to, deposed him. 'Quum leges duos ex una familia, vivo utroque, non solum magistratus creari viarent, sed etiam in senatu esse prohiberent.' His rival Convictolitanes, 'qui per sacerdotes, more civitatis, intermissis magistratibus, esset creatus; potestatem obtinere jusset.'

* Pomponius Mela (iii. 2) marks their position very emphatically: 'Aquitanorum clarissimi sunt Ausci, Celtarum Ædui, Belgarum Treveri, urbesque opulentissimæ, in Treveris Augusta, in Æduis Augustodunum, in Auscis Climberrum.' See the note in the Recueil, i. 51. We are concerned only with Augusta and Augustodunum.

† Bell. Gall. vi. 12. The result of the changes is 'Ut longi principes haberentur Ædui, secundum locum dignitatis Remi obtinerent.' The Sequan are thus altogether put aside. See Strabo, iv. 3, where he makes an odd confusion as to the rivers Saone and Doubs.

‡ Bell. Gall. vi. 12: 'Summa auctoritas antiquitus erat in Æduis, magnæque eorum erant clientelæ.' He goes on using the word as a technical term.

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Savoy for a neighbour on the other. Yet, while most of the tribes of northern and central Gaul still survive on the map in the names of modern cities, the great nation of the Ædui has left no trace in the name of either city or district. As the Treveri survive at Trier, so do the Turones at Tours, the Senones at Sens, the Bituriges alike in *Bourges* the city and in *Berry* the land. But the Ædui have vanished. Their name is in constant use in mediæval documents; but it is easy to see that it is only in artificial use. In the long records of the church of Autun, the name of Autun, in either its earlier or its later shape, is far less commonly used than phrases like 'Ædua civitas,' 'ecclesia Æduensis.' * But the fact that, contrary to rule, the name of the city, not the name of the tribe, has lived on in modern times shows that formulæ like these must always have been in the nature of archaisms. The reason why the city of the Ædui did not follow the same law of nomenclature as the cities of the Bituriges, the Senones, and so many others of their neighbours, is not far to seek.† Avaricum was the city of the Bituriges, Agenticum was the city of the Senones; so to be was the cause of their being. The tribe name was greater than the city name, and it gradually supplanted it. Augustodunum, like Cæsarodunum among the Turones, is a name of a different class, a class which bear the direct Roman and Imperial stamp. Such names have often survived, as Aureliani in the form of *Orleans*, Constantia in the form of *Coutances;* though the instance of Cæsarodunum itself, more renowned under the illustrious name of *Tours*, proves that the rule is not invariable. And the name of Augustodunum had every chance of living. The city which bore it was the head of the Ædui, but it was something more. So Augusta Treverorum came to be, in quite another way and in a far more emphatic sense, something very much more than the head of the Treveri. Still Trier, dwelling-place of Emperors, was itself the old Gaulish post, which had grown into a Roman and an Imperial city. It began as the city of the Treveri in every sense, and it remained so amidst all its added greatness. But Autun was not in this sense the city of the Ædui. To

* This will be seen at once by turning over the pages of the cartulary of the church of Autun; but the opposite result will come in looking through the narratives, historical and legendary, in the second volume of the Recueil. 'Augustodunum' and 'Augustidunum' are the usual forms. 'Urbs Ædua,' 'civitas Æduorum,' are found, but seemingly only in the high polite style, as in the second Life of St. Leodgar (Recueil, ii. p. 630).

† This, of course, applies only to the capital of each nation; smaller posts constantly kept their local names, as in the Æduan land itself: 'Autissiodorum' and 'Nevernum' remain in the form of Auxerre and Nevers.

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Trier Augusta was a mere surname; Augustodunum was from the beginning the personal name, so to speak, of the city which bore it. That city was not a Gaulish hill-fort, occupied as a military post, and so gradually growing into a Roman town; it was a new city on a new site, deliberately laid out from the beginning on a great scale, and meant to hold, as a Roman city, a high place among the cities of Gaul. It was the head of the Ædui, but it was not the old head of the Ædui; it was not the traditional spot to which the tribe name would traditionally cleave. It was 'Æduorum civitas;' but it was so only in an official and rhetorical sense, not in the full sense in which, as Augusta was 'Treverorum civitas,' so Agenticum was 'Senonum civitas.' Augustodunum, the Roman city, had supplanted the older Gaulish head of the tribe in its rank and honours. In other words, Autun is Augustodunum; in a sense it is 'Æduorum civitas;' but there is another spot which was 'Æduorum civitas' in a sense in which Augustodunum was not. The Flavia of Eumenius is quite distinct from the Julia of Eumenius; in other words, Augustodunum is not Bibracte.

The name Augustodunum proclaims itself without further question to be later than the days of the Dictator. The towns within the Æduan land which find a place in Cæsar's story are Bibracte and Noviodunum. Of the many places bearing this latter name which are to be found in Gaulish geography, the one with which we are now concerned is the post on the Loire which afterwards bore the name of Nivernum or Nevers. The eye of Cæsar had marked the advantages of the site, where the hill, in after days to be crowned by the church of the bishops and the palace of the dukes of Nevers, rises close above the rushing flood of the greatest of purely Gaulish rivers.* Here he had gathered together all his stores, his horses, hostages, corn, money, and baggage of every kind. But they were gathered together only to become the prey of the revolted Æduans, to be parted out or carried away to Bibracte, the capital of the nation. † Bibracte appears over and over again as the head of the Æduan nation, ‡ as at one stage the meeting-place of the enemies of Rome, § as at

* Bell. Gall. vii. 55: 'Noviodunum erat oppidum Æduorum ad ripas Ligeris opportuno loco positum.' So Dio, xl. 38, where the Greek form is Νοουιοδουνόν, a spelling of some little importance in the history of the Latin letter V. This Æduan Noviodunum must be distinguished from other places of the same name in Cæsar's narrative.

† Ibid.

‡ Bell. Gall. i. 23: 'Bibracte, oppidum Æduorum longe maximum et copiosissimum.' vii. 55: 'Bibracte, quod est oppidum apud eos maximæ auctoritatis.'

§ Bell. Gall. vii. 63.

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another stage the winter quarters of Cæsar himself.* When Strabo wrote, it is Cabillo that appears as the city of Æduí, but Bibracte is still deemed worthy of mention as a military post † The words of Eumenius show that it was one of the many towns in Gaul and elsewhere which received the name of Julia. But between Strabo and Eumenius it would be hard to find another mention of Bibracte. We now hear only of Augustodunum as the Æduan capital, and, as early as the reign of Tiberius, Augustodunum already appears among the chief cities of Gaul.

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It has been a point of honour with many local inquirers to maintain that Bibracte and Augustodunum are the same, that the Æduan capital lived on without interruption on the same site, with only a change of name. Yet the passage from Eumenius which has been insisted on as proving the identity of Bibracte and Augustodunum distinctly proves the contrary. Bibracte, otherwise Julia, is opposed to Augustodunum, otherwise Flavia, and the city of the Æduans is declared to be, not Julia but Flavia.‡ The passage just quoted from Strabo proves the same. It points to an interval when Bibracte had lost its old headship, but when Augustodunum had not yet taken its place. In no other state of things could any one have spoken of Challon as the city of the Æduí, and of Bibracte only as a military post. Monumental evidence also leads distinctly to the same conclusion, namely, that Bibracte was not destroyed, § that, under its new title of Julia, it went on as an inhabited town, but that it had yielded the first place among Æduan dwelling-places to the new foundation of Augustus which received his name. On a high hill which may be seen from Autun to the north-west, known as Mont-Beuvray, a corruption doubtless of the ancient name, most extensive remains of a Gaulish and Roman town are to be seen. The description of its defences make the inquirer long at once to make his way thither. Now the best local opinion, supported by the manifest reason of the case, sets them down as marking the place of the elder Æduan capital. We will not enlarge on them, because we cannot speak of them

* Strabo, iv. 3 : *Αἰδούων ἔθνος, πόλιν ἔχον Καβυλλῖνον ἐπίτῳ Ἄραρι καὶ φρούριον Βίβρακτα.* *Καβυλλῖνον* is Cabillo, the modern *Challon* on the Saone, which modern spelling is striving to confound with Catalauni or *Châlons* on the Marne. Cabillo appears in Bell. Gall. vii. 90 as the winter quarters of Quintus Cicero.

† See above, iv. p. 3.

‡ Ibid. vii. 90.

§ The Abbé Rochet (p. 7), arguing that Bibracte and Autun are the same, takes some pains to show that Bibracte was not destroyed; but there never was the least reason to think that it was, and the monumental evidence now proves the exact contrary.

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from personal knowledge. It would be easy to copy descriptions; but there is no life, and not much profit, in such a process. The present literary *vergobret* of the Æduan state, whose help would have been willingly given at a more favourable season, declined all help in January, 1881, and strongly dissuaded any attempt on Mont-Beuvray at such a moment. It was indeed an exceptional time. The Ædui seem to be a people favoured by nature. While the rest of Europe was overwhelmed by snow-storms or driven to and fro of fierce winds, the hill of Augustus enjoyed weather, cold indeed, but cold simply with honest frost, which put no hindrance in the way of research. Not far from Autun, within the Æduan land, stands one of many Avallons. But just then the mythical privileges of that name, certainly not shared by the West-Saxon spot which also bears it, seemed to be shared in good earnest by the later Æduan capital. Not so with the older one; the height of Bibracte was reported to be deep with snow, and an examination of its ditches to be wholly out of the question. We must be excused then, if we simply record the fact that modern research has distinctly shown that Bibracte and Augustodunum are two distinct places, and then go on to speak of Augustodunum and not of Bibracte. For, after all, it is not Bibracte, but Augustodunum, which became the sister city of Trier, which rejoiced in the Flavian name, and received the visit of a Flavian Emperor.

There is then no doubt that the new Æduan city was a new erection of the days of the prince whose name it bears. Whether the hill of Augustus now became for the first time the site of human dwellings we have no means of judging; it is enough that it now became for the first time the site of a great city. At Autun then we have a good opportunity of studying the kind of plan which was followed in that age in founding a great city in a favoured province, in cases where a definite plan could be freely carried out, and where the creators of the new town were not hampered by older works or older traditions. We are at once struck by the wide difference between the ground-plan of Autun and the ground-plans of two other classes of Roman towns with which we are able to compare it both in our own island and elsewhere. When the city grew out of a Roman camp, whether the camp occupied the site of a Gaulish or British *oppidum*, or was first pitched to besiege or to control a Gaulish or British *oppidum*, we are commonly struck by the small size of the original Roman enclosure. It is so at our own Lindum and Eboracum;

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it is so at that North-Gaulish Mediolanum which has changed into Norman Evreux; it is so in the Norman capital itself, where the name of Rothomagus has, like Augustodunum, been simply contracted, and not wholly cast aside. At York and Lincoln the greater part of the Roman dwellings must have lain in thickly inhabited suburbs outside the original Roman wall. The other class of towns seems not to have had a military origin. A site was occupied, as caprice or convenience dictated; houses grew up, covering an irregular space: in later times, when the *Pax Romana* had become less sure, the inhabited space was fenced in by a wall which followed its shape and dimensions. Towns of this class show a walled enclosure of much greater size, but of much more irregular shape, than those which were in their beginning strictly *castra* or *chesters*. We might say that Rome itself is the greatest example of cities of this second class, the vastest in its scale, the most irregular in the outline of its walls. What Aurelian did, what, as far as we can see, Servius did ages before him, was to fence in whatever extent of ground had become the inhabited city of their several times. At home we may see an inclosure of this kind at Calleva or Silchester, with its large irregular area so unlike the small square *chester* of the colony of Lindum. Autun, neither a mere military post which has grown into a city, nor yet a casual collection of houses which it was afterwards found expedient to fortify, but a site deliberately laid out as a great city in the first days of the Empire, is quite unlike either class. Its extent is far greater than the original extent of Lincoln or Evreux; its ground-plan is far more regular than that of Silchester, incomparably more regular than that of Rome. The enclosure forms nearly a regular parallelogram; some change or some special reason has caused a slight departure from this plan at the south-eastern angle; but the parallelogram is regular indeed as compared with Rome or Calleva; it is vast indeed compared with that of the mere camp-cities. Modern Autun, like modern Rome, like modern Soest, has shrunk up within about half the space fenced in by the walls of Augustus. Modern Autun is in truth a city within a city, even more distinctly than modern Rome. For the forsaken parts of Rome—some of which are now fast becoming again inhabited—were never fenced off by a new wall from the inhabited city of the last four centuries. But modern Autun has its own wall, which on two sides uses parts of the Roman wall, and leaves the remainder of the Roman city outside the new enclosure. Thus the greatest

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monuments of Augustodunum have to be looked for, sometimes, as at Rome, among fields and gardens—on the hill of Augustus we cannot add vineyards—sometimes on roads so far from the heart of the city as to be almost rural. The Roman wall may be traced through by far the greater part of its extent, sometimes, as we have said, employed in the later defences, sometimes standing free far away from them. The two gateways which are the greatest remains of Augustodunum stand far away from the modern streets, and need a walk of some length to seek for them. It is really one of the best comments on the peculiar history of Autun that the railway-station lies within the Roman wall, within the northern gate, the great gate of Arroux. Still Autun follows the law of all cities. Wherever the *pomœrium* is drawn, suburbs spring up beyond it. Though the great mass of the city lies within the later as well as within the earlier wall, yet scattered houses, and even straggling streets, have here and there made their way beyond the later enclosure, sometimes even beyond the Roman wall itself. At Autun too, as in other cities, monastic settlements arose under the shelter of the fortified enclosure. Here it was not, as usual, a single great abbey, a Saint Ouen's or a Saint Augustine's outside the walls. Several considerable monasteries lay outside the later city, and each monastery naturally gathered a little colony of lay dwellings around it.

The site which was chosen for the new city has some likeness to several famous spots in the northern part of our own island. As at Edinburgh, as at Stirling, as at Carlisle, the main streets of Autun climb up the slope of a hill to the highest point occupied as the main fortress. It is no slight ascent from the river, from the ancient river-gate, from the modern railway-station, to the *castrum* of Augustodunum, now marked in the general view by the cathedral church of Saint Lazarus. And when the height is reached, the descent on the other, the northern side, is far more steep and sudden than the gradual rise from the south. But the hill of Autun differs widely from the hills which are occupied by the three British cities. It is no mere narrow ridge; a great extent of ground slopes gradually upwards towards the height, and the direction in which it slopes is opposite to the direction of the three British hills. The southern view too on which we look from the *castrum* of Augustodunum is of a different kind from the northern view on which we look from either of the three British castles. Edinburgh, Stirling, Carlisle, were all of them, at the day of their foundation, border for-

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tresses looking out on a hostile land. Edinburgh and Carlisle were reared, each in its day, as bulwarks of the northern English land against the Scottish enemy. Stirling was reared as the bulwark of the English realm which had taken the Scottish name against the true Scots of the mountains. But Augustodunum, reared in the heart of the Roman Peace, looked out on no distant or hostile land. No wild mountains far away lie open to the view from the southern gate of Autun. Neighbouring hills, almost forming part of the city, rising at once on the other side of a narrow valley, form the immediate view from the *castrum*. We might almost say that the Appian way, more strictly the Ostian way, of Augustodunum lay on those neighbouring heights. There rises, as the most prominent artificial object in view, one of the chief Roman antiquities of Autun, a tomb crowning one of those hills, a pyramid after the type of that of Caius Sestius by the gate of Saint Paul. But the pyramid of Autun has been less lucky than its southern fellow, in that the picking away of all its hewn stone has made it well-nigh shapeless. The tomb on the southern hill is in a manner balanced by another Roman building standing on the northern flat, beyond the gate and beyond the river. This building stands out boldly, with the general air of one of the square donjons which the Norman raised both in his own land and in ours. Locally it bears the name of the temple of Janus; but the name is one of those random guesses with which the inquirers of a past age seem to have been thoroughly satisfied. What it really is it might be hard to say; but it is said that signs have been found showing that it was most likely surrounded by columns, perhaps of wood. Anyhow it makes a chief feature in the view from many points, and it falls in well with the general effect of the northern side of the city. In the general effect, that side, the side towards the river, is the most Roman side of Autun. The remains of the wall skirt the banks of the Arroux, and the road which crosses the bridge is spanned by that which, in a general view, is the more effective of the two Roman gates of Autun. Its two great arches, the smaller arches on each side, the tall arcade above, are perhaps even more striking in their present imperfect state than they could have been when Eumenius sang the praises of the Æduan city, or in the earlier days when Tacitus witnessed to its greatness. Grand as the gate seems in approaching the city from outside, its look is yet more wonderful as we go down to it from within. The peculiar character of Autun helps to increase the effect. We go down through the straggling street of the northern suburb:

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a range of arches catches the eye, which look at first like the arches of a distant aqueduct. As we draw nearer, the main arches below come into sight, and we see the northern gate of Augustodunum rising beneath us in all its ruined majesty. The eastern gate, known as the gate of Saint Andrew, is hardly seen from any such effective point, because the road does not lead so distinctly up and down to it. But it is really a better design, and notwithstanding some modern 'restoration,' it is better preserved. It is wonderful to conceive any one not being a Pope 'restoring' a Roman gate, yet the deed has been done both at Rheims and at Autun. In this gate the smaller side arches are set in projections, which increase the effect of light and shade. Nor is the effect lessened by the close neighbourhood of a huge round tower, in after times turned into the apse of a church. Autun may well be proud of its ancient approaches from the east and north. We will not put them on a level with the Black Gate of Trier; but they may hold their own against aught of their kind at Rheims, at Nimes, or even at Verona, still more against anything that is to be found at Rome itself.

The other chief view, from the southern side, the view from the opposite hills and from the nameless pyramid, is rather a view of mediæval Autun than of Roman Augustodunum. The havoc of the Revolution has taken away from Autun its right to be called, as of old, the city of fair bell-towers; the cathedral keeps the only ecclesiastical tower of any importance which remains; but, as seen from the pyramid and from the slopes beneath it, the church rises nobly above the walls, and its lofty spire is girt with a crowd of smaller towers, military and domestic. And indirectly this view is a view of Roman Augustodunum. Though the gate at this side, the gate of Rome, has vanished, yet the line of the walls remains, and the cathedral church and its belongings mark the site of the ancient *castrum*, the citadel of the Roman city crowning its highest point. In its way, the church is, as we shall presently see, the most instructive of all witnesses to the abiding nature of Roman art in the Roman city. But at present we have to deal with it only as calling up the memory of the specially Roman quarter of Autun. The part of the city which afterwards put on a specially ecclesiastical character was at first the stronghold where the power of Rome emphatically dwelled in the form of her legions, even in days when the men who bore the *pilum* and broadsword on Gaulish ground were themselves mainly men of Gaulish blood.

The walls of Autun are emphatically the walls of Augustus.

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Local pride points to their construction as marking them for the work of the founder of the Empire, in opposition to the later forms of construction more common in the Roman buildings of Gaul and Britain. Augustodunum might rejoice to be called Flavia; but her walls are Augustan and not Flavian. No layers of bricks, bricks thick and far apart, disturb the uniformity of their stone construction. But some eyes may venture to be better pleased with the more varied look of the later fashion, and one thing is certain, that no such mighty stones are to be seen in the walls of Augustodunum as strike the beholder almost with awe in the older part of the wall of Agenticum. On the west side the Augustan wall was kept as the wall of the later and smaller enclosure. For that very reason it has here undergone far more change, having been, like the walls of Rome, repaired and patched in successive ages. No gate is preserved on this side, but at one point a Roman bulwark has been carried up into a bold turret of the twelfth century, one of those adaptations of earlier work which always come home to us with a special life. At another point, within the precincts of a revived religious house, besides vaults which are now underground, another mighty tower of the original defences survives. But the Roman wall is really best studied on the ruinous northern side above the river. There it stands, broken down indeed and crumbling away, but at least not confused with later work. It is by following the circuit of the forsaken wall, by marking how wide a space beyond the modern city was taken within the range of the Augustan enclosure, that we take in the full force of the words in which the greatest historian of Rome brings the new Æduan capital before us in the days when the walls of Augustus were still in their freshness.

This, our first picture of Augustodunum, comes in the seventh year of Tiberius, the twenty-first year of our æra. That was one of those moments when the history of Trier and of Autun flows in one stream. It was a moment when Treveri and Ædui joined in an attempt to throw off the dominion of Rome, a dominion which was not yet fully accepted even by all of those who were enrolled among her citizens, and who bore the very name of her princes. Julius Florus among the Treveri, Julius Sacrovir among the Ædui, were the leaders of the movement, and the name of the Æduan chief seems to point him out as one, like Divitiacus before him, who was skilled in all the priestly lore of the Druids.* In those days the city of

* Tacitus, Ann. iii. 40. He remarks of both the rebel leaders: 'Nobilitas ambobus et maiorum bona facta, eoque Romana civitas olim data, cum id rarum,

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Augustus by the Arroux ranked higher than the city of Augustus by the Mosel, if indeed Augusta by the Mosel had yet become a Roman city at all.* Tacitus strongly marks Augustodunum as the head of the Æduan state, as a wealthy city, and, above all, as a city one of whose special characters was to be a seat of liberal studies. There the noblest youth of Gaul were gathered together as in an university, and the rebel chief took care to arm the students in his cause, as a pledge, among other reasons, for the adherence of their parents and kinsfolk.† Weapons, doubtless the weapons of Roman warfare, were secretly made and distributed among these young assertors of Gaulish freedom. But among the forty thousand men at whose head the priestly deliverer held the walls of Augustodunum, those who carried Roman arms numbered but a fifth part. The rest of the host consisted of various irregular contingents. There was a mixed multitude with knives and hunting-spears; there was a band of slaves in training for the gladiatorial shows—for the young city already had its amphitheatre. These last wore defensive armour of such a form that its wearers were equally unfitted to give blows and to receive them.‡ At the head of this strange force, Sacrovir ventured to meet the Roman legions in battle at the twelfth milestone from Augustodunum. The Roman commander Caius Silius was hastening through the land of the Sequani. We may therefore picture to ourselves the Æduan host marching forth under the arches of the eastern gate, the gate of St. Andrew.§ We hardly need Tacitus to tell us that Rome had the victory; but his description of the battle foretels warfare of many ages later. We seem to be

nec nisi virtuti pretium esset.' Merivale (v. 213) notices that the name of Sacrovir 'seems to mark him as a man of priestly family, and armed, therefore with all the influence of his proscribed caste.'

* On the date of the foundation of the colony among the Treveri, see Historical Essays, Third Series, p. 77.

† Tacitus, Ann. iii. 43: 'Augustodunum, caput gentis, armatis cohortibus Sacrovir occupaverat, et nobilissimam Galliarum sobolem, liberalibus studiis ibi operatam, ut eo pignore parentes propinquosque eorum adjungeret. Simul arma, occulte fabricata juventuti dispertit.' Dr. Merivale calls it 'The Imperial University of Augustodunum.'

‡ The description given by Tacitus in the same chapter is singular: 'Adduntur e servitiis gladiaturæ destinati, quibus more gentico, continuum ferri tegimen (cruppellarios vocant) inferendis ictibus inhabiles, accipiendis impenetrabiles.'

§ Dr. Merivale (v. 216) says: 'The site of this battle must, in all probability, have been to the north of Augustodunum, on the road into Belgica, from whence the Romans were advancing.' This would bring them in by the gate of Arroux. But Tacitus (iii. 45) says: 'Silius . . . vastat Sequanorum pagos, qui finium extremi, et Æduis contermini sociique, in armis erant. Mox Augustodunum petit.'

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reading some tale of mediæval Italy, when he tells us how the legionaries took axes and hatchets to hew at the iron-clad gladiators, as at a wall, and how, when the bodies sheathed in iron were once overthrown, the victors took no further heed to them. Dead or alive, wounded or whole, when they were once down, the weight of their iron burthen took away all chance of rising.* Sacrovir and the relics of his host fled to the city. They dared not defend it. The leader and his most trusted companions betook themselves to a neighbouring country-house, and there died, partly by their own hands, partly by flames of their own kindling.†

No special vengeance seems to have lighted on the Æduan city as the punishment of this revolt. Twenty-six years later it received a signal honour. It is now that Tacitus records that remarkable speech of the Emperor Claudius, of which a literal report has been preserved to us on the brazen plates of Lyons.‡ It is not often that we have such an opportunity of testing the real character of the speeches which an ancient historian puts into the mouths of the actors in his tale. The genuine speech of Claudius and the speech devised for him by Tacitus have their subject and their general line of argument in common, but nothing more. Not only the mere words, but the particular illustrations which are chosen, are different. But the general line of Claudius' real argument is so thoroughly preserved that we begin to hope that other speeches, at all events in the writings of the same historian, may have a least the same degree of genuineness. Claudius here shows at his best; his wife and his freedmen had for a moment left him alone. Those of the Gauls who had been admitted to Roman citizenship prayed that they might be further admitted to the honours of the state, that they might be allowed to sit in the Senate of what was now their country. Men of the narrow-minded turn which shows itself in all times and places opposed the proposal. But the Imperial antiquary knew the history of Rome, and he knew what had made Rome great. Rome, unlike Athens and Sparta, had drawn her kings, her senators, her noblest houses, his own

* Tacitus, Ann. iii. 46: 'Paulum moræ attulere ferrati, restantibus laminis adversum pila et gladios: sed miles, correptis securibus et dolabris, ut si murum perrumperet, cædere tegmina et corpora: quidam trudibus aut furcis inertem molem prosternere, jacuntesque, nullo ad resurgendum nisu, quasi exanimes linquebantur.'

† Ibid. 'Metu deditionis in villam propinquam cum fidissimis pergit. Illic sua manu, reliqui mutuis ictibus occidere. Incensa super villa omnes cremavit.'

‡ Tacitus gives his version of the speech, Ann. xi. 24 (Church and Broderip's Ed.) See also Oselli's Tac. Ann. excursus to Bk. xi. The truer report is still to be seen on its brazen tablets at Lyons, and is printed. See W. T. Arnold, 'Roman Provincial Administration,' p. 128.

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Claudian *gens* itself, from other cities and nations. She had kept her power longer than Athens or Sparta, because she had freely extended the privileges of the ruling city to allied and conquered commonwealths. The Imperial will would doubtless have prevailed, even if it had been backed by weaker reasons. To grant the prayer of the Gauls was simply to follow a crowd of precedents dating from the days of Rome's first being. In memory of the ancient kindred, the first Gaulish senators were chosen from among the Æduan brothers of Rome.*

It is characteristic of the history of Gaul under Roman rule that we have to leap over more than two hundred years before we come to another distinct mention of the Æduan city. The next time that we hear of Augustodunum is in the second half of the third century, in the days of another Claudius. We have now reached the times when we have Eumenius for our guide. We have already hinted at the character of the four orations which have come down to us from his pen. Three were spoken at Trier, to the Flavian princes, the elder Constantius and the great Constantine. One, the second in order, was spoken in the forum of Autun to a local governor, a mere 'vir perfectissimus,' who had no claim to the majesty and divinity of Cæsars and Augusti. From these discourses we learn that, in the days of the tyrants, when Tetricus bore Imperial sway in Gaul, Augustodunum underwent a seven months' siege and a final capture at the hands of some rebel bands. Eumenius applies to the besiegers the epithet of *Bagaudæ*, famous a little later as the name of the first recorded *Jacquerie*. Our local commentator tries hard to prove that the phrase is merely a name of scorn bestowed on the forces of a prince who, as he was not finally successful, was reckoned in the list of rebels and tyrants. Eumenius does not mention the name of Tetricus, but he has a distinct reference to the way in which the power of Tetricus came to an end. The faithful inhabitants of the Æduan city were, as in the days of the first Cæsar, the first to seek aid from Rome. The brothers of the republic called on Claudius, their lawful prince, to come to their help against the rebels, and to win back all the Gaulish lands to his obedience.† Could he have come, the tie of ancient brotherhood would have given

* Tacitus, Ann. iii. 46: 'Primi Ædui senatorum in urbe ius adepti sunt, datum id fœderi antiquo, et quia soli Gallorum fraternitatis nomen cum populo Romano usurpant.'

† Eumenius twice refers to this siege. The first place is in the discourse, 'Pro Scholis restaurandis,' 4: 'Civitatem istam, et olim fraterno populi Romani nomine gloriatam, et tunc demum gravissima clade perculsam, cum latrocinio

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Gaul peace, without any loss to the power of Rome, without any *Catalaunian slaughter*.* This last phrase carries on our thoughts over not far short of two centuries, to the day when Aetius and Theodoric saved Aryan and Christian Europe on the Catalaunian fields. But the reference is to a less famous strife on the same ground. The prayers of Augustodunum were for a season unheeded. The Illyrian prince to whom she cried for deliverance had to leave the work to be done by an Illyrian successor. Claudius was busy with the Gothic war which gave him his surname. He had to drive back invaders from beyond the bounds of the Empire, and had to endure the presence of rebels within its provinces. He could not come to the help of the Æduan state as the first Cæsar had done. Augustodunum was constrained to open her gates to the dreaded enemy—the 'Bagaudæ,' the 'Gaulish rebels'—and, according to the witness of her own orator, she suffered no small amount of havoc at their hands. The recovery of Gaul had to wait for another reign; but in those days reigns were short, and stout hearts from the lands beyond the Hadriatic were ready to fill each other's place in quick succession. Claudius could not come to hinder; Aurelian came to avenge. He overthrew the host of Tetricus at Châlons, and received to his favour the Emperor who forsook his own followers.† In our imperfect materials for those times, our notices of the event of Châlons come only from the summaries of Eutropius and Aurelius Victor, to whose statements this allusion of Eumenius, spoken in the presence of Constantine, gives a singular confirmation.

Bagaudicæ rebellionis obsessa, auxilium Romani principis invocaret.' In the other passage (Gratiarum Actio, 4), he says, addressing Constantine: 'Attende, quæso, quanti sit, Imperator, quod Divum Claudium, parentem tuum, ad recuperandas Gallias primi sollicitaverunt: expectantesque ejus auxilium, septem mensibus clausi, et omnia inopiæ miseranda perpessi, tunc demum irrumpendas rebellibus Gallicanis portas reliquerunt, cum fessi observare non possent.' M. Rochet (pp. 34–43) is anxious to show that the troops of Tetracus might be called Bagaudæ. But the true Bagaudæ, peasants stirred up to revolt by local oppression, come somewhat later, A.D. 285; while the siege of Autun must have happened in 270. The chief passages about them are in Aurelius Victor (Cæsares) and Eutropius, lib. ix., and especially Salvianus de Gubernatione Dei, v. 5. They appear, too, where one would not have looked for them, in the Chronicle of Prosper, A.D. 437. This may perhaps give some help to M. Rochet's laxer use of the name.

* Gratiarum Actio, 4: 'Sine ullo detrimento Romanarum virium, *sine clade Catalaunica*, compendium pacis reconciliatis provinciis attulisset fraternitas Æduorum.'

† Aurelius Victor (Cæsares) mentions the fact: 'Tetrici . . . cæsæ legiones, proditore ipso duce.' Eutropius, lib. 9, gives us the place—I venture to change the place of a comma—'Aurelianus superavit in Gallia Tetricum, qui, a militibus imperator electus, apud Catalaunos, ipso Tetrico prodente exercitum suum, cujus assiduas seditione a ferre non poterst.'

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The blow which had now fallen on Autun had brought her very low. The bounty of Constantius and Constantine raised her again. The father restored her public buildings; the son remitted no small share of the heavy taxation which, we are told, pressed more heavily on the barren Æduan soil where no vines would grow, than it did on the more fertile parts of Gaul.* Eumenius himself, professor of rhetoric in the schools of Autun, the schools which had once been famous, and for whose restoration he so earnestly pleads, enjoyed princely favour and a comfortable salary. Of that salary he was ready to make a munificent use for the benefit of his art and his city. He was ready himself to bear the cost of the restoration of the schools in their ancient home, between the capitol of Augustodunum and the temple of Apollo.† The Æduan city, now rejoicing in the name of Flavia, eager to be again at once a prosperous and learned city, had once enjoyed the heavenly delight of beholding within its walls—though only for a single day—the prince at whose sight cities and temples sprang up, as flowers sprang up under the couch of Jupiter and Juno.‡ Constantine, as he drew near to Autun, had looked down on the city from one of the southern hills, and had wondered that he saw no man; he entered the city, and wondered at the vast multitude which had come together to greet him.§ He is prayed to renew that happy day, to forsake for a season his Imperial home at Trier, and to give another moment of bliss to the city which his father and himself has called into fresh being, the Flavian city which above all others bears their eternal name.

The rhetoric of the orator, in looking back to the visit which

* Eumenius gives a number of curious details on this head in the sixth chapter of the Gratiarum Actio. The vineyards had died out; the level country had become swampy; and he winds up, 'Nec possumus, ut Aquitanis aliisque provinciis familiare est, novis vitibus locum ubique metari; cum supra saxa perpetua sint, infra humilitas precinosa.'

† This is the main subject of the second discourse of Eumenius, Pro Scholis Restaurandis. He makes the offer in chap. 6. In chap. 14 he quotes a most friendly letter from the Emperor Constantius to himself, in which that prince speaks of 'Augustodunensium oppidum,' a form which Eumenius himself does not use. The Abbé Rochet enters at great length on the various reasons which have been given for the name 'Menianæ,' applied to the schools of Autun, into which we need not enter. The building was (Pro Scholis Restaurandis, 9) 'Præcipuo loco positum, quasi inter ipsos oculos civitatis, inter Apollinis templum atque Capitolium.' A flood of eloquence follows. The local editor has much to say about the site, but at all events no architectural remains are left.

‡ This wonderful flourish comes in the Panegyric of Constantine, 22: 'Nec magis Jovi Junonique recubantibus novos flores terra submisit, quam circa tua, Constantine, vestigia urbes et templa consurgunt.'

§ Gratiarum Actio, 8: 'Miratus es, Imperator, unde se tibi tanta obviam effunderet multitudo, cum solitudinem ex vicino monte vidisses.'

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had been, in looking forward to the visit which he hoped would be, incidentally gives us some pictures of the city as it was in his day. Constantine entered Autun by a gate flanked by towers, which towers, by a somewhat bold figure, are said to have bowed to greet or embrace him.* One wonders that Eumenius did not liken them to the Symplêgades converted to a milder mood. This loyal gate could not have been either of those which still remain; it must have been the gate of Rome, looking towards the southern hills. From the gate the Emperor was led through streets adorned in their best array—the best array that a city just arising out of poverty through his own bounty could supply. The ensigns of the guilds, the instruments of the musicians, above all, the images of the gods whom Constantine still worshipped, were brought forth in his honour.† Through all these marks of rejoicing he was led to a building described as the palace, in the vestibule of which the *ordo*, the decurions, the local senate, threw themselves at the Emperor's feet.‡ On the splendour of the temples, above all on that of Constantine's patron Apollo, Eumenius does not fail to enlarge. The restorer of the city is implored to come and visit them again.§. It is to be noticed that Apollo is the only deity on whom the orator at all emphatically or seriously enlarges. Constantine would seem to be passing towards the new faith through a stage of monotheism which as yet consisted in exclusive devotion to a single deity of the old pantheon. The Homeric tales of Zeus and Hêrê have become figures of speech; the worship of the pure god—for the Apollo of Constantine is undoubtedly the sun-god—is still a perfectly grave matter. It is not wonderful then that we hear nothing of the image of the Berecynthian Mother which a later writer tells us that Autun contained in its pagan days, and from whose worship the Æduan people were turned by the preaching and the wonder-working power of the holy Bishop Simplicius. ‖ The wild rites of Asiatic worship—

* Gratiarum Actio, 7: 'Cum tu, quod primum nobis signum salutis fuit, portas istius urbis intrasti? Quæ te habitu illo in sinum reducto, et procurrentibus utriuque turribus, amplexu quodam videbatur accipere.'

† Ibid. 8: 'Exornavimus vias quibus in palatium pervenitur paupere quidem supellectile; sed omnium signa collegiorum omnium deorum nostrorum simulacra protulimus.'

‡ Ibid. 1: 'Cum in illo aditu palatii tui stratum ante pedes tuos ordinem, indulgentiæ tuæ voce divina, porrectaque hac invicta dextera sublevasti.'

§ Eumenius has much to say about the temple of Apollo in both of his speeches to Constantine. In the Panegyric 21, the Emperor is told how all the temples of Autun call for him, 'præcipueque Apollo noster, cujus ferventibus aquis perjuria puniuntur, quæ te maxime oportet odisse.'

‖ This story is told by Gregory of Tours, 'De Gloria Confessorum,' 77, which will be found in the Recueil, ii. 467, where the date is given as about A.D. 364.

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perhaps the rites of some native Gaulish deity shrouded under the Asiatic name—were, we may be sure, not to the liking of Constantine in his transitional state of mind. Other buildings are glanced at, for which the researches of local antiquaries have found sites;* but no strictly architectural remains of the Flavian æra rise anywhere above the ground. The existing glories of Autun are her walls and gates. The city contains no such actually abiding buildings of Roman days as we see at Nîmes and Vienne, or as the humbler temple which strikes the eye with a kind of surprise in the midst of the forum of Assisi.

One building there once was at Autun, the site of which has been found and hidden again, which perhaps the shortness of Constantine's stay hindered from being put to any practical use on that day. Autun, like Trier, had, as we have seen, its amphitheatre from the earliest days of its being; but Eumenius has not the pleasure of recording any such shows in his own city as those which he records with such delight in the city which he would fain have his own city be like in all things. Constantine had brought no Frankish prisoners with him to be torn to pieces to make an Æduan holiday. Nor do we hear of the building which, next to walls, gates, and towers, has left the fullest signs of itself within the city. The site of the amphitheatre, once laid bare, has now again to be looked for; the extensive traces of the theatre, beyond the modern and within the ancient walls, must draw to themselves the notice of every eye.

The history of Roman Augustodunum may be said to end with the discourses of Eumenius. We cannot carry on our tale as we can at Trier, still less as we can at Ravenna, whose day of greatness is still a century distant. The Æduan city had no day of greatness answering to theirs. The hope of Eumenius that Autun might be like Trier was not fulfilled. Local patriotism believes that Autun ranked beyond doubt next after Trier among the cities of Gaul. They argue from the existence of a 'palatium' among the buildings of Autun that it must have been at least an occasional dwelling-place of Emperors. Yet, when the headship of Gaul was taken from Trier, it passed, not to Autun but to Arles; and it is hard to find traces of an Imperial visit to Autun after the one day which was spent there by Constantine. We are tempted to think—indeed Eumenius might be understood as implying—

* Aqueducts are specially mentioned, also a circus; but buildings which do not stand up and show visible features are of little interest except on the spot.

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that the city never fully recovered from the blow which it suffered in the days of Tetricus. It is only its own orator who sings its praises. Ausonius and Venantius Fortunatus, who have so much to tell us about Trier, have nothing to tell us about Autun. Sidonius Apollinaris gives it hardly more than momentary glances in a few letters to Æduan friends.* The city is seldom mentioned in the records of the revolutions which brought Gaul under Gothic, Burgundian, and Frankish rule. The chief event in the later history of the city is a taking and frightful harrying by the Saracen masters of Spain and Septimania in the earlier part of the eighth century, before Charles Martel had set bounds to Mussulman invasion in the West.† This blow no doubt marks another step in the downward progress of Autun. We have documents in favour of the Æduan church from the Carolingian kings and emperors; but they hardly played the full part of Constantius and Constantine towards the Æduan city. The history of Autun in later times is mainly ecclesiastical, and among its bishops it numbers some remarkable men, from the martyr Leodgar ‡ to the apostate Talleyrand. We have no need to follow their course, nor yet the course either of Burgundian dukes or of local counts, through the whole range of the mediæval and modern times. But one or two points of special interest stand out. The vast space fenced in by the walls of Augustus became gradually thinned of inhabitants, and the great Æduan city shrank up into two small towns on either side of the void space of the ancient forum to which the name of *Campus Martius* has got transferred in later times. The ancient *castrum* on the height, once the seat of the dukes, became the city of the bishops, while the lower town, from the forum towards the river, became the city of the counts. The union of the two by the later wall, in days so modern as those of Francis the First, made the Autun that now is. Down to the Revolution, Autun was pre-eminently a city of churches and monasteries, within and without the walls. But nowhere has havoc been more thorough. One ancient church only of any size remains, the cathedral church of Saint Lazarus. It is at first

* In iv. 21 he writes to Aper, whose father was Æduan, and his mother Arvernian. As he praises his friend's learning, we begin to hope that it was gained in the schools of Autun. But unluckily it came from Auvergne, a land of which the Bishop of Clermont goes on to sing the praises. In v. 18 he congratulates Attalus, the first recorded Count of Autun, on his appointment to that office. See the account of the Counts in the Introduction to the Cartulary, p. lxiv.

† This is recorded in the chronicle of Moissac: 'Anno DCCXXV. Sarraceni Augustudunum civitatem destruxerunt iv. feria, xi. Calendas Septembris, thesaurumque civitatis illius capientes, cum præda magna Spania redeunt.'

‡ Two Lives of this saint will be found in vol. ii. of the Recueil.

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very puzzling, in turning over the documents in the cartulary, to find the chapter of Autun commonly spoken of as the chapter of Saint *Nazarius*, while *Lazarus* is the dedication of the church itself. One is even tempted to suspect some confusion between names so much alike. The fact is that the see was translated from one church to another within the bonds of the *castrum*, from the church of Saint Nazarius to the church of Saint Lazarus, and that the chapter chose in its acts to keep to the more ancient style. Amid the pitiless destruction of the ecclesiastical buildings of Autun, we cleave to the one which is left to us, and all the more as, by a strange kind of figure, the church of Saint Lazarus may be said to continue and to end the series of the Roman buildings of Augustodunum.

We say in a figure, for the great church of Autun does not continue the series in the same literal and physical way in which the great church of Trier continues the Roman buildings of its own city. There is nothing at Autun answering to that wonderful pile, built in Roman, renewed in Frankish days, and afterwards gradually changed into the outward likeness of an ordinary German minster. Three points will strike the visitor to Autun cathedral at the first glance. Its direction with regard to the points of the compass differs widely from that which is usual among churches north of the Alps. It does not point east; it does not, like its neighbour of Nevers and so many German churches, point east and west at once. The high altar at Autun stands, perhaps not quite due south, but certainly far more south than east. In the general view from the hills this unusual position is a gain. The church fronts the beholder as he approaches the city. The temple reared in the *castrum* of the Æduan city, the church which may have supplanted some of the seats of pagan worship to which Eumenius invited Constantine, still points not to Jerusalem but rather to Rome. Again, we are surprised to find in central Gaul a church with a central tower and lofty spire, suggesting thoughts of Normandy and England. Lastly, as the most striking outward feature of the church, we mark its magnificent western—more truly northern—porch, or external *narthex*. Is something of this kind an Æduan fashion? A smaller porch of the same kind is well-nigh all that is left of the cathedral church of Macon, an Æduan diocese taken out of that of Autun. And both Autun and Macon seem to have something in common with the inner *narthex*, lower church, western church, whatever we are to call it, of the wonderful abbey of Tournus, an outpost, like Macon, of the Æduan land, by the border

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stream of Arar or Saone. But it is not any of these features, save perhaps in some measure the central tower, which gives the church of Autun its marked and special character. The *narthex* alone would make it a remarkable building, well worthy of study as a building; but it is the treatment of the interior which shows that those who reared it knew well where they were working, and felt the influence of the spot. It is a building, in its main internal features all but an unchanged building, of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. But it is utterly unlike any building of that date, either in Italy on the one hand, or in northern Gaul and England on the other. It has more in common with the churches of Aquitaine and other parts of southern Gaul; but its likeness to them does not go beyond the main feature of its construction. Like them, its eschews columns; like them, it uses the pointed arch; but it has no likeness to those peculiar proportions of the Aquitanian churches to which, rather than to any strictly architectural detail, they owe their special and marked character. Its mere proportions are rather those of a Northern church; but it has nothing else that is Northern about it. The pier-arches and the barrel-vault are pointed; so are the arches which support the central cupola. For a cupola forms the natural crown to the four arms within, though its presence could hardly have been inferred from the tower and lofty spire which a later age raised over it without. All this so far shows a strong fellowship with Aquitaine, a fellowship not wonderful in a district which lies nearly central between southern and northern Gaul. And, as in Aquitaine, as in Sicily, the use of the pointed arch is here no sign of coming Gothic. It is rather, as in Sicily, a sign of the influence of the Saracen; some perhaps would say that it is merely a sign of the fact that, in some constructive positions, the pointed arch is more convenient than the round. Now a church with pointed arches, a church of mainly Northern proportions, can have very little likeness to a Roman building in its general effect. Nor does the church of Autun affect classical character in those ways in which buildings of its own age often do affect it. It is no basilica, either made up of actual classical columns and capitals, or else built in as near an imitation of them as the skill of the builders would allow. The capitals, wrought with figures and legends, are not of a specially classical type. Far nearer approaches to the Corinthian model can be found, not only in the specially Roman lands, but in France and even in England. The Roman models which the Æduan

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architects of the eleventh and twelfth centuries followed were their own gateways. The reigning feature throughout the whole church, that which gives it its special character, is the flat fluted pilaster. It occurs everywhere; it supports the roof; it is grouped to form the pillars; it supplies the place of the smaller columns wherever smaller columns would naturally be looked for. Such pilasters are not uncommon wherever the style is influenced by Roman models; but there is perhaps no other building on such a scale in which they so completely form the characteristic feature from one end to the other. They may be seen rather largely at Tournus and in the small remains of the church of Macon; but at Autun they are dominant. And it is singular how much of Roman character is given by the steady use of this one piece of detail throughout a building which is not specially Roman in other ways. This suggests the question, Were the gates then, as now, the chief remains of the ancient city? The gates were there to influence the architectural developement of a local style; it may be that successive revolutions had left little else to influence them. The architect of Autun cathedral must have been a man of observant and eclectic mind. If his city had been still rich in columnar buildings, they would surely have supplied him either with materials or with models. What did the Saracen invader find at Autun in the eighth century? What did he destroy and what did he spare? We have no means of answering; the frightful blow of the Saracen capture is set down in our meagre chronicles without a single detail. The utter destruction of the other great churches of Autun in modern times leaves the visitor without the means of judging whether Saint Lazarus stood alone, or whether it was one of a class. The only contemporary ecclesiastical buildings which survive are two small chapels; one of these, in the lower part of the town, now forming a highly interesting museum, does so far agree with the great church as to give its main arch the pointed shape. Here are questions for the Æduan antiquaries, questions which they may likely enough have examined and answered in some of their many publications. The visitor from other lands can do no more than put the questions and leave them unanswered.

The Æduan city then, if not the peer of Trier and Ravenna, must at least be admitted as a lowlier member of their company. It differs from them, among other things, in this, that no monuments are left of the times of which we have the fullest record. We know Autun best in the short time

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when she boasted herself as Flavia; but the existing remains are either earlier or later than her Flavian days. We have the walls and gates of Augustus; we have the church of the days of bishops and counts; we have the *castrum* abiding in the fortified ecclesiastical precinct; but we have no certified traces of the palace of Constantine, of the temple of his patron god, of the capitol of Augustodunum, or of the schools which stood between the temple and the capitol. We can but guess at their sites, or at most identify them at pleasure with masses of buildings which present no architectural feature. Still, with so much that is lacking, there is much that is present. Autun, as a Roman city, as a city rich in existing Roman buildings, as a city which stands out with a momentary brilliancy in the transitional period of Roman dominion, has at least no rival in its own region. The prayer of Eumenius that Autun might be like Trier, if fulfilled then, is hardly fulfilled now. But it is still more certain that no other city of Britain or northern Gaul can, in the department where Autun is specially strong, pretend to be like Autun.

E. A. F.

Art. II.—*Carlyle, and Mrs. Carlyle: a Ten-Years' Reminiscence.*

I have been requested to tell the story of what I personally know about Carlyle and his queenly Wife. I was intimately connected with him in his work for a space of more than ten years, and have been an occasional visitor at his house almost to the last. But I never took the slightest note of anything I ever heard or saw there; and never, until quite recently, had any thought of putting on record any facts I personally knew about him. In truth, I have always conscientiously shrunk from the bare possibility of such a thing. During the last few months, however, the thought has occasionally recurred to me with increasing force that some such thing was a duty which I should almost certainly some day and somehow be called upon to discharge. Not many of his readers have had such possibilities of really knowing him as have fallen to my share. But my knowledge of him is necessarily so mixed up with my own personal experiences, that I was utterly at a loss how to handle such a delicate business without offence to a very natural feeling of self-reserve. Then, again, I felt how great a difficulty I should

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have in wisely determining what it would be right to say, and what to withhold. Altogether, the more I thought of the task, the more impossible it appeared to be. After much anxious consideration, however, I at last consented to try what I could do. I thought I could at least say something that would be interesting, even if I could not venture to say all. Then came the publication of Carlyle's own Reminiscences, with which no one can have been more painfully shocked than I have been. My first feeling was that, if I had never known him personally, after reading those sad pages, I should never have wished to know him. But I sincerely thanked God that I had *really known him;* far too well not to be able to distinguish his own better self from any such distempered nightmares of his sorrow-stricken heart, as those which his readers are now on every hand either angrily or sorrowfully discussing. And, feeling that no sternest truth told in loving reverence could be so harsh as the distorted judgment he had thus almost unwittingly been fated to pronounce upon himself, I at once resolved to tell the story of my own personal experience with perfect frankness; confirming it as I went on with such letters of general interest as from time to time I have received from him and Mrs. Carlyle; which letters, as I think I shall be able to show that I fairly earned them, and as they would be quite unintelligible in any other hands, I trust I may be pardoned for giving to the public.

It will not be necessary for me here to dwell upon my own early indebtedness to Carlyle's teaching. It will be sufficient to say that my experience in those opening days of my life was probably similar to that of many another enthusiastic young spirit, longing for some worthy career, and at last driven to attempt literature as the only outlook. It was in the midst of such perplexities that I first became acquainted with Carlyle's writings, and, I may almost say, became baptized with his spirit. Not that I ever accepted his teaching as final and sufficient in itself, but that it helped to give me a far more practical insight into the obligations of a really Christian life than I had ever before possessed. The opportune and lasting help I thus obtained I have always felt as a debt which no efforts of mine could ever repay. But, as I have said, I never could surrender my own judgment to even Carlyle's authority; and, on reading with vivid interest his wonderful 'Life of Cromwell,' all my loyalty of heart could not shut my eyes to what to me was and is a serious misreading of Cromwell's conduct on two important public occasions;

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amounting to a reluctant admission, not merely of disingenuousness, but even of actual untruthfulness.

After pondering long on these matters, and on my own seeming presumption in coming to such independent conclusions, I at last found courage to write a tolerably full statement of the different view to which I had been led, together with the evidence which seemed to me to clear Cromwell from what I could not help feeling to be a stain on the heroic simplicity of his character. I have now but a general recollection of what I actually said. I dare say the letter was sufficiently exuberant, for my whole mind was then in a seething ferment, and I well remember that I hardly knew how to express the new strange thoughts which were gathering within me. But I am very sure it was in no way lacking in reverence to Carlyle himself. Perhaps the reader can imagine my mingled feelings of delight and perplexity upon receiving by return of post the following interesting and, I can now see, singularly characteristic reply—

Chelsea, 29th December, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—It is a real satisfaction to me to be chidden from that side of the Cromwell Controversy; and I am well pleased to read your letter.

I do not find that essentially we differ at all in our notion about those matters either of the Protectorship or of the Kingship; but if the business were raised into *speech* between us, one knows not how far it might still go! A fact is a fact, and all men that do see it, must see it alike; but what each man will then say upon it—how you, or I, or Oliver will then see best to *name* the fact—there we shall by no means be sure to be 'alike,' but must rest well satisfied with some approximate agreement! Goethe says, with deep insight and meaning, 'The instant we begin to speak, we are more or less wrong; the first word we utter, there is error in it.' A truth of which Oliver's great inarticulate history will, at every turn, remind one.

With many thanks for your good-will to me, and much fellow-feeling with you in your reverence for Oliver, whom I only wish both of us, and all men, could a little resemble in their life pilgrimage—I remain, yours very sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

Certainly I had no notion, in writing, of lodging a complaint against Carlyle's treatment of Cromwell, for I have always looked upon the book as a perfect marvel of faithful loyalty and singleness of purpose. Next to my desire to clear Cromwell, I believe my strongest feeling was that perhaps it would be a pleasure to Carlyle himself to know of one who appreciated Cromwell as highly as even he did, and perhaps on comparatively independent grounds. I was a good deal amused at the notion of so great a man feeling himself 'chidden' by such a mere nobody as myself; and perhaps I felt some slight twinges almost of repentance.

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But what impressed me most was, that clearly Carlyle was not a man to care to reconsider a judgment once deliberately pronounced. Altogether the letter was a great satisfaction to me; and in times of depression 'you, or I, or Oliver' often encouragingly recurred to me, to make me try to be a little less unworthy of such almost unimaginable companionship. The rest of the letter must be left to speak for itself, if any one should care to penetrate and profit by its pregnant significance.

Two years after this, the conviction had become very strong in me that it had hardly been seemly to have written to a man to whom I owed so much in a way that could possibly be construed into a rebuke; and I resolved to write one more brief letter, to clear my own conscience; and, if possible, to entirely remove all such feelings, if they ever existed. But, alas for human purposes! how little are their issues in our own hands! I had no reason to think so then; but I have since had sad enough reason to wonder whether even that letter of mine was not partly construed into a 'chiding' hint to him, that there were other and far higher claims upon our consciences than any he had yet urged upon us. The letter was very short, but of course I felt bound to be entirely frank. After expressing my heartfelt gratitude to him for what he had taught me, and for the contentment of mind to which I had thus been restored, I said that, 'next to my sovereign Lord and Master Jesus Christ,' it was to him that I was indebted. Again by return of post I received as kind a letter as one man ever wrote to another. And that letter finally decided for me that literature was not a possibility to which I could ever look, without some far more urgent call than any I had yet been conscious of.

Chelsea, 29th March, 1852.

Dear Sir,—Your letter is very kind and good; and I know very well, by old experience of my own, what it means. In a world so full of contradiction and confusion I may honestly accept your loyal feeling towards me with thanks and satisfaction; and to yourself also it signifies much that you have such feelings, and have found some course for them, in days like ours. Persist in that disposition, whatever hindrances occur, so long as you can.

If I have ever taught you any truth, let me offer or reiterate this one advice about it, That you be earnest, without delay, to *do* it; and not at all earnest to *say* it, but rather careful *not* to say it, till the irresistible necessity arrive. If such necessity never arrive, then understand that *you* are all the richer; you have the thing still circulating in your blood and life, and have not thrown it out of you, it or any part of it, by speech. This is truer than perhaps you think at present; you will see it better by and by. Of all the devouring Molochs to which souls 'pass through fire,' and are burnt, too truly, into phantasmal inanity and *death*-in-life,

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there is none comparable, in horrible efficiency and all-destructiveness, to the eloquence Moloch (called 'Literature,' 'Stump Oratory,' &c., &c.), who stands crowned as a god among these poor bankrupt generations! 'Do, with all thy might what thy hand findeth to do:' speak of the same only to the infinitesimal few; nay, oftenest to nobody, not even to thyself!

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With many wishes and regards—I remain (sorely short of *time* for most part), yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

For four years after this I wearily plodded on, weighed down with many disappointments and perplexities, in about as insignificant a career as ever tried the faith of crushed enthusiasm. By this time, after an absence of some years, I was living in London; and I chanced to learn that Carlyle wanted help. I was told that he was hard at work on Frederick the Great; and that he was also preparing to issue a collected edition of his works, for which he wanted good indexes. I saw at once that my opportunity had at length come; and that there was now a possibility of doing something really useful while I lived. I was still unmarried, and my needs were as moderate as my means, and I had my evenings as free as I chose to make them. So I wrote him a rather long letter, explaining what was necessary, and volunteering my services; upon which I received the following friendly yet cautious invitation—

Chelsea, 14th December, 1856.

DEAR SIR,—Your Letter is very loyal and good; your offer altogether kind and friendly. I am not without help, volunteer and hired, in these troublesome Enterprises of mine; nor is there an immediate necessity for more. But I make no doubt you, too, could do acceptable service, if you continued steadily inclined that way.

Perhaps you may as well come and see me at any rate; we shall then see better what is doable, what not. On Tuesday Evening we are at home, my Wife and I as usual; Tea is at 7½ o'clock: if I hear nothing from you, let us expect you then for an hour and half.—Believe me yours truly,

T. CARLYLE.

I smiled as I read the limitation of 'an hour and half,' and wondered what sort of long-winded visitor he expected to find me. Punctual to the time, I knocked at the door. I was conducted upstairs into the drawing-room; and Mrs. Carlyle, who was sitting at needlework by a small table, rose to receive me. She was very kind, but reserved, and I thought looked strangely sorrowful, as if some great trouble were weighing her down; I thought she looked ill, and yet there was evidently something more depressing than mere bodily suffering. She said, 'Mr. Carlyle would be down

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presently, but had not finished his afternoon sleep;' adding, in a slight tone of disparagement, 'He always takes a long sleep before tea, and then complains that he can get no sleep at night.' While I was wondering at this strange reception, Carlyle himself entered. He bowed somewhat ceremoniously, and we shook hands. He then bade me be seated, and tea was brought in. Of course we talked as we sipped our tea; but what I chiefly remember is the strange feeling of reserve which seemed to have taken possession of all three of us. Gradually Carlyle began to thaw, probably as he gradually perceived that he had not caught such a gushing enthusiast as he may not unreasonably have expected. At nine o'clock I made a movement, indicating that I was aware that the time allowed was up. But he again bade me be seated, kindly said there was no need to hurry away, that he always went out for a walk before bed, and that he would walk out with me. In this assurance Mrs. Carlyle kindly joined, and I again sat down, feeling considerably more at ease than before. After this the conversation became more specific and almost genial, although I recollect very little which would be worth repeating. Mrs. Carlyle said little, merely putting in an occasional remark. At length Carlyle abruptly introduced the business which had brought me there, and which I had been waiting for him to refer to. Perhaps my face brightened at this, but certainly his own reserve there and then fell from him, and for the first time I felt that I saw Carlyle himself.

He told me the Lives of Sterling and Schiller were the first things requiring attention; and that his wish was to have a summary of each chapter, and an index of both Lives, to be placed at the end of the book. That, if I found myself fit for the work, and the work fit for me, he could at least promise me enough of it. But one absolute condition was, that he himself was not to be worried about it, his thoughts being entirely absorbed in other work. In short, that superfluous talk (including writing) was, on all occasions, the one thing to be avoided. He handed me the books, and, at eleven o'clock instead of nine, we went out together. He walked with me a mile or more on my road, talking in a kind, fatherly way, which sent me home gratefully triumphant. Mrs. Carlyle was again very kind at parting; but I saw, with a feeling of perplexed disappointment, the same weary look, almost of indifference, which I had noticed when I entered. I little knew then the wearing misery of her life, and little thought how anxiously she was foreboding that all this

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'romantic devotion,' as she afterwards called it, on my part, and Carlyle's ready acceptance of it, must inevitably end in trouble to us both. This was the time which Carlyle, in his Reminiscences, so sadly speaks of, as 'the nadir of her sufferings.' I may as well say at once that her anxious forebodings were never quite fulfilled. Troubles enough there undoubtedly were, and, as will be seen, disappointments too, on both sides. But I think I may confidently say that our relation was one of unbroken mutual esteem from first to last.

I set to work upon the Sterling; and, when I had finished it, sent it with a short note, thinking it best not to trouble Carlyle by calling until he had looked at it and wished to see me, especially as I still had the Schiller to go on with. While preparing the index, &c., I noted two or three little points which seemed dubious, and called attention to them by slips of paper between the leaves, on which I wrote only what was necessary, thinking it would thus be very little trouble for him to glance at the page, and then do anything or nothing as he saw fit. There was nothing of any great importance. He had spoken of Sterling in his first few years as being still in 'long clothes;' and I pointed out that this was a form of expression usually applied by mothers to the bird-of-paradise apparel, in which they adorn their infants before there is any possibility of the little feet alighting on the ground, and was hardly applicable to a boy trotting by his father's side. I also called attention to an extract which had evidently been tucked-in after the rest was written, and which wanted some slight grammatical dovetailing. Besides this, there were two or three instances of what seemed to be imperfect punctuation.

It was not long before I received the following very encouraging acknowledgment. I think it may probably have been by return of post, for he was always very prompt in such matters. I suppose he had not then specially noted my small critical temerities.

Chelsea, 30th January, 1857.

My dear Sir.—Your work, I can well perceive, is faithful, solid, and judicious; in substance just what was wanted. I have not yet had time to go into it in practical detail, but so much I can see, and certify to you. Surely I owe you many thanks—for what you have done, and for what you are still doing and willing to go on doing.

Both Summary and verbal Index will be wanted (that is now my plan) for this volume, and for the Collected Works in general. I mean that there shall be such a summary as you have drawn up for Sterling (only briefer, perhaps) to each volume; and then that there shall be printed in the *last* volume a General Index, which of course is only to be got by doing a verbal Index for each volume; so that the Printer (altering the

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page Nos. to the new form of the volumes) may at length melt all the Indexes into one.

In this point of view I will beg you to proceed; and you shall have plenty more of work, if you like it—no fear of that! For except the *French Revolution* (which is to be sent you in a day or two) and *Cromwell* which will come next, none of the volumes hitherto have either Index or Summary.

It appears clear to me the only fault of this Sterling Summary, and Sterling Index perhaps still more, will be their *over* minuteness; which surely, as you remark, is a fault on the right side, and easy to mend. However, I shall *see* practically (I hope, when once some present hurries are over), and judge for myself. Meanwhile please go on with the *Schiller*, without abatement of vigilance, but keeping that (probable) fault in your eye. The Summary to each volume ought not, I think, to exceed seven or eight pages at the outside;—how much of your MS. that amounts to you will see when the *French Revolution* comes; and you can try to conform in some measure to that condition. By the Index to the *French Revolution*, you will also form some judgement about the degree of detail requisite in a General Index. Nothing important to be omitted, nor anything insignificant let in; that is the clear Theory;—but as to Practice, in that, as in all things, we require (as the Hindoo Algebraist says of Quadratic Equations in complex cases) 'a clear judgement and the blessing of God!'

So soon as you have done *Schiller*, do not fail to bring it. I mean yourself with it, that we may have another meeting;—the sooner the better; and in fact so soon as you have got the French Revolution Index examined, more especially if I have got your *Sterling* well looked into withal, it might be good that we met. Yours with many thanks,

T. CARLYLE.

Upon receipt of this encouragement I at once wrote, offering to prepare a summary of Cromwell to be added to the existing index, and to be in time for the third volume, as they only came out a volume per month. Perhaps I was even a little urgent, for I well recollect feeling how glad I should have been to give the whole story of Cromwell such a thorough study, as the faithful preparation of a summary would necessarily involve. But I certainly had no other feeling in making the offer, besides the desire of helping Carlyle in his work. I can honestly say I never allowed any bias of my own to prevent my summaries and indexes from giving a perfectly frank indication of the contents of the books to which they referred. Upon this point Carlyle very soon became entirely satisfied. But these were early days with us; and I suppose, for many reasons, he deemed it necessary to give me a timely caution against any tampering with the royal prerogative. Accordingly I received in reply the following significant manifesto from the throne—

Chelsea, 4 February, 1857.

DEAR SIR,—There is not to be any Summary to *Cromwell;* alone of all the volumes those three are thought not to require one; the story

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being so straight, with so good an Index, which goes along with it. No doubt a good Summary would be advantageous too; but it would take trouble, and the third vol. is already too large.—Please, therefore, continue the *Schiller* with your best skill;—briefer, your one improvement. That vol. is to follow the Cromwell.

I looked over *Sterling* last night. There appear to be *no* 'errors of the press,' then? I take your careful survey as guarantee of that. These are the chief things to be looked after as you read. Breaking in upon the Text,—of course it must be done if there is an absolute *mistake;* but otherwise I always avoid it, with a kind of shudder! The thing has congealed itself *so;* cold and hard now, burning hot as it once was; so let it lie in God's name!—I will alter 'long clothes,' for that seems to be a real error; and I am glad to know it, there and for the future.

I am here for you any evening whatever, for an hour or so, Tea at half past 7;—you will come, at any rate, when the *Schiller* is done, or when you want the *Sterling* back, or care in any way to come. 'Next week,' so far as I remember, all evenings are alike.—Yours always truly obliged,

T. CARLYLE.

I confess I felt somewhat disconcerted at being thus sharply pulled-up, when I was not even *looking* the wrong way. But it recalled to my mind my old Cromwell temerities, which I suppose my urgency about the Cromwell Summary had disagreeably revived; and I saw clearly enough what it all meant. There was really nothing in my very trivial memoranda, that could with any reason be called 'breaking in upon the text;' but he evidently had a very real horror of anything of the kind, and he resolved to nip all that sort of irrelevancy in the bud. 'Well,' I thought, 'if so, so let it be.' But I was not going to be daunted, or even disheartened: so I at once emphatically replied, as I well recollect, that my one wish was to help him; not to meddle or hinder in any way; and that, if he would always let me know clearly how I could serve him best, he might depend on my doing it, to the best of my ability—faithfully and in singleness of heart, as before God!

After these two little flashes, we evidently understood each other better. I went 'next week' as desired; and was much delighted at the cordiality with which both Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle received me. I was especially surprised and delighted at the change in Mrs. Carlyle. She had been very kind before; but with a patiently hopeless look, like a mourner standing by an unclosed grave. But all this had now passed away. All the blinds were drawn up in her house of mourning; and her face was illuminated with the brightest of welcomes. I never knew any one who could deal out little flatteries so pleasantly and judiciously. I have seen it administered by the spoonful, like brimstone and treacle; and even laid on

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copiously, as if with a plasterer's trowel. But she knew better. She knew the sensitive points exactly; and, if she choose, could touch them so delicately, that it almost seemed like a happy inadvertence; and she could also prick them with the deftest of needles, if she saw fit. She expressed a good deal of bantering astonishment at, what she called, 'my accurate knowledge of baby-linen;' and was altogether cheerful and congratulatory.

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Some weeks after this, Carlyle wrote to me again. He was getting anxious about the remaining volumes; and especially to know how much of them I was willing or able to undertake. Up to this time, I believe my impression had been, that most of them were otherwise in hand; and I looked upon my own share as little more than a pleasant evening occupation, from which I was gaining at least as much as I was giving. The following letter opened out a much more serious view of the business—

Chelsea, 17 *March*, 1857.

DEAR SIR,—I have no doubt you have done with those Biographies; nor are they yet wanted;—but they will be, infallibly, in four weeks hence, they and the *sequel* to them; which latter is still *in nubibus*, and begins to look dangerous to me!

I think it ought to be the *Miscellanies;* which will need some little shifting (I believe) in some of the outskirts (change of Appendix into Text, &c.), and especially will need Summary and Index well done.

Will you be so kind as consider *practically* what you could do, and what you would like to do, in the matter; then bring me the *Sterling* (so soon as ready) any evening; and let us decide something about that other matter. If you find yourself unequal or uninclined to the *Miscellanies*, I have another offer for that (unexceptionable, save that I shall have too much talk upon it; which is a serious fault,—*wool*, and not *cry*, being the matters in quest!)—and in case of the worst, we can get plenty of *other* work to hold your helpful hand in use.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

I responded heartily to this summons; and determined to do my utmost to keep pace with the printer; although I was more occupied and worried with my own private responsibilities than I quite cared to admit. After this my visits became less formal, and were entirely pleasant and encouraging. Mrs. Carlyle and I seemed to get on very happily together. She said, she didn't see why Carlyle (she always called him 'Carlyle' when in her best moods) should have me all to himself; and enlisted my services in many little practical difficulties of her own. She once, in those early days, told me, in her pleasant half-flattering, half-bantering way, that I was 'the only one she had ever heard Carlyle

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speak of, without what Sir Robert Peel would call "mitigating circumstances"!' After some little time, I ventured to send him a short essay of mine, 'The Poetry of Life,' which had appeared in 'Chambers' Journal' previous to my Carlylean era, in which I had endeavoured to express my notion of the Christian ideal. It was not that I attached any special value to the essay; but I thought, flimsy as it might seem to him, it would at least show him my own ethical standpoint, and might call forth some observations from him which would be of value to me, and might even lead to a closer communion of thought between us. The next time I went, after we had transacted our business and I was about to leave (for it was only a passing call, in the early part of the day), he returned me my little paper, with a serious, almost grieved look, but without a word of comment. Mrs. Carlyle was equally silent; and I had to go my way, pondering what such omens might portend. I see now clearly enough that, even in those early days, they must already have looked on me as a kind of feeble Irving; with much of his spirit of willing helpfulness; but utterly without his great gifts, for which perhaps chiefly they had both admired him. I have no doubt they were sincerely grieved at the thought, that here was another earnest life brought close to them, equally bound to be wrecked in the vain struggle after the impossible and unattainable. In our subsequent intercourse Mrs. Carlyle tried, many times and in many ways, to impress on me a wholesome sense of all such disastrous futilities. Carlyle seemed as yet to content himself with absolute silence on such impracticable topics; probably waiting for some freer opportunity; and perhaps hoping that a course of steady hard work might of itself grind much of it out of me. But I shall have to recur to this subject hereafter. Of course all this was not conducive to any very free sympathy of thought or feeling. Indeed I soon found, even in our freest moments, that there was a distinct distance between us which neither could genially cross.

While on the subject of indexes and summaries, I may perhaps be pardoned for saying that they cost me far more labour than Carlyle had any idea of. But I got my own advantage out of the work, and never left any passage until I was satisfied that I had got the full meaning of it. I soon found that I could not comfortably do both indexes and summaries simultaneously. It was like trying to pull to pieces and put together at the same time; and the one mental operation painfully interfered with the other. My method accordingly was, to do the index first; and, when that was

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completed, to go carefully through the book again, and thus gather a coherent view of each passage as a whole, and so make the general summary. In preparing the indexes, I carefully noted down, not only each person, place, and fact of sufficient importance, but also each distinct idea or group of thoughts. Whenever a person or place of sufficient importance was named for the first time in any connection, I gave a reference. When the mention was only casual, I simply entered the number of the page against the name. But whenever anything specific was said of such person or place, I made the reference proportionally specific. In this way I tried to make the index, not merely a verbal reference, which was all Carlyle asked for or expected, but an approximately complete key to the intellectual contents of the book. And I will venture to say, that any one desiring to get Carlyle's whole meaning as to any person or leading thought, would find himself considerably aided by refering to the index, and attentively tracing his line of thought as thus indicated. I also considered it an indispensable point to make both indexes and summaries, so far as possible, approximately intelligible and interesting by themselves, even without special reference to the book. That I was not altogether unsuccessful in this attempt, may perhaps be credited when I mention that, on the publication of the first two volumes of Frederick, 'The Quarterly Review,' in a rather disparaging notice, sarcastically pronounced the index to be the only intelligible part of the book! Of course this was not saying much for the intelligence of the reviewer; but I was greatly amused at the time at his extreme critical sagacity.

The following two rather characteristic letters will almost explain themselves—

Chelsea, 10 *April*, 1857.

My dear Sir,—After you were gone I began to remember that the Goethe (Wanderjahre) Introduction was not among the others in Appendix to Vol. I. [of Miscellanies]. Please *put* it there; they will thus all be in a lot,—and it will help the size of your volume, too. If you stick the above piece of MS. ['Note of 1857:' introducing 'Preface to *German Romance*'] at the beginning of said Appendix (completing the footnote); and then will add, by way of footnote, at the end of each name, e.g.—From Musäus were translated *Dumb Love* (or whatever they are); from Tieck, &c.,—we shall have that matter fairly winded up.

I find the other day there was a rather queer little Paper of mine, turning on the 'Opera,' printed in some Annual or other,—I cannot say in what London Annual, except that presumably it had once been Lady Blessington's, and that certainly this No. of it was published by Lady Blessington's Niece, next year or second-next after Lady B.'s death. Perhaps 1852 or 3? The Piece indisputably *exists;* I saw a piece of it yesterday, no farther gone. If you could fall in with any reservoir of

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extinct Annuals, or otherwise hunt up this Piece at any time, it would be ready against vol. 4 of *Miscellanies*. But do not mind *much* at all. I think I can inquire it out myself, by due expenditure of force, if hard come to hard. Or perhaps it may fall in of its own accord, from some quarter while we are going on.

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This is enough for the present. We hope to see you again some evening before long.—Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

The 'rather queer little Paper' did somehow fall in of its own accord, and may be found in vol. iv. I consider it one of the clearest sun-glances, into the *intrinsic fact* which underlies all social makebelieve, that even Carlyle has given us,—like the letting-in of sudden daylight! Think, what the finest 'Opera' would be in such a predicament. Indeed such flashes of revelation—the sudden letting-in of daylight—may be briefly said to constitute the essential characteristic of Carlyle's appointed work. He let in daylight upon our pleasant and self-flattering illusions; and the effort was not in all cases exhilarating.

Before leaving the 'Translations from German Romance,' it will be interesting to mention, that the copy which Carlyle gave me to cut up and arrange for reprinting, was a copy of the original edition published in 1827, in four volumes. To my surprise, I found upon the flyleaf of the first volume, the following verse, evidently written by a much younger hand than that which indited the intricate MS. with which I had become so familiar—

AN J. W. CARLYLE.

So ist das werklein nun vollbracht;
Drum nimm's, mein holdes weibelein,
An Dich, im Schreiben, hab' ich stets gedacht,
Und Es und Ich wir sind ja Dein!

T. CARLYLE.

I looked at this, now pathetic little verse, very sadly at the time, thinking, 'to what base uses may we come, Horatio;' and wondering whether this little glimpse into the past threw any new meaning into Mrs. Carlyle's notions about the inevitable fruitlessness of 'romantic devotion,' which she was already seriously warning me 'would never do.' I never referred to it; thinking it might only revive painful memories; and put it tenderly away among my sacred mementos, to be ready if asked for, which it never was.

The following may be interesting, as affording a passing glimpse of Carlyle actually at work—

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Chelsea, 26 *July*, 1857.

DEAR SIR,— If you get this to-morrow morning in time—if not, then next day,—will you again call at Robson's: Mr. R. *may* (tho' I do not think it likely), want sight of a Book,—which the enclosed slip [Mem. for London Library] will put into your possession for his behoof.

Had there been nothing but that, I should hardly have troubled you, but what I chiefly want is, that you speak to Mr. R. about *Book iii.*, which is not yet come in hand tho' he has it;—and which, I now bethink me, has probably no places marked for being printed 'small.' If Mr. R. will take in hand to fix these himself (or suggest them, with *marks*), it will be a great favour; for I absolutely abhor looking into that dismal MS. again! But I doubt he will not, and in that case there will be nothing for us but that you bring it to me,—and report what the limits of *time* are! . . . . I give you plenty of work; but work useful to me was what you wanted.—Yours very truly, T. CARLYLE.

I do not recollect what came of this, but have no doubt that Mr. Robson, in this, as in all other cases, did his best to help Carlyle out of his difficulty. In fact, I have often been astonished at the amount of vexatious and really editorial work which he cheerfully took upon himself whenever necessary.

But at the time of which I am now writing, while I was thus struggling with work which I wholly liked and appreciated, the ill-luck of weary and utterly incompatible labour, which has dogged my footsteps through life, was already barking at the door. One day I found Carlyle in great tribulation of spirit about maps and battle-plans, which had become necessary to illustrate the *Frederick*, then seething and spluttering on the anvil at the fiercest white heat; and which maps and plans he had found himself quite unable to arrange. He had tried his hand at them, and had at last thrown them from him in utter loathing and despair; and now wistfully appealed to me, to say 'whether amongst my many facilities of help, even map-making might not possibly be one.' I never listened to any appeal with feelings of more real dismay than I listened then. I knew well that, do what I would, the whole thing would be as unconquerably intolerable to me, as it had already proved to himself. I had had long and very bitter experience, not of map-making and battle-plans, but of very kindred employment; and I knew with inward shuddering what it must mean for me. But what was I to do? Was I to refuse him, and throw him back upon his own despair, when he was so confidently and really so pathetically looking to me for deliverance? 'No,' I thought; 'I have put my hand to the work; and I will push through with it, come what may!'

I never saw Carlyle look so really grateful as when, with many misgivings, I promised to try what I could do. But from that time my labours with him were almost as weary a

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struggle as his own. My only satisfaction in now looking back upon them is, that, notwithstanding all my repugnances, I did succeed; and gave him almost perfect satisfaction in every instance. So irksome to me was the misery they inflicted, that, in after years, I could never hear him refer to them (as he often gratefully did, as the one thing in which I had really helped him), without a twinge of pain; partly, I confess, of disappointment, that it should be what I cared for least that he valued and remembered best. The method was, I took the printer's 'slips' or 'proofs,' or sometimes his own rough copy, and read carefully, with the German map spread before me. I had to verify every step taken, and every place described or mentioned; and then accurately select such portions of country and such details as were necessary to illustrate the given description. With the battle-plans the problem was greatly more abstruse. In this case, I had to gather into my own mind, from the given description (wonderfully graphic, I admit, or the thing would not have been possible), an accurate picture of the plan of battle, and of the arrangement of the opposing forces, generally at the moment of attack; and then, with a few strokes and dots here and there on an insignificant-looking bit of map, indicate their several positions. If any one should think this an easy task, with an eye like Carlyle's to scan it when done, I would like to see him try to do it. It is true, I had battle-plans in confusing abundance to help me; one large book, or perhaps two books, some two feet square, expressly, and in strictest confidence, lent him by the Prussian Government. But all those various plans were not always of much real help for the express purpose in hand. Either they were vaguely inaccurate, or they gave the positions of the forces at a different moment from that which the description required; and on the whole I was generally, after much puzzling, thrown back on Carlyle's own words, and on my own little bit of map of the country. In a brief letter of instructions which I got about this time Carlyle significantly concludes—

> You wanted *work*,—and are like to get it! —Yours sincerely,
> T. CARLYLE.
>
> *Chelsea*, 11*th June*, 1847.

In connection with the map-making, I had one little triumph which really interested me. Neither from Carlyle's words, nor from any maps in his possession (all most excellent maps for modern purposes) could I at all make out what were the actual limits of Prussia when Frederick came to the throne.

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Nor could Carlyle himself help me in the matter. He could only tell me with certainty what his written words had already told me, that this place, that place, and the other place belonged to him; but the actual outline of his scattered kingdom would nohow disclose itself. I could have given the correct modern map, and have left the enterprising reader to work out the problem for himself; or to find it baffle him, as it was already baffling me. And I do not suppose Carlyle ever expected anything else was possible. But I could not rest to leave it so. And at last I found, in a collection of old maps in the King's Library at the British Museum, the very map I wanted. It was a very rude affair. But there, plainly daubed in, was a rude outline of the old Prussian kingdom; and Carlyle's story about the matter became as clear as daylight. By this fortunate discovery, I was enabled to show the boundaries of Prussia, as they were when Frederick came to it; as they were when he left it; and as they were at the time of writing. What they now extend to, or are likely to reach, perhaps Prince Bismarck will be better able to inform us. I have no manner of doubt that both he and Moltke were greatly indebted to Carlyle for the invincible precision and success of their wonderful compaign; and, from a letter which Carlyle received from Bismarck on his Eightieth Birthday (greatly to Carlyle's satisfaction), I should be inclined to infer he would hardly scruple to acknowledge his indebtedness.

The following memorandum will at least serve to show that the map-making business was now steadily progressing—

Chelsea, 16 *Sept.*, 1847.

My dear Sir,—That small patch of an 'Article' that came from *Leigh Hunt's Journal* for some volume (not yet printed) of the *Miscellanies*,—is referred to in some Proofsheet (of the Book on Fr^{h}) which Robson is now correcting. Would you, to-morrow or as soon as possible, send or give him the short Title of it and the No. of the volume it goes into. He will then be able to say: 'IV, (?) § ' so-and-so; and thus get thro' that little hitch.

N.B. You *are* doing, or see how you are going to do, a small Map of 'Cleve and Jülich'? I think, in that very sheet, it will be necessary to *refer* to that map;—and you might bid Robson, at the same time, put in the reference (as he did in the Baireuth-Anspach case), before the slips come back to me.—Yours in the usual haste, T. Carlyle.

With all this map-work painfully dragging about me, I suppose I began to fear that I might possibly be getting a little behind with my indexing, &c.; and must have written something to that effect which I now only vaguely remember. My next letter is the following—

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Chelsea, 18 *Oct.*, 1857.

My dear Sir,—Never mind that little rub in the least! Robson and Chapman are '*thick* on the withers,' we may hope; and as for me, I really do not wince at all,—not the least matter to *me*. It *is* surely a thousand times better to do the thing well, and to the bottom, when one is at it!—I have only one feeling, that of thankfulness to you (and to Providence for sending me *you*);—coupled with a perceptible regret, which is not wholly regret either, that you should have got such a load of work laid on you which was not your own but mine! However, we cannot help that just yet. The plain truth however is, it would have taken a round sum of money to pay anybody for what you are now doing; and I believe, and perceive, no amount of *money* (with me to lay it out, here and now) could have got it done *so*, or at all like so. Robson appealed to me, the other day, Whether I did not think those Summaries well done,—as well as any person could have done them? To which my answer was decidedly affirmative. . . . If you were thro' this particular pinch, matters will go easier.

It was very well you set the Wood-Engraver going. No harm in being 'too soon,'—one cannot be too soon. I have got the Chapter I was talking of, which refers to a new little Map, quite finished (tho' hardly legible!)—and it is ready: but there is not the least *haste;* another little Map that was to follow (Fr^h^'s first Campaign 1784, while a lad, in the Rhine Country) has *not* got its Chapter yet:—so the Two may *wait* for one another—unless you will *volunteer* to call some evening, and tell us a little of your news. Yours ever truly, T. Carlyle.

I believe after all that I had everything ready in time, for I find a brief note of map-instructions, dated 13th December, which concludes—'The Summary of Vol. IV. seems to be firstrate.'

I was much pleased at the time with these few emphatic words, for the summary referred to actually extended to seventeen pages; nor could I honestly condense it into less. The prescribed limit, it will be recollected, was 'seven or eight pages at the outside;' but I never could manage it, without leaving out much which I felt really ought to be indicated. I had been still more gratified with a similarly brief note of approval, referring to the previous volume. For in that instance I had been again at my temerities; and was curiously waiting to see what would come of it. I had long before been vividly impressed by Goethe's wonderful little phantasy called 'Das Mährchen' which seemed to me a kind of imaginative apocalypse of our own era. And, now that I was called upon to make a summary of it, how was I to do it? To make a bare summary of the incidents of the tale, minus the subtle and suggestive glamour in which the whole is wrapped, as in a golden cloud, would have been to throw together a mere jumble of nonsense. Neither was it possible to make a readable summary merely of Carlyle's quaint elucidations; and perhaps still less to fuse the two

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together. After brooding on the matter some little time, I at length determined to make a summary of what I myself saw in the meaning of it; and then see how it would look as a whole. The little thing came out of its shell better and brighter than I had even hoped; so I ventured to let it fly, to alight wheresoever it listed. I ought to say that, after the first index and summary of Sterling, Carlyle never once saw any of them until they were in print, and, I believe (excepting 'Sartor,' which I have next to speak of), never once altered, or suggested the altering of a word; so that the responsibility of what I wrote rested entirely with me.

I had now got to the 'Sartor Resartus.' It had often struck me as remarkable that, among all Carlyle's writings, there was no other instance of anything bearing even a semblance of what we call 'fiction.' The whole tendency of his singularly vivid imagination was, not to 'body forth forms unknown,' but to discern and accurately picture to itself, living or once-living realities. And it had seemed to me, that the rather straining and cumbrous humour of the introductory chapters, and of several other similar passages throughout the work, probably arose from his inability to shake off that inveterate tendency, even when it was evidently cramping the free play of his thought. But now, upon reading the book more closely for the sake of the index, a new light dawned upon me; and I saw clearly enough that it formed no such remarkable exception as I had supposed. He had already written his earnest essays on German Literature and the chief German Writers; and his whole soul was saturated with their thoughts, and kindled with the new intelligence and hope they had awakened in him. 'But,' as he himself confesses, 'man is emphatically a proselytizing creature; no sooner was such mastery even fairly attempted, than the new question arose: How might this acquired good be practically imparted to others, perhaps in equal need thereof?' While thus labouring 'in pain to be delivered' (which indeed was the marked characteristic of his whole life), he was, as he has recently told us in his 'Reminiscences,' one day suddenly impressed with a feeling of—'astonishment at *clothes*.' How strange, that man alone (of course including woman), born naked, and essentially naked, should clothe, and adorn, and only partially reveal himself to others! Could any symbol be more apt of the 'open secret' of this universe? It was the thought he had long been dimly feeling after; and instantly the whole Goethean Transcendentalism (which we may sufficiently distinguish from that of Fichte and Emerson, by calling it

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rather—transcendent Realism), began to gather into shape around it. He would write a Philosophy of Clothes; and embody, in the person of its Professor, the genesis and growth of that strange new Life-Experience, which then in Germany had first found clear utterance in the world; and in 'nine months' the book was completed. If any one, with this thought to guide him, will now read the opening chapters of 'Sartor,' and especially chapters iii. and iv. 'Reminiscences' and 'Characteristics,' I think he will find, as I did, the cumbersomeness of the movement entirely gone; and instead of a laboured attempt to trace an impossible portrait, a humorous and richly suggestive sketch of German literature and literary-life; first, as it appeared to those who knew nothing about it; and then, as it gradually disclosed itself to his own more earnest gaze. Especially I would call attention to the seventh and eighth paragraphs of chapter iv.; in which surely no one can fail to recognize the express lineaments of Richter, Novalis, Goethe, and Fichte. I may also point to the singular account of the 'genesis of our Clothes-Philosopher,' with the covert allusion to a far-off connection with Persian mysticism; but really dating from the time of Frederick the Great and the return of peace. And lastly, to the strange hint in the final chapter, that 'safe-moored in some stillest obscurity, not to lie always still, Teufelsdröckh is actually in London.' Rather a long stretch of life, even for a Clothes-Philosopher! Of course Carlyle was far enough from limiting himself to a mere reproduction of German thoughts and suggestions. He illustrated and emphasized his subject in a thousand ways, from his own extensive store of knowledge, and especially from his own consciousness and from the deep-felt experiences of his own life. No one can doubt of whom he was thinking while describing Teufelsdröckh's first encounter with the fair Blumine; yet even here, after a few graphic touches, he faithfully passes on to his immediate subject, the 'love-ideal' of German Romance.

When I had come to this conclusion as to the secret of 'Sartor Resartus,' I at once saw what an opportunity it would give me for a speculative analysis, similar to the short sketch I had already given of 'Das Mährchen.' But would Carlyle approve of a similar liberty being taken with his own book, when it would necessarily have to appear as if by his own authority? Of this I was very doubtful. However the attempt was worth making; and I made it. When the summary was ready, contrary to my usual practice, I took it to him, and urged him to look it through, before sending it to press, as I

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was not at all sure as to its suitability. But he insisted that it was quite unnecessary; that he had no time for it; and must just leave it to what he called my 'wise discretion.' This was all very flattering; but I felt more than ever that it would not do to let it rest so. I sent it to be printed; and, as soon as I got the proof, I wrote to him; again urging him to look it through now that it was in print. In a letter, containing other business matter, of no special interest now, he answered, 'I have no doubt the 'Sartor' is considerably illuminated by your faithful labour upon it. I will with great pleasure read the Proof-sheet (and send you my remarks), if you can get me one in time . . . . We hope to see you on some future occasion before long.' I sent the proof accordingly, and promptly received the following reply; the kindness of which, I trust, more than compensated me for any disappointment I may naturally have felt.

Chelsea, 8 *Jan.*, 1858.

My dear Sir,—This is a very elaborate, clever, and indeed poetical performance; but I fear it will not do for a 'Summary,' or mere Invoice of Contents; to the common run of readers it would not be intelligible; and it is far too long! . . . . I grieve much for the immense trouble you have taken with it: however, it will not be *lost* trouble, all of it, either. Meanwhile the question is, What can be done? . . . .

Make Robson throw off a few copies of this Proof which I now have, and we will keep it *in memoriam*. And be patient with me, and with your fate!—I am here always till half-past 8.—Yours ever,

T. Carlyle.

The next time I called, Mrs. Carlyle was very kind and sympathetic; and full of friendly admiration for what she called my 'little poem,' which she said I 'really ought to publish.' Twenty years afterwards I acted on her advice; and it now forms an appendix to a little book of mine, in which I have tried to apply practically some of the ideas I got from 'Sartor;'* and I thought, if it did nothing more, it would at least serve as an honest confession of my indebtedness to perhaps the most original, suggestive, and characteristic of all Carlyle's works.

The following letters must speak for themselves. I suppose I had called his attention to the fact, that the then coming volume contained fewer pages than any of the series—

Chelsea, 15 *Jan.*, 1858.

Dear Sir,—I am glad to hear of your being rapidly under way again. There is no remedy for Latter-Day Pamphlets; the volume must just stand of the stature it is,—probably the readers will find they have enough for their money.

* 'Extra Physics; and the Mystery of Creation.' Holder and Stoughton.

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I am going into Hampshire to-morrow (Saturday)—till probably Wednesday next. Do not call on Tuesday therefore with the 'Cüstrin;' let it be Thursday, please. But my Wife wants you to call on *her*, on Monday, or the first day you have; some money she wants you to pay for her at Coutts's Bank in the Strand.

The 'Journey to the Reich' is, more than half of it, in type; if you have the Map ready, you might as well bring it here to lie by me while the Proofs are getting corrected. There was one passage about the Pleisse and the Elster, 'up the Pleisse and then across the Elster,' which I could not understand completely (not having any *good* map), and was afraid might be wrong. You will now however, have a complete opportunity of *reading* and re-reading the thing; which perhaps may profit the Map in some point or other. I forget if the *track* of the Journey was indicated by some dotted line or otherwise? Nor do I know whether it can conveniently be done if not. In any case, the Map will be of essential service to every *good* reader,—and no bad or careless one will get the least hurt from it.

On Monday, then, or as soon as you pass this way,—for the Coutts-Bank concern. Thursday Evening (or as soon after as you are ready) for the Cüstrin and me.—Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, 13 *Feb.*, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,—After a great deal of shuddering, I have taken your fine map in hand (Journey to Reich), and given you what hints I could: it is to be feared they will not much *carry* you on their back; but I trust to your own faculty for a *good* issue nevertheless. Nay, already there are few such maps for perspicacity, good sense, and amount of information, under such circumstances. I enclose the 3 slips of memoranda, that you may read them over (if possible), and ask me about dark points when we meet.

Monday Evening next (if you are free) will do: I will then *give* you the map; and do not *wish* my old eyes to be bothered with it further,—if you can help . . . .

The *Sartor* is come; and looks very roadworthy: I am only sorry at the endless trouble you have had with it! But that is what you are not apt to grudge in such cases. Only I will say, Don't go too deep; *dispatch* your next two volumes *taliter qualiter*. We shall want you infinitely more to do an Index of the Fried^{h} 2 vol. Index, no Summary will be needed yet. Index of your doing!

If you write nothing, I will expect you on Monday Evening; if another Evening will suit you better, write.—Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

During all this time, as may be supposed, I was a frequent visitor at Cheyne Row; and afterwards, much more so. I generally looked in in the forenoon, that time being usually most convenient to me. My practice was to go straight up to Carlyle in his sky-lighted study, and arrange whatever matter I had to consult him about; and then, as I passed down, have half-an-hour's chat with Mrs. Carlyle in the drawing-room. They were generally very pleasant half-hours. Sometimes there was some trifling commission to execute; sometimes a

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little difficulty, mechanical or other, she wanted to consult me about. Once she asked my advice about two mirrors which she was thinking of for her drawing-room. The room has three long front windows with narrow slips of wall about eleven inches wide between them; and she wanted the mirrors, reaching from floor to ceiling, to fit into the recesses and cover the wall; but she had had so much trouble with workmen that she almost dreaded to think about it. I told her that if she liked I would get them made and put up, without her being troubled about it at all. She was gratefully incredulous; but was pleased to think if anybody could get it done, I could! So I at once took accurate measure of the two spaces; and told her she need think no more about it, till the mirrors were ready to go up. 'But suppose they won't fit when they come?' she said, rather alarmed at my coolness. However I took sufficient care about all that, and promised to be present when they were brought home. They were successfully put up, and fitted into their places like fingers into a glove. She often referred to them afterwards, and to the improvement they had made in the room.

It must have been about this time too that I gradually became alive to the intense dreariness of her own life. She had such a perfect mastery of herself, and such a stoical resolution to shut in her own misery from the eyes of the world, that I suppose not many even of her intimate friends ever knew how much she was actually suffering. It was not merely the feeling of utter loneliness, arising from Carlyle's moody absorption in his own work. All this, I believe, she could have borne without flinching. Indeed she had such an unshaken faith in his genius, and such a queenly appreciation of her own prerogatives as his Wife, that I am convinced she would not, even at the worst, have exchanged her lowly position for the highest in the land. I cannot for a moment suppose that their two lives were really blended into one. How, on such terms, could they be? But she was by no means deficient in that last infirmity of female hearts, a jealous sense of 'property' in her husband, of which all poachers would do well to beware. Indeed, I have heard it hinted that all women instinctively regard their own lovers, husbands, sons, brothers, &c. (if thought worth having), as peculiarly belonging to themselves, and act accordingly, with results. But of course we are not all bound to believe that. She showed also a true feminine intolerance for anything in her own sex which she did not herself understand; especially if it aimed at an ideal with which she had no sympathy: as

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was indeed almost unpardonably her case with regard to Irving's true-hearted and devoted Wife; as Carlyle himself, unconsciously, yet too plainly, and even cruelly, testifies. Yet, I venture to believe, she would have been as much shocked as any one at his incredibly bitter fanatical 'anti-fanatic' version of it. 'Oh those "unspeakable" men,' I can fancy her exclaiming, almost with horror, 'how stupidly blundering they are, taking every silly thing so dreadfully in earnest!' There had, too, been some superficial love-passages between Irving and herself in their young days; and I can quite believe this also may have given piquancy to her feeling of antagonism. No one who knew her can doubt that she would fully appreciate the triumph of having once had the choice between two such men; and, with all her almost invincible heroism, she evidently had not quite magnanimity enough to generously forget it. I always think that any woman who can amuse herself and friends by talking of such tempting little victories, could not have been altogether incapable of some little tantalizing complicity in bringing them about! At the time I knew her, she possessed plenty of resources of her own, and friends and acquaintances in more than abundance; and she well knew how to hold her own in all wordy warfare, and give tit for tat all round with sparkling vivacity. She had also a mischievous delight in treading on the delicate toes of the conventional proprieties; and I have heard her say the most audacious things with a look of demure unconsciousness, which would have broken out into the pleasantest, or sharpest, mocking astonishment, if you were simple enough to profess being shocked. She sometimes tried those shafts at me, to see whether I would wince; especially with reference to what she was pleased to call my 'youthful enthusiasms,' and even more serious matters. But when I saw her deftly aim them, I generally allowed them to glance past me, being no match for her with that kind of swift, sharp-pointed artillery. Once she told me 'it was mostly mad people who came running after Carlyle,' leaving me to make my own application. It must have been on one of these occasions that she mentioned, as a kind of general remark, 'what a comfort it was sometimes to have stupid people about you, it saved so much trouble!' All this sort of thing, I should say, she fully enjoyed, while it was alive and on the wing; but, when she was again solitary, the reaction was proportionate. It was not, as I said, merely Carlyle's absorption in his work which weighed on her spirit; she knew this was inevitable, and would have cheerfully faced it, if only for the vantage-

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ground it gave her with the world. The misery was to be shut up alone with him, when he himself was struggling under his burdens in utter wretchedness and gloominess of heart. When his dark labour-pains were strong upon him, I suppose he was the most absolutely wretched man I ever saw. Even to stand firmly on one's own feet in the presence of such misery and consequent irritability, was well-nigh impossible. But what she felt most keenly of all was, that he never seemed to realize that misery is the most contagious of all diseases. He saw her always invincibly devoted to him; and he thought her lot peaceful and happy in comparison with his own. He never saw the misery his own misery was inflicting upon her, and gradually sapping the very life out of her. I have heard her, many times, speak of their life at Craigenputtoch with absolute shuddering; and I do not wonder when they left at her gaily proposing to 'burn our ships,' and so prevent the possibility of return! I once took an opportunity of referring to what Sterling had said about her skill in writing; and ventured to wonder that she did not still try to find a little amusement in that way. But she shut me up very sharply by saying,—'Oh, Mr. Larkin, one writer is quite enough in a house.' And yet, I ought to say, I never once heard an angry word pass between themselves. If Carlyle had not himself written so frankly of these things, I should never have dared to write what I am now writing. I have hardly spoken of them to any one, for I felt them to be troubles which God only could be trusted with; but they sank very deeply and sorrowfully into my own heart. She was anxious too about me; and often warned me that I was looking for a recognition which I should never gain. By this time, notwithstanding Carlyle's very kind and hearty appreciation of my poor services, I had begun to see rather deeply into the inevitable truth of this gentlest friendly foreboding. Even Carlyle's praise, always frankly conscientious, was far too serious and admonitory ever to be lightly accepted like Mrs. Carlyle's playful flatteries. They always seemed to tacitly imply,—'This is my clear and emphatic approval, so far. Take heed that you continue to deserve it.' In fact, I not unfrequently recalled his own grim words: 'Hardly for the flower of men will love alone do; and for the scoundrelism of men it has not even a chance to do.' He evidently thought it was something to stand clear of that latter category.

I never knew a man more free from all personal vulgarities of any kind, or one whose presence carried with it such clear unassuming dignity of manhood; which I can only describe as

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a certain royal graciousness of manner, as different from a spirit of condescension as wisdom is different from personal pretentiousness. He had too, on all occasions, such a graphic discernment of all the facts he knew, and such a world-wide wealth of knowledge to liberally dispense, that few 'kingdoms' have been more grandly real or more honestly won. His very failings were of a kingly order, and almost compelled respect by their absolute and evident sincerity. Of his mocking Berserkir hilarity, and overwhelming power of speech when roused by worthy opposition, we have often been told; but, for my own part, I greatly preferred his half-silences, when one seemed to commune with his heart rather than with his head. At such times of quiet converse I have sometimes known him as simple, as gentle, and as open to conviction as any child. It is the recollection of such moments that keeps his memory so reverently dear to many friends, often constrained to differ from him, and even to put a higher interpretation than his own on the very truths he had taught them. Both Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle had singularly expressive voices, and yet singularly different from each other, like the many tones of a powerful organ and the perfect modulations of a mellow flute. They both spoke heartily, with their genuine native accents, but with the easy grace of cultivated sincerity, and with no other rusticity of manner than daring to be true to the soil from which they sprang. They simply brought with them, into the midst of the French-polished upholstery of London conventional life, a vocal memory of the fresh breezes and living echoes of their own mountain streams, pine-trees, and thousand-tinted heather. But I should say that, even in his most genial moods, there was never anything we could call really 'playful' in Carlyle's thoughts or way of looking at things, as there so often was in his Wife's. I can hardly imagine that even in childhod he ever practically knew the meaning of happy 'play'—the pretty innocent skipping of kids and lambs, the simple bubbling-over of the cup of joy! I can only picture him as 'weary and heavy laden' from his birth. Laughter he had of many kinds; scornful, genial, triumphant; and even a strangely sympathetic laugh of reproving pity; but I should say, never the clear ring of overflowing heartfelt joy. Even his humour, richly abundant as it was, was never playful, like Shakespeare's, or like Thackeray's at his best; but always either grim, or sadly pitiful, or else merely grotesquely admonitory. No sunny glances of child-like mirth and innocence ever sported within the sanctuary of his grimly earnest soul: more like a warning iridescence

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playing around purgatorial fires, half-revealing and half-concealing the incommunicable reality, was the grimly pathetic banter in which he so frequently shrouded the message his soul felt bound to deliver. 'My friends, I do not laugh,' he says once; 'truly I am more inclined to weep.' 'Self-conscious' he has been called, as if in disparagement of his sincerity. Yes, fearfully self-conscious, almost from the cradle to the grave. How else could he have written of it, and wrestled with the sore disease, with such terrible emphasis and struggling horror? It was the bitter root of all his life-long suffering and dyspepsia, both spiritual and bodily.

A feeble unit (he says) in the middle of a threatening Infinitude, I seemed to have nothing given me but eyes, whereby to discern my own wretchedness, Invisible yet impenetrable walls, as of Enchantment, divided me from all living. The men and women around me, even speaking with me were but Figures; I had, practically, forgotten that they were alive, that they were not merely automatic. In the midst of their crowded streets, and assemblages, I walked solitary; and (except as it was my own heart, not another's, that I kept devouring) savage also, as a tiger in his jungle. . . And yet, strangely enough, I lived in a continual, indefinite, pining fear; tremulous, pusillanimous, apprehensive of I know not what. For the God-given mandate, Work thou in Welldoing, lies mysteriously within, in Promethean, Prophetic Characters, in our hearts; and leaves us no rest, night or day, till it be deciphered and obeyed.

Did his readers look upon all this as empty rhetoric? If so, perhaps, after his own confessions, they will now judge more wisely; or, some of them, perhaps even less. Perhaps few men have been more self-conscious, whether unhealthily or healthily; have felt more bitterly the contrast between their own Ideal, and the 'poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual:' more longed for a worthy career among their fellows; or more heartily despised all insincere, vaguely conventional flatteries; or more really hungered and thirsted after an effectual human recognition. Yet all this, he declares, partakes more or less of spiritual disease. The only healthy self-consciousness he has defined to be — 'When Know thyself has been wisely translated into—Know what thou canst work at.'

With all this grim earnestness I do not suppose Mrs. Carlyle ever had any deep or real sympathy; and I sometimes think she may once have greatly over-estimated her own ability to rally him out of it. Perhaps she never altogether gave up the attempt. She was always very ready with playful surprises whenever a fair occasion served. One morning, after I had finished my business upstairs, I looked in at the drawing-room as usual, when she asked me whether

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Carlyle had mentioned 'that little paper he was to speak to me about.' I said, 'No; but that I supposed he had forgotten it, and that I would go back to inquire.' I went back: but Carlyle knew no more about it than I did. At last he got up from his table, where he was busily writing, and came down to ask her what it was. I followed him. She let us get close up to her table, where she also was writing; and then held up before us a slip of paper, upon which, while I was gone, she had written—'The 1st of April!' Carlyle and I looked at each other, laughing heartily at our mutual bewilderment; and he then strode off, and returned upstairs to his study. Whereupon she was highly triumphant at having, as she said, 'brought down *two* such philosophers with one shot!'

Once I recollect a bantering allusion to 'Carlyle's friends, the immortal gods!' but I forget what the occasion was. She never hesitated about quizzing him, just as she did every one else; and I noticed that he always seemed to rather like it. Once he was giving me some little bit of copying or map-making to do, and was elaborately impressing on me the importance of dispatch, but at the same time, of there being no actual hurry about it; which was a way he had, like touching-up with the whip, and holding-in with the bridle at the same moment. I intimated my perfect understanding of his wishes; and quoted Goethe's well-known words, which had once made a deep impression on me, 'like a Star, unhasting and unresting.' 'Ah,' interposed Mrs. Carlyle, 'Carlyle is always hasting, and *never* resting;' which, indeed, was the saddest fact of both their lives. She was once very severe upon what she called Goethe's 'hard heart.' 'No one,' she said, 'but a hard-hearted man, could have treated a pathetic character like poor little Mignon, as *he* had treated her. If, for the sake of his story, he was bound to kill her; at least he was not bound to make stuffy speeches about it, and—embalm her!' Meanwhile Carlyle looked on benignly, as if he were listening to some pretty innocent prattle, but said nothing. I recollect the interest excited at the publication of 'Adam Bede,' and how much Mrs. Carlyle was amused with the character of Mrs. Poyser. She told me Carlyle had read two or three chapters, and then threw the book down; refusing, for some reason of his own, to look at it again. She lent me the volumes, and I did more than Carlyle; for I read them through with very great but very mingled interest. I wondered how any one could have doubted that the story was written by a woman. None but a woman, I thought, could have drawn such a merciless picture of poor little Hetty in the dingy

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solitude of her own room; and certainly no man would ever have called her a 'chit' and a 'minx,' for such childlike little vanities, as any loving and trusting girl would, in her youthful delirium of hope, almost inevitably have indulged in. And I still trust, for the credit of my own sex, that no *man* could have followed the down-trodden victim so pitilessly to her death, and have let off the real scoundrel of the story with considerate extenuations and almost with pitying admiration. I have never looked at the book since; but, as I now recall the picture it left on my mind, I should be inclined to say, the really gifted authoress, in the early consciousness of her own great power, and in a moment of indignant ambition, had said to herself,—'Go to, I will take Goethe's Margaret, and show those foolish lords of creation how such a daintly dimpled hussy ought to be treated!' Certainly Goethe, with all his 'hard heart,' treated a singularly parallel case somewhat differently. I do not know whether it is this sort of thing which is generally meant by 'second only to Shakspeare.'

Another significant little anecdote concerning Mrs. Carlyle which belongs to long afterwards, may as well be told now. She had a little pet lap-dog, named Nero, of which she was very fond. Carlyle used to take Nero out with him for a run, every night when he went for his eleven o'clock walk; and I often noticed, when I have walked with him, how carefully he looked after his little charge; occasionally whistling to him (not exactly with his lips, but with a small pocket-whistle), lest he should run astray or otherwise come to grief. This little dog at last grew old and asthmatic, until it was a misery to look at his sufferings; until, in short, like many another little pet, he had to be kindly and painlessly put out of his little troubles. This was a great grief to Mrs. Carlyle, who never could quite reconcile herself to the clear necessity. She was telling her grief to a lady friend, who, I believe, had not been very long married, when her friend, trying to say something to comfort her, suggested, 'Why not have him stuffed?' 'Stuffed!' said Mrs. Carlyle, with a flash of indignation, 'would you stuff your Baby?' She was always very tender-hearted with her pets, and especially with her servants, whom she tried in every way to attach to her; sometimes, but not always, with perfect success.

In the summer of 1858, Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle went on a visit to Hampshire, to Lord Ashburton's; and I had undertaken to look in occasionally at Cheyne Row to see that all was well. On the 6th of August she wrote me the following letter, the first I ever received from her—

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Bay House, Alverstock, Hants.

My dear Mr. Larkin,—Will you give my Charlotte the half-sovereign on Saturday. I am not coming home for some time yet. The place suits me famously; and already I both feel and look quite different from the 'seedy Party' that took leave of you at Chelsea! I get some human sleep here, and no longer cough at all in the evenings, and very little at any time. I have a long drive in an open carriage every day; and every day eat *two* dinners, one at half after one, and the second at eight,—this system answers perfectly.

But oh, Mr. Larkin!—my watch! If it didn't go and stop, at a quarter to five, the very first morning! I tried every persuasion to make it go on again; but beyond nine, it positively would not go. I now for the first time see the sense of those Great Bells, which make such a terrible row in aristocratic houses. They are in aid of visitors whose watches refuse to go! If it weren't for 'the getting up Bell,' and 'the breakfast Bell,' and 'the servants' dinner Bell,' and 'the dressing Bell,' and 'the dinner Bell,' I don't know what would become of me; for to tell the time by *feeling*, in a strange house, thrown loose from one's home habits and occupations, is quite beyond me.

Mr. Carlyle is still in the vague about Germany. His going will depend, I think, on Lord Ashburton's success in looking up 'a man with a yacht!'

I had a fine sail in Portsmouth Harbour the other day, and went on board *The Urgent*; and got two 'splatches' of brown paint on my new dress!—There are Forts here, and a Camp, and everything a reasonable woman could desire!

Remember me kindly to your mother.—Yours most truly,

Jane W. Carlyle.

Reading this pleasant little letter, at once suggested to me to give her an equally pleasant surprise in return. So I wound up my own watch, packed it carefully in wadding in a little box, put the key inside, and upon the watch a slip of paper on which I had written, 'Please wind me up!' This I posted, together with a letter; picturing to myself what her surprise would be, but little thinking how deeply she would feel such a simple act of playful goodwill. The following grateful acknowledgment must speak for itself. To me it was, and the recollection of it much more is now, worth many watches.

Bay House, Alverstock, Hants,
10th August.

Oh, my dear Mr. Larkin, upon my honour I all but burst into tears (!) this morning, at your kindness! and I astonished the company at breakfast, by the new views of the world it had given me! It was impossible to keep one's stand on Misanthropy in the face of that watch! 'Excuse me,' said a Lady-visitor to the mistress of the house, who had taxed her with not returning her salutation on entering the room, 'I was so confounded at hearing *Mrs. Carlyle* say, "it was a *good* world," that I quite forgot myself!'

It came to hand *going*, the watch! and I wound it up immediately. It gave me such an odd feeling of *aliveness*, that ticking away amongst cotton, all along the rail from London to here; I felt inclined to say to it, 'How do you do? dear little thing,' and to expect an articulate answer.

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I am all the more thankful for it, that the Bells were no longer to be trusted. On Sunday morning I sat reading, wearying for my breakfast, till a House-maid bounced in with dust-brush and pitcher and the usual &c.'s. I stared, and so did she. 'It is not time to go down, is it?' I asked. 'Oh yes, Mam, breakfast must be nearly over!' 'But only *one* Bell has rung yet.' 'Yes, but *that* was the Breakfast Bell; no Prayer-Bell rings on Sundays!' And so I had to go down to reproaches on my laziness, accompanied by the coldest tea and the toughest toast!

We have the loveliest weather here, and I flourish 'like the green Bay Tree,'—unhappy simile! I have been once to 'The Island,' (as they say here), and am going again. We have a Lady in the house, who, tho' the oldest of us, has an untiring love of 'expeditions,' and in *her* hands we are safe from stagnation at all rates. To-day, after luncheon, she is going to take me on board *The Renown*. It is the gayest country place. A quarter of a mile off is a field all covered with snow-white canvas Cones; which, in my simplicity, I took at first for the most stupendous gipsy-encampment. But it is a regular *Camp*, where some two thousand soldiers idle about. Then, just outside the gates, a grand new Fort is building, the most interesting peculiarity of which is, that the guns of it, if ever they are fired, *must* smash right through this House.

I am not going home this week either. So that blessed Dog [Nero] must just console himself with the Sparrow! [a stray nestling, which had been picked up in the garden]. When I do return, it is possible I shall soon start off again! as soon as I have got clean ribbons to my bonnet, and a few other feminine necessities supplied. It is very dreary spending one's life coughing alone, in that House of Cheyne Row, with which I have hardly any associations that are not saddening, or worse;—*very* dreary. And why should I do it? when I am not needed for 'the cares of bread' (as Mazzini calls housekeeping), or the cares of buttons, or of *mislaid papers!* Whether Mr. C. goes to Germany or not, I don't think he will be home till October. So I have still a good few weeks in which to 'wander at my own sweet will.'

If all have gone right, Mr. C. is at this hour showing the Lions (or rather, the Lambs) of Dumfries to Lord Ashburton. Lord A. had arranged to leave London to-morrow morning with his eldest sister, for the Highlands; *consequently* he took a sudden whim to start from London to-day, and spend an evening and morning with Carlyle at Dumfries, leaving his sister to proceed to Glasgow as she can. He is perfectly charming, that man, for giving those about him a never flagging series of surprises!

I continue to improve in health; hardly cough at all now; and have bloomed out into the most captivating of head-dresses—'regardless of expense.'

Love to your Mother, and to all your family remember me; and believe in my gratitude and affection. JANE CARLYLE.

On the 16th she again wrote, as follows—

Bay House, Alverstock,
Monday.

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN,—Nothing is badly arranged here except the Post. I had opened my desk to write this note yesterday morning; when it occurred to me, that till 5 o'clock of Monday no letter could leave for London—according to the actual arrangements! Plainly neither of the Miss Barings has ever had lovers;—a lover! the slightest expectation of a *declaration by post*, would have sufficed to change all this!

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Will you, at your first convenience, give Charlotte six more shillings. I allow her eight shillings a week, with *et ceteras;* and that will make her right, up to Saturday, when I return, please God. I am wanted to stay till the 23rd (Monday), but I think I had best get home this week; that I may the sooner be ready to start for—Scotland! Yes, indeed, Mr. Larkin, to such a pitch of courage (in the groom's sense of the word) have I arrived! Mr. C. is to sail from Newcastle to Hamburg to-morrow; may be absent still four or five weeks; having then nobody to *do for* at home (for I don't consider myself indispensable to Nero and the Sparrow), why should I sit there 'like *owl* in desert,' sinking down into depths of despair again! Especially as I have a dear little cousin so bent on my coming, that she will meet me at Carlisle 'to have my bed and tea ready for me!'

Now, dear Mr. Larkin, don't you foresee what will happen? Don't you feel as sure as if I had already told you, that I shall be wanting next to know about trains to Carlisle? the times—the fares? Yes, it is a fact! I want you to riddle *that* out of Bradshaw for me! But what you *can't* be foreseeing, the least in the world, is, that I shall also want you to find out about trains to Liverpool! and then about trains from Liverpool to Carlisle! Some weeks ago, there was a train from London to Liverpool, the fare by which, first class, was only a pound. If this continues, I have been thinking I might go that way, and take a night's rest at Liverpool, for about the same money as going all the way from London to Carlisle at one fell rush!

You will help me, with your miraculous capacity of understanding Bradshaw, when I come. Shall I see you at tea, at six o'clock on Saturday evening? Don't mind writing; I shall hear when I arrive.

Please to tell Charlotte she need not be putting down the drawing-room carpet. She wrote to me the other day, to say that she 'thought Mr. Larkin a very nice gentleman, *and* the house was still standing on the same spot!' You need not prepare her for my second exodus. I will break it to her with feminine tenderness on my return. Poor child, I hope she won't go to the bad, with all this cessation of work and of supervision!

Your watch ticks loving compliments, and would like to know when it is to be restored to its native fob: like the Pope at Avignon, 'what surprises it most, is to find itself here!' I promise it the joy of seeing you on Saturday evening; but whether of going home with you, that will depend! The other Lady-visitor's watch took to 'jibbing!' A very fine gold repeater. And *she*, rash woman, took it and left it at ——— tho' I took her aside, and told her that the man was a knave, and had no knowledge of watches. The two facts were plainly written for me in his *eyes*. But she would not hear 'the voice of the charmer;' left the watch, went for it on the appointed day, found it *going*, paid seven-and-sixpence for it, brought it home—and found it stopt! And now she is always half-an-hour too late for breakfast,—tho' she *has* a Lady's-maid to go and look at the Hall-clock for her!—Your's affectionately,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

The next day, came the following sprightly little note, announcing a further stay—

Bray House,
Tuesday.

OH MR. LARKIN, what a life you have! It is a foretaste of the sort of thing you will have to stand, when married! I am not to be home on

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Saturday. Miss Baring insists on my staying till Monday, when she goes herself; and it was my bounden duty to succumb.

After all, I couldn't have trimmed my bonnet on a Sunday! *I* the lineal descendant of John Knox and of John Welsh the Covenanter!

Then it is on Monday evening I will expect you.—Yours ever,

J. Welsh Carlyle.

On Monday accordingly I took tea with her, and gave her the particulars she required from Bradshaw. I persuaded her to take my watch with her to Scotland, although she professed strong misgivings, being afraid 'it might fret, and take to jibbing,' like the other lady's watch. On the 11th of September she again wrote; and again on the 22nd.

Lann Hall, Tyrron, Dumfries,
Saturday.

My dear Mr. Larkin,—I have *such* a headache! Not that I am fallen into the old bad way: I continue well,—comparatively speaking. But I eat a great lump of cold plum tart to supper last night; and the consequences may be conceived! I have tried starving; then tried a long drive; then tried lying down; and all won't take the tight cord off my head! So I sit up, and write to *you*, as the St. Giles's people eat oysters, 'in wera desperation!'

You see to-morrow is Sunday; so, if I miss to-day's post, you can't get your answer till Tuesday; and you have already waited for it too long! Of all the 'secluded glens' ever seen, this is the most extraordinary; for everybody keeps a carriage in it: not 'a gig,' but a coach-and-pair! And so, naturally, everybody is in motion; what they call '*seeing* our friends.' I have been here now a whole fortnight; and it has been one continual explosion of Champagne Lunches all over this glen (Glenshinnel), and the neighbouring Glencairn. I believe they are to my honour and glory. But anything serves here for an occasion to make a feast. A retired ——— of ———, the most perfect bore I ever encountered, had just been fêted all round, before I came; and is now being *done* over again, along with me! I never felt more disposition to kill a man who had done me no intentional harm! And there is no love lost between us. Till I came, he 'had the gang all to himsel';' and now he can't get a platitude uttered in peace!

But I go away from here the end of next week; and that being the case, you need not send the Frederick [Two volumes were just out] at all. It was for the reading of my cousin *here*, that I wanted it: lumbering books about with me will be an inconvenience. If Mr. C. can spare me a copy 'all to herself,' it will be sent with best grace, in a perfect state, after my return. My journey was altogether prosperous, in spite of its being undertaken on a Friday; except, indeed, that I lost a ring from my little finger, given me by Mazzini's mother seventeen years ago, and engraved with the Young-Italy watchword, '*ora e sempre.*'

Mr. Carlyle has been lost to the knowledge of his family and friends for more than ten days: retained by the blandishments of Olympia Baroness von Usedom, at her Schloss in the Island of Rügen. But he has now rejoined Foxden and Neuberg, and is rushing about the different battle-fields; expecting to be home in two weeks, so far as I can make out his plans. In that case, as I don't think he will return by Leith, I may prepare my mind for returning to that horrid Cheyne Row, where I am

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always ill, and generally miserable. My kindest regards to your Mother.—Ever affectionately yours,

JANE W. CARLYLE.

Thornhill, Dumfries,
Tuesday.

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'Let him that standeth on the house-top, &c., &c.!' Ach! Yes! dear Mr. Larkin, I was standing on the top of the topmost chimneypot of the house-top; and did *not* 'take heed,' till I found myself lying all of a heap on my Mother Earth, with such a dust raised about me, as you have seldom seen!—which means, without metaphor, that my very brilliant career in these parts has suddenly been cut short by an attack of Inflammation; which would probably have saved myself and 'others' all further trouble with me; had it not befallen in the house of a Dr.! the one living doctor I know, or know of, in whom I have retained confidence. His judicious treatment and unceasing cares at the beginning, and his wife's devoted nursing, prevented the malady gaining ground; and I am up now, after only two days and a half in bed, about as well as I was before;—only a little uncertain on my legs, a little confused with the effects of morphia, a little less conceited about my 'improvement,' and a great deal less impatient to set out for London! Set out I *must* however, as early as is consistent with ordinary prudence; for the idea of Mr. Carlyle going about at home, *seeking things* like a madman, and never finding them; and of his depending on the tender mercies of Charlotte for his diet, leaves me no rest,—partly on Charlotte's account, I confess, as well as his own!

So far as I can make out, from his programme, written in the style of The Lamentations of Jeremiah, he will arrive at Chelsea some time of Thursday. He will sail from Antwerp on Wednesday, he says, 'if not sooner,'—and 'twenty-four hours more, and then ——!' then he will be at Chelsea, I fancy this to mean. I write to tell you, that you may go and see after him on Friday; and be a Mother to him, poor Babe of Genius, till I come; which will be in the beginning of next week, I expect; if all continue to go well with my bodily affairs. You must not give Charlotte any more board-wages. She will live with her Master 'on tick,' as usual, till I come and resume the charge of that unhappy household. I calculate on leaving this on Friday; but shall be a few days amongst Mr. C's relations. Love to your Mother: It has several times crossed my mind with pleasure, what a beautiful pincushion I have, to go home to!—Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

The 'pincushion' to which she playfully refers, was a bead pincushion for her toilet-table, which my good old mother had just worked for her; after a pleasant little visit she had made to us. It was on a fine summer afternoon, while Carlyle was away on some former occasion; and, in the evening, she insisted upon riding home on the outside of the omnibus, next to the driver. It had just struck her that she had never done such a thing; and she was determined to know what it was like! Such little bits of audacity she always seemed to thoroughly enjoy.

The next letter forms the last of this pleasant little series: written the 27th of September.

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Thornhill—Sunday.

Thanks! dear Mr. Larkin. *One* thing more do for me on this occasion! Meet me at Euston Square on Wednesday night; and persuade Mr. C. to *not* meet me! The very sight and sound of a Train throws him into *such* a flurry; and he has had too much of it lately.

In this view, I have not told him the hour I shall arrive at. Indeed I don't know it myself: but *you* can find it in Bradshaw, if I merely tell you, I shall return by the same train that took me away. Velocity being a much more important consideration than economy, in my present delicate health. I wonder *how* it is with Charlotte!

I leave here to-morrow, but stop over Tuesday at the same Gill where Mr. C. was so long. I feel horribly frightened at the journey, tho' I stood it so well in coming. Your watch says it will be *so* happy to get back amongst known faces,—watch-faces, of course. I have never neglected to wind it up but once —the night I had those horrid cramps.—Yours in haste, affectionately.

JANE CARLYLE.

Of course I had little difficulty in discovering the train she was to come by, and got to the station in good time to meet her. I saw the train come in. It was very crowded; and I hurried up and down, keeping a sharp look-out; but could see her nowhere. I waited till all the passengers were gone. Then looked into all the carriages, only to find them empty. So I went away, concluding that she had missed the train. The next morning, when I called, much to my surprise I found her at home innocently wondering why I had not met her! The whole play was so well done, that I was completely taken in, and really thought for the moment I must have missed her in the crowd. It was not till afterwards, when I recalled how thoroughly I had been on the look-out, that I saw the clever trick she had played me. The fact is, she must have slipped into a cab, perhaps after she saw me pass her carriage towards the other end of the train; and left me, as she says of herself, 'wandering at my own sweet will.' Whether it was done in a spirit of mere good-natured mischief; or whether she thought, as she was rushing along the line, that Carlyle might feel hurt at my being there to welcome her instead of him, I never actually knew. But she did not refer to the subject again; from which I concluded it was probably partly both, but mainly the latter; and I thought it might just as well stand, as another item to be set to the score of my stupidity; to which score it undoubtedly very fairly belonged. But that it was a well-meant trick, very cleverly played out, I am as certain as I am that I went to meet her—and failed.

I find my presentation copy of the first two volumes of Frederick inscribed 'with many thanks and regards, 30th

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September 1858.' When he handed me the volumes, Carlyle solemnly and impressively thanked me for the great and unexpected help I had given him in his heavy labour, without which he shuddered to think where he might then have been. I cannot recall all that he said; but the words—'with a luminous silence, and a steady fidelity of effort, beyond all his experience or imagination; if it would be any satisfaction to me to know it,'—have remained with me, as if spoken but yesterday. He then kindly insisted on my acceptance of a cheque (£100), and accompanied it with many earnest wishes for my future welfare.

After this I remember nothing very special, until the beginning of the next New Year, when I received the following further assurance of his grateful appreciation of my services; which I afterwards rather confidently guessed was more especially a kindly instigation of Mrs. Carlyle's.

Chelsea, 6 *Jan.*, 1859.

DEAR SIR,—I got you a *Life-Ticket for the London Library* [*St. James's Square*]; of which, if it be not so very useful till our hands are a little freer, I hope you will get a great deal of good in future years. It is the best Lending-Library I know of in London or anywhere else; I believe, some 100,000 volumes in it, in various languages, on all manner of subjects; and you command 10 of them whenever you or yours think good, and have no trouble but the choosing. If I had been King Freidrich, I would have given you a pretty little Mansion and grounds, for your merits to me; but that not being so, I have on cheap terms procured you a small *spiritual freehold*, which you are to occupy wisely, for my sake and your own, during the many years which I hope are still ahead for you.

Probably the Library People may have written to you; at any rate I send you the Documents, and bid you go and take possession.

I think there is nothing more just now. I am deep in 'Chapter I,' which has been a terrible quagmire first and last!—Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE.

In the summer of the same year they had determined to spend a few weeks in Scotland; Carlyle (and, I think, the Maid and Nero and Carlyle's Horse) to go by sea; and Mrs. Carlyle by rail. Respecting the sea-trip, there had been one afternoon left out for me the following—'*Mem.* to Mr. Larkin.'

I find there is a *wrong* kind of Edinburgh Steamers, sailing at the same hour,—kind to be avoided by us! They anchor at *Leith* (start from I know not what Dock *here*). The kind we are to *get* anchor at 'Granton Pier' (which is two miles beyond Leith), that is the only distinction I yet know;—I think *they* go from St. Katherine's Dock (but am not sure). This must be well ascertained and attended to: I once *mistook* the kinds before, and suffered by it. . . Pray try if you can make out, To-morrow (Saturday);—there is *some* Office where you see a Plan of the

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Ship, engage berths, &c. (I could long much to have a *berth to myself*, without fellow lodger; but that, I fear, will not be possible, even by paying for it): I long to have the thing *settled* in all points, and to be prepared for my fate.

'Standentz' stands quite distinct here, in Orlich's Map of Sohr (which you consulted upon 'Mollwitz')—no hurry about that just now. The hurry is, To get shovelled on board under tolerable terms! Call on Monday, please, and report.

T. C. (*Chelsea, Friday, 3 p.m.*)

I arranged this little matter of the steamer; and, if I recollect aright, it was immediately after the above somewhat heterogeneous freight was got fairly 'shovelled on board,' I trust under not intolerable terms, that I accompanied Mrs. Carlyle to the King's Cross Station, and saw her safely off—promising her as my final good-bye, that, on her return, I would try if I could not be a little sharper than once before! I am not at all clear about the exact dates of either of these separate journeys. Carlyle's memorandum is only dated as above; quite a singular omission for him. Mrs. Carlyle's letters were hardly ever dated; but I have carefully preserved them all in their postal wrappers, and so have no difficulty on that score. On the 4th of July she informed me of her safe arrival.

Humbie Farm, Aberdour, Fife.

My dear Mr. Larkin,—It would be a disgrace to human nature that I should not have written to you before this, were it not that poor human nature is sometimes not responsible. I don't hold myself responsible for anything I have done, or not done, since I took leave of you at King's Cross! Mr. Barnes [her doctor] told me that 'weakness of mind was the natural and inevitable accompaniment of weakness of body; that no woman, as weak as I was, could make her mind bear up, any more than she could make her legs bear her up!' *He* ought to know. At all events I find consolation—a melancholy consolation in believing him; and the fact that I have been arrived at my destination a whole week without a word out of my head to you, has no reproach for my conscience in it. I simply accept it as part of my illness.

For the rest, 'the view' is all that could be wished: I never saw so beautiful a view even in a dream! and the 'Farm House' is all that could be asked of a Farm House and more. We have got *two* sitting-rooms after all—a great mercy that! and the whole appointment is of good size, well aired, well furnished and very clean,—no 'small beings,' as Mazzini called them.

Mr. C. bathes every morning, and rejoices much over the 'soft food' for both himself and his horse. The Horse, he says, 'is in a perfect ecstasy at his plenty of grass and new hay, tho' unable to recover from his astonishment at the badness of the Fife roads.' I shall see to-day perhaps how a horse expresses ecstasy, for I am going to ride him; or, more properly speaking, to fall off him! But next week I hope to have an ass—more adapted than an ecstatic horse to my present spirit of enterprise!

Charlotte is the happiest of girls! The Scotch *men*, she says, are the kindest she ever knew! 'They call her "bonnie wee lassie" as she passes,

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without knowing her!' and the Farmer has gone the length of giving her a *sugar rabbit*, which she 'would be sorry indeed to *eat!*' she told me.

They all do better than poor me. Even Nero's touch of mange is being cured by sea-bathing. He bathes regularly, from a sense of duty, along with his Master. But I get no strength, and am as sad as death.—Yours affectionately,

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JANE CARLYLE.

I do not quite recollect how it was that I did not at once reply to this sadly characteristic letter. I only recollect how sorry it made me, and how impossible it seemed to do or say anything that could really help her. But ten days after I received the following kindly little scolding—

Humbie, Aberdour, Fife,
14th July. (*My Birthday.*)

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN,—Apparently you don't mean to answer me, unless I give you some trouble. Well,—here it is. Along with this you will get a note for the Servant of Miss Jewsbury's landlady. 'Old Jane,' the woman's name is; and I don't hesitate to say, she is the best woman in Chelsea, not excepting myself! But the note is null and void, until it have got a sovereign inside it. Now there is no Money-order Office here, and to send the coin is unsafe. So what I beg you to do for me is, to put a sovereign in the note (I won't forget to repay it), seal the note, and take it yourself to Miss Jewsbury's; and ask for the cook; and give it to her, with one of your kindest smiles; which indeed I need not desire you to bestow, for I am sure, when you see the woman, you will not be able to help it.

The Post is waiting, so I havn't a moment. God bless you.—Affectionately yours,

JANE CARLYLE.

My next letter was from Carlyle himself.

Humbie, Aberdour,
Fife, 28 July, 1859.

DEAR LARKIN,—I have been in so utterly somnolent and dreamy a state, I have not till lately recollected that I never even sent you money to pay for the Register Desk, the Broken Window, and other material fractions of things which you were getting set to rights for me! Here at least is money for these objects; pray have them all sleeked off, and put comfortably to rest before I shew face again.

We have done pretty well here, at least I individually have, in regard to what was the principal intention of the voyage out: recovery of a little bodily improvement, and allowing of the cloudy bottles to settle a little into *sediment*, and become clearer in consequence. Certainly nobody could get into a more opposite way of life than this is from our London one; and for myself I must brag (or confess, I know not which) I have very completely surrendered myself to the genius of the new locality, and gone about as idle as was well possible for me during these five weeks. The place is one of the finest I ever saw for outlooks and situation: seas, mountains, cities, woods, fruitful cornfields; all is here in perfection; solitude, silence and a horse superadded: bathing, sauntering, walking, galloping; lazily dreaming in the lullaby of the woods and breezes,—this has been nearly altogether my employment since you saw me lift anchor. Tho' Edinburgh, by three Steamers daily, is but ten miles from us, and

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always in view from the windows, I have only been twice in Edinburgh, for a few hours; and then only upon urgent practical call.

I *have* read or re-read several Seven-Years' War Affairs, too; and cannot get that terrible problem shaken out of my head altogether; but as to sending you reasonable material for doing Maps upon it, I find, on trial, that it will not do;—find in short that I must shove the whole matter off till I get home again; and what will become of it *then* is frightful to think of! A word from you soon will be very welcome.—Yours always,

T. CARLYLE.

I am not quite sure of the exact date of the next letter from Mrs. Carlyle. The post-mark looks like 'Aug. 23,' it is either that or 28. In either case, it was but one short month after Carlyle's comparatively happy sketch of his own way of life. Who could have thought, while reading that pleasant little idyl, that the black clouds were already gathering; so soon to burst into an utter drenching of wretchedness and despair?

Auchtertool House, Kirkcaldy.

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN,—My 'fine sensibilities of the heart' have been kept in abeyance of late weeks, and all the life in me (you know how much or how little it is!) directed towards keeping me in my senses. If I had been writing to anybody, I would surely have written to *you;* but I have been holding my peace, whenever I could get it done with impunity: silence being the wet blanket on the chimney, which enables it to consume its own smoke. Oh, Mr. Larkin! catch me ever again taking my holiday in the country along with a man of genius! I saw from the first that, instead of a holiday, it was going to be the hardest workday I had had for some time: I saw from the first, what all that *walking* as in seven-league boots, and *galloping* like the wild huntsman, and bathing in season and out of season like a merman, and all that consumption of 'soft food,' was working together towards—a bilious crisis, bad enough to make a poor wife's hair stand on end; and to make her ask herself, twenty times a day, if it wouldn't be better to tie herself up to her bedpost, and be done with it!

We *might* have been so comfortable *here*, if he had not already overdone himself at Humbie! A beautiful airy house, with kind little cousins close by to help us and cheer us. But one's life has been made black and bitter, by this—'accumulation of Bile!' And, as a sick man pleases himself in turning from *one side to another* in his bed, so shall I please myself in turning from *the Country* to *London*. Mr. C. has settled to go to Annandale in ten days. I had intended to make some visits on my own basis; but I didn't then expect to be so worn out in spirits. So now I think I shall go home by myself, after having merely rested a few days with my Aunts in Edinburgh. Most probably I shall take Charlotte to my Aunts for a couple of days, that she may see Edinburgh, which her heart is set on seeing; tho' I don't feel sure that all these indulgences are for the girl's good; and then send her home by the ship she came by. In that case I will write to her mother before-hand, that somebody may go to meet her on landing; tho' I dare say she is quite up to finding her own way, after having seen so much of the world! She wants, herself, to 'go back by the Princess Royal,' having been very happy and hardly sick on her voyage down. Meanwhile I have no trouble to give you on

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this writing; as I suppose one can learn from a Scotch Newspaper better than in London, what days and hours the Princess Royal sails.

For myself, I mean to go by rail of course; and to stay a night at York to break the journey. It was far too much for me in coming down. Don't tell Geraldine you have heard from me; above all *never* tell her I write in bad spirits.—Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

I think it was a week after this, that I received the following short letter from Carlyle; the tone of which sufficiently confirms what his Wife had said as to his change of mood; while its quiet allusion to herself affords a significant and very tragic instance of his entire unconsciousness of the suffering and haggard wrestling with herself, which she so heroically shut down from his sight.

Auchtertool, Kirkcaldy,
29 *Aug.*, 1859.

DEAR LARKIN.—Hormayr's Anemonen, which you seem to have seen at Cheyne Row, is probably not above 2 or 3 lbs. in weight: please *send* it by Post, the first day you can. I am pretty much through my reading here; and Hormayr can be read without maps.

The Mrs. is well; seems really to prosper a little here—and ought to take *all the good weather* with her before leaving. Unhappily to-day it rains, for the first time rather seriously. Harvest is at its height here; sky and earth in general highly favourable to it.

I am to go southward shortly, as you heard; and indeed shall have little permanency sure till I get wriggled back to Chelsea. My work *there* fills me with terror;—*you* (I foresee) will have a quite slack time with me [!], and Robson a vacant, for a very great while! But surely there will be adundant *Mapping* and *Planning* by and by, if I live. Neuberg is now out of his Translating Enchantment [had translated the first two volumes into German], and can take the Copying and Museum work.

Hormayr by Post, for this day;—sufficient for the day be the evil thereof!—Yours truly, T. CARLYLE.

I do not now recollect what it was I had written to Mrs. Carlyle, which called forth the following sad reply; nor could it be of any interest in comparison, even if I did. The letter is only too intelligible, without comment of mine. Perhaps I had tried to say a few strengthening words to help her; but, if so, I must have felt how futile all words were to one who saw her position with such clear steadfast eyes—for, whatever it was, it has left no impression even on my own mind. The post-mark is September 14.

Craigenvilla, Edinburgh.
Tuesday.

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN,—Your letter made me very sad: it always does make me very sad NOW, to see *youthful Enthusiasm* going ahead right against the stone wall of Reality! But never mind: when you have taught yourself, by breaking your head; you will know better, It is the only way one *can* learn; advising is no good. Yet I will expend a little

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advice on you, by word of mouth, when I come; for the sake of having discharged my duty as your friend, rather than from any hope of mending you!

I shall be home next week. I cannot specify the day yet; but will write again, in the hope of your coming to meet me. I am resolute for sleeping at York this time, to break the journey; and have learnt the name of a good Inn. My address, after Friday until I set out on my return, will be—'Sunny Bank, Haddington;' *in case* you should have anything needing to be said. Your note to Mr. C. about the horse came to Auchtertool, the day after he left for Scotsbrig, Ecclefechan; but I forwarded it immediately, after reading it for my own behoof.

I despatch Charlotte to-morrow (Wednesday), at 8 p.m., by the vessel which leaves Granton at that hour. I am told it is the Princess Royal, the same by which they came from London; but I have not seen it *in print*. The horse is to be sent from Fife, to meet Charlotte and the dog, unless Mr. C. has again made new arrangements about it, without my knowledge! I enclose a note for Charlotte's father. Please give it him, as I don't recollect their number, and Charlotte is out, seeing Edinburgh. —Yours affectionately, J. W. CARLYLE.

By the same post I received the following hasty note—

Edinburgh.

DEAR MR. LARKIN,—One line—no more, or I miss the post. I am just returned from putting Charlotte and the Horse and Nero on board the Princess Royal. Charlotte has the ticket of passage for all three animals. The saddle and bridle are laid somewhere on the ship.—Yours affectionately, JANE CARLYLE.

The very next day she wrote in great trouble of mind about the horse, which she had undertaken to see safely despatched for London.

Craigenvilla, Edinburgh.
Thursday.

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN.—If my character for *sobriety* (whatever else) were not 'above suspicion,' these written documents you are receiving from me might give you room to *think!* Certainly I was never so confused in all my life; so needing to be myself taken charge of, instead of taking charge of others, whether with four legs or two! Mr. C. gave me no instructions about that horse, beyond ordering it to be sent on board the Princess Royal, by my cousin's groom. '*Anybody* at Edinburgh would tell me *anything* I wanted to know!'—and my three maiden Aunts, living out at Morningside, are as ignorant about Steamers and Horses and 'all that sort of thing' as sucking doves; and I absolutely have not seen a male creature 'to speak to' since I arrived in Edinburgh!

The night before last, I was so bothered in my mind about having to take Charlotte and the dog to Granton, and meet the horse there, and arrange them all on the ship, that I awoke for good at four in the morning; frightened by a horrid dream, that my Cousin's respectable old groom had presented himself on the pier at Granton—in Hessian boots with lapets, and a Cocked-hat, and not a vestige of a horse, tho' the ship was just on the point of sailing! Nevertheless, I found in the waking reality of the case, 'old John' all right; looking for me, to show me the horse, quite contentedly looking out of its box in very handsome headgear. I patted his neck, and gave him my blessing; and paid the 'three pounds' demanded

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for his passage, and thought I had done all that England, or Mr. Carlyle, or the horse's self expected of me. But—oh horror!—last night, in the middle of prayers, it flashed through me like a knife, that the three pounds were surely not so much as Mr. C. had paid coming down, and that I should have paid something for *food* for the poor horse! What! if after all my anxiety and trouble, I had *left it to be starved!* This idea suggested itself in connection with a half-crown old John told me he had 'paid for hay, and must tell Charlotte about.' Would half-a-crown's worth of hay be enough for him? And, if not, would Charlotte have the sense to pay for what else he required? Surely, surely she would spend what was needed on the poor horse. Do write to me immediately to Sunny Bank, Haddington, to put my mind at ease, if possible, on this head. I shall get no sleep till I hear the horse is all right at Silvester's Stables, and that heedless little girl with her equally heedless little dog, all right at Cheyne Row. To-day I go into the country to see an old servant, the dear old 'Betty' you must have heard me speak of.—Yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

I was able very soon to 'put her mind at ease;' and on the 20th she briefly informed me of her intended return home.

Sunny Bank, Haddington.
Tuesday.

MY DEAR MR. LARKIN,—You make the very Posts do the Impossible for one,—your letter reached me on Sunday! I shall be home on Friday, please God. But as I mean to arrive by daylight, I won't have you waste time in coming to meet me. By daylight I can manage quite easily by myself; so I won't tell you the train I shall come by; indeed, I don't yet know it. I have resolved to lessen the strain of the long journey by sleeping at York. I am clearly much less nervous, since I am 'up' to such a resolution as stopping in a strange inn.—In breakneck haste, yours affectionately,

JANE CARLYLE.

I suppose things now returned once more to their old routine. But long before this, in addition to map-making, my labours had gradually come to include the deciphering and copying-out of the more intricate and least intelligible bits of Carlyle's sometimes singularly intricate manuscript, as the following note will sufficiently testify.

DEAR SIR,—Could you call to-morrow at the London Library, and bring me Œuvres de Voltaire, vol. 39 (in which there are *marks* I wish to see): I will then give you some (abstruse enough) copying to do.—In haste of hastes,

T. CARLYLE.

Chelsea, 8 *Feb.* 1859.

I recollect, on one occasion, he had been worrying himself, almost beyond endurance, over some unusually refractory specimen, which had stubbornly resisted every attempt to force it into shape, when to his relief I entered his study. He at once handed me the page of hieroglyphics to take away and make a fair copy of; saying, with a kind of self-mocking, self-

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pitying laugh,—'*I* cannot make out the sense of it, but I have no doubt *you* will be able!' On another occasion, on handing me a similar piece, he said despairingly,—it was 'almost like asking for the interpretation, without even giving me the dream!' I was always thoroughly interested in this kind of work, which had for me nothing of the intense dreariness of battle-plans and map-making. It was especially interesting to me to find how I could sometimes, as it were, meet his thought half-way, and see what he was trying to express, even before I had got all the words together. But I was not very ready at it either; I seldom could do this sort of thing at a glance. I generally had to puzzle and brood over it, until the idea seemed almost to come of its own accord. As I said, Carlyle never realized how much trouble these things sometimes cost me, nor did I care to speak much of it. In fact, as a rule, it was of no use talking to him about trouble; it only made him disinclined to trouble you. But some idea of the difficulty of these literary puzzles may be formed from Mr. Robson's description of some MS. which Carlyle had considered sufficiently intelligible for printer's copy. Long after I had been helping him in this way with what he considered the specially difficult bits, he wrote me the following note, enclosing an emphatic protest from Mr. Robson, certainly not before it was called for.

DEAR LARKIN,—Will you come to me To-morrow:—you see Robson is fallen nearly desperate! Bring the Book 'Orlich' with you; I sometimes need it here. 'Fontenoy' I suppose is not ready yet?—In haste, yours always, T. C.

Chelsea, Thursday, 10 *p.m.*

March 14, 1861.

DEAR SIR,—I send you the slips completing the chapter, but I have not been able to make out a great deal of it, though I have spent far more time over it than I can spare; and the poor Compositors are at their wits' end. In fact, the whole of this part ought to be copied out. I never saw such imperfect copy before. Much of it is mere abbreviation, and referring backwards and forwards. I am quite out of heart with it; and fear, if there be any more like this, I shall be obliged to send it to you as it comes from the hands of the Compositors, as I cannot find time, among my many calls upon it, for deciphering such copy. I am sorry to write this, and have deferred till I can no longer get on.—Your obedient servant,

Thomas Carlyle, Esq. CHARLES ROBSON.

Of course this led to much more copying being thrown on my hands; in fact almost more than I could find time to get through with. This sometimes occasioned delays, and called out little spurts of impatience; but they were nothing more than spurts, and I tried to think nothing of them. If I could only have got rid of the maps, &c., I should have done very

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well. But this was clearly impossible, without throwing the whole thing up, which I was very far from even thinking of. So I struggled on as well as I could; and I can say now what I could not quite feel then, that it was perhaps, after all, the very best discipline that could have been inflicted upon me. By this time I had removed to Brompton, chiefly for the purpose of being nearer to Cheyne Row. Of course I was now frequently there, generally looking in some three or four times a week. Occasionally I spent the evening there, in which case I always joined Carlyle in his eleven o'clock walk. Those quiet walks I felt to be a great privilege, and generally found them highly profitable; but sometimes not so profitable. I had all along been tacitly and uncomfortably conscious that both he and Mrs. Carlyle were greatly concerned about me, lest I should persist in wasting my life in mere spiritual abnegations. On one occasion, I suppose, he felt constrained to clear his own conscience towards me, as he has since told us he once did towards Irving. I well recollect his speaking to me of Irving in very sorrowful and affectionate terms; of his great gifts; his truthful, affectionate, and courageous heart; and how it was all wasted and wrecked on the maddest of futilities; ending only in a heartbroken half-consciousness that his life had been a disastrous mistake. He also told me that he had been credibly informed that, towards the end of it all, he had been heard to lament how different it might all have been, if he had kept nearer to himself; or at least (as he conscientiously explained) that was the conclusion he had himself drawn from what he had been told. It was in no spirit of boasting, or of proud self-sufficiency, that this was spoken; but in the deepest sorrow and pity; and, at the time, I had no doubt whatever of its being the simple fact, although I am now convinced that it was almost an entire misunderstanding on his part. Self-reproach, Irving may have felt in his own sensitive conscience, that he had not been even more faithful in his testimony to his early friend; but assuredly few 'last days' were more tragically *un*faltering than his. I knew, from the time Carlyle began to speak, 'for quickly comes such knowledge,' that he was trying to teach me by a parable; and I would gladly have set his mind at rest about me. But I could not feel that his impressive parable had any real bearing on my case. I knew nothing of Irving at that time, but what I had gathered from vague rumour and from himself; and, from all I had thus learnt, I imagined that Irving and I were far wider apart in spirit than perhaps I could now honestly maintain; and my chief wonder was, how Carlyle

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could even hypothetically place me in any similar category. Perhaps in this case, as in so many others, he saw more clearly than I did. Still he had no facts to warrant him in speaking out quite plainly to me. He could hardly have cautioned me against a too unshaken faith in the love and truth of Jesus Christ; nor could I for a moment suppose that he even wished to do so. In truth, I can most positively assert that such an intention was as far from his heart as it was from my own. He was really trying to warn me against the pretentious sanctities and other abominations of desolation which are so often foisted upon us in its stead. If we had begun to argue as to what was pretentiousness, and what was really that Christlike meekness and integrity of heart which will one day inherit the earth, I suppose we might have argued till we quarrelled, and yet have been no wiser; such 'doubts' being preëminently of the class which he himself has taught us can only be solved by life-experiment and silent faithfulness to what we already know. I confess, with some shame of conscience, that only since reading Carlyle's Reminiscences, have I read Mrs. Oliphant's noble tribute to Irving's memory, which revealed to me, in its deeply pathetic reality, the saddest yet most faithful attempt to put new wine into old bottles perhaps ever placed on record: how much better that was than clinging galvanically to mere empty bottles, or even replenishing them from the fermentations of a prurient imagination, let those who are able to see the difference judge. I think it very probable, indeed almost certain, that it was the publication of the Life of Irving which set Carlyle speaking to me about him. But what I know is, that I felt we were both reaching out to each other in the dark; ineffectually, and to our mutual disappointment.

On another occasion he referred in terms of utter condemnation to the subject of so-called 'spiritualism;' evidently wishful to know how I regarded it. I said the basest thing about it was, its miserable attempt to turn the awful *stillness* of Eternity into a penny peep-show. He entirely agreed with me; and yet I could see that my rejoinder was not what he wanted. He wanted me to declare my total disbelief in the whole thing. But this, with the Bible before me, I was not prepared to do. We had many little tentative encounters of this kind, but never got to any actual disputation. Once he spoke in strong disparagement of the pitiful inconsistency of some one, I forget now who it was, professing to believe in his teaching, and *also* in the nonsense taught in the name of religion. But this again was far too widely

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aimed to touch me, and I let it pass. Why should I feel called upon to defend generally the 'nonsense' of so-called religion, when my life had been a struggle to gain, if possible, its practical and living wisdom? I never could talk with him freely and unreservedly on such subjects. I always had an uncomfortable perception that there was a whole world of thought, to me of more than vital moment, which to him was as nothing. How then could we wisely talk about it? I also felt that he himself had a kind of wounded consciousness of something of the kind; and that he sometimes even resented it as 'the unkindest cut of all.' Of course all this arose as much from my own faultiness as from his. I often longed earnestly enough to talk frankly with him; but my own ideas were still far from being clearly defined. Many thoughts and purposes were rising and jostling against each other in my mind, which refused to take shape: and Carlyle was not a man to go to with a bewildered and bewildering difficulty; especially a difficulty beyond his own power to solve. This was precisely my case; and it was the one sore point between us at which we continually touched. I see now that he must have felt more deeply hurt at this palpable want of faith in him, than at the time in my seeming insignificance, I could at all have imagined. 'Here, at last,' he must at such times have thought, 'a disciple has come to me who evidently understands my God-given message; and yet even he has only a half-hearted belief in me!' The fact is, it was enough for me then, as in so many other cases of perplexity and doubt, to fall back on his own wise words,—'Do, with all thy might, what thy hand findeth to do:' speak of the same only to the infinitesimal few,—nay, oftenest to nobody, not even to thyself!' These words, when I first read them, sank very deep into my heart. Indeed there are periods in every one's life, and also in the Life-History of the world, when to '*die* in the Lord,' even to our best hopes and truest purposes, is the only real heroism for the time possible to us. But this highest and most sacred of all heroism is possible even in the darkest hour: 'Fret not thyself because of evil-doers; rest in the Lord; wait patiently for Him, and He will give thee thy heart's desire!' And yet I must confess, I also, for my own part, could not help feeling somewhat hurt and disappointed. 'Here was I, striving to live faithfully in my own poor way according to his own wise teaching; and, because I was not, what he had so strenuously warned me against, a glib talker or mere intellectual coruscation of any kind, but had my own silent distresses and perplexities to struggle with, he was dissatisfied with me!'

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Generally speaking, this sore feeling was altogether tacit and unacknowledged between us; and I even doubt whether he knew that I was distinctly conscious of it. It was not a thing we could well have spoken of: we could only have hoped to mutually outlive it. But on two occasions, and only two, perhaps while suffering from more than ordinary constitutional irritability, he quite lost all wise control of himself; and showed me, in a momentary flash of anger, what I would gladly never have looked upon, but which was far too significant to be honestly omitted. One morning, when I entered his study, I found him as usual sitting at his table, but evidently in a condition of great suppressed irritability; with Mill's treatise 'On Liberty' lying before him; which some one, perhaps Mill himself, had sent him. I believe the book had recently been published, but I cannot say positively. Certainly I had until then never seen it, or heard of it. After I had discharged my trifling business, he rose angrily from the table with the book in his hand, and gave vent to such a torrent of anathema (glancing at Christianity itself, as if Christianity had been the inspiration of it), as filled me with pain and amazement. He addressed himself directly to me, almost as if *I* had written the book, or had sent it to him, or was in some way mixed up with it in his mind. I felt terribly hurt; but what could I say in protest against such a wide-rushing torrent of invective? I had never read the book; and did not know how far I might agree with it, or even whether I might not execrate it in my own heart as utterly as he did. Neither did he expressly charge me with any complicity with its ideas. But he did, in his haste, say things which he ought not to have said; and which, I am sure, we both, afterwards, painfully wished had never been spoken. In fact, I could see that he was even tragically sorry, almost as soon as his constitutional irritability had thus found unlicensed vent. I do not think that I made him any direct response. We parted soon after in perfect friendliness; but, too palpably, another shadow had fallen between us. God help us all in our manifold infirmities. I know the book well enough now, and the ghastly issues to which it inevitably points, with its accurate balancing of enlightened self-interests, and its deification of every man's own heart; and I will only say that, putting myself honestly in Carlyle's place, I do not wonder that his indignation was beyond endurance. It must have been to him, in the incisiveness of its attack and the taking popularity of its style, like a vision of the great red dragon standing triumphant before him,

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ready to devour the fruit of his soul's travail as soon as it was born. Since that day, I have never heard him express more utter abhorrence of anything than I have, more than once in late years, heard him express of the crowing, God-denying, death-stricken spirit, now making such 'great signs' with our fashionable sciences and life-philosophies,—and all the world wondering after it!

The second occasion to which I have referred, occurred long afterwards, and was altogether trivial in comparison: a mere straw marking the hidden disturbance of the stream upon which it floated. This time it was in the drawing-room, and Mrs. Carlyle was present. He was asking me to do some trifling mechanical service for him, similar to what I had done once before, and, lest I should have forgotten, proceeded to give me altogether wrong instructions. Of course I corrected his mistake, and explained to him how the thing had really been done; but I could see that he was not altogether himself, and I know I spoke as tenderly as I could. Perhaps even this touched him painfully, and gave offence; as if I were assuming to have more self-control than he had. Anyhow, he only grew more and more irritable, as I tried to convince him that it could not possibly be done in the way he said. He stormily insisted that he was right, and that *he surely* ought to know. We were both standing looking at each other. I sorrowfully knowing that mechanism would not alter its conditions to please either of us; and he, in his loose-fitting coat, and with his long sceptre-like pipe admonitarily sweeping the air, angrily and utterly refusing to be convinced. He finished by saying, in strangely measured, sarcastic cadences,—'It may—be perfectly—credible—to *you* —that I am entirely—devoid of sense;' and then impatiently left the room. Mrs. Carlyle and I looked at each other in despair. Meanwhile he had betaken himself to the garden, to try to smoke off his irritation. I think I have seldom been more reverently affected and even humbled, than when, in about five or ten minutes, he again entered the room, frankly admitting his error, and expressing his great regret that he should have allowed himself to be so carried away. I have often thought of this sterling honesty and touching self-correction in so great a man; and have lately remembered it in his behalf, while reading the similarly hasty outpourings of his feverishly troubled heart, which have been so unreservedly published and so angrily criticised—

> No reckoning made, but set to his account
> With all their imperfections on his head.

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In 1862 I married; and, mainly at Mrs. Carlyle's instigation, took the house, No. 6, next door to him, which was then falling vacant. We all thought this would prove a very convenient and pleasant arrangement; but I soon found that it was a mistake, so far as I was concerned. Carlyle had become so accustomed to apply to me in every little difficulty, that, now that it could be done so conveniently, it grew to be a very serious tax upon my time, without giving me the satisfaction of feeling that it was at all of corresponding advantage to him. Mrs. Carlyle continued as sorrowfully and as kindly affectionate as ever; but I felt more and more distinctly that I should never get nearer to himself by more frequent intercourse. On the contrary, his spirit of irritability and impatience became more frequent, and I have no doubt more unconscious on his part, the more outwardly familiar we became; and I often had painful misgivings as to how far I was justified in thus giving way to him. But there was really no help for it, except by weakly leaving him the lurch, and deserting him in the midst of his difficulties. But the thought of Mrs. Carlyle's deplorable position in such a case, would of itself have been enough to have prevented such a thing, even if my own spirit had broken down. From first to last my position with Carlyle was that of a friendly volunteer, anxious to render him all the help in my power: and I much doubt whether so long and so intimate a connection would have been possible on any other terms. But it must not be supposed that he allowed me to render all these services altogether for nothing. I have already mentioned the first cheque, and the very friendly way in which he insisted on my accepting it. After this there were several presents of £50, handed or posted to me, as occasion served, in a spirit of no less friendliness. At one time I even thought that our connection might possibly grow into something like permanence: but it was not so ruled in our separate destinies, as the whole story and the sequel will sadly show.

One consequence of my living so handy was, that there was not often any necessity for writing letters, which had now generally dwindled into—'Please come.'—'Come for a moment.' 'Will you come to me To-morrow Morning as you pass.'—'Dear Larkin,—Will you call this Evening, as you go home; there is some MS. to copy (very cramp in parts). T. C.'—'Dear Larkin,—Could you copy me the Inclosed (readable to *you*) before, or by, 10 o'clock to-night? Yours always. T. C.' Once he handed me a circular which he had received from the London Library, asking for the return of Strauss's 'Life of

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Jesus,' which, by some mistake, had got entered to him. He asked me to call, the first time I was passing, and explain that he had never had, or seen the book. Upon looking at the circular, which I brought away with me, I found that he had written in blue pencil—'Please don't trouble me about this Book any more! I never had it, never saw it (nor wished to see it, nor shall wish), your Copy or another.—T. C.' With which emphatic 'shaking the dust off his feet' I heartily concurred, and still concur.

My poor story is now approaching its conclusion, and I will try to sum up what remains to be said in as few words as possible. Carlyle has told us of the serious accident which happened to his Wife, on her returning home one evening in 1863. I recollect that evening perfectly, and also the scene of helpless misery which in a few words he so distinctly photographs. But 'the eye only sees what it brings the means of seeing;' and he little thought it was his own presence which had suddenly produced the collapse which struck him so painfully. To make the picture which thus fixed itself on his memory intelligible, it will be necessary to explain, or perhaps, as he would say, 'to reiterate,' that few men have been constitutionally less able to cope with unexpected difficulties than he was. In any case of confusion or embarrassment, it was sheer misery to have him even standing by and looking on; his own irritable impatience was at once so contagious and so depressing. It was a constant struggle on Mrs. Carlyle's part, either to keep him out of the way, or to take the opportunity of his being away from home, to effect any changes which might have become necessary; and this as much for his own sake as for hers. On the evening in question, I was sitting quietly at home, when I heard a gentle rap at the door; and was informed that Mrs. Carlyle's servant wished to speak to me. She told me that Mrs. Carlyle had just been brought home in a cab, seriously hurt by a fall, and begged I would come in at once. I went instantly, and found her on a chair in the back room of the ground floor, evidently in great pain. As soon as she saw me, she said, 'Oh, Mr. Larkin, do get me up into my own room before Mr. Carlyle knows anything about it. He'll drive me mad if he comes in now!' We at once consulted as to how we could best carry her up; when, just as we were about to do it, he entered, as he tells us, looking terribly shocked and even angry. I saw he was annoyed at my being there, instead of him; so I said as little as possible, helped him to carry her upstairs, and then left. On the following morning I called to inquire how she

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was, and found she had given word that I was to be asked to go up and see her. She was full of thanks, and told me it would be a great comfort to her if I would come up every morning for five minutes, as she knew she should often be wanting some little thing done; and pleasantly added, 'It will be something to look forward to.' In this way I carried into effect many little arrangements for her comfort, which she had thought over during the previous day.

The second illness to which Carlyle refers was far more serious. She was decreasing in strength from day to day, and from week to week, and sinking into the saddest despondency and gloom of horror. I suppose no one who really watched her, ever thought to see her leave that bed alive. She herself had long given up all real hope. But one day she astonished me by telling me, she had made up her mind that if she must die, she might just as well die elsewhere as remain where she was, with nothing but the dreariest associations about her. She had consulted the doctors, and they had agreed that, with an invalid carriage, she might possibly still have strength to carry her as far as St. Leonards; and that, in short, she was resolved to try, even if she died upon the road. She then said, that 'as usual' she must depend on me to help her. She had arranged everything. An invalid carriage was to drive up to the door. She was to be lifted into it on a couch. The carriage would then drive to the station, where it would be placed on a kind of truck, and she would thus be taken from door to door, without any further exertion on her part. All she wanted me to undertake was, when all was ready, to carry her downstairs in my arms, and lay her upon the couch; the attendants would then lift her into the carriage. But, she added despairingly, 'This time, I have insisted on Carlyle keeping out of the way till I am safe in the carriage. I don't think you'll find me very heavy.' I was there at the time agreed, and carried her down as easily as if she had been a child of twelve years old. I was literally appalled at the shadow to which she had become reduced. After laying her gently upon the couch, I went to the front door to see that the carriage was ready to receive her; when I was still more shocked at the hideous receptacle to which she was, all unsuspectingly, about to be consigned; far more like a 'hearse,' as Carlyle calls it, than a carriage; into which the living corpse was to be slid feet first, through a small door behind! I saw at a glance the whole horror of the thing, as it would strike her; but it was too late to interfere, for she was already being carried from the house. I shall never forget the agony

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of the stifled shriek which she could not suppress, as they lifted and pushed her in; or the look on her face when she was in, as I stood at the side-door trying to cheer her. I do not know whether such cruelties are still practised on helpless invalids in the name of mercy, but I earnestly hope not. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered herself, Carlyle (who was not before present, as he afterwards imagined) was sent for; and I bade her good-bye, deeply feeling that it was the last poor service I should ever render her. But the end was not yet; for, after many months of suffering, she came back to us seemingly almost herself again.

During their stay at St. Leonards, I received the two following short letters from Carlyle, which may be interesting.

St. Leonards, 29 *May*, 1864.

DEAR LARKIN,—Your parcel came, perfect, yesterday at 3 p.m.;—carriage 1sh^{s} + 2d. for porterage (1 : 2d. in all; a most cheap accommodation,—thanks to you withal).

Robson has sent me a heap of Proof-matter; but no part of those unblessed *Two Sheets*,—without which I cannot stir from the spot. Sad to say!— I am writing to him again, to be *instant* about it. So *you* need not call.

We are doing tolerably well here,—our Patient, I do think, slowly recovering; I too trying to *work*, tho' under the above entangling circumstances. The weather is cool, clear, summer-like; highways whirling with insupportable *dust;* but in the country lanes there is beautiful riding,—so *silent*, clean, amid seas of verdure; and the prettiest little Hamlets of Old English type I have seen for many a year. Nothing to object to, except the excessive steepness, and the perpetual changing of level; but that also has its advantages. With kind regards.—Yours always,

T. CARLYLE.

St. Leonards, 23 *June*, 1864.

DEAR LARKIN,—We are not very flourishing here; my poor Wife being in a *sleepless* way again, for a couple of weeks past (tho' with less of *pain* than formerly), and is at present in great suffering from that cause.

Are you doing anything at the *Maps!* Torgau is off in a complete state, this evening; and *all* the 'Battles' (some 7 or 8 of them unmapped yet, I think?) are ready for you. I am fighting as if for life to get forward! Yours always,

T. CARLYLE.

Two days after I had a letter from Mrs. Carlyle, but not in her own handwriting, only dictated and feebly signed by her, asking me to look for a small box and send it to her: a letter evidently dictated in great depression of heart, in which she says—'I think you must curse the day you wrote that first letter to Carlyle, which brought you into never ending trouble with us. . . . Every emotion, even one of gladness, brings on my torture: a fine state of nerves to front such a world as this

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in. Kind regards to your Wife. Ever affectionately yours, JANE CARLYLE.

Soon after this they left St. Leonards. Mrs. Carlyle spent a few weeks in Scotland, and then returned to Chelsea, where Carlyle was now at work again. Towards the end of the same year we removed to Camden Town. I was still struggling hard to keep up with Carlyle's actual requirements, and generally succeeded, although he was constantly worrying both himself and me with fretful anticipations of failure, of which the following note will give some indication—

Chelsea, 9 *Feb.*, 1865.

DEAR LARKIN,—Everything now waits on you; I hope there will be no delay! More especially as I am to leave Town 'on the 20th' (Monday come a week),—which was appointed as Publication Day. The Indexes, as you have long understood, are to go all into *one*. Some corrections (I think, *mainly* in regard to Voll. 1 & 2) are marked in my Copy here; you had better call, and copy them off, some morning while still in time.

Silberberg ought to go into your ultimate map; Gross Tinz, I conclude, you have put in;—perhaps Silberberg too (n^d^. of Glatz, s^d^. of Schweidnitz): if so, all right. *Kausler* or big Atlas of Plans belongs to Lord de Grey, Carlton Terrace, (or Garden? near by Marlboro' House): *clean* them as much as you can, and tie them together for delivery (cannot be too *soon*, after so many years exile!)—

I do not recollect that I had anything more to indicate, at present. I depend on you for exactitude and despatch.—Yours sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

Perhaps my toughest struggle, so far as limited time and sheer push of hard work were concerned, was that fusing together of the separate indexes into *one*, as above referred to. There had been an index to the first two volumes, another to the third, and another to the fourth; and now there was the manuscript index to the fifth and sixth volumes, which was necessarily only partially completed, with the completion of the work itself. All these separate indexes had now to be taken to pieces in detail, and carefully re-arranged into one general index, making seventy-three pages in the original edition. Everything was now ready for publication but this; and Carlyle had not the slightest idea of the amount of actual labour it involved. My Wife and I worked at it together, night after night, till one and two in the morning, as we never worked before or since; and yet he got more impatient with me about it than he had ever been before. Besides this, he took a sudden panic about those large Atlases belonging to Lord de Grey. In the note of February 9th, he had thought it necessary to remind me that he depended on me 'for exactitude and dispatch;' and, being determined that, so far as I could help it, he should have no just reason to complain, I

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kept close to the essential work, thinking Lord de Grey could well afford to wait till I was out of the wood. Great then was my surprise and annoyance, when Mrs. Carlyle one day drove up in her brougham, wearied and vexed, and informed me that he had been imagining all sorts of disasters about them; and that, if they were not already returned, she was to bring them away with her, and return them herself. Altogether, I had evidently got more than I could well bear with, or patiently contain; and, at last, the cup ran over. I think it was when I announced to him that the last stroke was faithfully completed, that I gave vent to my pent-up feelings. I have no recollection of the actual words I wrote to him. But I know it was a rather longish letter; that I first expressed my regret for the absolutely unavoidable delay which had occurred; and then reminded him how I had originally volunteered to do the summaries and indexes, in which work I had been thoroughly interested, and always found my own profit; how my work had gradually extended to difficult copying, in which I was also interested; and how finally it had drawn me into maps and battle-plans, which had been work so utterly irksome and abhorrent to me, that I had only compelled myself to it out of personal loyalty to himself; and I wound up by saying, that nothing short of 'Dr. Francia's Gallows' could ever induce me to go through the like again! It was a foolish sort of triumph at the best, that of telling what is often foolishly called 'a bit of one's mind;' and, if I had been only a little stronger, I should never have indulged in it. We hardly ever succeed in such cases; but generally only lay the foundation of further misunderstanding. God knows whether I did good or harm. But I recollect the feeling of relief to my own conscience, as I fancied it, with which I grimly posted that letter. I took the earliest opportunity of calling on him again in the usual way, to let him see that I was as loyal at heart as ever, notwithstanding my fine spirit of independence! When I entered his study, he met me very much as usual, but I could both see and feel that he was greatly hurt; and when I looked in at the drawing-room, Mrs. Carlyle received me with wide-open eyes of astonishment; which might have meant—'*Et tu, Brute!*' or might only have meant—'Are my forebodings at last fulfilled?' Whatever it may have really included, in the hidden depths of her own heart,—what she meant to *express* was, simple astonishment; and she perfectly succeeded.

At last, to the inexpressible relief of all concerned, the index was not merely completed, but printed; and the last volumes of Frederick were published, Carlyle being then away from

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town on a visit. Soon after his return, I received the following brief letter of thanks, which (notwithstanding the comparatively stinted, and perhaps slightly injured tone of it), considering all the irritations we had struggled through together, I now prize as highly as any letter he wrote to me. This, at least, was written with clear consciousness of the distance which hopelessly separated us.

Chelsea, 13 *April*, 1865.

DEAR LARKIN,—We are got home from the Country; and I have at length got sight of the Book in its complete state, and have been looking over it hither and thither—*your* part of it as well, tho' not yet with critical eye. The Plans &c. are very neat and pretty, so much I can testify; nor do I hitherto see above one or two even slight points on which I could have advised alteration, had there been the freëst chance for it.

I am very sensible of the great pains you took, the true wish you have had all along (even in your own confusions and distresses) to be helpful to me; and your loyalty in this sore Enterprise from first to last is a thing I shall always remember. Let us be thankful we have seen the *end* of it; which, at one time, and indeed more times than one, seemed almost desperate!—

I enclose you a cheque,—*crossed* so that nobody can steal it; and need not add that if I can ever help you in any honest purpose I gladly will. And so, with my best wishes to Mrs. Larkin and you, and the kindest auguries I can form, I remain,—Yours sincerely always,

T. CARLYLE.

After the completion of the general index—having faithfully struggled with him, almost with my life in my hands, through what Mrs. Carlyle well called 'the Valley of the Shadow of Frederick'—I considered my long apprenticeship to Carlyle fairly and honourably ended. There were many little friendly services which I still continued to render. Perhaps for some time I was there almost as frequently as before; and certainly we never afterwards met in any other spirit than that of the friendliest cordiality. But in 1866 Mrs. Carlyle died; and Carlyle's life seemed to have suddenly become altogether downcast, haggard, and motiveless. I little knew then the helpless, hopeless, 'late remorse of love,' which was almost breaking his heart; and still less could I have realized that he and his really loved Wife had been living side by side for so many years, and he as unconscious as the inaccessible rocks of the misery that very unconsciousness was daily and hourly inflicting. Those bitter outpourings of his troubled soul, now so tragically exposed to the public gaze, are to me unspeakably the saddest bits of writing I ever read. Surely such a self-revelation was never before wrung from a tortured heart. The proudest, strongest, most reticent of intellects, by a strange Nemesis, has been fated to confess its own infirmities and tragic insufficiency, as if

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with the passionate recklessness of a fretful child. And yet, so utterly did the haggard nightmare afterwards depart from his conscious thought, that he did not even recollect that he had written anything about Irving, whom he really loved as a brother. My own conviction is, that when he, long after they were written, gave permission to publish with wise discrimination his crude and unpruned reminiscences, what he recollected and chiefly, if not wholly, thought of, was his heart-broken confession of his lost Wife's unrequited, and till then unheeded life-devotion to himself, so unworthy of it as he then penitently felt. 'Never,' he writes, as if with trembling hand, 'Never in my pretended superior kind of life, have I done, for love of any creature, so supreme a kind of thing.'—'God pity and forgive me.'—And again, 'Weak little darling, thy sleep is now unbroken; still and serene in the eternities (as the Most High God has ordered for us), and nobody more in this world will wake for my wakefulness.'—'I have sometimes thought this dreadful unexpected stroke might perhaps be providential withal upon me; and that there lay some little work to do, under changed conditions, before I died. God enable me, if so; God knows.'—'The Will of the Supreme shall be accomplished. Amen.'

Those strangely photographic reminiscences, with all their unsightly spots and blotches, were real pictures which passed before him in his lonely chamber of distorted horrors: and he never afterwards looked at them, either to remove their blemishes, or even to make them consistent with each other. Witness the two pictures of Lady William Russell, pages 205 and 292; in one of which, sketched in some calmer mood, he gratefully testifies that she really loved his Wife 'like a daughter;' and yet, in a former morose blurring of his own despondency, he could speak of the same kind friend as thinking no more of her than of 'a sweet orange, which has dropped from one's hand into the dust!' They are palpably the same picture, seen only in different lights; and the light in which at different times it was seen by him, was such fitful light as his own stricken heart at the moment afforded. I have a right to be heard in this matter; for I am among the slaughtered innocents: a standing spectacle of assiduous helplessness! Was ever a brief '&c., &c.' made to express so much? Byron's 'Hail Muse, &c.!' was a trifle to it. But it is 'ill jesting with a sair heart.' Many similar, and far more serious inconsistencies with his former, and, thank God, his later self, have been, and doubtless will be, from time to time pointed out; as, in simple justice, they should and must. But imagine

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any one, or any number of us, man or woman, to become thus suddenly alive to *our own* hidden 'chamber of horrors;' to have the cloak and shield of reticence and of forgetfulness suddenly snatched from us, and ourelves, in the feverish irritation of some unlooked-for agony, driven to find a frenzied relief in laying bare all the grudgings, discontents, ingratitudes, sore sensitiveness, and other besetting infirmities of our whole past life, against which perhaps that whole life had been an inward warfare. How do we suppose the best and purest of us would look, in the darkness of that awful light? In the presence of even such an apocalypse of misery, what, with any honesty of heart, dare the stoutest of us do, but cover each his own head with ashes, and sorrowfully recall the divine words of warning and compassion, 'Let him that is without sin cast the first stone!' Even those who have cruellest reason to feel hurt, may charitably remember, for their own comfort and in his behalf, that his whole life at that time was, not merely an inconsistency with itself, but—for a brief, awful, fated interregnum—almost a moral wreck: 'a noble wreck in ruinous perfection!' Let us who are as yet more happily placed, try to see those sad pictures, thus distorted in a glare of misery, with other and kindlier eyes; and, above all, in the name of our common, erring humanity, let us try to judge, not irreverently, of the self-revealed inconsistencies and tragic shortcomings of the greatest amongst us, thus stricken of God, for his own sake and for ours.

The year following the actual writing of the Reminiscences, Carlyle sent me a copy of 'Shooting Niagara: and After?' together with the following kindly little note, which it is very pleasant to me now to remember, and to be able to conclude with.

Chelsea, 3 *Oct.*, 1867.

DEAR LARKIN,—Along with this you receive a thing called 'Niagara,' most part of which you have probably seen before:—nor is that by any means the principal point of my message.

I am again in want of you for a little bit of ingenious service, or at least counsel; and beg you to call here as soon as you can. Every day till about 3 p.m. I am at home;—come, and I will not detain you many minutes.—Yours ever truly, T. CARLYLE.

I suppose the pamphlet thus referred to was almost the last thing he ever wrote; and I have always looked upon it—notwithstanding its innumerable half-truths, and its sometimes perverse misreading of character—as the wisest bit of solemn warning and practical advice even he has given to us as a Nation. But it is not my purpose even to attempt to offer an

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estimate of his value to us, as an inspirer to earnest effort, or as a teacher and witness of important social truths. I have told the story of our intimate personal connection as simply, as frankly, and as faithfully as I am able; and I trust that no one will rise from its perusal, without feeling that he has learnt to know Carlyle better for it, both in his touching human infirmities and in his almost more than human persistence and strength. I never thought that I could have told the sad story at all, until I read his own confessions. He it was who thus showed me what I could do, and how it could best be done, in truest reverence for his memory, and in faithfulness to those higher social truths, now everywhere struggling towards utterance, to which his faithfully earnest life-work was but the herald and the appointed precursor. To conclude, in his own emphatic words, 'A very great "work," surely, is going on in these days—has been *begun*, and is silently proceeding, and cannot easily *stop*, under all the flying dungheaps of this new "Battle of the Giants" . . . no less a "work" than that of restoring God and whatever was God-like in the recorded doings of Mankind. Actually this, if you understand it well.' . . . 'For England, too, has, and will continue to have, a History that is Divine; an Eternal Providence presiding over every step of it, now in sunshine and soft tones, now in thunder and in storm.'—'Who will lead us to the golden mountain tops, where dwell the Spirits of the Dawn?'

HENRY LARKIN.

Art. III.—*New Policy of the Vatican.*

Italiani, operiamo! Ne evoluzione ne reazione. Napoli. 1880.
Italians, let us set to work! Neither Evolution, nor Reaction. Naples. 1880.

To those who watch the movements of European politics with a view to the indications they afford of the direction in which the great currents of civilization are tending, rather than for the sake of the immediate effects of the moves on the great chess-board, there is at the present day no more interesting or instructive subject of study than the struggle for life which the great institution of the papacy is making. I do not mean by the use of this phrase to intimate any opinion that the Papacy is, or is nearly, at its last gasp. Though such is the opinion of many persons, whose judgment is entitled to much weight, I am unable to share it. That great

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oak, which once overshadowed all Christendom, needed the slow growth of many centuries to reach the fulness of its strength and greatness, and its decay will be proportionately slow, and its fall the work of centuries. Nevertheless, the conditions of its present existence are those of a struggle for life. It is true that, during the whole of the past, those ages when the Church was most markedly a Church militant were the ages of prosperity and growth; and the ages when it appeared to have least necessity for contest were those during which the causes of its fall were silently and imperceptibly maturing themselves. But however the tide of battle may have temporarily ebbed and flowed during the former epoch, the fight was very evidently in its general outcome a winning one, whereas it is now as evidently a losing one.

Of course the nature of the general world-currents, which seem, as far as the future can be read, to be menacing Romanism with destruction, is far too notorious for there to be either interest or advantage in any attempt to recapitulate the evidences of them. And any examination of the probabilities of the future, based on considerations of the requirements of human nature and the progress of civilization, would be a very much larger subject than the present writer has any pretension to treat in this article. It is his less ambitious purpose merely to give the reader an account in outline of the most recent episodes of the contest in that part of the battle-field which is still, as it always has been, the head-quarters of the Papacy.

When the tremendous catastrophe, which was consummated by the entry of the Italian troops into Rome through the breach in the wall at the Porta Pia, stunned the Pontiff and his brethren of the Sacred College with dismay and consternation, the first policy that suggested itself to them was to meet the ruin as a hedgehog meets the attack of his enemies. Turning all its prickly surface outwards to the world, assuming absolute immobility and affecting absolute impotence, the Vatican adopted a policy of pessimism, which its rulers thought must needs cause somebody to interfere in its favour. It miscalculated the degree of its necessity to the world. It thought that if the fatal nature of the wrong which had been done to it could be by its own attitude made sufficiently patent to mankind, somebody would come to its assistance. But the world had gone further astray from its old ways than Pius the Ninth wotted of; and nobody came to help him. Such a disappointment ought to have taught the Holy See many things. But the lessons with which it was fraught were of too dis-

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agreeable a nature, and implied too radical and sudden a change in the maxims which had hitherto ruled the conduct of the Roman Curia, for men of the intellectual and moral calibre of Pius the Ninth and those around him to accept or profit by them. Pius learned nothing. And the attitude of political sulkiness was maintained to the uttermost during the remainder of his life. 'The Revolution'—by which is meant in the language of the Roman Curia the entire body of all those modes of thought, and of that current of events, which has brought to pass the present condition of society in all the countries of the continent—was in their eyes an accursed thing, and it was not for the Church to defile herself by touching it. The Pope shut himself up in the Vatican, and cried aloud *urbi et orbi* the unblushing falsehood that he was held a prisoner there—a falsehood the Nemesis of which is very cruelly visiting the present Pontiff. It was determined that the Vatican, the Curia, the Church and all its adherents, should absolutely ignore the new political constitution to which Rome and the late temporal dominions of the Pontiff were subjected. *Nè elettori, nè eletti!* was the formula in which this determination was expressed. We will be neither electors nor the elected of electors! We will have nothing to do with you! We will not, in any way, that we can possibly help, recognize the existence of *l' Italia legale*—the Italy of the Government *de facto*—as it was, and is, the fashion of all clerical speakers and organs of the press to call the existing constitution of the country under the monarchy of the House of Savoy.

And to this policy of abstention the clerical party unflinchingly adhered as long as Pius the Ninth lived.

Before his death, however, there had been one or two very remarkable indications that such a policy did not approve itself to all those whose position in the Church, and whose reputation for ability and high character, were such as might well recommend their opinions to the serious consideration of the Holy Father, and his brethren of the Sacred College. Father Curci, of the company of Jesus, had before the death of Pius published, separately from the large work to which it was originally prefixed, the Preface which occasioned so extraordinary a sensation in the Church, and made, one may say, even an epoch in contemporary Church history. The opinions expressed in that work were so violently opposed to the received ideas of the Vatican as to insure the disgrace of the author. This is not the place to attempt a detailed account of the remarkable pages in question. But the general

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gist of Father Curci's ideas may be stated in a few words. While maintaining that the temporal power of the Papacy had been assigned to it by the Providence of the Almighty, and had been, and would be still if it existed, a blessing and an advantage for mankind, he asserted that no scriptural promise exists on which any hope of its restoration can be founded; that if by Divine Providence it had been given, it had by the same all-wise Power been taken away, certainly to the disadvantage, probably for the chastisement, of the lay world, but by no means certainly to the disadvantage of the Church, though perhaps as a chastisement for its shortcomings also. He urges on the consideration of the rulers of the Church, the uselessness of directing their efforts to the recovery of this temporal dominion, and the urgency of exerting them to the utmost for the extension of the spiritual influences of the Church. He shows the inefficacy of that attitude of abstention which the Church has adopted to this all-important end, and the necessity of using to the best advantage such means as the existing constitution of the body politic yet left in their power for the attainment of it.

Of course the audacious author incurred the severe displeasure of the Pontiff, of the Sacred College, and of his own society. It is not necessary here to recount the incidents of the persecution to which Father Curci was subjected, or those which attended his restoration to the good graces of the Vatican, on the accession of the present Pontiff. It may be remarked, however, that that restoration was one of the most significant of many unmistakable indications, that with the elevation of Cardinal Pecci to the seat of Peter an entirely new spirit had entered the Vatican.

Few readers probably are unaware that the members of the Sacred College, the cardinals, are in theory the counsellors of the Pontiff. And most of them probably are as little ignorant that this theory has but little corresponded with the practice of the papacy in modern times. Pius the Ninth especially was essentially an autocrat. None of his cardinals ever attempted to dispute his opinion or to manifest one of their own. But there is little reason to suppose that any opinions prevailed to any extent in the Sacred College of a nature opposed to those held by the Pontiff, especially during the latter period of his incumbency. During a reign extending to the unprecedented length of thirty-one years he had of course filled, almost in its entirety, the Sacred College, and equally of course had filled it with men after his own heart. And it will be seen at once that the successor of a Pontiff

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whose reign has been thus remarkable, must needs, unless indeed he be disposed to continue in all respects the policy of his predecessor, come to his task under peculiar difficulties. In most cases during the long history of the papacy, the Sacred College at the demise of a Pope has been divided into two or more sections, generally marked by strong enmities and rivalries, consisting of the 'creatures' of the two or three or more previous Pontiffs, who have *created* them. At the death of Pius the Ninth all the College, with the exception of Cardinal Schwarzenberg and one or two others, consisted of his creatures.

Under these circumstances, the first act of the new Pontiff, if it was one eminently characteristic of a man animated solely by a single-hearted desire to do his duty in the arduous position to which God had called him in a spirit of truthfulness and fidelity to the better theories of the Church, was humanly speaking scarcely a prudent one. He called together the members of the Sacred College, and reminding them of the nature and duties of their position in the Church, announced his intention of governing it by the means and with the aid of their counsels. The result has been that his path from that time to the present moment has been one of almost insuperable difficulties—of difficulties, at all events, so great as to have availed to render many of his wishes and designs for the amelioration of the position of the papacy and of the Church inoperative.

One of his first cares concerned the simple and very necessary, but not for that reason the more easy, object of economy in the administration of the world of the Vatican itself. Abuses of all sorts existed, and had existed there for many years past. Take one little specimen of what was in one shape or another going on in every part of the vast administration. The officers of the *Dataria*, the department through which pass all dispensations, permissions, and the like, always received all fees, which by immemorial custom are large and many, in gold, while they accounted for them to the pontifical treasury as though they had been paid in paper! thus pocketing from ten to twelve per cent. on the amount.

Again, though the Pope declared himself a prisoner unable to leave the Vatican, all the horses and all the state carriages of his time of kingship were maintained in the stables and coach-houses, together with a whole staff of superior and inferior officials for the care of them. The Vatican had become a veritable nest of parasites. Sundry cardinals occupied suites

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of apartments there, while the families of grooms, sweepers, and servants of all sorts had obtained abusive possession of whole streets of dwellings. Leo the Thirteenth unflinchingly suppressed all these abuses; with the creation of how great an amount of enmity and anger in high quarters and in low quarters may be readily imagined.

But it very soon became evident that the new Pontiff was bent on far more serious departure from the path of his predecessor. And the opposition to his ideas became more serious also. It is well known that Pius the Ninth—at all events during the latter part of his pontificate—was surrounded by Jesuits, and in accordance with the accustomed policy of the company, was led to imagine that he was ruling autocratically, while in truth he was being used as their puppet. Giovanni Mastai was a man admirably adapted by his faults and weaknesses to play that part. Possessed of a very limited intelligence, but of boundless vanity, and having that theatrical turn of mind which delights in representation and semblance, he was easily satisfied with the worship of all around him, accorded not, as he imagined, for the sake of what he did, but on account of what he abstained from doing. Never was there a man more open to flattery, nor one less delicate in appreciating the flavour of what was offered him. The policy then of Pius the Ninth had been the policy of the Jesuits. And from the first manifestation of Leo the Thirteenth's disposition to modify that policy, he has had to contend not only with the opposition of the majority of the Sacred College, but with that of the fathers of the company.

One of the most marked features of that modification of the policy of the Vatican, as it existed under Pius the Ninth, which has been inaugurated by the new Pontiff, is the conciliatory attitude which has been assumed towards the civil power in every country, and in all the cases, unhappily but too numerous, in which disputes and difficulties have arisen between it and the pretensions of the Church. As regards Germany and the great war of the *Kulturkampf*, the well-known habit of the Pope's great adversary to make use of the daily press has succeeded in preventing the public of Europe generally from knowing to what lengths the papacy has pushed a conciliatory spirit in dealing with it. This will, like other things of the sort, be known some day, and probably at no distant one. For it is likely that the Holy See may so far abandon its old habits and traditions, and so far adopt the lay diplomatic fashions of recent times, as to publish documents in its turn. The simple truth, as regards especially the later phases of the negotia-

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tions between the disputing parties, is that Prince Bismarck has sought by a judicious mingling of promises and threats with regard to the execution of the famous May laws to induce the Pope to exercise his authority over the Catholic deputies of the Prussian Centre, for purposes essential to the Chancellor's policy. And he has failed in this attempt partly from the Pontiff's determination not to exercise his spiritual authority for purposes which appear to him to have partially at least no connection with religion; but partly also from a cause which it is very interesting to note in the present phase of the relations between Church and State in sundry countries. It is simply that the German deputies, however Catholic they may profess themselves to be, are by no means disposed to obey the behest of the Pontiff in any matter connected with their votes in the legislative chamber. 'A word from the Pope,' said Bismarck the other day, 'and all this opposition to my wishes and endeavours would cease!' It is very difficult to believe that the Chancellor really thinks that. But in any case, if he does think so, he is entirely mistaken.

With regard to the yet more unfortunate case of the recent collision between the Belgian episcopacy and the government of that country, the facts are still more ominously indicative of the decay of that perfect discipline which has in past times formed the main source of the strength of the Church. If, in addition to the other many difficulties and dangers which surround it, that ancient fabric be indeed found to have become in these latter days a house divided against itself, the future duration of its active life will assuredly not be long. It has been seen in Germany that the Pontiff has been unable to influence the lay members of his flock. But in Belgium it has become patent to all the world that the bishops have disobeyed him and set his wishes and counsels at naught. In Germany also indeed it is no secret to those who are in any degree acquainted with the interior life of the Vatican, that the Holy Father has met with very stiffnecked opposition from certain members of the German episcopal body. In this case the fact has not been made notorious to the outer world. But in Belgium not only have several of the bishops acted in direct contravention of the earnest counsels and directions of the Vatican, but have so conducted themselves as to have caused serious misunderstanding, and almost to have caused a breach of relations between the Vatican and the Belgian government; to have cast a doubt, not justifiable by the true facts of the case, on the consistency and good faith of the Holy Father; and to have traitorously betrayed to the outside world the

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divisions and discrepancies which threaten to destroy the force of an institution whose boasted unity constitutes its main strength.*

The recent difficulties between the Holy See and the French government have been brought so prominently before the world, that it is unnecessary to do more than allude to them as another of the causes which have rendered the path of the Pontiff a peculiarly thorny one. But it may not be equally well known to the generality of readers that these difficulties also have been a source of enmity and opposition from those of his own household. The Pope's policy on this subject may be very briefly and simply stated. While absolutely refusing to yield to the representations of the French Ambassador at the Vatican, so far as to consent to utter one authoritative word of a nature calculated to facilitate the execution by the French government of the decrees of the Ferry law, he has been equally firm in refusing to take any step that could have the effect of bringing the Holy See into collision with that government; and in reply to numerous applications by, and on behalf of, the threatened corporations, he has, while declining to forbid them to avail themselves of any legal means of resistance they may have, or may think they have, consistently counselled calmness and moderation. And many among those who surround him have been very strongly of opinion that more might have been done for the menaced religious corporations, and that conciliation towards the civil government has been pushed to an extent unduly prejudicial to the interests of the Church.

In Switzerland, again, the consistently conciliatory policy of the Pontiff throughout the course of the negotiations, which the differences between the episcopacy and the civil powers have rendered necessary, has seemed to the same objecting critics far too yielding, and the concessions prompted by it excessive.

It may be very easily understood that all these incidents, this consistent and strongly accentuated policy of conciliation, have been a perpetual cause of discord and of opposition from

* It may be observed that no special reference is intended to the incumbent, but not acting, Bishop of Tournay. Rome holds him to be insane; and it is scarcely possible that any other opinion can be maintained by those who have been cognisant of his conduct, and have read his published words, despite the assertions of the liberal party in Belgium. No doubt, as in many another case, Monseigneur Dumont's mind is lucid enough upon subjects which do not touch his passions. But on the subject of his supersession in the administration of his diocese he is a madman. But would his madness have so exhibited itself, or would it have been permitted to afford a subject of scandal to the faithful, and of amusement to the outside world, a quarter of a century ago?

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a Sacred College, almost entirely filled by the creatures of the late Pope. It is well known, and indeed has already been in fact said, that the policy of Pius the Ninth was as diametrically the opposite of conciliatory as it is possible to conceive. But the extent to which the Holy See was almost prepared to carry this policy of irreconcilability is probably hardly known to the general reader—*almost*, because the rulers of the Church, letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would,' had not quite made up their minds to enter on the policy of purposely, energetically, and consistently rendering the populations of Europe ungovernable by their existing rulers. This, as readers of Church history need not to be reminded, has been a favourite weapon, of the mode of using which the Church has on many occasions shown herself a perfect mistress. But in the present case there were difficulties in the way, which made the rulers of the Church pause. Were those classes, which might in the different countries of Europe have been found available for the purpose of compelling the civil government to come to terms with the Church, sufficiently Christian to give much hope that they could be brought to act as allies of the Church? This might well be doubted. And this doubt prevented the *almost* determination of the Jesuitizing portion of the Church to adopt the policy indicated from becoming an entire determination.

Such was the temper of the Vatican when Pius the Ninth at last died. And such and so great was the change in that temper and policy on the accession of the new Pontiff. The detailed and intimate history of his pontificate thus far would show it to have been an unbroken continuance of uphill collar-work—a constant swimming against a strong stream of opposition. Leo XIII. has been accused, by those who share his views and purposes, of weakness and vacillation. Undoubtedly he has vacillated, and still vacillates. Probably a man of more nerve, of stronger will, and, it may perhaps be added, of less scrupulously delicate conscience, might have fought the battle which the Pope has had to fight with more undeviating success. The 'Old Catholic' secession shocked the Church with a great alarm; and the threat of the possibility of his acts becoming a cause of schism was an ever-ready bugbear very terrible to the mind of the Pontiff, and has been on several occasions operative to cause him to vacillate, if not in his purposes, yet in carrying them into effect.

It will be observed, however, that it is in the nature of things that a Pontiff's hands should become strengthened, as

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regards the world immediately around him, as the years of his pontificate increase. The Sacred College is a body of old men; succession is rapid among them; and of course every creation of a new cardinal adds to the College a supporter of the new Pope and the new policy, as each death diminishes by one the party of the preceding policy and Pontiff. Of course this is not the case universally. There are exceptions to the latter statements, and even occasionally, under special circumstances, to the former. But these exceptions are very far from sufficient to prevent the certain progress of the reigning Pope in power as the years of his pontificate go on. To this may be added, in the case of Leo XIII., the great good fortune he has had in securing the services as Secretary of State of such a man as Cardinal Nina, who to distinguished ability and high character joins a perfect community of views and opinions with his master.*

And now it would seem that this inevitable increase in the strength of the Pontiff's position has reached a point at which he feels himself able to initiate an innovation on the policy of his predecessor, greater than any hitherto attempted, much more calculated to arouse violent opposition from the still powerful *intransigente* portion of the Sacred College, and the prelates of the Curia, and likely to lead to far more important results in the world which lies on the outside of the Vatican doors. For some time past it has been no secret to those who are at all acquainted with the interior life of the Vatican, that in Leo XIII.'s opinion the time has come when it would be well for the interests of the Church, and at the same time for those of Italy, that the formula, *nè eletti, nè elettori*, and the policy expressed by it, should be abandoned.† It is quite a matter of course—at least, it is readily understood to be so by those who know Rome and its ways—that this should be both privately and publicly denied in the most peremptory, explicit, and pertinacious manner. And it is in the power of the deniers to show that at a former period of his reign the

* Since the above lines were written, Cardinal Nina, worn out by the unceasing struggle it behoved him to maintain against constant opposition of the most obstinate kind, has retired from the position of secretary, and has been succeeded by Cardinal Jacobini, of whom it may be said that while following the path and the policy of his old master and teacher Nina, he appears disposed to hold the reins, as is natural in a younger man, with a stronger hand.

† Whether it may still be said (12th June, 1881) that Leo XIII. is of opinion that the Catholics should go to the polls, may be doubtful. Certain it is that all those who have most built upon the expectation that he was on the point of expressing such a wish have been disappointed. His most recent utterances have been all the other way. Under what pressure this change has been brought about, it is not difficult to guess.

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Pontiff did with regard to the question in hand pronounce a '*non expedit.*' But to this it is very sufficiently replied, that the phrase cited in itself implies the temporary nature of the opinion expressed by it. That which is 'not expedient' at one moment, and at a certain conjuncture, may well become expedient at another. But it is also true that those of the Catholic party who are anxious that their party should take its part in the political life of the country, are unable to produce any officially authoritative word of the Pontiff recalling his '*non expedit,*' and ordering his faithful adherents to go to the polls and vote. And there is good reason for doubting whether the Holy Father will at any future time, at least under present circumstances, be induced to put forth any such word. Nevertheless, it may be asserted with the utmost confidence that no man of any party, at all conversant with the subject, doubts that it is the wish of the Holy Father that the policy of abstention should be at an end, and a policy of active struggle in the parliamentary arena initiated.

Of course the unwillingness of the Holy Father to speak such a word is easily understood. In the first place, it would have to be spoken in the teeth of the most evident opposition from many of those whom the Pope deems himself bound to consider as the appointed counsellors of the Church. But there is also another reason of a purely political nature. What the result of a determination on the part of the Catholics to vote at the polling places at the next general election may be no man can say. There are many reasons which make it a very specially dark problem. And of course the Vatican is unwilling to become the public authorizer and promoter of a step which may issue in a disastrous failure. Nevertheless, immediately previous to the recent general elections (May, 1880), it was all but decided in the Vatican that the *word* so much desired by a large number of its adherents should be spoken. Indeed, the public and official utterance of it was only prevented by the exhibition of such violence of opposition as the presence-chamber of a Pope has rarely witnessed. Remonstrances, arguments, denunciations, prophetic menaces, entreaties, prostrations, tears even, formed portions of the weapons which were brought to bear upon the Holy Father, to induce him to rescind his determination. And they prevailed. Hence those who are well aware that their opinions are shared by the Pontiff accuse him of vacillation. The reader perhaps, bearing in mind the responsibilities that weigh upon him, the tenderness of a conscience that recognizes the duty of giving due attention to the opinions of others,

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especially of those appointed to be his counsellors, the momentous nature of the issues at stake, and the uncertainty of the result of the step to be taken, will judge such vacillation leniently.

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There exists, however, an arena on which the Catholic party may have an opportunity of in some degree trying its strength and the efficaciousness of its discipline, before committing itself to the experiment of the next general election. This is afforded by what are called in Italy the *administrative elections;* that is, the elections of provincial and communal counsellors, to whom is confided the administration of the affairs of the provinces and communes. Though, in point of fact, the share taken by the Catholics in these elections during the life-time of Pius the Ninth was very small, it was always understood that the prohibition which debarred all true Catholics from contributing in any way to the constitution of the government set up by the 'Usurper,' did not extend to these administrative elections. And it is now intended that the whole force of the Catholic party shall be exerted on the next shortly coming occasion of these elections for provincial and communal counsellors. And great interest will attach to the effort, as in a measure indicating what the party may be able to accomplish on a more important arena.*

But in the meantime it is becoming well understood among the Catholics, and admitted by many of the organs of liberal or anti-Catholic opinion, that the Catholic party is to go to the poll at the next general election, and to put out its whole strength in doing so. It seems, however, at the same time to be clear, that the Pontiff will not commit himself to any authoritative declaration that it is the duty of Catholics, as such, to do so. Circulars have been issued to all the bishops instructing them to take care, by means of the parish priests and of the Catholic associations, which exist in almost all parts of the country, that the names of all good Catholics entitled to vote at the administrative elections, *or at those for deputies to the Chamber*, be duly placed on the register. And of course this act alone is sufficient guarantee to all Catholics of the wishes of the Vatican on the subject. The attitude therefore

* Since the words in the text were written, the administrative or municipal elections have been held in sundry cities of the Peninsula. In Rome the clericals have been largely successful, beating the ministerialists in great measure, and the radicals utterly. It is true that this success has been due to a coalition between the constitutional 'moderates' and the clericals, who by virtue of such coalition share the fourteen seats for which candidates were to be elected pretty equally between them. But this coalition itself, even more than the result of it, is a very pregnant sign of the times.

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of the Pontiff is equivalent to saying, 'Go to the polls and do your utmost to elect such men as all good Catholics would wish to see there. But do not ask me, as Pope, to interfere in a contest which is and ought to be on the outside of my sphere of action.'

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And just at this conjuncture, when the wishes and opinions of the Holy Father and those of a large party of the Catholic laity have arrived, or are arriving, at the decision that the attitude of abstention is at last to be abandoned, that the Catholics are to bestir themselves in the political world, and that an effort is to be made at the next elections which, despite the newness of the Chamber just elected, will assuredly occur at no distant day, the pamphlet has appeared the title of which stands at the head of this article. Its appearance has caused a great sensation in the 'black,' or Catholic world; and would have attracted a much larger share of attention than has yet been the case from the liberal and radical parties, were it not that the minds of the men of those parties are for the present exclusively occupied by the miserable and disgraceful contentions between the political leaders of the different groups in the Chamber, which for some little time past has been scandalizing the country, and leading foreigners to the conclusion that Italy has attempted the arduous enterprize of constitutional government before she was of sufficient maturity for it.*

The little work in question—it consists of one hundred and twenty-six large octavo pages—is recognized however by the Catholic world as one of the very highest importance. And it is within the knowledge of the present writer that this importance is exceedingly increased by the fact that these pages have been approved, if not altogether inspired, by the Holy Father himself. To what extent the bishops and leaders of the Catholic party have been allowed to be cognisant of this fact, the writer is unable at the present moment to say. But it is highly probable that—at least, as regards those persons—the secret will very soon become, if it be not yet, an open one.

The aims which the writer proposes to the Catholic party, and which he hopes may be attained in strictly legal fashion by the action of that party at the polls, may be stated in very much fewer words than he uses for the purpose.

In the first place, he very strongly protests against any portion of the activity of the Catholic party being used to

* It is right to say that since the above censure was written, *i.e.*, during the winter of the present year, the Chamber and the party leaders have conducted the government of the country in a far more creditable and satisfactory manner.

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promote, even as an *arrière pensée*, the return of any one of the dispossessed princes and governments of the Peninsula. Any idea of the kind must be definitively and once for all abandoned. 'The present political constitution of Italy ought not to be combatted by Italian Catholics; the consolidation of it, on the contrary, should be fought for by all legal means; in subordination, however, to the duty of having antecedently assured to the Holy See what has already been shown to be necessary for its independence' (p. 82). 'I have already said that, as it would be at the present day not only difficult, but in my opinion for sundry reasons censurable, to entertain the idea of systematically aiming at the destruction of the present political constitution of Italy, so it is no less necessary to create for the pontificate such a situation as shall assure for it, and with it for the Catholic world, the most full and complete independence. And for this purpose, looking, as regards any other means to the same end, to the nature and tendencies of modern society, it must be held that the only practically possible method of attaining the end in view is the assignment to the Pontiff of a temporal dominion. . . . These two most important aims, the independence of the Roman See, and the tranquil moral settling down of the present Italian government, indicate that if, on the one hand, it is a matter of supreme necessity that Rome should return to the Pope, on the other, for many reasons, among the chief of which is the physical conformation of Italy, it is very questionable whether it can be maintained that its ancient * temporal dominion ought to be maintained to the Church' (p. 92).

The writer insists further that the territorial dominion to be assigned to the Pope shall be 'equipollente' to that which he previously possessed. It is not easy to understand how any territory shall be 'equipollente'—of equal power—with another unless it be of equal extent, or at least of equal number of inhabitants, save perhaps under certain special circumstances, which do not in any degree exist in the present case. The writer however says that, as to 'the extension of the territory, and as to the nature of its equality of power, he shall shortly have an opportunity of explaining himself more at large.' At a subsequent page, however, he explains the meaning of his term *equipollente* as 'an adjective meaning a dominion of similar power and value to that which the Church formerly possessed.' With regard to the similarity of power, the author goes on to explain that the moral power

* By 'ancient' the writer means such as it was, not *anciently* but previous to the recent changes.

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of a state depends not so much on its size and material strength as on the security of its constitution and ruler; and as to the value, all that would be wanted would be that the Italian government should oblige itself to pay annually to the Pope a sum equal to the difference between the revenue of the territory restored to him, and that of his former dominions.

'This,' says the writer, 'is the idea which I propose, divested of all equivocation and of all feeling of animosity; an idea which ought to be loyally the base of the political programme of the Catholics on their entry into political life, if ever that is to come to pass' (p. 96).

It is an 'idea' which will be received with shouts of derisive laughter by all that portion of the Italian nation which is best known to the rest of Europe, which at present guides, whether on one side of the Chamber of Deputies or the other, the destinies of the country, and which to a foreigner sojourning in Italy (unless he be a strong Roman Catholic), seems to be the entirety of the nation. It will hardly be accorded the honour of argument or confutation by any of those scoffers. Yet it is worth while to spend a few sentences on showing the exceeding weakness of the writer's plan, looked at as a means for attaining a given end.

It is pertinaciously asserted by the Catholics that the Pontiff is in his present situation not independent, and that the religious interests of all the Catholics in the world require that he should be so. Perhaps it is not for one who is no Catholic to pretend to form any opinion upon the latter point. And for the moment we will waive the consideration, how far, if such independence be necessary to the religion of a Catholic, it is incumbent on the Romans to sacrifice themselves for the purpose of furnishing this necessary independence. But it is very difficult to understand in what respect the Pontiff is not independent in the sense in which those who deny him to be so mean to use the word. When pressed upon the subject, freedom of communication with his flock and with their pastors in every part of the world is the point they insist on. Now how does the fact stand in this respect? The Pope has complete and free use of the Italian post and telegraph offices. Of course it would be replied with the utmost scorn, that the suggestion that the Holy Father's freedom of communication is assured by offering him the power of sending his despatches through the hands of those who are not only not subject but hostile to him, is merely insulting. But how would he be better off in this respect if

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he were temporal sovereign of Rome? or indeed how was he better off when he possessed all the former pontifical state? In either case all his despatches had to pass into the hands of foreign postal services, unless indeed the Apostolic Court chose to employ a special courier. And that it is equally in its power to do at the present day. It cannot, we think, be shown that the possession of the sovereignty of Rome, or even of the whole of the dominions once possessed by the Popes, would insure to the Pope any greater freedom or security of communication with any outlying portions of his Church than that which he now possesses.

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But there is another very familiar sense in which the term 'independent' is used, according to which the Pope may truly be said to have lost the independence which he possessed. And it is probable that the pertinacious and incessant outcry for the restoration of the temporal power, as absolutely necessary to the independence of the Pontiff, has rather this sort of independence in view than any other. A young man is said to be not independent when he lives on an allowance made to him by his father. He is, on the other hand, called independent when he possesses property of his own. Now whereas the Pope was in the latter position when he was a temporal sovereign, he is now in the former. And in that very important sense he is not independent. He has never, as is well known, accepted the income provided him to the amount of three and a half millions of francs annually by the Italian nation in accordance with the arrangement made by the Law of the Guarantees passed at the time of his dispossession. Of course he could not do so without recognizing all that had been done as a series of *faits accomplis*. He has therefore from that time to this been dependent on the voluntary contributions of the Catholic world. And this position is not only one most assuredly of dependence, but it is necessarily a very precarious one.

Any attempt to go into the question of how far the existence of the Church in its present outward form might be compatible with a return to the conditions in which it existed in the days before '*il primo ricco Padre*,' and how far such return might be in the present age of the world advantageous or the reverse to its spiritual influence and extension, would be much out of place here. It is at all events abundantly clear that no such return could be effected without such an abandonment of the famous *sint-ut-sunt-aut-non-sint* policy and philosophy, as would metamorphose the Church into something so wholly different from the wonderful and powerful institution with

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which the world has been familiar for so many ages, that none, or scarcely any, of its shepherds or of its flocks would think its human form worth in such guise contending for. Speaking politically, then, and without reference to such purely spiritual functions as a pauper bishop may unquestionably exercise, as well as a prince bishop (though even these can hardly by any possibility be in this age of the world exercised by an *universal* bishop), it may be said that the Pope cannot live and perform his functions as such without an income of considerably more than that named by the Italian law. During the years which have elapsed since the papacy was deprived of its temporal dominion, the Pope has been in the receipt of such an income from the voluntary contributions of the faithful. During the pontificate of Pius the Ninth the sums thus received were very largely in excess of the amount required for the purposes of the Holy See. And there is reason to believe that the See now possesses a certain amount of revenue from funds saved and invested during the period of abundance. But the sums contributed for the same purpose under Leo XIII. have been very much more scanty. It is easy to understand why on many accounts this should have been so. But the general reader will be probably considerably surprised to hear that to these readily understood causes is to be added one far more ominous of future difficulty and danger to the Church—the intentional and plotted action of the Jesuits, with a view to cutting off the supplies from a Pope to whose ideas and policy they are opposed. It is no secret to those who have the means of looking a little behind the scenes, that the great falling off in the amount of Peter's pence since the accession of Leo XIII. has been greatly due to this cause. All this, however, only shows the more clearly that the economic condition of the papacy is, as things at present stand, in a very high degree precarious. And it does not need any great amount of experience in such matters to be perfectly convinced that the voluntary contributions of the Catholics throughout the world, great as their devotion to the Supreme Head of their Church may be, do not offer any sufficient guarantee for the economic existence of the hierarchy as at present constituted.

Such a guarantee, then, is the condition of the 'independence' which the Papacy is demanding with so much not unreasonable, or at least not unintelligible, insistency.

But it is right, while pointing out that this money question is the real knot and nucleus of the matter, to guard the reader against supposing that it is meant to charge the present

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rulers of the Vatican, and least of all the Holy Father himself, with anything of the nature of grasping avidity or the lust of wealth. Leo the Thirteenth has introduced the strictest economy into every branch of the administration of his household, save the very heavy item of charitable assistance to hardly pressed individuals and churches. The other day his eldest nephew, the son of his brother, was to be married, and the young man applied to his uncle asking him what he could do for him under the circumstances. The Pope *borrowed* one thousand pounds, which he gave him, telling him that it was absolutely out of his power to do more. Shortly subsequently he made over to his family property to the amount of about three thousand pounds, being the entire share of the patrimony which he had inherited from his father, telling them at the same time that they must look for nothing further at his death, for that he possessed nothing! To those who live in a city every part of which is decorated with the magnificence of Borghese, Barberini, Ludovisi, Altieri, Rospigliosi, Corsini, and many other enormous palaces, all built from the spoils of papal nepotism, the change of times must be striking!

No! The Pontiff and those about him, who constitute the ruling forces of the Apostolic Court, cannot at the present time be accused of pecuniary greed. But they cannot 'get on,' as the phrase goes, without a regular income of about a million and a half sterling. And they are accordingly exceedingly anxious for the independence which would result from a well-guaranteed assurance of such an income. Why then does the papacy so obstinately refuse to accept the provision made for it by the Italian government, which would at all events go a long way towards assuring the desired independence, and which probably might be increased, if the question of its amount alone stood in the way of a complete amicable arrangement of the relations between Italy and the Church? Of course, at the time when the Law of the Guarantees was passed, Pius the Ninth indignantly refused any sort of arrangement which in any degree implied the recognition of *faits accomplis*. But it may be assumed with some degree of confidence that this view of the case would not be found to constitute an insuperable difficulty, if it were the only one that stood in the way of a satisfactory solution of the existing difficulties. The real objection to the acceptance by the papacy of any such solution lies in the imperfection of the guarantee offered. If the Pope were to accept an income awarded to him by the Italian nation, he would enjoy it subject always to the continued approbation of the Italian

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Chamber of Deputies. And he can hardly be blamed if he decline to consider such a guarantee as carrying with it anything of the nature of assurance. Probably no insurance company in the world would give him five years' purchase for an annuity so secured to him. The question, therefore, at once arises, what possible means can be found of securing the necessary income to the Pontiff in such a manner as to satisfy the Church that it is not at the mercy of precarious circumstances? The Church replies that the only possible means is to be found by placing the Pontiff in the possession, as sovereign, of a certain amount of territory; and—for it is at once seen that the possession of such territory, held at the good pleasure of the Italian government, would go but a very little way towards providing the desired security—international guarantee of the territory in question by the European powers.

Such is the proposal of the writer of the work we have been examining. But it is remarkable that, while admitting that the Pontiff cannot hope for any such extension of territory as could suffice to supply him with the amount of income necessary, and proposing that the amount obtained thus should be supplemented by the Italian government, he does not advert to the fact that, as regards such supplementary amount, we come back to the same difficulty of finding any guarantee for the continuance of it. Unless indeed the writer means that the proposed international guarantee should be extended also to this payment—an arrangement which, even if all Europe were willing to assume the post that assigned to it, Italy would never for an instant dream of submitting to.

The writer of the work before us takes care, when speaking of the certain amount of territory which he considers might be assigned to the Pontiff, to insist, as might be expected, that Rome itself should form the centre of it. The possession of the sovereignty of Rome is necessary to the Church for a hundred reasons. This, then, is the project for the accomplishment of which the Catholics of Italy are to struggle at the polls and in the Chamber of Deputies—the restoration of the sovereignty of Rome and its surrounding territory, to an extent to be hereafter decided on, to the Pontiff; the guarantee of that arrangement by the European powers; the payment of a supplementary income to His Holiness by the kingdom of Italy, and perhaps the guarantee of the powers for the performance of that part of the bargain also.

Probably the powers to be applied to for such a guarantee, even the specially Catholic powers, would find themselves obliged to decline to undertake any such responsibilities. And

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as for Italy, the proposal, so far as it attracts any attention at all, will be received, as I said, with a shout of derisive laughter. Of course by 'Italy' is here meant what the clericals are fond of designating as 'legal Italy;' all that Italy, that is to say, which has adhered in act or in sentiment to the new order of things established by the revolution, which dispossessed the old rulers of their thrones.

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Now of course, if this derision be justified by the real circumstances of the case, and the ascertained preponderance of public opinion in Italy, there is but little interest in the speculations, and hopes, and plans of the writer whose work we have been examining, or in those of the party in whose behalf he has written. But *are* the real circumstances such as to justify this derision? This question is at least an interesting, and may be a very important one.

It has been stated on a former page of this article that it is within the knowledge of the writer of it that the pamphlet insisting on the above described solution of the papal question was submitted to, and approved by, if not (as there is much reason to think) originally inspired by the Pontiff himself. He therefore and his advisers do not think the proposals put forth in it ridiculous. And it is to be borne in mind that he and his advisers have very far better means of knowing what the preponderance of public opinion in Italy really is on the subjects in question than any other man or men in the country. No doubt his organs in the public press continually assure the world that the amount of public opinion in their favour is very much greater than it is. But the leaders of their own party are not deceived by any such assertions. They have far better means of knowing the truth on the point; and it would seem that their knowledge has led them to the opinion that it is at least advisable to enter the lists. It is important, however, to observe that the information they possess on this subject is not such as to have induced the Holy Father to place himself avowedly at the head of his faithful adherents to lead them to this battle. The writer of '*Italiani, operiamo!*' is diffuse and urgent on the point, that the Catholics must not expect any direct order from the Pope on this subject; that by acting *without* him they will in fact be acting *with* him, whereas, by waiting or asking for his express commands on the subject, they will be acting *against* him. And there can be no doubt that the writer is thus expressing the Holy Father's ideas and wishes. But there may be other reasons, besides the uncertainty of success, which may operate to prevent Leo the Thirteenth from thinking it

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right to take any open and avowed part in an electoral struggle. And we have at all events the fact that those who best know the amount of their own forces are disposed now for the first time to send them into the field.

In the next place it is to be observed that those who would raise the loud-voiced shout of laughter, that would impose itself on the world as the shout of all Italy, or at least of all 'legal Italy,' do not include a considerable number of the most thoughtful men in the country, who, themselves perfectly and heartily loyal to the king and constitution of Italy, are not without haunting fears of future possibilities that may be hatched into realities by the heat of religious zeal and devotion. And to these must be added a considerable number of men whose loyalty to the existing state of things is to a certain degree modified by their alarm at the prospect of having shortly to deal with an atheist nation. It is certainly the case, in the opinion of the present writer, that the Italy of the present day has been within the last quarter of a century approaching more nearly to that condition than any large body social the world has yet seen. Whether the facts of the case might be found to support or to offer any contradiction to the opinions of those who, closely analyzing the supposed state of mind of professing 'atheists,' deny the accuracy of that term, matters little. There is very little speculation in Italy on the subject. Practically very large masses of the people are wholly uninfluenced as regards their conduct by any reference to or regard for any unseen world or unseen being whatever. And this state of things, becoming from day to day more unmistakably evident, has alarmed numbers of thoughtful men even to the extent of leading them to admit the possible questionability of unmodified adherence to a *régime* which excludes or at least leads to the exclusion of all friendship with, or assistance from, the Church. All these possible elements of future alliances are perfectly well known to, and, we may be sure, are fully calculated on, by the leaders of the clerical party.

Now let us, in conclusion, consider what probabilities there may be of that party being found, when noses come to be numbered, to be considerably more numerous than ordinary surface appearances would lead us to suppose. We all of course know what the result was of the plebiscite, which sanctioned the advent of the King of Italy's government to Rome, and the deposition of that of the Pope. The exact numbers matter little. The tens of thousands of 'ayes' were opposed to about as many units who voted 'no.' Never was

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a sentence of condemnation so unanimous as that then passed on the government of Pius the Ninth! The clericals at that time—the term then including only the clergy themselves and the majority of the greater Roman aristocracy—insisted, and have ever since maintained, that the so-called plebiscite was altogether illusory, and indicated nothing as to the real sentiments of the majority of the inhabitants of Rome and its district. Was there at the time any reason for thinking that these representations had any foundation in fact? And is there now any reason for thinking that, even if the plebiscite then expressed the real wishes of the people, it no longer expresses them at the present day?

Without intending to claim any remarkable scrupulosity of conscience in the manner of taking the plebiscite for those to whose management that operation was confided, the present writer is not disposed to think that much fraudulent manipulation was resorted to on that occasion. It is probable that every sort of irregularity that carelessness and haste could produce was abundant enough. But fraud was little needed for procuring the result desired. The excited population pronounced their votes with the unanimity of a shouting crowd, infected each man with his neighbour's enthusiasm; and their votes, as manifestations of anything beyond the excitement of the hour, were worth as much as such unanimity generally is. Undoubtedly there were large numbers of the Pope's subjects who hated his rule with a bitter and active hatred. All those classes which chafed under a government which did not permit a man to say, as the phrase goes, that his soul was his own, were unfeignedly delighted at the prospect of escaping from it. But the outcry of those classes is apt to lead an observer to forget the much more numerous classes who only want to eat and drink in peace, and do not at all care about saying their soul is their own. All these, however, voted with equal enthusiasm for the deposition of the Pope and the accession of the King of Italy. Any crowd under similar circumstances would have been likely to do the same. But he who is acquainted with the Italian character will understand how impossible it was that an Italian crowd should do otherwise. The Italian is an eminently social, and not strongly individual specimen of humanity. In no country in the world is swimming against the stream a more odious and carefully avoided performance. To which consideration must be added the natural tendency of all men to fly from ills they have to those they know not of. Life is difficult, and disagreeables are abundant, under any and every government

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mankind has yet experienced. There are always large numbers to whom any change seems to promise improvement; and those numbers are largest where ignorance is most universal. The change has been experienced, and has not been found to bring with it the expected advantages. No change could have done so. But it cannot be denied that the change of government, which the Romans and the Italians generally have experienced, has not as yet given them all that it might most reasonably have been expected to give. Putting aside the classes who shout because others shout, and who would always be ready to welcome any change, it is unquestionable that even among those who by comparison may be called the thinking classes, there exists a *very* large amount of discontent with existing institutions. The probability is that the larger part of the discontented would wish to seek for amelioration in other directions than in a return to the past. But there is great reason to believe that, especially in Rome and in the south, the number of those who would gladly undo the work that was done by their plebiscite is not small. The present writer has heard persons well and long acquainted with Rome maintain that if the population were fairly polled to-morrow a majority would be found in favour of the return of the papal government. It is hardly strange that it should be so. Despite all the abominations and immoralities of the papal government, life was easier under it for the many. Taxes were smaller; food was cheaper. Idleness and food were more possibly combinable. And how large is the majority of those to whom these considerations are paramount! There need be no great difficulty then in believing either statement—that the plebiscite manifested nothing or but little that deserved to be called opinion; and that still less can it be deemed to be any indication of the present condition of men's minds.

Nevertheless it is certain that almost all the expression of opinion which reaches the ears of those who talk, and the eyes of those who read—save of course among the clericals themselves—is loudly 'liberal.' That portion of the body social which Carlyle calls 'dumb,' we have perforce to leave out of the account; though contingencies may arise in which it would have to be somewhat anxiously counted with. But confining our observations to the articulate portion of the body social, are there any reasons for suspecting that the loud liberalism, which is blatant in every piazza and every coffee-house, may not supply so decisive a demonstration of the futility of clerical hopes, as it would appear to do to superficial observers?

In the first place it must be understood that the Catholic

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party in Italy is emphatically 'a dark horse.' No man knows or can know what the strength of the clericals as a political party is. At bottom the main cause of this is to be found in that specialty of the Italian character, which was touched on a few pages earlier in this article. It is more specially than elsewhere difficult for an Italian to avow that he is in opposition to the mode of thought and opinion which is prevalent and fashionable around him. Italians live very much more in public, and less in their own houses than we do. And the only voice that a man hears in the common resorts of men, in the *café*, in the *circolo* or club, in the piazza, is a loud liberal voice. And those are few who in such circumstances have the courage to lift up their own voices in opposition to those of the generality. Nor must it be supposed that every liberal talker, who yet might be found casting his secret vote for the clericals, is a self-conscious hypocrite. He has, to begin with, as of course is natural, very little real opinion deserving of that name of any kind. And as far as this little goes, he is likely enough to let his tongue and brain run together in unison with those around him. But those who know him well are aware that in his case, more markedly than in that of other men, there is a very perceptible and strongly drawn line dividing conversational talk — *discorsi academici*, he himself calls it, with bitter but unintended satire on the innumerable 'Academies' of his country—from action of any sort. No man has so strong and ever-present a sense of the insignificance of words as compared with the significance of action as the Italian. The most careless of talkers, he becomes the incarnation of careful prudence as soon as a matter in which his interest is touched has to be acted on. And when the action on which he has to decide is one which can be performed in perfect secresy, it is likely in full as many cases as not to have no reference whatever to the *discorsi academici* which may have amused a vacant half-hour. It is the impression then of the present writer that the expression of 'public opinion' which meets the ears in Italy is of the smallest possible value in estimating the point in question.

We have lastly to consider the effect of a variety of influences, which are always operating in favour of the Church party. There has been time for those who shouted for the deposition of the Pope and the annexation of his dominion to those of the King of Italy to become old men instead of young. And the approach of old age brings back to the Church a constant stream of those who have strayed from it in youth. Speculative infidelity of the sort which would be as likely to be found

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among the old as among the young is rare in Italy. The infidelity of the masses is of that sort which illness or old age is apt to put to flight. Another, and probably yet more powerfully operating cause, is the change likely to be produced in a man by marriage. Infidelity is as rare among the women as it is common among the men. And the first duty which a confessor is continually urging on the young married woman, his penitent, is that of weaning a liberal husband from the error of his ways. And it is not only purely religious zeal which instigates a married woman to strive for that end. It would probably be inaccurate to say that, taking men all in all, there is any probability that the clerical should be a better man than the liberal. But the chances are that he will (among those classes of the body social to which, in view of their numerousness, we may for the purpose in hand almost entirely confine our observation) be in a greater degree such a man as a wife desires to have her husband. He will be likely to be more at home and less at the *café*. He will be far less likely to get into trouble with the police authorities by reason of joining in any of those various means of demonstrating political opinion which are so constantly occurring. He will in all probability be more of what is called 'a domestic man.' All which considerations contribute to persuade the wife to do her best to carry out the priest's behests.

Finally it is to be considered that the clerical party is a silent party. No man goes into places of public resort and proclaims aloud that he is a clerical. Every liberal takes care to do so. And it cannot be doubted that many who do so will not, when the day of giving a *secret* vote comes, go home to their wives and confess that they have voted in the teeth of their entreaties.

For all these reasons it is, as has been said, extremely difficult to form any opinion of what the effective strength of the clerical party at the polls may be found to be. Of course the rulers of the Vatican have much better means of forming an opinion on the subject than anybody else has. And if they decide on sending their adherents to the poll, that itself is a strong presumption that the party is stronger than the liberal world generally suppose it to be.

It will probably not be very long before we shall have an opportunity of forming an opinion with some pretensions to accuracy on this point. The present parliament will, one may say with tolerable certainty, not be a long-lived one. And it is with a view of preparing for the first appearance of the Catholic party at the polls at the next election that the

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pamphlet, '*Italiani, operiamo!*' has been published. Of course the great interest and importance of it lies in the fact that the pages were seen and approved by the Pontiff before they were published. It is probable that this will be very vigorously and persistently denied, not by anybody speaking with the authority of the Vatican, but by various organs of those who would be considered its best friends, and whose mode of showing themselves to be so is to be more papal than the Pope. And the writer of the foregoing pages can but assure his readers that his assertion that the Pontiff has seen and approved, if he did not originally inspire them, is based on information which justifies him in making it with the utmost confidence. He has *no* doubt of its accuracy.

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The last chapter of the work is headed, 'Are these ideas and proposals Utopian?' The present writer may, in conclusion, once again express his opinion that they are so. But —but—but the whirligig of time brings in very strange revenges! And decidedly there are sufficient possibilities on the cards, and these possibilities are sufficiently momentous to all Europe, to cause the playing of the game to be a very interesting spectacle!

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

ART. IV.—*The Land Difficulty in India.*

(1) *Report of the Indian Famine Commission.* 1880.
(2) *Mr. J. Caird's Report on the Condition of India, with Correspondence.* 1880.
(3) *India in* 1880. By Sir R. TEMPLE, Bart., G.C.S.I., &c.
(4) *Annual Abstract relating to British India, from* 1869–70 *to* 1878–79.
(5) *England's Work in India.* By W. W. HUNTER, LL.D.
(6) *The Garden of India.* By H. C. IRWIN, B.A., B.C.S.
(7) *Report of the Rent Law Commission for Bengal.* (Calcutta Gazette, 1880.)

'WHY keep India?' is a question which, however open to theoretic discussion, still seems to admit of only one practical answer. We must keep India because we have inherited the burdens along with the glories of a former age. The inheritance may be more of a plague than a blessing to ourselves. Some of us may even hold that it has proved a doubtful blessing to the people of India also. Many of us are willing to foresee the coming of a new era, when the people of India

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will find themselves strong enough to cast aside the leading-strings of foreign rule, and wise enough to walk unaided in the path on which we have been doing our best to guide them for so many years past. Whenever that day shall dawn, most of us will no doubt be ready to yield up the burden of an empire which even our fathers never willingly undertook. But none of these considerations has for the present any practical bearing on the question opened afresh by Mr. Grant White, whatever bearing some of them may have on the best mode of governing India under the present rule.

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Far more pertinent and more pressing is the question, What have we done and ought to do for the good government of our Indian Empire? Of what we have done already the world knows something. 'Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?' and there is no need here to sound the trumpet which Mr. W. Hunter blew so vigorously last year at Edinburgh. For present purposes, it is enough to remember that India under our rule has been steadily reaping all those blessings which a strong Government, armed with all the best teachings of Western civilization, and impelled alike by its own interests and its higher ambitions to promote the welfare of the governed millions, could bestow. The India of to-day, as compared with the India of the last century, furnishes a fit theme for sober self-laudation. Peace and civil order, equal rights for all under a system of regular laws uprightly administered, a steady progress in the arts, the learning, the appliances of modern civilization—these are solid improvements for which no well-informed Indian would begrudge our countrymen their full share of credit. From this standpoint even Mr. Hunter's dazzling picture may not seem to be greatly overdone.

It is only when we change our point of view and look more closely into certain details, that we miss the shadows and deep tones which a picture more sternly truthful should present. In the second series of his Edinburgh lectures, Mr. W. Hunter himself has enabled us to correct on many points the impressions produced by his first. And his own admissions betray on the whole a close agreement with the conclusions set forth or implied in that weighty and well-considered document, the Report of the Indian Famine Commission. When such authorities are found agreeing, we can hardly wonder at the sharp criticisms which less friendly or more outspoken judges are wont to utter on the same theme.

To the present poverty of the people of India, for example, Mr. Hunter points as one of 'the saddest and most funda-

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mental problems with which a State can be called to deal.' This is a fact which Englishmen have taken a long time to realize, and which optimists like Sir Richard Temple still lack the courage or the candour to avow.* It is a fact which cannot be slurred over by exultant references to the new Indian loans, or by misleading comparisons of Indian Sepoys with the soldiers of other nations. It may be, as Mr. Hunter puts it, that much of this poverty springs directly from the very excellences of British rule; that the population, once kept down by periodical droughts and epidemics, by 'invasions from without, by rebellions, feuds, and hordes of banditti within, and by the perpetual oppression of the weak by the strong,' has, under our merciful, strong, well-ordered rule kept growing too fast for the growing resources of the country, at a pace still further quickened by the force of social usages deeply rooted in the old popular creeds. People who look on youthful marriages and the begetting of male offspring as a religious duty, are likely enough to increase their numbers without due regard to their worldly prospects; † and the evil is one which no foreign government can do aught openly to check. Nor is it possible now for a British Government to let its alien subjects die of famine or disease by millions, if any way can be found to save them alive. Against the lawlessness and the violence of former days we have set our faces as a matter of course. From foreign invasion we have made India as safe as England, whatever may be urged to the contrary by a few alarmists, who find no safety in the strongest of natural frontiers, or by those restless enthusiasts who look on fresh conquests as a kind of duty owed by us to the world at large.

In India, as in Ireland, the great mass of the people live upon the land. Trade and industry, apart from agriculture, are followed by a comparative few, most of whom appear to earn little more than a bare subsistence.‡ The growing pressure on the soil of a population no longer thinned by war and pestilence, is further heightened by the deep-rooted dislike of the natives to emigration beyond sea. In the ten years before 1880 only 162,000 emigrants sailed from British Indian ports; and few, if any, of these sailed with the intention of never

* See Sir R. Temple's address on the Statistics of India, delivered before the Colonial Institute in December last.

† Sir R. Temple however ('India in 1880'), holds that early marriages do not tend to produce large families.

‡ Out of 190 millions in British India, 176 millions form the rural population. Some of these are traders or artisans who have small holdings, while the labourers are mostly employed on the land.—*Famine Report.*

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returning home. While new lands have been brought under the plough, our very efforts to help Nature in making the fields fruitful have sometimes issued either in disastrous failure or in very doubtful success. The great Ganges canal, for instance, a work of which any country might be proud, has more than once averted famine from large districts, but it has also tended to turn good land into unhealthy swamps, and to cover once fruitful fields with the saline matter known as *Reh*, brought down by its waters, or percolating through its banks. In the country above Delhi whole fields have thus become white with Reh, and no way of arresting the mischief seems as yet to have been discovered.

In many parts of India, especially in populous Bengal, the struggle for existence has led to the cultivation of those poorer lands which in former days were allowed to lie waste or reserved for pasture. This in its turn has tended to enhance the rents of the better lands; for an agricultural people must live somehow, and landlords, in India as in Ireland, are ready enough to profit by an increased demand for the use of their property. Whether the landlords of Bengal had any right to do so under the famous settlement of 1793, the fact remains that so they did, and so they have kept on doing ever since, in spite of agrarian combinations and the protection secured to the peasantry by the Rent Law, known as the Act of 1859. The peasants, on the other hand, struggling beneath ever new burdens, have done much to impoverish even the best lands by extracting from them all they could, and putting into them nothing in return. The manure that might have enriched them is used up as fuel in default of the wood once gathered from the neighbouring jungle; the land knows no rest from constant cropping; and the cattle, shut out from their old pastures, grow weak and sickly for want of sufficient food, and of that cheap salt which a paternal Goverment has put almost out of their reach. The pressure of a salt-tax, reckoned at sevenpence a head, however light it may seem to our English notions, means to the poorer millions of India a serious impost on one prime necessary of all animal life. It is not many years ago since the late Lord Hobart, as Governor of Madras, warned Lord Northbrook, then Viceroy, against checking the consumption of salt in Southern India by any further addition to the existing duties, which already seemed to him at least as high as the people could safely bear. Even Sir Richard Temple admits that the salt-tax is 'in some degree felt by the poorest classes,' and that 'in the North-Western Provinces, and elsewhere also,

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there have been signs indicating that the tax, if raised too high, would affect the consumption of salt by the people, and would deter them from giving it in sufficient quantity to their cattle.' *

Some measure of the poverty of the people may be found in the scanty harvest yielded by the license-tax laid on trades since 1877. Although the trading classes of British India are numbered at over three million adult males, the tax as first levied on all but the very poorest yielded only £900,000, while later exemptions in favour of incomes below 500 rupees have brought the receipts down to little more than half a million. Among the contributors to this tax, not the least fruitful are the Mahajans or money-lenders, who have helped so greatly to make life harder for the native peasantry under our rule. Usury flourishes more than ever under a system of law which, aiming at equal justice to all classes, tends virtually to arm the usurer with new means of squeezing his poor and plundered debtors. Every Mahajan is not a harpy, any more than every Irish landlord is prone to rack-renting and unfair evictions. Many a Mahajan deserves the credit claimed by Sir R. Temple for his class in general.† But the evidence furnished alike by Famine Commissioners, civil officers, and private persons, all goes to prove the growing indebtedness of the people under our rule, and the extent to which the wealth of the country has passed out of the hands of the landed classes into those of the village usurer. If the rates of usury have decreased somewhat under our rule, the protection which the civil courts afford to unscrupulous or greedy creditors has largely increased the numbers of their yearly victims. Happy is the rayat who, having once fallen into the money-lender's clutches, can escape the utter ruin which a bad season, his own carelessness, a greedy or dishonest creditor, and the decree of a law-court worked on English principles combine to make doubly sure. If sometimes, in despair at the doom which makes him a landless beggar, or a virtual bondsman, he turns upon his persecutors, and takes the law into his own hands by slaying the village usurer, or burning his house down with all its contents, who can wonder at excesses which find their parallel among Christian peoples nearer home?

Another measure of the poverty of the people seems to offer itself in the records of recent famines. During the famine of 1877 in Southern and Western India, more than five million people died of hunger or of the diseases that beset the famine-

* 'India in 1880,' pp. 237, 238. † Ibid. pp. 79, 117.

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stricken. In the North-Western Provinces, during the following year, a million and a quarter are reckoned to have perished from like causes. Many of these lives might doubtless have been saved by timely care and larger outlay on the part of the State, by measures such as Lord Northbrook steadily applied to the Bahar famine of 1874. But neither to official negligence nor yet to the actual failure of crops over a wide area should we look for a full explanation of these woful losses. During the Orissa famine of 1866 vast numbers of people died because no food had been brought betimes into the country, to replace the fast-failing stock of former years. No amount of money could in their case have relieved the suffering caused by actual want of food. During the worst months of 1877, on the contrary, food was pouring into the dearth-stricken provinces as fast as railways, steamers, carts, and beasts of burden could bring it on. The grain-dealers could not be expected to sell their stores at a loss, and few of the suffering classes could afford to pay famine prices for their daily meal. Their little savings, if they had any, soon disappeared; the village usurers gave no more advances, and those who could not or would not find relief on the public works underwent a course of slow starvation in the midst of comparative plenty. They grew weaker and weaker, sickened and died by thousands, not because food was wanting, but because money was scarce. The difference of a few rupees more or less may be said to have made all the difference between life and death to hundreds of thousands of luckless villagers in Southern and Western India.

How little progress some parts of India seem to have made under our rule may be gathered from Mr. Hunter's own admissions concerning the Madras Presidency. Throughout nearly the whole of that large province the land revenue assessments are settled directly with each *rayat* or husbandman from year to year. During the twenty-five years before 1879, although the cultivated area had increased by two-thirds, and the population by 43 per cent., the land-revenue had increased by only one-fourth; while the average rate of assessment per acre has fallen by more than 23 per cent. From other sources we find that even in 1879, when the land revenue was largely swollen by the arrears of the two years preceding, the receipts were only half a million higher than in 1870.* The seeming increase amounted, in fact, to none at all. Nor has this result been compensated by improvement in other directions. The total revenues of the Madras Presidency at the end of the last decade stood no higher than at the beginning, while those of

* Statistical Abstract for 1869 to 1878, p. 27.

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Bengal, Bombay, and British Burmah had largely increased. Even in Bengal, where land now sells for fifteen and even eighteen years' purchase, and the people at large seem to be comparatively prosperous, the discontent which springs from poverty and real suffering has sometimes broken out in agrarian movements and in organized resistance to the landlord's demands. The landlord's right to enhance his rents on the smallest provocation, was limited, as we know, by the Rent Act of 1859. But all tenants under twelve years' standing were left outside the pale of State protection, to take their chance in the open market against eager rivals and rack-renting Zamindars. Their cry for help at last reached the ears of the Bengal Government; and in 1879 a Commission appointed to consider their complaints declared that the growing competition for land, unchecked by law or custom, must reduce 'the whole agricultural population to a condition of misery and degradation.' It was wrong, they added, to allow the continuance of an evil which involved the wretchedness of the masses, if any amendment of existing laws could 'by itself, or in conjunction with other measures, obviate or remedy the misfortune.'

It is pleasant to know that a Bill embodying the views of the Commission has already been laid before the Bengal Council. Some of its provisions are sweeping enough to make the hair of an English landlord stand on end. But, as Stuart Mill long since pointed out, English notions of land-tenure differ widely from those which prevail in most parts of the world. In Bengal, at any rate, the rights of the cultivators were acknowledged to a certain extent by the Settlement of 1793. The same principle was carried further by the Rent Act of 1859, and the new Bill aims only at consummating the good work then begun. It proposes for one thing to extend to tenants of three years' standing the rights of occupancy formerly conferred on those who had held for twelve years. Such tenants shall be liable to eviction only for non-payment of rent, for breach of some agreement which carries forfeiture of his lease, or for refusal under certain conditions to pay an increased rent. Due notice of such enhancement must be given to the rayat three months before the year's end. If he elects to give up his holding, the landlord must pay him, as compensation for disturbance, one year's rent at the increased rate, 'within the first month of the ensuing year,' in default of which the tenant shall be free to retain his holding at the old rent. Any rayat, moreover, who may be evicted on any of the grounds aforesaid, shall receive compensation for 'any improvements made by him upon the

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land at any time while he cultivated or held it.' These improvements include buildings, tanks, wells, irrigation and drainage works, embankments, and repairs in general; fruit-trees and all lands which the rayat has enclosed or reclaimed. It is evident therefore that, before the landlord can raise his rent, he must make up his mind to pay the outgoing tenant a sum equivalent to several years of the increased rental. The practical result would be, in Mr. Hunter's words, 'to give a more or less complete degree of tenant-right to all cultivators who have held their land for three years or upwards; that is, almost the whole agricultural population of Bengal.'

In the case of rayats who have held for twelve years, the principle of tenant-right is to be applied without stint. They at least will have no cause to complain of a measure which would enlarge their existing rights into a kind of permanent tenure, transferable by sale, gift, or inheritance, and further enriched by one-half of that 'unearned increment,' as Mill called it, the whole of which has hitherto gone to the landlord's profit. Henceforth, that is to say, rayats of this class in Bengal will share equally with their landlords in every rise in the market value of the land or the crops which the growth of trade, industry, population, or other causes apart from the agency of either landlord or tenant may bring about. In short, if this new Bill becomes law in anything like its present shape, the peasantry of Bengal will have gained everything which a just government could fairly or safely yield. The twenty-year tenant can never have his rent raised on any pretext; the twelve-year tenant will have virtual fixity of tenure, liable only to possible re-adjustments of rent on a fixed scale and a definite principle; while tenants of three years' standing will be guaranteed against rack-rents and unfair evictions. By way of a check upon the Mahajan's power of abusing the forms of law against his debtors, it is also proposed to restrain the rayat from mortgaging his land, by declaring all such mortgages void in law, while no right of occupancy shall be saleable in execution of any decree save for non-payment of actual rent.*

The populous and fertile province of Oudh has been not unjustly called 'the garden of India' by the able author of some well-written and instructive 'Chapters on Oudh History and Affairs.' From these it appears that, however fair to look upon, 'the garden is but badly kept after all.' A paradise perhaps for the few hundred Talukdárs whom Lord Canning took under his protection, it seems to be far enough

* 'Report of the Rent Law Commission.'

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from a paradise for the millions who live upon the land. In a province nearly as large as Scotland, and about four times as populous, the great bulk of the people 'wear away their lives from hand to mouth, and year to year,' as Mr. Irwin puts it, in a constant struggle with the rent-collector and the village usurer, on lands which they mostly hold as tenants-at-will, always liable to be turned out of their little holdings at the pleasure of a grasping landlord or a merciless agent. For some part of the year they depend on the money-lender for the scanty food that just keeps them alive. According to Mr. Irwin, who, as a member of the Oudh Commission, has studied the whole subject at first hand, and draws his own conclusions from a wide range of facts, the bulk of the Oudh peasantry are worse off now than they were under native rule, for want of that protection which their present masters have granted only to the Talukdárs and the few small landholders who found salvation under the Rent Law of 1868. The degree of tenant-right which Lord Lawrence secured for the Panjab and the North-West Provinces has not yet been conceded in any practical sense to the half-starved, ill-clad, debt-laden, rack-rented husbandmen of Oudh. The concessions made to them in 1868 have thus far benefited only the few whose ancient rights had not been wholly swept away by the Talukdárs. How many of the two million tenants-at-will are yearly evicted we cannot say; but of late years the notices of ejectment have averaged thirty thousand a year. In most cases the evicted tenant either takes to some form of robbery, or becomes a slave for life to the village Baniya whose usuries have drained him of his last anna.

It appears, in short, that our present mode of dealing with land-tenures in Oudh is tending to turn the mass of its peasantry into 'cottiers of a debased type.' Of course, under such conditions, no improvement of the land is possible. You cannot expect a yearly tenant to lay out much money or money's worth on the few acres which he holds at the pleasure of a landlord who lays out nothing on them for himself, who may evict the tenant whenever it suits him, and enhance his rent as often as he likes. Efficient remedies for a state of things so hurtful to all concerned are not far to seek. As Mr. Irwin justly remarks, 'the one great boon which we can bestow upon' this class of tenants 'is perfect security of tenure, at a rent either fixed in perpetuity or at least not liable to be enhanced by the caprice or greed of an interested individual.' Without fixity of tenure in an agricultural community, where the land is mainly tilled by petty

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cultivators, the very first condition of industrial growth, that 'to each man be assured, with the utmost attainable certainty, the fruits of his own labour,' can never be realized. The peasantry of Oudh, or of any other part of India, are entitled to, at least, as much security as the landlords who pay rent directly to the Government enjoy. It may still be a question whether the land-revenue should be settled for thirty years only, as in Oudh and the North-West Provinces, or for ever, as in Bengal and Bahar. But there can be no question that an underfed, rack-rented, pauperized peasantry are a danger and a disgrace to any civilized government. 'We have heard,' says Mr. Irwin, 'a great deal of the necessity of creating a feeling of security in the minds of landlords. Would it not be well to try the novel experiment of creating a similar feeling in the minds of tenants?'

Mr. Irwin's conclusions are amply justified by the Famine Commissioners themselves. Several pages of their report are taken up with a survey of the relations of landlord and tenant in various parts of India, followed by a discussion of the legislative changes required for the redress of existing grievances. Such testimony from such a quarter speaks for itself.

> From all quarters (they declare) it is reported that the relations between the landlord and the tenants with occupancy rights are not in a satisfactory state, and are becoming yearly more and more hostile; so much so that a landlord will generally refuse any aid to his occupancy tenants when they are in difficulties, and will do all that he can to ruin them and to drive them off the land.

In such a struggle might, as usual, is prevailing over right, and 'there is reason to fear that in many parts of the country the occupancy rights have been irretrievably impaired.' Even in Bengal, the Commissioners tell us, 'large portions of the agricultural population remain. . . in a state of poverty, at all times dangerously near to actual destitution, and unable to resist the additional strain of famine.' They remind us how, in 1878, Sir Ashley Eden, the Lieutenant-governor, spoke of Bahar as needing 'some ready means of enabling the rayat to resist illegal distraint, illegal enhancement, and illegal cesses.' The duty of the Government to protect the cultivators' rights in Northern India is based in part on their historical claims to such protection, and partly on the ground that security of tenure must bring good to all who enjoy it, since, as a rule, the privileged tenant is better off in many ways than the tenant-at-will, in a country where competition forces the rents up to a ruinous height, and men crowd each other upon

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the land. The Commissioners therefore urge the necessity of enlarging 'the numbers of those who hold under secure tenures,' of 'widening the limits of that security,' and of guarding and strengthening the just rights of the tenant-at-will, 'by any measure that may seem wise and equitable.' For the benefit of this latter class, the growth of which 'cannot be looked on without serious apprehension,' they propose that any tenant-at-will who has paid by instalments, over and above his rent, a sum representing the landlord's gain on a yearly tenancy, shall thereby obtain the full rights and privileges of an occupancy tenant. Eviction without due notice is also to be forbidden wherever such a practice exists. As for the occupancy tenant, his rent should 'be altered only at the same time as the revenue,' or once in thirty years; while the landlord's efforts to overrule or efface his tenant's legal rights should be frustrated by new precautions, and his powers of ejectment for arrears of rent limited and restrained by the ruling of a Rent Court.

If in Bengal the popular discontent flames out mainly against the landlord, in Western India, as in Madras, it commonly vents itself upon the money-lenders. Some years ago, in the time of Lord Northbrook, the peace of India was disturbed by a violent outbreak of the peasantry in Puna and other districts of the Bombay Presidency. In Bombay the land-revenue is settled with each holder for a term of thirty years; the Government taking about a half of the estimated rental. Maddened by the pressure of hard times, and the dread of yet worse to come, through the failure of the law-courts to save their holdings from the creditors' grasp, some of the peasantry wreaked their rage on the property or the persons of the hated money-lenders and their supposed friends. The riots of course were put down; but an official inquiry into the causes of the prevalent discontent has since resulted in an Act for the relief of the Deccan rayats, which aims at dealing thoroughly with the evils so eloquently described by Miss Nightingale. Under this Act a system of village registry has been established, as a safeguard for the rayat against unfair claims. No deed for the payment of money, or of charges on property, shall be deemed valid unless it has been properly executed before the village registrar. The money-lender must grant receipts for all payments made to him, and produce a yearly statement of his accounts. Small suits of ten rupees and under may be settled as in Madras by the village Munsif. In the case of larger suits before the regular Courts, all unreasonable interest shall be disallowed, nor shall the interest

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ever exceed the principal. The sum decreed against the debtor shall be paid by instalments fixed by the Court. If the decree be for less than fifty rupees, the Court may discharge the debtor at once on payment of as much as he is able to pay. Debtors for larger amounts may claim the protection of an Insolvency Act. In every case due inquiry shall be made into the history of the debt; and in no case may the rayat be imprisoned in execution of a decree for money, nor may his holding be attached or sold unless it has been specifically mortgaged. Even then the Court may use its discretion about selling the property, or letting it for not more than twenty years. In other cases the Court may allow the debtor's holding to be cultivated for seven years or under, on the creditor's behalf, and partly for the debtor's own support; after which period the debtor may be discharged. In the case of an insolvent debtor, only his movable property, less the implements of his trade, is liable to sale for debt; and a moiety of his holding may be managed for the benefit of his creditors.

It will thus be seen that the Act of 1879 tends to secure the husbandman from the utter ruin to which under the old law he was liable, often through no fault of his own. And it also warns the village usurer against the risks involved in lending money on terms which the law, in the interests of all concerned, will no longer sanction. That such a scheme will ensure absolute justice in all cases we cannot venture to expect. The idle and the thriftless may sometimes be saved from merited suffering at the cost of an honest creditor. But all possible drawbacks count for nothing, in view of its certain efficacy in promoting the happiness of the greatest number, and shielding the weaker millions from the encroachments of the stronger few. The Famine Commissioners are men of mark and experience in India or at home; and yet they agree in suggesting that certain principles of the Deccan Rayats Act should be extended to other provinces besides Bombay. They even raise the question whether the new law goes far enough in protecting the debtor who has mortgaged his land; and they propose that, instead of alienating his property even for a term of years, the debtor should be allowed to retain the management of his land, and pay off the mortgage by instalments to be collected half yearly by the Revenue Courts. Only in the event of his failing to pay the instalments should he be ejected, and his rights in the holding sold. For fixing the rate at which the instalments should be paid, they hold that no greater boon could be offered alike to debtor and creditor, than by employing the services of the revenue officer, 'as a

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supplement to cheap and accessible civil courts.' He it is who has the best means of knowing how much the debtor can pay, and of realizing the needful instalments of his debt at the least possible cost and risk to the creditor. With the reduction of his risks, the latter should be made to accept a lower rate of interest, varying perhaps with the circumstances of each district, but not much exceeding the six per cent. at which native merchants now usually borrow from each other.

In the matter of mortgages also, might not the collector be empowered to settle fair terms between lender and borrower, after due inquiry into preliminary points? Such at least is the plan suggested by the Famine Commissioners, who would withhold from any mortgage deed not openly ratified before a collector, the right to be accepted as proof of more than 'a simple unsecured debt.' No mortgage of the new sort should, they advise, be allowed on property already encumbered, nor would the mortgager be suffered to retain his rights of sale and transfer so long as the mortgage remained unredeemed.

Cheap and accessible courts of justice are an obvious need in a purely agricultural country, where the peasantry are mostly too poor, ignorant, and weak to protect themselves. It is bad enough for a small landholder to be sued by a Baniya or Mahajan for a debt which has somehow swollen to six or seven times its original amount.* The chances are that the real debt has been wholly or in part paid. But it is nearly certain that a decree will issue against the debtor for the whole sum claimed, and it is quite certain that stamps and fees will make a large addition—often as much as one-fifth to the debtor's loss. Mr. Caird, one of the Famine Commissioners, in a recent letter to Lord Hartington, contrasts the heavy outlay of an Indian suitor on stamps and fees with the very light charges of the Small Debts Courts in Scotland. In these courts the official tax on a suit for £12 never exceeds four shillings. No pleader, moreover, is allowed except by order of the judge with the consent of both the parties. 'They appear personally, and the case is heard and disposed of in a few minutes. . . . An appeal can only be taken in very exceptional circumstances, and is not made use of once in a thousand cases. The whole time occupied, from the issue of a summons to the decree of the Court, does not exceed five days.' In India, on the other hand, the ruling

* In 'The Nineteenth Century' for June, 1880, Sayad Amir Ali quotes 'a case from his own forensic experience,' in which a debt of Rs. 4000 had swollen in ten years to Rs. 30,000.

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powers maintain with odd complacency that a stamp-tax of 17 per cent. on the value of litigated property, besides lawyers' costs, is 'not inordinately costly,' and that delays in the disposal of petty causes are 'not excessive,' although the duration of a contested suit averages 44 days in the North-West Provinces, 89 in Bengal, and 250 in Madras and Bombay.

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In 1871 an Act was passed enabling a landowner or his tenant to borrow money from the Government for the purpose of making certain improvements on his estate. It was a praiseworthy measure, but somehow it seems to have missed its mark. Among the causes assigned for its failure are the inertness of native underlings, the delay, trouble, and cost involved in applying for a loan, the high rates of interest required, the short period for which the loan is allowed to run, and the rigid strictness of the rules for punctual repayment. To these may be added, the general unwillingness of landholders to spend money on improvements which may furnish an excuse for enhancing their assessments to the land-revenue. That their fears are not wholly groundless, no impartial person will deny. In some few provinces indeed, as in the Panjab, it is a standing rule among revenue officers that the makers of new wells shall be protected from enhancement for a term of twenty years, while repairers of old wells and diggers of watercourses shall enjoy the like advantage for ten years. This may help to explain the fact that, in 1877, the Panjab stood first on the list of borrowers for the purpose of land improvement. But in several other provinces no definite rule seems to have been adopted, and in Bombay alone has any such rule obtained the force of law. As matter of common justice, we hold with the Famine Commissioners that the landholder should be guaranteed by law against all enhancements on account of improved value given by himself to the land, 'for such a period as shall secure to him such a reasonable return on his investment as will encourage the prosecution of improvements.' The same principle should of course be applied to 'privileged tenants' of all classes, numbers of whom are still liable to eviction without receiving a rupee of compensation for improvements of their own making.

Mr. Caird, in common with many other critics, finds grave fault with the rigid rules enforced throughout India for collecting the land revenue, and pleads strongly for a return to the old principle of payment in kind, not in money. His arguments on both points have been so fully answered by the Indian Government, that we need not dwell upon them here.

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Even if the old system of produce rents were the best in theory, its practical drawbacks seem to have justified the Moghal emperors in substituting money payments for payment in kind. The example set by them has been everywhere followed by our own countrymen, and in most cases by the native princes attached to our rule. In Bahar, where corn rents are commonly paid to the landlords by their tenants, the rayat is 'infinitely worse off than in Bengal,' where all rents are paid in money. So little do the people at large care for the old system, that the tenants in the Panjab have struggled, hitherto in vain, to get their corn rents commuted into money. It is the landlords who resist their demands. In the North-West Provinces a like struggle has generally resulted in the victory of the tenants.

It is hard also to see how the demand for more elastic methods of raising the land revenue could be conceded in any large measure by a civilized government. As the Famine Commissioners themselves admit, any uncertainty as to the amount of his yearly payments to the State would do the landholder more harm than good. In very bad seasons he can already claim the remission or the postponement of his share of the State demand. It is probable, however, that reasonable indulgence is not always shown to real suffering, and that arrears of revenue are sometimes exacted with more zeal than discretion. The most merciful of collectors are often powerless against the desire of a Government to make both ends meet. In the interests of all concerned a larger discretion might safely be conferred on the district officer, who, going to and fro among the people, may be trusted to gauge with general accuracy the measure of their claims on the forbearance of the State. He should have full liberty to suspend or remit so much of the Government demand as the circumstances of his district may seem at any moment to enjoin.

All such improvements as those we have pointed out in the land tenures of India would go far to solve the problem of national well-being in a country where agriculture is the mainstay of life. Security of tenure has never failed to encourage thrift and industry among those classes who live by the land. And it tends to counteract the working of customs that sanction unlimited subdivision of landed property. It is likely too that some other of the reforms suggested by the Famine Commissioners in common, or by Mr. Caird alone, might easily be adopted with good results. The creation, for instance, of an Agricultural Department on

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the plan drawn out by the former, would give a wide and healthy impetus to all forms of industry connected with the land. It makes nothing against such a scheme that something like it on a small scale has been tried already to little purpose. With regard again to Mr. Caird's plea for enlarging the powers of the local Governments, the Indian Government itself agrees 'in much that he says about the expediency and economy' of such a course, and holds out the hope of soon going further in the path first trodden by Lord Mayo.

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But after all said and done, there remains, we think, the yet greater question of the land-revenue itself. Ought the land-revenue to be fixed for ever, as in Bengal, for one year as in Madras, or for thirty years as in the North-West Provinces? No one in these days dreams of justifying the principle of a yearly assessment, which has tended only to impoverish the people and to check the agricultural growth of Madras. But many persons still object to any form of land settlement which debars the Government from claiming its rightful share of the profits due, not to the landholders' own industry, but to the growing value of the land. To them it seems that a readjustment of the land-revenue once in thirty years or so secures a fair division of those profits between the landholder and the State, and thus enables the latter to meet its growing liabilities with enlarged means. Experience, however, does not seem to justify this preference of long settlements to settlements fixed for ever, as in Bengal. We have all heard of the suffering caused in many parts of Bombay by the high rates at which the land-revenue was re-assessed in 1864, and the following years. Similar complaints have often reached us from the North-Western Provinces. And the cost of these revised settlements appears to have outbalanced the actual gains. A well-informed writer on Indian topics has shown that in the ten years following 1869, the net yield of land-revenue would have exceeded by 2⅓ millions the sums actually realized, had the permanent settlement been then in force.* That periodical revisions of the land-tax are a source of great expense to the State, and of harassment to the people, the Indian Government has frankly confessed. Very significant also is the fact that the people of Madras, Bombay, and the North-West Provinces give way sooner under the stress of famine than the people of Bengal. It seems clear, moreover, that even a thirty-year settlement fails to encourage the laying out of

* 'Political and Financial Requirements of British India,' By J. Dacosta. Allen and Co. 1880.

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money on the land. As Mr Caird observes, a man who holds a few acres of *inam* land at a low quit-rent, in addition to a holding rented on the usual terms, will spend all his savings on the improvement of the former, while he 'will not lay out a penny on the holding which is liable to future increase of assessment.'

It is generally allowed that the people of Bengal are better off on the whole than the people of any province under a periodical settlement. This fact alone makes strongly in favour of perpetual settlements. A comparison of the total revenues yielded by each province points to the same conclusion. Bengal, with a permanent land-tax of four millions, now raises a total revenue of nineteen millions.* Of the eight millions raised in the North-West Provinces and Oudh, less than three millions are drawn from other sources than the land-revenue. Madras shows a total of eight and a half millions, about half of which is raised directly from the land. Bombay, with a land-tax of three and a half millions, furnishes a total of ten millions. These figures tend at any rate to show that, in spite of a land-revenue settled for ever, Bengal contributes to the general income at least as large a share, in proportion to her size and the numbers of her people, as any other province in British India. In short, the unearned increment of which the Government deprived itself by the settlement of 1793, has been made up to it in various ways; while in respect of general wealth, commercial and industrial progress, and capacity to bear the strain of new taxation, no other province can compete with Bengal.

In view of all this, and of the fact that the land-revenue in each of the other great provinces has almost stood still for many years past, the time, we think, has come when the principle that has worked so well in one of our oldest provinces might safely be applied to the other three. A perpetual settlement, based on the village or even on the *Rayatwar* system, and assessed in accordance with the most enlightened rules, would be a boon of the highest value to all who came within its reach, and a source of ever-growing satisfaction to the Government that offered it. Under right conditions such a measure would yield more than all the advantages, with none of the drawbacks, that have marked its working in Bengal. This boon which Lord Halifax would have granted twenty years ago to the prayer of Lord Canning, might well be extended to the Panjab also. And it ought, we think, to be supplemented by another boon for which Lord Canning

* Or 18½ millions if we exclude Assam.

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pleaded in vain—the right, namely, of redeeming the land-tax by payment of a lump sum, 'equal in value to the revenue redeemed.'

This is the principle for which Mr. Caird also contends when he advises the Indian Government to 'offer every facility for changing the tenure into freehold,' for the purpose of carrying out a scheme which would do so much for the improvement of agriculture, and would bind the landed classes so strongly to their rulers. Mr. Caird would establish in each province a Freehold Commission, empowered to change any applicant's tenure to freehold at a rate equivalent to twenty years' purchase. Instead of paying the whole sum down, the landholder might be allowed to complete his purchase by payments carried on through thirty-five years. If such a process could be effected on a large scale, the Government for many years to come would have no cause for anxiety about ways and means, while every freeholder would be giving the Government a hostage for his loyalty in exchange for the means of bettering himself and adding to his country's wealth.

That India was richer once than she is now, may be inferred from what we know of the revenues raised by the Moghal emperors. In the first year of the seventeenth century, Akbar's land-revenue amounted to seventeen and a half millions sterling, while the whole of Jahangir's revenues from all sources came up to fifty millions. In the middle of the same century, Aurangzib drew from the land alone as much as thirty-five millions, and before the end of the century his total revenues were reckoned at eighty millions, all but a fraction of which was raised from his Indian provinces.* At this moment we contrive to raise with some difficulty a total revenue of sixty millions from a dominion wider than that of Aurangzib. † This is not much to boast of as the result of British rule over two hundred millions of people. With all allowance for Moghal rapacity, and the necessity imposed upon us of taxing lightly a huge mass of alien subjects governed by a few thousand Englishmen, it seems to argue a serious decline in the taxable resources of India during the last two centuries. Be that as it may, we seem already to have touched the point at which, for the present, fresh taxation becomes a danger as well as a difficulty. It may be easy to raise loans at 4 per cent. on Indian revenue, because the lenders know that behind India stands the virtual

* 'The Revenue Resources of the Mughal Empire in India.' By E. Thomas. Trübner and Co. 1871.

† That is the outside amount of 'ordinary revenue,' including opium receipts.

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guarantee of Great Britain. But, as Mr. Hunter himself puts it, 'no financial dexterity will get rid of the poverty of the Indian people, which lies at the root of the poverty of the Indian Government.' The Indian revenues have not stood still, but their advance has not kept pace with the growth of new demands upon them. And some items of existing revenue appear doomed to ultimate extinction or else to large reductions. Most of the cotton duties have gone already. The export duty on rice will have in due time to go. A license-tax yields but little in comparison with the evils incident to its collection. A cry is already going forth for the repeal of the salt duties. On the continuance of the opium revenue at its present figure it is unsafe to calculate for more than a few years. Of the new taxes which have sometimes been proposed, there is hardly one to which strong objections might not be fairly offered. The tribute which India pays to England in the shape of home charges keeps on increasing at an unpleasant rate. A rupee worth only 1s. 8d. means for India the loss by exchange of three millions a year. An Afghan war, begun without provocation and continued with a reckless disregard for costs, has saddled India with a new and heavy burden.

In view of all this, economy and retrenchment are obviously needful for our own interests no less than India's. And for this end we must act more fairly by the people of India than we have hitherto done. In common justice to the natives, and in fulfilment of pledges more than once renewed, we must yield them a much larger share than heretofore in the civil service of their own country. There are few posts in that service which qualified natives could not fill as efficiently as our own countrymen, and at less cost. In the army also native officers might safely be entrusted with commands higher than that of a single company. What native officers of mark and mettle could do in trying circumstances, the annals of our earlier wars in India have abundantly shown. It is a scandal to this country that statesmen like Sir Madhava Rao should find their only hope of preferment in the native states, that a Todar Mal or a Shitab Rai is impossible under our rule, and that none but a native Prince, or Lord of very high degree, can look for a seat in the Viceroy's Legislative Council.

It may be impossible to reduce the strength of the British garrisons in India; but the cost of maintaining them might be sensibly reduced by doing away with two of the Commanders-in-chief, and by allowing the Indian Government to

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keep an army of its own, enlisted solely for Indian service. In justice to the rest of India, the native states should be required to contribute much more largely than they do now towards the general expenses of the government under whose protection they have flourished as they never did before. Above all things it is absolutely necessary, in the present state of India's finances, that we should give up all thoughts of conquest or aggression beyond India's natural frontier, and turn our minds from an insane dread of Russian intrigues to the carrying forward of that wise domestic policy which Lord Lawrence upheld so earnestly in one of the noblest minutes ever penned by an Anglo-Indian statesman.

L. J. TROTTER.

Art. V.—*The Revised Version of the New Testament.*

The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, translated out of the Greek: being the Version set forth A.D. 1611 *compared with the most Ancient Authorities, and revised A.D.* 1881. Printed for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Published by Henry Frowde, Oxford Warehouse: 7, Paternoster Row. By C. J. Clay, M.A., Cambridge Warehouse: 17, Paternoster Row.

The revised version of the New Testament has excited a greater public interest than any book ever published in England. A sale of upwards of a million copies in a few weeks is an unprecedented incident in the history of publishing, beside which the greatest successes of our popular writers appear insignificant. This interest in the revised New Testament has not of course been entirely a religious interest. The Bible is not only the rule of Christian faith and the chief book of Christian devotion, it is one of the greatest, and certainly the most familiar, of English classics, and as such it is regarded with much interest and even affection by many who would not call themselves Christians. But much the greater part of the interest felt in the new version has been of a religious character. It shows that whatever the changes that may have come over theological opinion of recent years regarding inspiration and kindred topics, the Bible remains very much where it was in the reverence and affection of the English people.

We may go a step further. The publication of this book and the interest it has created are an evidence of an enhanced interest in the Bible. The same reasons which have led the

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scholars of our time to study the original texts of Scripture more diligently than in former times, have led to a demand for a more accurate version for the use of the people. If awakened intellectual curiosity, and even scepticism, are to be reckoned among these causes, a deepened sense of the value of Scripture is the main cause. The scholars who met at Westminster were not expected to make a more beautiful English version of the Scriptures, which was felt to be impossible, nor was the removal of obsolete words, which were not seriously inconvenient, the main service expected from them, but a revision of the authorized version, in which the original meaning of the texts should be preserved with the utmost possible fidelity. In order to judge the new version fairly we must remember that this was the character of the demand which called it into existence.

Our times and the age of the Reformation have many points of resemblance; and their common desire for a revised Bible is not one of the least interesting. In the sixteenth century Bible followed Bible, and revision revision in quick succession. Tyndale's Testament and Coverdale's Bible, the Genevan Bible, and the Bishops' Bible, not to mention other revisions, showed the eager desire of the people to have a Bible, and a correct Bible—a desire so eager that neither the jealousy of the court nor of the church could restrain it; and royal and episcopal authority had to be bestowed upon a translated Bible. It is impossible not to feel the significance of the fact that, after having slept since 1611, the question of revising the Bible should have been revived in our time, and a new version issued in the year 1881.

Before passing judgment on the work of the revision of 1881, it is needful to understand the exact nature of the task which the revisers undertook to perform, and the conditions under which they undertook it. The revision dates its beginning from a motion which was made in the Convocation of the Province of Canterbury on the 10th of February, 1870. The mover was the late Bishop of Winchester, and the seconder the present Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol. The motion asked for a committee, 'to report upon the desirableness of a revision of the authorized version of the New Testament, whether by marginal notes or otherwise, in all those passages where plain and clear errors, whether in the Greek text originally adopted by the translators, or in the translation made from the same, shall on due investigation be found to exist.' On this motion being adopted, a committee of both houses of Convocation drew up a report on the subject,

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which they embodied in a series of resolutions. One of these was: 'That in the above resolutions we do not contemplate any new translation of the Bible, or any alteration of the language, except where in the judgment of the most competent scholars such change is necessary.'

It will be seen from the above resolution that the revisers were neither required nor permitted to alter the authorized version unless the reasons for such alteration were of a conclusive character. Additional emphasis was given to the conservative character of their work by certain rules agreed to by the committee of Convocation on the 25th day of May, 1870. The second of these rules was: 'To limit as far as possible the expression of alterations to the language of the authorized and earlier English versions.' The fifth rule limited the company's power of alterations by prescribing, 'To make or retain no change in the text on the second or final revision, except two-thirds of those present approve of the same.' The cautious spirit of the resolutions, and the advantage given to those opposed to changes by the rule which required two-thirds of a majority in order to effect a change, created an apprehension in the minds of some who were favourable to a real revision, that the work would be timidly and incompletely accomplished, and that many 'plain and clear errors' would reappear in the new version. This is a fear which has been signally disappointed. The revisers have done their work with thoroughness and with courage. We shall have occasion to notice before we close what we consider to be the defects of the new version, arising mainly from its somewhat rigid spirit of scholarship, natural enough in a company composed mainly of academical clergymen; but it is fortunate the revisers erred on this side, rather than on the side of laxity and capricious lawlessness. One of their number, Dr. Vance Smith, in an article in 'The Nineteenth Century' for June, finds fault with certain renderings, and appeals to a future revision to do justice to words and thoughts which have been long misrepresented, 'to the sore discredit with many thoughtful minds of the Christian gospel!' If the revisers had set themselves to rehabilitate the Christian gospel to 'thoughtful minds,' or had sought to work out any special crotchets of their own, they would have bitterly disappointed the great expectations formed of them. Such a revision would have been 'an abomination,' to borrow a phrase from Archdeacon Denison, in the sight of all fair-minded scholars who, whatever their religious views, concur in the wish to give to Englishmen a true account of the

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words of Christ and of his apostles. We shudder to think what might have been the result had a company of revisers come together at Westminster determined to carry out a particular set of views, whether to conserve the ideas of the past, or to adapt the New Testament to Dr. Smith's 'thoughtful minds.' The idea almost makes us withdraw our wish that they had been somewhat less stern in their adherence to rigid law and rule.

The revisers have done their work without fear and without favour. With their eyes fixed upon the Greek text, upon grammars, lexicons, and concordances, they have worked *secundum artem*, and have given no heed to the voices on one side or on the other which would have sought to draw them from the paths of philological integrity. We regret for some reasons the exclusive devotion of the revisers to the Greek original, and their too great willingness to sacrifice their mother English to the strict requirements of the foreign tongue. It would have been better in a popular translation to leave some shades of meaning unexpressed rather than endanger the obscurity of the text by the use of unusual modes of expression likely to perplex plain readers.

The revisers might have satisfied themselves with translating one of the best texts now in use. They acted wisely in reserving to themselves full liberty to select whatever readings approved themselves to their judgment. A company which contained Dr. Scrivener, Canon Westcott, and Dr. Hort, and for some time, we believe, Dr. Tregelles, not to mention other most competent judges, formed the strongest court of appeal that ever sat in Europe on the question of the various readings of the New Testament. The text which they adopted has been published by the University presses, and the new English *Textus Receptus* will henceforth be one of the purest and best in existence. Its similarity to the text of the beautiful text just issued by Messrs. Macmillan under the editorship of Dr. Hort and Dr. Westcott, shows the leading part that must have fallen to these scholars in the determination of this fundamental question. We shall not attempt to enter upon a detailed criticism of the text of the revisers. They have, as in other matters, gone by a somewhat rigid rule, and allowed the authority of the few old MSS. which we possess to be not only dominant but almost tyrannous. If a rule was to be followed, it was, of course, the safest and most intelligible to follow A, B, C, D, ℵ. But as our oldest MSS. belong to the fourth century, it is obvious that caution is to be exercised in receiving even their testimony. Notwithstanding the au-

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thority of the old MSS., we cannot reconcile ourselves to the reading adopted in Rom. v. 1. The English reader will find that the changes made in the revised New Testament through changes of reading are not very numerous, nor usually important, though one or two of them are very interesting. We would specially call attention to Matt. ix. 17, Mark ix. 22, 23, Heb. iv. 2, 1 Tim. iii. 16, 1 John iii. 1, Rev. xvii. 8.* The comparatively few changes made in the text, and their slight importance, is an example of a conservative result coming from what was once looked upon as a source of as great danger to the Christian faith as the higher criticism is supposed to be at present.

As was to be anticipated from a company of translators containing eminent historical critics, every effort is made in the Revised Version to preserve in the translation whatever serves to mark to the English reader the exact time at which the books of the New Testament were written. A successful instance of this is their uniform retention of the definite article before 'Christ.' Before His resurrection our Lord was not called Jesus Christ, but Jesus, who claimed to be the Christ. For some reason the definite article was sometimes omitted by King James's revisers. Its restoration is a special advantage in Matt. ii. 5, 'He enquired of them where the Christ should be born.' In their translation of the Epistle to the Hebrews, the revisers have happily preserved to the English reader the sense that he is listening to a voice from the first century, and that sacrifices were still offered in Jerusalem. We now read in Heb. ix. 6, 'the priests go in continually into the first tabernacle accomplishing the services; but into the second the high priest alone, once in the year.' Those who know Roman history, and the great part which the Prætorian guard played in the history of the Empire, will read with a strange interest the revisers' version of St. Paul's words Phil. i. 13, 'My bonds became manifest in Christ throughout the whole prætorian guard.'

The revisers have made an excellent contribution to the historical understanding of New Testament times by their removal of the misleading 'Grecians' from Acts vi. 1 and the substitution of 'Grecian Jews.' They have, of course, altered the utterly absurd 'Easter' of Acts xii. 4 into 'Passover.'

Another, but less fortunate attempt to preserve the sense of the time when the words were written, is the change made in the rendering of the tenses in Matt. i. 22, Matt. xxi. 4, xxvi.

* A very clear and interesting account of these changes will be found in the 'Companion to the Revised Version of the English New Testament,' by Alex. Roberts, D.D. (Cassell and Co.)

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56. The old rendering was, 'All this was done that it might be fulfilled.' The revisers render, 'all this is come to pass.' 'These tenses,' it has been said, 'preserve the freshness of the earliest catechetical narratives of the gospel history, when the narrator was not so far removed from the fact that it was unnatural for him to say, 'This is come to pass.' We fear that the retention of the present tense will simply confuse the English reader, and make him imagine that the quotation was made by the speaker and not by the evangelist, which is certainly not the view of the revisers. In their treatment of Old Testament names the revisers have not been so much historical critics as usual, but they have acted most wisely. The great religious teachers of the Old Covenant ought assuredly to be spoken of by their old Hebrew names, and not under ugly Hellenistic disguises. Historical justice, as well as practical convenience, are served by superseding Esaias, Jeremy, and Osee by Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Hosea.

The Epistle to the Hebrews still appears as the Epistle of the Apostle Paul. As it is improbable that any of the revisers believe Paul to have written it, we might have anticipated that they would have removed a title resting upon no authority. They say honestly in their preface that they have 'deemed it best to leave unchanged the titles.' Had they removed the name of St. Paul, it would certainly have been difficult to fill the vacant space. It would hardly have been suitable to head it, 'the Epistle of an Anonymous Man;' but we know as little about the authorship as did Origen, who declared that the name of the author was known to God alone. The clever guess of Luther that Apollos was the author would have been out of place in a text founded upon historical authorities.

It is greatly to be regretted that the company have not revised the 'heading of chapters and pages,' as they were directed by rule 1st. They abstained from doing so, they say, because such a revision 'would have involved so much of indirect, and indeed frequently of direct interpretation.' The necessary work of making these headings could not possibly have been committed to better hands than that of revisers who have shown themselves throughout the work both painstaking and eminently impartial. We trust that they will supply the deficiency in future editions.

A very persistent attempt has been made throughout the revision to amend the rendering of the tenses. It has been long a common complaint against the former translators that they were careless in this matter. Until recent times all writers on New Testament Greek were accustomed to say

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that the New Testament writers themselves constantly indulged in an interchange of tenses, and violated the rules of classical Greek. It has been shown by later grammarians that this is by no means the case, at all events, to the extent alleged, although Winer carried his opposition to the old view too far. The revisers evidently entered upon their work determined to reform the rendering of the tenses; but they have sometimes found them too hard for them, and in reading the results of the amendment, one is disposed to think that King James's revisers possibly attempted so little not because they were ignorant of the force of Greek tenses, but because they felt they could not be imitated in English without harshness and obscurity. An American writer on the English language, Dr. Marsh, made the remark, about the Gospel of John as revised by five English clergymen, 'that an American cannot help suspecting that the tenses are coming to have in England a force which they have not now in this country, and never heretofore have had in English literature.' The sarcasm might be repeated regarding some of the tense-renderings in the new version.

Certain of the changes made by the revisers in rendering the tenses were needful, and will be felt to make the sense clearer. Such a change is to be found in the rendering of Luke i. 59, where the old version renders, 'They called him Zacharias, after the name of his father.' The revisers have changed this into, 'They would have called him Zacharias after the name of his father.' It is in the rendering of aorists and perfects that King James's revisers are alleged to have shown most carelessness. They have sometimes decidedly obscured the meaning of St. Paul, through rendering his aorists which were designed to denote a past event with the perfect which has a present reference. Rom. vi. 1 sqq., 2 Cor. v. 15, are examples of a great improvement made by the revisers, who have given to the aorists their proper meaning, and brought out that Paul regarded the great change from sin to righteousness as having been realized in a definite act of the past.

The revisers seem to have been reluctant to admit that perfects are ever used in the New Testament with a purely aoristic force, or that an aorist may stand for a perfect. To evade the necessity of admitting the former, they render Rev. v. 7, 'He came and he taketh (ἔιληφεν) out of the hand of him that sat on the throne.' And again Rev. viii. 5, 'And the angel taketh (ἔιληφεν); and he filled it (ἐγέμισεν) with the fire of the altar.' In Heb. xi. 28 they have not ventured to

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render, 'By faith he hath kept the passover,' although they place 'hath made' on the margin. In 2 Cor. xi. 25 they preserve 'have I been' of the authorized version.

It has been denied that the aorist ever stands for the perfect in the New Testament, but it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that in certain cases it does. The explanation of Buttmann is satisfactory—

> Inasmuch (he writes) as the relation of time expressed by the present is compounded, as it were, of that of the aorist or that of the present—the action having its beginning in the past (aorist), but extending either itself or in its effects down to the time being (present)—in cases where the aorist is used in the sense of the perfect we must take this view of the matter: that the aorist was not intended to express both relations of the perfect at once, but that the writer for the moment withdraws from the present and places himself in the past, consequently in the position of a narrator. This position is uniformly the most natural for the act of composition; and from it there results of itself, if not a positive aversion to the perfect, yet a greater preference for the aorist. The continuance of the action, therefore, and its working down to the present time, resides, not indeed in the tense, but in the connection; and the necessary insertion of this relation is left in any case to the hearer.

As examples of this, Buttmann cites Heb. viii. 1, where however the revisers translate, 'We have such a high priest, who sat down.' And Matt. xxiii. 2, where the revisers render, 'the scribes and the Pharisees sit (ἐκάθισαν) on Moses' seat.' The revisers have been uniformly desirous to employ the present with the future force when they have found it in the Greek. The old translators did so when they thought fit, as in 1 Cor. xv. 32, 'Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die,' but they employed the future when it seemed more clear and fitting. The following from the new version are not improvements: John xiv. 3, 'If I go to prepare a place for you, I come again;' Rev. ii. 22, 'Behold I do cast her into a bed.'

The complaint is as old as Bentley that the English translators of the Bible did not pay sufficient regard to the force of the Greek article, and that they omitted it when it ought to have been expressed. It has been often restored by the revisers; we think too often. They have rendered Matt. vi. 25, 'Is not the life more than the food, and the body than the raiment.' In Matt. viii. 12, 'There shall be the weeping and the gnashing of teeth.' In some cases we are at a loss what meaning the revisers attached to the article which they have restored, and we are tempted to suppose that it was some occult reference which the plan of their marginal notes prevented them from expressing. This is possible, for we find in the revised version the rendering Heb. xi. 10, 'He looked for

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the city that hath the foundations.' We always regarded this as a simple contrast between an established city and a movable tent. Dr. Lightfoot, one of the most eminent of the revisers, in his excellent book 'On a Fresh Revision of the New Testament,' thus writes—

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A definite image here rises before the sacred writer's mind of the new Jerusalem such as it is described in the Apocalypse, 'The wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb (chap. xxi. 14). The foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones' (chap. xxi. 19 sq.) But in our version the words are robbed of their meaning, and Abraham is made to look for '*a* city that hath foundations'—a senseless expression, for no city is without them.

In Acts ix. 2 and elsewhere the gospel is called 'the way,' an expression which needs no special explanation, as it was a most natural expression for Hebrews to apply to their new 'walk' or manner of serving God. But Dr. Lightfoot finds the explanation of it in our Lord's word, John xiv. 5, 6, 'I am the way.' 'The gospel,' he says, 'is Christ and Christ only.' Both interpretations seem curiously fanciful, and unlike the usual sobriety of Dr. Lightfoot's thinking.

There is one part of the revision work which has already provoked a good deal of discussion, and which is likely to supply speakers and writers of a certain class with a subject for some time to come. We refer to their employment of Hades, their rendering of Gehenna, and their substitution of 'the evil one' for 'evil' in the Lord's Prayer. One of their number, Dr. Vance Smith, in article to which we have already alluded, blames his fellow revisers with some asperity for their use of the word hell, because such a rendering recalls 'the long descended notions of the darkest ages of mediæval superstition.' But introduction of polemical heat into this discussion is needless. The revisers were neither called upon to defend traditional beliefs nor to explode superstitions, but to translate. Dr. Vance Smith approves of the word Hades being left, as it is in the revision, untranslated. 'This treatment of the word,' he says, 'inasmuch as it is a proper name, is correct.' Hades need no more have been treated as a proper name than Ouranos; and although the revisers may have acted wisely in leaving it untranslated, such a procedure on the part of a translator is to be regarded rather in the light of a confession of impotence than as a triumph of his art. By leaving Hades untranslated—and Dr. Smith thinks they should have left Gehenna untranslated—they have done nothing to help those who feel in difficulty. These mysterious

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words on the page and margin of the Bible must have a meaning, and teachers of the young and uninstructed will assuredly be asked to unfold it. One effect of leaving Hades untranslated will be to show clearly that it is a mistake to regard it as a colourless term for the unseen world. Although it has not the revolting associations of the word Gehenna, it assuredly often carries with it the idea of loss, of defeat, and of Divine displeasure. If not, what is the meaning of Acts ii. 26: 'My flesh shall dwell in hope; because thou wilt not leave my soul in Hades'? Unless the idea of judgment is connected with Hades, what significance is there in the words of our Lord, Matt. xi. 23: 'Thou Capernaum, shalt thou be exalted into heaven? thou shalt go down into Hades'?

With regard to the already famous rendering of the revisers of Matt. vi. 13 and Luke xi. 4, 'Deliver us from the evil One,' we confess we share in the general regret that they felt it needful to adopt this rendering, although it is absurd to inveigh against the translation of upright scholars in the spirit of excited partisanship. In our judgment it is a case in which they might have permitted the old translation to remain, even although they were not prepared to pronounce unhesitatingly in its favour. It is not 'a plain and clear error.' The neuter *τὸ πονηρόν* is used at least twice in the New Testament for evil in the sense of moral wickedness (Luke vi. 45, and Rom. xii. 9), and this makes the retention of the old rendering at all events possible on the ground of usage. The use of the preposition *ἀπο* rather than *ἐκ*, on which some have relied as establishing the personal reference, is by no means conclusive. It is frequently used by Hellenistic writers where the native Greeks would have preferred *ἐκ*. Meyer, who is a philological dogmatist, and is disposed whenever possible to press philological considerations as conclusive, does not venture to do so here. He translates in the same way as the revisers, but adds, '*τοῦ πονηροῦ* may be neuter (Augustine, Luther—see, however, Catech. Maj. pp. 352, f.—Tholuck, Ewald, Lange, Bleek, Kamphausen) as well as masculine (Tertullian, Origen, and Chrysostom, Theophylact, Erasmus, Beza, Maldonatus, Kinnoel, Fritzsche, Olshausen, Ebrard, Keim, Hilgenfeld, Hanne). In the former case, it would not mean 'evil' in general, but, according to the New Testament use of *πονηρός*, as well as the context, *moral wickedness* (Rom. xii. 9). However, it is more in keeping with the concrete graphic manner of view of the New Testament (Matt. v. 37; xiii. 19; John xvii. 15; 1 John ii. 13; iii. 8, 12; Rom. xvi. 20; Eph. vi.

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10; 2 Thess. iii. 32) to prefer the masculine as meaning the devil.'

Great stress has been laid upon the adoption of the masculine rendering by the Greek fathers, who, it is said, must have known the force of their own language. However weighty their authority, it cannot be said to settle the matter, especially as they were disposed, to find references to the devil where no modern scholar would find such. Thus some of them find such a reference in Matt. v. 25, 'Agree with thine adversary quickly.'

Although we are of opinion that the revisers might have left the venerable and familiar words untouched, we are at loss to see why so much heat should be transported into the discussion. The neuter rendering settles nothing. If any one has a doubt whether Christ and His apostles spoke of a prince of evil, half an hour's examination of the New Testament will convince him that they did. Those who deny the truth of the doctrine must do so on the ground that Christ and His apostles shared in a groundless contemporary belief. If those who deny this and similar doctrines would frankly take this ground, we should be saved from many disingenuous and forced interpretations of Scripture.

In one important particular the revisers of 1881 have taken a different course from the revisers of 1611. They have taken particular pains throughout the entire work to preserve uniformity of renderings and to translate a Greek word wherever it occurs by the same English word; and a great number of the changes which we find in the revised version owe their origin to this attempt to secure uniformity. These are the alterations which are described in the preface as 'necessary by consequence.' It is curious to note the direct antagonism in which the present revisers stand to their predecessors in this matter, who defended the liberty which they took in the following half-serious, half-humorous strain. It occurs in their preface, a document which deserves to be better known than it is, and deserved to have been retained in our Bibles rather than the dedication to the king—

Another thing we think good to admonish thee of, gentle Reader, that we have not tied ourselves to an uniformity of phrasing, or to an identity of words, as some peradventure would wish that we had done, because, they observe, that some learned men have been as exact as they could that way. Truly, that we might not vary from the sense of that we had translated before, if the word signified the same thing in both places, (for there be some words that be not of the same sense every where), we

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were especially careful, and made a conscience, according to our duty. But that we should express the same notion in the same particular word; as for example, if we translate the Hebrew or Greek word once by *purpose*, never to call it *intent;* if one where *journeying*, never *travelling;* if one where *think*, never *suppose;* if one where *pain*, never *ache;* if one where *joy*, never *gladness;* and thus to mince the matter, we thought to savour more of curiosity than wisdom, and that rather it would breed scorn in the atheist, than bring profit to the godly reader. For is the kingdom of God become words or syllables? Why should we be in bondage to them, if we may be free? Use one precisely, when we may use another no less fit as commodiously? A godly father in the primitive time showed himself greatly moved, that one of new-fangledness called κραββάτον, σκίμπους, though the difference be little or none; and another reporteth, that he was much abused for turning curcurbita (to which rendering the people had been used) into hedera. Now if this happens in better times, and upon so small occasions, we might justly fear hard censure, if generally we should make verbal and unnecessary changes. We might also be charged (by scoffers) with some unequal dealing towards a great number of good *English* words. For as it is written of a certain great Philosopher, that he should say, that those logs were happy that were made images to be worshipped; for their fellows, as good as they, lay for blocks behind the fire: so if we should say, as it were, unto certain words, Stand up higher, have a place in the Bible always; and to others of like quality, Get you hence, be banished for ever; we might be taxed peradventure with St. James's words, namely, to be partial in ourselves, and judges of evil thoughts. Add hereunto, that niceness in words was always counted the next step to trifling; and so was to be curious about names too; also that we cannot follow a better pattern for elocution than God Himself; therefore He using divers words in His holy writ, and indifferently for one thing in nature; we, if we will not be superstitious, may use the same liberty in our English versions out of *Hebrew* and *Greek*, for that copy or store that He hath given us.

It is possible that the varieties of renderings adopted by the older company were owing, to some extent, to the circumstance that they were divided into six different companies meeting in three different towns, and never, so far as we know, conferring together. But this does not explain the various renderings found in the same page, and their own words show that they regarded these variations as literary beauties and not as blemishes. As any one will anticipate, who is familiar with modern exegetical literature, the revisers regarded this levity in choice of words as a fault of the first magnitude; and they put themselves to the most elaborate pains to rectify it. Professor Newth has described their proceedings in his interesting 'Lectures on Revision.'

'Although the company had endeavoured throughout the whole course of its work to preserve, as far as the idiom of the English language permitted, uniformity in the rendering of the same Greek word, it had not been possible, when dealing with each passage separately, to keep in view all the other

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passages in which any particular word might be found. It was therefore felt to be desirable to reconsider the revised version with exclusive reference to this single point; and the pages of a Greek concordance were assigned in equal portions to different members of the company, who each undertook to examine every passage in which the words falling to his share might occur, and to mark if in any case unnecessary variations in the English had either been introduced or retained. The passages so noted were brought before the notice of the assembled company, and the question was in each case considered whether, without any injury to the sense, the rendering of the word under review might be harmonized with that found in other places.' *

Nothing could have been more thorough. First, the great drag net of the company catches the larger fish; and afterwards each member arms himself with a small net, and the whole pond is so completely netted that not a single minnow is permitted to escape. It may seem ungracious to find fault with those who laboured with such conscientious zeal in the public service, but we cannot help regarding this attempt at uniform rendering as one of the chief sources of the literary faults of the version. King James's revisers, by holding themselves free to use whatever word seemed most suitable to the English context, or which sounded best, gave themselves a great advantage, of which their version bears clear marks. They produced the most beautiful version of the New Testament in existence; a translation which surpasses the original; for, although the style of the Greek New Testament has beauties, it cannot be affirmed that it holds the place among Greek books which the English New Testament holds among English books. The revisers, by depriving themselves of the liberty which their predecessors enjoyed, have done something to mar the literary beauties of the work.

There are certainly not a few instances in which the harmonizing hand of the new revisers is felt to be an advantage. St. Paul especially, among the New Testament writers, frequently used a word, or a class of words, with persistence through several sentences, because he wished by the repetition of the word to give emphasis to certain ideas. When at all possible, the translator ought to bring this out in the translation. In the following passages the revisers have harmonized with advantage the language of the authorized version—

* Lectures on Bible Revision by Samuel Newth, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

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Col. ii. 9: 'In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily, and in him ye are made full.'

Rom. vii.: 'I had not known sin, except through the law; for I had not known coveting, except that the law had said, thou shalt not covet; but sin, finding occasion, wrought in me through the commandment all manner of coveting.'

2 Cor. i. 5–7: 'As the sufferings of Christ abound unto us, even so our comfort also aboundeth through Christ. But whether we be afflicted, it is for our comfort and salvation; or whether we be comforted, it is for our comfort, which worketh in the patient enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer; and our hope for you is steadfast; knowing that as ye are partakers of the sufferings, so also are ye of the comfort.'

A comparison of the above passages with the Greek and with the authorized version will show that the apostle is better represented in the new version than in the old. It is not of such changes we complain, but of changes by which familiar and well-fitting words have been displaced to make room for words which do not fit well at all, in compliance with the anxious desire for uniformity. To give an example, the words of Simeon, Luke ii. 32, part of the *Nunc dimittis*, and having therefore a special claim to consideration, are altered into, 'A light for revelation to the Gentiles.' This is not a whit more faithful than the beautiful words of the authorized version, 'A light to lighten the Gentiles,' a rendering which came from Tyndale, and which has been adopted by every version with the exception of the Reims' version, which has the same rendering as the revisers. The object of the change was to translate *ἀποκάλυψις* by revelation, because it is elsewhere so rendered.

Another instance of the needless spoiling of the authorized version is to be found in the new rendering of 1 Peter ii. 4, which is doubly injured by the rejection of the 'harmless archaism' 'disallowed,' and by the substitution of 'elect' for 'chosen.' The old version runs, 'To whom, coming as unto a living stone, disallowed indeed of men, but chosen of God, and precious.' For this the new, but here we think the inferior, version substitutes, 'Unto whom coming, a living stone, rejected indeed of men, but with God elect, precious.'

At the root of this wish to secure uniformity of rendering, there is the erroneous notion that the New Testament writers, who wrote in popular speech and for the people, had given to their language that exactness of phraseology, and had observed the strict adherence to the same word,

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when speaking of the same thing, which is to be found in the pages of scientific and philosophical writers. This idea, which some modern commentators have carried to such an extent as sadly to injure the freedom and naturalness of the New Testament speech, has evidently influenced the revisers.

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Matt. xviii. 3 appears in the revised version as, 'Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven!' Although the word 'converted' has become unfortunately too much specialized in our religious phraseology, it seems doubtful wisdom to abandon a word which has so much moral meaning and impressiveness for the unimpressive word 'turn.' 'Repentance' might have been abandoned for the same reason. Like every one else, we regret to lose 'charity' from the 13th chapter of the 1st epistle to the Corinthians. Rightly or wrongly it got a place there, and by means of its place has gained a position in English literature and in the affections of Englishmen from which it cannot be dislodged. We are glad that the revisers have not removed the word 'Comforter' from the 14th chapter of St. John, although they have rightly placed the more accurate renderings, Advocate and Helper, on the margin.*

The revisers occasionally manifest a certain helplessness in finding a well-fitting expression to supersede anything that is amiss in the old version. Their English resources seems to have been less considerable than their Greek; but this should hardly have been so as the translations of the Master of Balliol, and of Mr. Church and Mr. Brodripp, show that the art of translation is not a lost art in England. Perhaps the fitting word and felicitous expression occur less readily to the large company than to the solitary student, although a large company make good critics. It was a sagacious saying of Purvey, in his 'Prologue to the Wycliffite Bible,' that one should translate 'as clearly as he could to the sentence, and have many good fellows and cunning at the correcting of the translation.' To give one or two illustrations of what we mean, John i. 30, 'A man which is preferred before me' is perhaps a paraphrase, but is better than the helpless and almost unmeaning literalism, 'A man which is become before me.' The familiar passage, John v. 35, 'He was a burning and a shining light,' gives place to,

* Comforter has in its derivation the meaning of Strengthener. This is the meaning of *confortans* in the Vulgate, and this was, perhaps, the meaning attached to Comforter by the revisers of 1611.

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'He was the lamp that burneth and shineth.' Professor Newth probably gives the reason of revisers for making the change when he writes: 'It gives an entirely wrong impression of the passage. As thus read it sets forth the pre-eminence of John, whereas its true import is to emphasize the subordinate nature of his office and work. Christ, as stated in the first chapter of this gospel, was "the light." In comparison with Him, John was a lamp which, in order that it may give light, must first be kindled from some other source. He was the lamp which is kindled, and (so) shineth.' But will the English reader gather all this from the lame and ungainly literalism of the revisers? 'The fulness' of Col. i. 19 will hardly suggest to the English reader what the revisers mean it shall.

The chief weakness of the revisers throughout has been a want of popular sympathies and of a sufficiently quick perception of what would not perplex plain people. A certain want of tenderness to the subtle rhythm and beautiful cadences of the English Bible, and a forgetfulness that a slight change may spoil an entire sentence, may be also noted. This may be partly imagination on our own part, and may arise from the familiarity of our ear with the former version. If the very excellent revision of the Westminster revisers were now to be handed over, first, to a committee of sensible country ministers, who would point out what expressions are likely to perplex the 'plough boys' for whom Tyndale wrote his New Testament, and were afterwards submitted to a committee of pure men of letters for their suggestions, we should probably get a perfect revision of the New Testament.

It is almost impossible in a critical paper to avoid dwelling mainly on the demerits rather than on the merits of a book. Our business here has been criticism and not panegyric, and we have said little of numerous improvements made by the revisers; but we cannot close without again expressing our sense of the high value of this version, which is an honour to the scholarship of our time, and a gift of real value to the Christian Church. The marginal notes will be found to be a mine of information, and will be helpful to the student of the Greek Testament as well as to the English reader. Whether this revision becomes, as its predecessor did, the New Testament of England for a long period, or is soon superseded by another, we feel sure that the English New Testament will always continue to bear many marks of the painstaking hand of the revisers of 1881.

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Art. VI.—*The French Republic.*

(1) *Restauration de la Légitimité et de ses Alliés.* Par E. Littré. Paris, 1878.
(2) *Origine et Chute du Second Empire.* Par Jules Simon. Paris, 1874.
(3) *Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale.* Par Jules Favre. Paris, 1875.
(4) *Grandeur ou Déclin de la France. Questions des années* 1874 *et* 1875. Par Émile de Girardin. Paris, 1876.
(5) *L'Élu du IX^e^ Arrondissement. Questions de l'année* 1877. Par Emile de Girardin. Paris, 1878.

'Guided by Providence more visibly than any other nation, France has been specially chosen to resolve revolutionary questions. France is that sacred mount whence the Eternal issues in thunder His commands to the world: France is the Sinai of Providence.'* In this sublime flight of grandiloquence, reaching almost to the ridiculous, there is claimed for France, not only the foremost place in the agitation of revolutionary questions, but—inferentially at least—a decisive influence in moulding those great changes which are acknowledged as epochs in European progress. The latter assumption may be questioned, but the former, so far from being an empty boast, may fairly claim to rest upon a basis of facts stretching over a century of history.

Countless have been the attempts to describe and criticize the political convulsions of that century. However dissimilar in character, they at least present us with many unquestionable conclusions of a broad, general character. It has been shown that the Revolution of 1789 was a natural product of the unbridled and ruinous despotism consummated by Louis Quatorze, and of that despicable government which, in the name of Louis Quinze, trampled upon the honour and interests of France. It has been shown that the Revolution, swayed by political ignorance and a motley host of passions, though fully capable of destroying institutions which had cost ages to build up, had no capacity, or even settled desire, to construct a stable government; and that the rapidly succeeding violent changes which were imparted to the form and spirit of the Republic were infallibly hurrying her into the arms of a military dictator. It has been shown that the First Empire was brought to a close by the selfish and sanguinary ambition

* 'La Révolution et l'Ordre Chrétien.' Par Auguste Nicolas. Paris, 1873.

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of Napoleon, by the rapidly exhaustive action of a pitiless conscription, and by the intolerable weight of the material burdens heaped upon an infatuated nation. It has been shown that the Restoration was compromised by its most ardent friends—that 'Legitimacy' ruined the legitimate monarchy.' It has been shown that Louis Philippe, wilfully blind to the limited nature of the power he had been able to snatch from the Revolution of the Barricades, spent eighteen years in a hazardous pursuit of personal government. It has been shown that the Second Republic, assailed from its birth by the vague but profoundly agitating forces of socialism, proved to be a mere stormy transition from a liberal government amenable to parliamentary control, to a democratic despotism founded upon what was termed a *plébiscite*, that is to say, upon universal suffrage manipulated and directed by a single will. The Second Empire, like the First, 'began with a crime and ended with an invasion.' It derived its chief support from the peasantry, who feared the old Monarchy because it seemed to foreshadow the revival of claims which would imperil the existing tenure of land; and who feared the Republic because it, too, seemed disposed to threaten unpalatable claims. But the Empire contained elements of danger far more formidable. True, it might, whilst trampling upon the political liberties of the people, guarantee the social conquests of the Republic; but, like its predecessor, though in a less peremptory attitude, it was ever a menace to the peace of Europe; and it made the welfare of France, in the widest acceptation of that term, subordinate to personal and dynastic interests. Fortunately it possessed few elements of durability. In spite of all its apparently successful appeals to the opinions and passions of the people, it showed a consciousness of its weakness—at least in a despotic form—even at the time when it had reached the most promising point in its career. In 1857, the apparition of an Opposition which counted five members broke the unanimity of subserviency which had previously characterized the Corps Législatif: it was the first faintly audible protest against absolutism. In 1860, certain privileges tending to give voice, if not substance, were granted to the Chamber. The general election in 1863 increased the number and ardour of the Opposition; and, in 1867, additional concessions were granted to the spirit of liberty. The culminating point in this rapid transformation of the Empire was reached at the end of 1869, when M. Ollivier was commissioned to inaugurate a liberal *régime*. These spasmodic attempts on the part of Despotism to inhale

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the bracing atmosphere of freedom were mere illusions born of weakness, vacillation, and a consciousness of rapidly waning popularity; for there was no consistent, and certainly there could be no sincere, agreement between gross Cæsarism and Parliamentary institutions. Spurred, however, by its waning fortunes, the Empire had entered upon an ungenial course, retreat from which was found to be increasingly difficult; whilst a perpetual backward glance—an 'obstinacy in indecision,' as Ollivier calls it—added to its weakness and embarrassment. It had also been rudely smitten by the battle of Sadowa. 'Your prestige,' says the Queen of Holland, in a letter addressed to the Emperor on the 18th of July, 1866, 'Your prestige has diminished more during the last fortnight than through all the preceding years of your reign.' 'That child,' said the Empress, pointing to her son, 'will never reign if nothing be done to efface Sadowa.' War seemed the only possible escape from two formidable embarrassments. Conscious that recovered prestige would restore his power, the Emperor might, in reference to promised political reforms, echo the words which his uncle had muttered while signing the *Acte additionnel*—'Nous verrons après la victoire.'

Responsibility for a disastrous war often rests upon a shifty foundation. In the present case, every party, except that which embodies what may be termed the Legitimists of Imperialism, has attempted to shake the weight from off its shoulders. The Emperor cannot, of course, be exonerated from responsibility; but the responsibility of his will is less clear. He strongly asserted to the King of Prussia his unwillingness to plunge into hostilities, an assertion which is supported by numerous indirect, and not a few direct, proofs. At all events, it seems but fair to admit that it was far less the Emperor than the Empire that clamoured for war. France herself is not, indeed, without stain in this matter; for assuredly she showed many signs of alacrity to follow in the wake of the Empire.

In material resources, a fair equality subsisted between the belligerent forces: the obvious disproportion was in preparedness and in skilful generalship; whilst in the moral aspects of of the contest the disparity was yet more glaring. Launched with a shout of confident levity, the hazardous and criminal venture in search of means to re-endow despotism with its pristine vigour rapidly foundered. It was Despair appealing to Hazard, the stake being an Empire—an Empire that, only a few months before, a *plébiscite* had reaffirmed upon the apparently solid basis of 7,000,000 yeas!

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By the ignominious nature of its exit, the Empire had rendered its immediate resurrection a hopeless contingency. That the Republic should lay claim to the vacant position—a position from which it had formerly been expelled by the treacherous manœuvres of the now fallen Emperor—was both just and, under the circumstances, scarcely evitable. The mode of transference, however, has been severely criticized. There can be little doubt that Napoleon the Third, by surrendering his sword into the hands of the King of Prussia after the battle of Sedan, virtually surrendered the government of France into the hands of the Corps Législatif, the only remaining legally constituted authority, for the Regency was but a name. To the Chamber, therefore, were addressed appeals urging it to take some definite and decided course which should leave no excuse for action to the fomenters of insurrection. But the Corps Législatif could not yet realize the fact that the grasp of the dead Empire had relaxed its hold. On the 4th of September, whilst the mob was thundering at its doors, the inconsistency of timidity determined it to refer all propositions for the immediate government of the country to the tardy judgment of a Committee. Among the pressing proposals made to it was one presented by M. Thiers, and supported by forty-seven other deputies. It was expressed in the following terms:—'Vu les circonstances, la Chambre nomme une commission de Gouvernement et de défense nationale.' 'Une Constituante sera convoquée dès que les circonstances le permettront.' This motion, which differed but little from that formulated by the Republican deputies, was not adopted, time was lost, and anarchy was already afoot. The situation was critical. In presence of the hesitation of the Corps Législatif, the proclamation of the Republic became inevitable. The all-important question demanding instant answer was, On whom should the responsibility for that act rest? The choice lay between a frantic populace and the minority of the Chamber. Fortunately for France the latter assumed the initiative. But though the Republic was proclaimed, it was not imposed upon the nation as a definitive *régime*. The distinctive title chosen by those who had caught the reigns of power whilst slipping from the hands of an Assembly paralyzed by conflicting fears and interests, and that preserved them from falling into the grasp of those who, in a very summary manner, would have imposed upon France the destructive yoke of the Commune, was of a temporary character, solely indicated a pressing necessity—'Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale.'

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The new Government, characterized by M. Guizot as being 'neither revolutionary nor reactionary,'* was presided over by General Trochu, and composed chiefly of the Republican Deputies for Paris. It has been censured for not immediately convoking a Constituent Assembly. This imputation is amply refuted by the acts of the Government. In presence of the terrible crisis through which the country was passing, the expediency, nay, the practicability, of obtaining a faithful representation of the political views of the nation was doubtful. How, for instance, could the twenty-six departments in immediate contact with the enemy be able, even if willing, to respond to such an appeal? The national thought was forcibly driven into one channel from which no unrelated subject was likely appreciably to drive it. Besides, was it probable that such a highly important decree, issuing from a Government improvised but yesterday, and wielding a very doubtful and unstable authority, would meet with the obedient acquiescence which its nature so imperatively demanded? Under such circumstances a little delay was pardonable. The error which, in spite of the most palpable condemnatory facts, the Government, in common with the nation itself, obstinately cherished, was the supposition that a prolongation of the war could retrieve, at least partially, the military disasters which weighed so heavily on the national pride. No doubt the exaltation of despair was there; but it was mainly the obstinacy of wounded vanity clamouring for revenge at any cost. Concurrently with the war frenzy, which for a brief season aggravated the deplorable condition of France, there existed on the part of the Government a wise anxiety to summon a Constituent Assembly. A decree to that effect appeared on the 15th of September, and on the 18th M. Jules Favre, Minister for Foreign Affairs, sought an interview at Ferrières with the Prussian Chancellor to negotiate terms of peace, or, at all events, the necessary preliminary to a general election—an Armistice. But France and Prussia, as represented at Ferrières, failed to arrive at the moderate level where agreement was possible. The exaggerated patriotism, and possibly the exceptional feelings of distrust, animating the negotiators, confined concession within unacceptable limits. A similar mission undertaken at the end of October by M. Thiers proved equally barren of results. In the meantime the enemy had reached the gates of Paris, and made it expedient that the Government should have a second centre of authority at Tours. But the disastrous current of events

* M. Guizot à les Membres du Gouvernement de la Défense Nationale.

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still flowing on unchecked rapidly cooled the war fever, and disposed the national spirit to yearn for peace. A change so perfectly in accordance with the hard facts of the situation was soon detected; an armistice rapidly followed, and on the 8th of February, 1871, a general election enabled France to give determinate expression to the yearning. The Assembly thus called into existence met at Bordeaux, chose M. Grévy as its President, and nominated M. Thiers 'chef du pouvoir exécutif de la République Française;' an appellation which, on the 31st of August, was, in accordance with the *Proposition* Rivet, supplanted by the more general and important title, 'Président de la République Française.'

This Assembly, in reference to the legitimate extent of its powers, its special attributes, and its general character, has been the subject of many and bitter controversies. It was convoked by a decree which, hastily formulated, prescribed neither its powers nor its duration. Its palpably direct mission was to pronounce the verdict of France in reference to the war; and that mission was so immediately all-absorbing that it overshadowed, or rather displaced, all allusion to the powers and functions usually belonging to a political assembly. Left in doubt as to the limits of its authority, the Assembly, in the preamble to the laws relating to the organization of the executive power, assumed a constituent character. It alleged many specious reasons to justify this assumption; but the special and temporary purpose for which it was convened gives considerable consistency and force to the wide dissent that greeted such a high-handed proceeding. That France attached little political significance to the elections may be inferred from the fact that only 5,500,000 votes—barely representing half the number of registered electors—were recorded. At that critical conjuncture men of peace and of local consideration were generally esteemed more eligible as representatives than popular politicians. There existed, indeed, in presence of the warlike ardour displayed by the chief members of the Government, a positive reluctance to elect Republicans. Under such exceptional circumstances it is not at all surprising that the Assembly contained a far greater number of Royalists than was justly due to the actual political influence of the Royalist party. It could not, therefore, be regarded as a fairly accurate representation of the political sentiments of the French people. And this was fortunate. In the ears of the representative of the Empire, the execrations of the French nation were yet ringing: to the popular mind, the old

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Monarchy presented a portentous aspect, inspiring a vague and mysterious fear—a fear which tradition, in numerous more or less exaggerated forms, had planted there. Nothing remained but the Republic. A *political* election would have called into being, as was proved in 1876, an Assembly containing a large Republican majority. Supreme, the Republic of 1871 would probably have been a mere resurrection of the Republic of 1848, and, inspired by the old fanatical spirit of change, would have hurried France, through a series of wild experiments, to the brink of destruction. Thanks to the doubtful political character imparted to the elections, the Republic possessed during six years little more than a nominal existence. The numerous groups into which the Assembly was divided tended to keep it in a state of equilibrium. Profoundly antagonistic, these groups, by forming temporary coalitions, created majorities which, powerless to conquer exclusive advantages for any one of the coalesced parties, served to curb, steady, and chasten the Republic.

To render this state of political neutrality as perfect as possible, the majority of the Chamber hit upon a device known as the 'Pacte de Bordeaux'—an attempt to fashion Provisionalism into a system of government. By that Pact, power was chiefly divided between the Assembly and the President of the Republic. It was based upon an elaborately manœuvred combination of contrarieties. Even between its two chief components there existed in reality a profound antagonism. By his greatest enemies, the President of the Republic could not be accused of double dealing. His patriotism and sincerity were beyond suspicion. On the other hand, the majority of the Chamber exhibited a character entirely destitute of those qualities. No protestations of patriotism and of devotion to order could disguise the fact that it represented a hugh combination of inextricable party intrigues, and of perfectly defined antagonistic party interests. Its unity of action was achieved through the temporary abnegation of certain distinctive views held by each of its constituent members. Its hearty accord was confined solely to one object—the thwarting of any proposed measure which might tend to consolidate the Republic. It presented the Legitimist, the Orleanist, and the Imperialist, each flourishing his flag, and each fostering in his heart implacable hatred towards his temporary coadjutors. To style such a motley combination a Government was a gross mockery. It was never intended to act but to wait. There was little cause for surprise, therefore, that a statesman so single-minded and

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earnest as M. Thiers, involved in such a network of animosities, should very soon suffer intolerable mental disquietude, and become restive. His political preferences were towards Constitutional Monarchy, but he saw that the chances of success at present vouchsafed to that form of government were nearly as remote as the probability awaiting the restoration of its rivals; and he was not one to allow any favoured political ideal to stand in the way of the obvious duty he owed to his country. He was perfectly sincere when he declared the Republic to be 'le gouvernement qui nous divise le moins.' No doubt this opinion gained strength after his accession to the Presidency, though it never entirely overshadowed in his mind the Pact of Bordeaux. On the other hand, the members of the Right, even among themselves, rarely acted loyally towards that Pact; and they contrived not only to render it a dead letter to the Republicans, but unceasingly to use it as a weapon against the Republic.

More numerous and influential than either the Orleanists or Imperialists, the Legitimists were the most confident. The Orleanists advanced few pretensions, and for the most part showed more discretion than energy. The Imperialists were less reserved. They presumed to represent the sovereignty of the people; but it was a sovereignty under tutelage, and therefore a mere fiction. Their claims to monarchical sovereignty, in the full dogmatic acceptation of that term, was a grotesque assumption; and surely they could hardly venture to stand forth as the representatives of victorious Cæsarism! The Legitimists, on the contrary, were no pretenders, no usurpers; they were the true disciples of the hereditary monarchical principle in all its rigid purity. But to what part of the old Monarchy, with its *Parlement*, its *Remontrances*, its *Lits de Justice*, could the slightest vitality be imparted? The whole was little more than an historic remembrance, rapidly following the footsteps of Feudality. In France, any attempt to remount the stream of time in a political direction would have little or no chance of success; but it must be admitted that the Legitimists—unlike the other so-called Conservative parties—made no fictitious or even doubtful claims: their error was in presenting those claims in an impracticable form.

Throughout his numerous manifestoes issued in 1871 and 1872, and in his famous letter which appeared on the 22nd of October, 1873, the Comte de Chambord expressly declares his determination to subordinate his worldly interests, both immediate and prospective, to that doctrine of 'right divine'

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by which he has ever been implicitly guided. Though this unqualified deference to an obsolete political dogma—to a fiction which has lost its quickening power, and has become a mere phantom of the past—partakes far too much of unreasoning prejudice, it nevertheless contains a loftiness of feeling which, in these latter days, is very rarely attained. Then, again, it may sneeringly be regarded as an act of fatuity—a mere fetich worship—to bow before a Flag, and erect it as a symbol of destiny; but at least it stands forth in bright contrast to the adoration of gross ambition, and of yet grosser mammon, to which the world is generally addicted. The Comte de Chambord has destroyed the faintest chance of becoming King of France: he has signed his abdication: he has wrecked the hopes of his followers, and probably of the Legitimist cause itself: he has passed into the domain of history in the folds, as it were, of his flag: but, for such rare devotion to principle, he has assuredly earned the respect of all whose opinion is of value.

The Legitimist party, however, was not disposed to follow dutifully in the footsteps of its self-sacrificing chief; but, with obstinate pertinacity, continued to pursue schemes opposed alike to the determination of the Comte de Chambord and to the wishes of France. More noisy and unjustifiably assertive than those of the Legitimists, the plots of the Imperialists were equally barren of favourable signs. As to the Orleanists, their boldest essays at plotting rarely advanced beyond a few timid whispers; the only determinate action upon which they ventured being an acquiescence in what was termed the 'Fusion,' which subordinated the claims of the younger to those of the elder branch of the House of Bourbon; whilst the Republicans, with a self-restraining power that astonished the world, not only confined their opposition within strictly legal limits, but shrewdly interposed no barrier to the headlong stream of folly which was hurrying their opponents to destruction. Placed as a guiding power in the very centre of the coalescing yet intrinsically antagonistic factions of the Majority, M. Thiers soon perceived the full extent of their inherent incapacity, and the impossibility of effecting any durable concert between them. He felt and declared that the Republic presented the only harbour of safety for France. In his memorable message at the opening of the short and stormy session of the Chamber in November, 1872, he says: 'The Republic exists, it is the legal Government of the country; to wish for anything else would be to desire another revolution, and that the most

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terrible of all.' This message hurried towards explosion the disagreements which for some time had been visibly gathering between the President of the Republic and the Right. On the motion of M. de Kerdrel, a Commission consisting of fifteen members was appointed to examine the Message. To this duty the Fifteen did not confine themselves; but, in place of the reforms shadowed forth in the Message, proposed a Parliamentary Commission, to prepare a law defining ministerial responsibility, a proposition designed to arm the Right against the President and his Ministers. The work of the Fifteen was presented to the Chamber by its chief designer, M. Batbie. It was a confused production, containing much apparent consideration for M. Thiers; but its entire scope and aim were summed up in an energetic recommendation to form a 'Gouvernement de Combat.' As a counter movement to this aggressive act of the Right, the Ministry, through its chief member, M. Dufaure, moved that a Parliamentary Commission consisting of thirty members should be appointed to prepare a law, not only to determine the conditions of ministerial responsibility, but to define the attributes of other important public powers. This motion was carried by a small majority. Instituted on the 29th of October, 1872, the Commission of Thirty, after toiling assiduously until the end of February, 1873, laid before the Assembly, through the medium of its reporter, M. de Broglie, the products of its labours. A measure founded on the work thus tardily brought to a close was passed by the Assembly on the 13th of March. The most important clauses of this measure were the confirmation of the constituent powers of the Assembly, and, in place of the *Constitution Rivet*, the institution of certain regulations which would tend very materially to cripple the power and action of M. Thiers. To effect the latter of these objects had been to the majority of the Commission, who were nominees of the Right, of primary importance. The President of the Republic could not but resent such jealous restrictions to the scope of his authority. Often had there occurred divergences of opinion between him and the Majority, and on several occasions he had, somewhat hastily, perhaps, threatened to resign. But the irksomeness of his position had now reached a point at which resignation became not only justifiable but almost imperative. The Right had conclusively proved, through the spirit and work of the Commission of Thirty, that it had cast aside all hesitation in reference to its dealings with the President of the Republic. The monarchical spirit by which it was animated naturally

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inspired a dread of the consequences to which the rapidly increasing Republican tendencies of M. Thiers might lead. But that spirit had always exercised nearly as potent a sway over the Chief of the State as over themselves. The difference which determined the course taken by each consisted in the fact that M. Thiers was loyal to France, whilst the Right was but loyal to a party.

One of the latest ostensible causes which led to the resignation of M. Thiers on the 24th of May, 1873, was the success of the ultra-Republican candidates for Marseilles, Lyons, and especially of the Radical, M. Barodet, for Paris. It was taken for granted by the Right that such elections proved that France was in need of protective guidance; though it could hardly be pretended that she had hinted at such a need, or had shown even the slightest symptom of fear. Another more immediately exciting cause was an intimation by the Minister of Justice, M. Dufaure,—a Republican of the most conservative type,—that the Cabinet considered it inexpedient to prolong the existing provisional political state, and that the Republic should be acknowledged as the established form of government. This caused a crisis, which terminated in the triumph of the Right. M. Thiers yielded to the perverse and impolitic spirit opposed to him, and resigned a position for which, in nearly all respects, he was eminently well fitted. Thus the Monarchical factions, incautiously hurried, either by an obsolete political faith, or by gross personal interests, towards 'Restorations' which had left few pleasant remembrances in the mind of the nation, wantonly deprived themselves of the services of the only statesman fully qualified to give a truly conservative direction to the political current. Strange infatuation, inconsistency, and ingratitude! It seems hardly credible that politicians, not bereft of common sense, should thus snatch the helm of State from the elected of twenty-six departments; from the man who, on the 5th of September, 1872, was proclaimed by the National Assembly to have 'bien mérité de la patrie;' from the man who, with single-minded devotion, had assiduously laboured for the salvation of France, with results which had marvellously corresponded with the intents; from the man who had brought to a signally successful issue arduous and delicate negotiations with a victorious neighbouring nation, and at the same time, under exceptionally difficult circumstances, had secured the internal tranquillity of his country.

The resignation of M. Thiers may be said to close the first

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stage in the career of the Republic. It was a stage of sore trial. Long and doubtfully, under neutral colours, had the Republic to battle for the recognition even of its name. After many irritating controversies, its existence was at length tolerated as a convenient temporary expedient to bar the ingress of anarchy, and to keep the course free for the advent of the Legitimate Monarchy. It was invoked as being a Government suited to difficult times, tantamount to anonymous, and well adapted to the manœuvres of all parties. Amidst such imminent danger and supreme contempt it bore itself with laudable resignation. No doubt it winced occasionally, but always with wariness. The marvellous caution which it exhibited was as embarrassing to its enemies as it was unexpected and reassuring to its friends; for in no former state of existence had the Republic ever shown that it possessed the quality of prudence, much less a systematic power of self-control. To these novel manifestations of character it owed in great part its ability to escape the dangers incident to a precarious position, and to enlist in its service the powerful support of M. Thiers. That the erewhile ardent advocate of Constitutional Monarchy, the Minister who had occupied so prominent a position in the Government of Louis Philippe, should proffer countenance and aid to the tottering Republic was, indeed, a reassuring sign of widespread significance: it appeased the fears of the timid, gave confidence to the moderate, and rallied to the standard of the Republic the doubtful adherents of all political parties. For the nature of that support was well known: it was distinctly presented in words forming part of the Presidential Message in 1872: 'La République sera conservatrice ou elle ne sera pas.' So potent to sway opinion was the example thus set by the man who, for half a century, had occupied a prominent place in the political arena of French politics,—ever battling, on the one hand, against the advocates of a reactionary policy, and, on the other, against the fanaticism of liberalism,—that it is hardly assuming too much to regard M. Thiers as the founder of the Third Republic.

During this weak stage in the career of the Republic, the Legitimists were afforded an opportunity for the restoration of their cherished *régime* more propitious than any that had presented itself since the fall of Charles the Tenth. Their attention, however, was so captivated by the attractions of the situation that many grave difficulties were overlooked or despised. 'Perish France rather than royalty! formed,' according to M. Girardin, 'the basis of their thoughts and

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actions.' This, in exaggerated language, implies that their overstrained fidelity to principle, however worthy of respect from certain points of view, blinded them to the impolicy and injustice of refusing to acknowledge the fairly admissible claims of many modern innovations in politics and sociology. Such a rigid devotion to Legitimacy in its entirety sacrificed the Legitimate cause to a mere sentiment. In a manifesto issued by the Counte de Chambord in 1871, this feeling is embodied in its most uncompromising form. Thus was an accidental moment of bright promise obscured and lost by the perverse obtrusion of unwise scruples; whilst the future in its most probable aspects gives no promise of yielding such another.

In choosing a mere soldier to fill the eminently political office left vacant by an illustrious statesman, the parties included in the Right were satisfied that he would maintain 'order;' that is to say, suppress, and perhaps use in the interest of some form of Restoration, any physical outbreak of Republican impatience. They were satisfied that at least a tacit understanding existed between them and Marshal Mac-Mahon, that the latter would be guided in his political course by their acknowledged leaders; and there was secretly entertained by each faction a not altogether vague hope that the Marshal might be induced to favour the pretender to whom it had sworn allegiance, and for whose accession to power it was willing to sacrifice any conflicting political inclination of France. It is very probable that this secret expectation decided the choice of the temporarily united members of the Right.

The Marshal, like most soldiers, is a conservative; but he has shown no very definite—certainly no obtrusive—political preference. In familiar conversation with a friend, he is reported to have said: 'This is how it is: I belong by my family to the old Monarchy, by my career to the July Monarchy and to the Empire; and now, you see, I am obliged by duty to aid in establishing a *régime* for which I have no great love.' That he is, in every sense of the term, a Legitimist, as M. de Girardin asserts, is an opinion which appears much too exclusive. If he permits his sentiments, in deference to hereditary claims, to hover round the Legitimist cause, his gratitude is due to the fallen Empire. He has few strong feelings, and they are never surcharged with enthusiasm. That he is an honourable man is unquestionable; but that he is an honest politician is not so unhesitatingly defined. To his timidity and awkwardness in

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the region of politics, and to his want of cordial intimacy with politicians, may charitably be attributed this doubtful aspect of his political conscientiousness. He is fully conversant with military etiquette, but he seems never to have studied with attention the code of political honour.

Directive political power, which had hitherto been exercised by the President of the Republic, passed in nearly its entirety to the Right of the Assembly. This power was mainly delegated to the Duc de Broglie, who, by education and association, is a Constitutionalist. But the Duke has little respect for Constitutionalism except in a Monarchical form; he cannot stoop to recognize it when associated with Republicanism; in that guise it becomes Radicalism, and subversive of 'order.' He places Monarchy before Liberty. Hence his apparently anomalous leadership of the partisans of Despotism.

As Vice-President of the Council, M. de Broglie soon found that the heterogeneous elements of the Majority which had combined to overthrow M. Thiers were, for the work necessarily devolving upon the Government, little amenable to control. The perversities, the prejudices, the passions of parties disconcerted the most carefully devised movements. The law, passed on the 20th of November, 1873, relating to the Septennate, encountered obstinate resistance from the Imperialists. But M. Rouher vainly contended against an Act which, in presence of the impracticable principles publicly announced by the Comte de Chambord, suited the Fabian policy of the Legitimists. It was carried by the aid of the conservative Republicans; for it was obvious that a great gain would accrue to the Republic if its existence, under any form, were legally prolonged to seven years. Then immediately followed the nomination of a Commission of Thirty to organize the Septennate, and to prepare the Constitutional Laws. In this Commission, as in the Assembly itself, disagreement was sharply defined. The Republican minority sincerely desired to fulfil the mission assigned to it; but the majority, who regarded the Septennate merely as a 'preface to the monarchy,' studiously laboured to impede the work of the Commission. Ruling its action, they perverted its course into innumerable byways, led it into labyrinths of interminable discussion, and checked its progress at every turn, until the nation, and even the Assembly itself, became impatient, and forced them to accept decisive guidance. How, indeed, could they, who openly paraded their monarchical preferences, be expected to further the enactment of any measure which would tend to consolidate the Republic? The

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occurrence of unexpected difficulties had, no doubt, somewhat modified their lofty pretensions, but had failed to lessen their persistent opposition to the Republic. From the unconditional restoration of the old Monarchy with its White Flag, the 'Fusion' had gradually descended to a comparatively modest constitutional position compatible with the acceptance of the flag of the Revolution, and of institutions which the Chamber might propose to the future Henry the Fifth. Assuming, however, that the Comte de Chambord had fully acquiesced in such concessions, it was now too late. But the Legitimists obstinately ignored the fiat of their chief, opposed the strong current of public opinion, and defied the plainest dictates of prudence. Their aspirations, therefore, ever running counter to their prescribed duty as members of the Commission, it is not surprising that, as the months glided on, little progress was made save in angry discussion. But eventually the necessities of the situation, and the fear of Imperialist schemes, appealed successfully to those members of the Right Centre whose common sense still retained a wholesome control over their political preferences; and they entered the path of concession by timidly accepting a proposition, admirably drawn up by M. Wallon, defining the Septennate. That proposition was carried by a majority of *one*. The importance of the vote was clearly shown by the unbounded wrath it occasioned both to the Legitimists and to the Bonapartists. But the influence of the extreme Monarchical factions was on the decline. The Right Centre had decided, in a republican sense, an important question. Retreat would now avail them little, and the inconsistency of rejoining the ranks of obstruction retained them in the path of moderation. Besides, they gave some credence to M. Wallon's assertion that 'the object of the Commission was to organize the provisional.' Hesitation was cast aside, and the construction of the governmental edifice progressed rapidly. The Constitutional Laws were passed by increasing majorities; and, finally, on the 25th February, 1875, by 425 votes to 254, the Republican Constitution in its present form was established.

A majority of the Assembly had imparted what was thought to be substance to the Republic; but, in presence of the monarchical regrets which yet possessed many among that majority, it was substance hardly distinguishable from shadow. Fortunately for the Republic, those regrets were not fortified by the spirit of identity, but were separated by conspicuously conflicting aspirations. The Duc de Broglie, for instance, was

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an able representative of the Right, yet he stood aloof from the Commission of Thirty, though that body was chiefly composed of conservatives. Of late years he has assumed a position which, to say the least, is equivocal. The last time M. Thiers, as President of the Republic, addressed the Assembly, he turned to M. de Broglie, and, with merited yet regretful asperity, reproached him for having accepted the leadership of parties from whose alliance in any form his father, the illustrious Duc de Broglie, would have recoiled with abhorrence. In truth, the present Duc de Broglie is far less devoted to his political principles than to his political tastes. His *beau idéal* of liberty is fashioned in an aristocratic mould. His opposition to the Empire was determined and consistent; his opposition to the Republic is equally bitter, but, in a political aspect, utterly inconsistent. Owing to the absence of concord between him and the Thirty, he had, some weeks before the passing of the Republican Constitution, placed his resignation in the hands of the Marshal-President; but, in presence of the critical state of public affairs, its acceptance was deferred until the 11th of March, when, after many abortive negotiations, the Marshal induced M. Buffet to form a Ministry.

There was little dissimilarity between the late Vice-president of the Council and his successor. The former loved liberty only when allied to royalty; the latter would not tolerate liberty unless it were controlled and trammelled by 'order' so stringent as to be nearly akin to tyranny: his conservatism overshadowed, if it did not extinguish, freedom.

The birth of the new Constitution necessarily implied the dissolution of the Assembly which had been elected in 1871—an Assembly in which indecision and dissension had reigned supreme; an Assembly that, bewildered by the broadly marked variety of its wishes, ever feared to give full scope to its power; an Assembly very imperfectly representing French political opinion, yet, with characteristic inconsistency, responding to that opinion by contributing to found the Republic.

The Chamber of Deputies, issue of the general election which had taken place on the 20th of February, 1876, presented a marked difference to the old Assembly, in the all-important fact that the majority instead of remaining with the Right crowded to the Left. The Senate also, which had been in great part elected on the 30th of January, showed a willingness to accept the Republic. The chief immediate effect of this change in the direction of political power was to

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overthrow the Buffet Ministry: the wishes of the nation were otherwise little heeded amidst the clamours of warring factions. It was by no means surprising, indeed, that, under the supreme irritation caused by the result of the elections, the spirit of Party, then in the plenitude of a strength pampered through many years, should show no sign of abatement when the mild and equitable sway of M. Dufaure had succeeded to the intolerant and grossly partial rule of M. Buffet. And yet it would be difficult to find, at any period of French history, a statesman better qualified than M. Dufaure to assuage the animosities of parties. His rare moderation, long experience, and perfect disinterestedness, admirably fitted him to guide the Republic in its then passion-stirred condition. But recent events seemed to have banished even the ghost of conciliation from the haunts in the Assembly where it had hitherto palely lingered. M. Dufaure was too liberal for the Right, too conservative for the Left. The veiled opposition which he encountered from those who professed to support the new *régime* was utterly indefensible, wanton, and impolitic. Intoxicated with success, the Republicans failed to perceive that moderation, wielded with the authority and eloquence of M. Dufaure, would be the best check to all assaults upon the young and yet unstable Republic. On this occasion the prudence which had so admirably served them since 1870 was absent: the old impracticable spirit seemed again to inspire them. To this irritating and grossly injudicious opposition, M. Dufaure, on the 2nd of December, 1876, succumbed; and on the 12th M. Jules Simon accepted the vacant place in the Cabinet. To him a less adverse spirit was shown, mainly because the tone of his republicanism was somewhat less conservative than that of his predecessor. The current of Republican restlessness, however, was too strong to remain satisfied with the supposed advance thus achieved: it still chafed against many prudential restraints to its progress. The new Ministry soon found that it could rely with no certainty upon the consistent and steady support of the Left; whilst the members of the Right, exasperated and alarmed at the increasingly untoward drift which political affairs were taking, determined to make a supreme effort to recover their lost supremacy. They perversely refused to admit that they had squandered on unessentials the only moment which had presented itself favourable to their cause; and that, under existing circumstances, it would best beseem them, for the repose of France, and indeed for the future of their own cherished *régime*, to

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adopt an attitude of mere expectancy. The extreme imprudence of the course which commended itself to each of the two great parties was so obvious that nothing but the influence of political fanaticism or passion could have induced either to adopt it. To the appeals for support to carry out their reactionary policy, secretly and persistingly addressed to him by the Right, Marshal MacMahon gave a no very reluctant assent. In political foresight he is conspicuously deficient; and his political, or perhaps it would be more correct to say personal, preferences strongly disposed him to side with the Right. On the 16th of May, 1877, he summarily dismissed M. Jules Simon, and reinstated the Duc de Broglie as President of the Council, with M. de Fourtou as Minister of the Interior.

The Sixteenth of May—as yet the most memorable and important day in the life of the Republic—witnessed a political act which, in depth of fatuity, has rarely if ever been surpassed. It was an act which sealed the death-warrant of the very ambitions it was intended to serve; an act which substantially affixed the corner-stone to the yet unfinished edifice of the Republic. It was done under the pretext of 'order,' and in the name of 'conservatism:' in reality it was a 'legal' *coup d'état*, an assumption of personal government for the furtherance of political projects hostile to the existing *régime*. There were days, sadly frequent, during the First Republic, when any analogous strain of authority would have been infinitely justifiable and praiseworthy. Then, indeed, 'order' and humanity itself were often outraged; but on the 16th of May not the faintest shadow of disorder could be detected; and, as to the form of government, the French people had recently declared, with unequivocal emphasis, their preference for the Republic. Indeed, the act of the 16th of May can only be extenuated as the random blow of expiring hope, the gambler's last appeal to the dice—a supreme act of despair. The Republican majority in the Chamber had, no doubt, given many justifiable causes of umbrage to the defeated partisans of the Monarchy; and were but too prone to obtrude offensively the fact that their opponents had been weighed in the political balance and found wanting. They often indulged in the dangerous pastime of coquetting with Radical extravagances; and in truth they had sorely tried the patience of statesmen sincerely devoted to the Republic. For the most part, however, such unquiet displays were but the overflowing exultations of men just freed from an onerous obligation of political reticence and self-abnegation.

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In spite of what was called the *Protestation* of the 363,—a motion of want of confidence in the Ministry, carried on the 19th of June by a majority numbering two-thirds of the Chamber,—the Government persisted in its determination to pursue a policy of resistance. It opened the campaign by an attempt to snatch victory from the Ballot-box. On the 23nd of June, Marshal MacMahon, with the concurrence of the Senate, dissolved the Chamber of Deputies. There were two courses open to the Government: either to overthrow the Republic by means of a military *coup d'état*, or, by straining legal forms to the utmost at the coming general election, to impose, as under the Empire, official candidates on the constituencies. The first alternative was dangerous, and yet more doubtful than dangerous. Civil war was an eventuality from which both Marshal MacMahon and the Duc de Broglie shrank with commendable prudence. The other alternative, therefore, though it must have sorely tried the valorous spirit of the Marshal, and the fastidious political taste of the Duke, was vigorously adopted. And what was the result of four months' untiring activity? Official candidates, and official interference, stooping to pick up crumbs of aid even in the most insignificant byways, signally failed. Never, perhaps, were political efforts so prodigiously unscrupulous followed by more bitter and justly merited disappointment.

The elections of the 14th of October, grossly swayed though they were by official pressure, re-affirmed the verdict of the French people, recorded only a few months before, in favour of the Republic. But defeat so thorough and hopeless was hard to digest; and it was only reluctantly that M. de Broglie was brought to acknowledge the stern logic of facts. When at length he retired, there yet lingered phantoms of dead hopes, among which was the expedient of a *Cabinet d'affaires*, thrust forward as a last feeble protest against Republican supremacy. Nor was the Marshal-President long in following into retreat his late chief political colleague and adviser. He had been warned by one of the most trusted leaders of the Republican party that he would have either 'to submit or to resign.' '*J'y suis, j'y reste*'—a resolve far easier to realize on the Malakoff bastion than in the Presidential chair. Uttered in the former position, it was but an audible sign of physical courage; in the latter, it was the utterance of a boast expressive alike of unseemly defiance and of a short-sighted ignorance which could perceive amidst the intricacies of the political future no possible conjuncture incompatible with its maintenance. Submission was tried.

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M. Dufaure was invited to form a Ministry, and to exert the moderation for which he was conspicuous, and the long political experience which gave him authority, to prop up the discredited Septennate. It was too late. The provocations so unwisely heaped upon the Republican party could not be easily appeased. The Marshal was besieged by unpalatable demands. He had, with becoming deference, yielded to the will of France; now, in deference to the dictates of his own code of honour, he refused to follow the course prescribed by his political opponents; and on the 30th of January, 1879, with the banner which he had borne visibly tarnished, surrendered the Presidency of the Republic.

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At this point, the Republic may be said to have reached clearly defined limits of a second stage. Here its probationary period closes, and it now enters into the uncontested possession of its sovereign rights. To the self-discipline hitherto commendably practised it was indebted, to an extent which it would be difficult to overestimate, not only for the acquisition of unexpected strength, but for a likely prospect of durability. There were two very prominent causes which had contributed to preserve it from the intemperate courses to which it seemed inveterately, if not innately, addicted, and to surround it with a sobering yet bracing atmosphere: the selection, by the Monarchical majority in the first Assembly, of Marshal MacMahon to succeed M. Thiers as Chief of the State, and the quasi *coup d'état* of the 16th of May. The Marshal was a Royalist President of the Republic, and the discipline of fear which he imposed upon the numerous Republican parties contributed to remove the asperities which sundered them, and to impart more cordial and ready unity to their action. The 16th of May gave effective, but not, it is to be feared, durable impression to this unity. Union brought strength and its usual concomitant, success. On the other hand, the Monarchical parties had no common bond of union except hostility to the Republic: on no other point affecting a determinate form of government was agreement possible. The result was a series of spasmodic movements generally in uncertain directions; or if any project assumed a serious aspect, it was either compromised by some inherent weakness in the action of its special advocates, or it was kept in a state of timid suspension by fear of intestine revolt. Though constrained in 1875 to accept a Republican Constitution, they made no truce with the Republicans. With the active support of the President of the Republic, they snatched the reins of Government from the hands of those

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who consistently held them, and made a final attack upon the Republic—an attack perilous in the extreme, and yet more impolitic than perilous. From this act of desperation the Legitimists emerged, not only utterly discredited, and with their weakness in its fullest extent exposed to the light of day, but the halo of respect that had hitherto environed the Legitimate cause faded from the popular view; whilst the cause itself, now reduced to impotency, has probably passed to its final resting-place in the pages of history.

By yielding to the current of his feelings, Marshal Mac-Mahon not only freed himself from duties for the due performance of which he could boast of very few qualifications, but he freed the Republic from the last link which had hitherto constrained her will. An immediate proof of this absolute emancipation presented itself in the selection of M. Jules Grévy to fill the position just vacated by the Marshal. No selection could have been more judicious. The present Chief of the State possesses in an eminent degree a quality rarely found in French statesmen, though exceptionally important to them, and pre-eminently so at the present time—political discretion. This by no means implies that he would compromise his political principles, but that he would render their practical application strictly amenable to equitable and moderate guidance. His political convictions are infinitely stronger than his political passions; passion, indeed, in any form finds very restricted scope in his nature. There is a serene dignity, both in his bearing and in his language, which is never impaired by the slightest admixture of affectation or of theatrical display. His principles, his professions, and his actions are ever in perfect accord. His temper is so profoundly calm and equable, that in its depths the unwary explorer might be led to anticipate the discovery of some trace of weakness; but all such speculations would lead to inevitable failure, for fear has no lurking-place there. Turning neither to the right nor to the left, he inflexibly pursues, in a judicial spirit, and with judicial gravity, the moderate course which his judgment has traced out. On the other hand, though modesty and unobtrusiveness are by no means conspicuous features in the French character, M. Grévy, as President of the Republic, certainly presents them in exaggerated and injudicious forms. Aware of his countrymen's venial weakness for the pomp and glitter of external show, and of the hitherto indissoluble association popularly supposed to exist between imposing ceremonial and many of the official, and not a few unofficial, acts of the Chief of the State, he

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systematically abstains from gratifying such harmless tastes and prejudices. This apparently trivial deficiency in what may be termed the holiday clothing of his office, probably creates more public dissatisfaction than M. Grévy is aware of. At all events, it is a marked, if not serious, deficiency in one elected to fill a position occupied until a recent date by a long and ostentatious line of sovereigns. To a limited extent, a just appreciation of M. Grévy's character is afforded in the few following words uttered by a political opponent, M. Schneider: 'At a time when the generality of statesmen are notoriously deficient in political integrity, it is a veritable pleasure to meet with a character so grave, so pure, so elevated as that of M. Grévy.'

From a state of accidental obligatory usurpation, through the semblance of legal life conferred by a tolerated name, onward to a vitality bestowed merely to minister, as a convenient temporary expedient, to hostile interests, the Republic emerged at length into a condition of untrammelled existence. A few months had wrought a thorough transformation in all the chief elements of power: the President of the Republic, the majority in the Chamber of Deputies, the majority in the Senate, and—possibly for the mere caprice of giving completeness to the metamorphosis—the Ministry, were all replaced or radically modified. Yes, M. Dufaure, who had so materially aided to free the Republic from an arbitrary state of existence, was constrained, by the perverse restlessness of certain sections of the Left, to cede his place in the Cabinet to M. Waddington. The change was impolitic as well as ungrateful; for though it would have been difficult to detect any difference in the balance of conservative Republicanism professed by the two statesmen, the former enjoyed a visible preponderance in political influence. That influence might have saved the Cabinet from many weak hesitations and concessions. Its stern conservative bearing was sorely needed to resist the importunate pressure of Republican groups ever prone to agitation and to hasty experiments. Shorn of that influence, the Ministry soon became conscious of the ebbing of its authority; and, possessing no great consistency of character, and no firmness at all, was driven, after much bootless conciliation, and much feeble resistance, to seek in resignation escape from intolerable embarrassments.

It is universally admitted that the Waddington Administration conducted the foreign policy of France both with judicious moderation and with dignified firmness. Why was its conduct of Home Affairs so deficient in the latter of these

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qualities? The Cabinet was fortified by several votes of confidence passed by the Chamber of Deputies; it possessed the cordial support of the President of the Republic; whilst to the political temper of the nation it responded yet more harmoniously. There can be little doubt that the resignation was referrible to a cause which has mainly contributed to destroy every French government, whether monarchical or republican, that has existed since the fall of the old Monarchy —an inveterate tendency in the dominant political party, urged and scared by intolerant adherents, to hurry with intemperate and tyrannic haste towards the extreme practical development of their distinctive political tenets. It was not M. Waddington, or even his policy, that gave weighty umbrage to the Left, but the fact that the Minister belonged to the Left Centre. Fortunately for the Republic, this change was more apparent than real; for immediately M. de Freycinet succeeded M. Waddington as President of the Council, he hastened to assure the Chamber that the Ministry was inspired by 'a prudent and circumspect policy, suited to the situation of France.' The policy thus broadly enunciated differed from that which M. Dufaure had practised mainly in the fact that it was not supported by equal political influence and experience. But, as already remarked, it came from the Left and not from the Left Centre; that was an amply compensating fact. No doubt, M. de Freycinet had garnered a considerable amount of popularity during his tenure of office as Minister of Public Works in M. Dufaure's Administration. The speeches which he delivered at that time in various parts of France repeatedly embodied, in emphatic language, the Republic which he desired to see established—'wise, liberal, progressive, and tolerant.' It may be assumed, moreover, that M. de Freycinet was trustingly regarded by those patriotic enthusiasts who, in 1870, believed that the victorious progress of the Germans could be checked, in spite of the disheartening absence of any disciplined French army to oppose it. The energy which, as Minister of War, signalized his conduct at Tours, where, in conjunction with other members of the Government, he exerted himself to stem the adverse course of events, or at least to prevent abruptness from adding its harsh features to defeat, was not forgotten. To this exciting period in his public career is also to be referred the commencement of a close political relationship between him and M. Gambetta. It was, indeed, mainly through the powerful influence of the President of the Chamber that he became Prime Minister. But the symptoms of inde-

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pendent political action which began to develope themselves shortly after his elevation to the Premiership, culminating in his pacific and moderate speech at Montauban—a speech which raised him to a high place among contemporary French statesmen—rapidly disclosed a marked, if not hostile, difference between his political opinions, which the responsibilities of office had tempered with discretion, and those of the statesman whose political course power without responsibility had determined in a contrary direction.

To the absence of accord between the self-appointed Dictator and the President of the Council may be clearly traced the enforced resignation of the latter on the 18th of September. This difference of opinion was not confined to the mode of carrying out the March Decrees, but, in its full expression, would probably represent a disagreement extending over a wide area of Home and Foreign policy. But though master of the situation, M. Gambetta prudently restrained his political ardour within the bounds of moderation. He insisted upon a literal interpretation and fulfilment of the Decrees, and M. Jules Ferry, the author of the famous Seventh Clause in the Bill upon superior education, was fittingly installed President of the Council. Beyond this the new Cabinet differed but little from its predecessor, save, indeed, that, in reference to the external relations of France, it showed a positive determination towards a more defined policy of cautious reserve—M. Barthélemy St. Hilaire, M. Thiers's *fidus Achates*, being chosen to succeed M. de Freycinet as Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Reviewing the numerous Cabinet crises which, during the Presidency of M. Grévy, have palpably had their origin in Ministerial weakness, the last change was certainly less valid, less capable of vindication, less intelligible indeed, than any of those which preceded it. The chief responsibility for this seemingly chronic Ministerial instability is obviously referrible to the Republican majority. That majority includes many impulsive members who are continually urging it to attempt short cuts towards what they regard to be the goal of perfection. Hesitation is foreign to the nature of these political enthusiasts; and they rarely fail to show that supreme indifference to adverse or even dangerous probabilities which naturally characterizes all narrow devotion to a policy of extremes. There is also, as the events just narrated prove, another notably disturbing influence to which the Cabinet often finds itself subjected. It is asserted by some that this influence derives its source and activity from the patriotism,

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by others from the ambition, of the President of the Chamber of Deputies. It seems to underlie every change, to control, with mysteriously powerful devices or suasion, the hopes or fears alike of the influential statesman and of the pothouse politician. The reiterated assertion—made of late with overstrained vehemence—by the wielder of this occult political lever, that no such interference has ever been exercised, is so strikingly at variance with numberless unambiguous appearances as to be altogether incredible. In this influence there lurks a danger which is not entirely imaginary. The Republic seems oppressed by the weight of that persistent nightmare, the 'One-man power;' an incubus which, from the Monarchical habits of the French people, seems obstinately determined to haunt it, and—until the impressions of tradition lose their effective spell—subject it to the discretion or caprice of some popular individual.

M. Gambetta has certainly contributed more than any other French statesman—M. Thiers excepted—to shape the course and destiny of the Republic. That he has hitherto declined to accept Ministerial responsibility is one of those enigmas of character over which it is but charitable discreetly to spread a veil. No doubt the world is apt to draw from such conduct inferences which give it a by no means disinterested aspect. By accepting the Presidency of the Chamber, M. Gambetta ensures an excuse for continuous reserve, a reserve which he considers promotive of his obvious ulterior designs: a firm advance in influence and power—when assured of an unequivocal majority of the Chamber—as President of the Council, and then an easy transition to the Presidency of the Republic. In this self-banishment from official life in all its precarious or dangerous aspects, he seems animated by a shrewdness of self-seeking which reaches even to cynicism. The greater part of what he does—and he does much—is done stealthily. It must, indeed, be acknowledged that whatever he does, whether openly or secretly, is rarely detrimental to the interests of France. There have been, it is true, certain very doubtfully beneficial Ministerial changes of late years which must be attributed in no small degree to his extra-constitutional, if not unconstitutional, influence. He occupies an anomalous position on the political stage: he wields power which, on the one hand, is inconsistent with Parliamentary Government, but which, on the other hand, conduces, in certain directions, to the welfare of the Republic.

This tribune *par excellence*, this 'creator and destroyer of

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Cabinets, this Warwick of the French Republic,' began his public career in 1869, as Member for Belleville. He is indebted in great part for his present political eminence to the troublous times through which his country has passed. But that he possesses oratorical power of the highest order is incontestable. His passionate and trenchant language, uttered in a voice of wonderful compass and flexibility, is ever under control. His caution, indeed, often seems so overweighted by calculation that it sinks to the level of what appears to many the grossness of self-interest. Be that as it may, the young Republic owes him special thanks and rewards for the energetic devotion to her cause of the remarkable powers with which nature has endowed him. During the time of her sore weakness and trials, he impressed what is termed *Opportunisme*—the preparation of that which will best adapt itself to existing circumstances—with extraordinary effect upon the least tractable adherents of the Republic; and he taught Republicans that the cause they advocate is far better served by discreet reticence and legal warfare than by any form of violence however determined and elaborate. All this was admirable. But since the fall of Marshal MacMahon, M. Gambetta has, with increasing strides, diverged from the path of moderation. It may be assumed that at present he endeavours to model his political utterances and his veiled political acts to suit the probable temper of France at the approaching general election. If such be the case, it is to be hoped that the moderation so unexpectedly revealed at the January Municipal elections—a moderation visibly prefiguring the spirit that is likely to preside at the more important election of Deputies to the Chamber—will induce him to redress his present leaning towards a course of Home Policy provocative of party strife. That he is open to conviction, and yet more open to what may brighten his future prospects, a comparison of the somewhat bellicose speech he made at Cherbourg, and the peaceful accents which he emphasized in his inaugural address at the opening of the present session of the Chamber, amply testifies. France, unequivocally resolved to abstain from any hazardous initiative in foreign affairs, seems hardly less determined to impose peace upon conflicting parties at home, and to place extremes, whether Radical or Reactionary, without the pale of her choice. Is this unadventurous and pacific spirit, which appears to animate a majority of his countrymen in reference to internal political action, accepted by M. Gambetta with a willingness as unreserved as that with which he has accepted the will of France

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in reference to her external relations? We fear not. His hesitancy is, no doubt, strongly fortified by the pages of history, and by his own wide acquaintance with the political spirit of his countrymen; but it surely cannot be deemed an incredible act, however seemingly improbable, for that spirit to abandon its stormy courses,—stormy at least in the fervid atmosphere of cities,—and betake itself towards the calm regions of political forbearance.

Though not always absent from the policy of French statesmen, moderation has been too often obliged to make way for the exclusive interests of individuals or of parties; and yet more frequently has it been thrust aside as altogether incompatible with the supposed assured safety of some dominant *régime*. Is it destined, under the restored Republic, to hold on its course far into the future, and influence permanently the counsels of French statesmen? In other words, Does the Republic afford sufficiently favourable data to warrant a reasonable probability that it will reach the average age, not of modern French political institutions, for that would foredoom it to early extinction, but of governments in the wide sphere of the world? Any answer to this question is beset by so many obvious and formidable difficulties, that it would be presumptuous to hazard more than a few apparently probable conjectures towards its solution.

Many able politicians doubt the feasibility of permanently establishing a Republican *régime* in any great European state. This question takes too wide a range to be touched upon here; but as far as France is concerned, it is probable that most of her political and social institutions and traditions which, from long prescription, seemed to be ineradicable, were so ruthlessly overthrown by the Revolution of 1789, that they have left few ruins and not many remembrances behind them.

Alexis de Tocqueville—probably the most far-seeing politician of modern times—predicted that 'during the greater part of the next hundred years France would be subject to a Constitutional Monarchy, from time to time interrupted by a despotism or by a democratic revolution.' Wieland held the French nation absolutely incapable of forming a Republic; and this dogmatic assertion was echoed by Moore, the poet, in the unqualified remark, that 'of all the people in Europe, the French alone are unfit for liberty.' The two latter opinions have little value beyond the light they throw upon the very prevalent narrowness of judgment which formerly prevailed in both Germany and England in reference to the political aptitudes of the French people. On the other hand,

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the prophecy of De Tocqueville shows a rare penetration into those profound political depths where the destiny of nations is revolved and traced. But the grossly dark and mind-withering shadow of the Second Empire had not then fallen upon the French nation, and blotted out the last garish traces of the blood-stained Napoleonic legend. That despotic revolution left nothing behind it but dishonour, shame, and a blasted reputation; and now there lowers, not indeed very menacingly, the apparition of a democratic revolution. But as, within recent years, this form of revolution has probably given the French people a sufficiently bitter knowledge of its quality, there appears to be little fear that it will ever regain sufficient power to assume permanent shape and substance.

At the present time, France, in the sphere of politics, may be said to possess unlimited freedom of action. The Empire is generally regarded as belonging entirely to the past: it leaves not even a presentable representative behind it. The Legitimists, imprudently yielding to the fascinations of historic sentiment, have banished the resuscitation of the old Monarchy, however modified, from all reasonable expectation. No doubt the forces of feudalism yet lingering among the scattered remnants of the aristocracy, and haunting with ever increasingly faltering steps a few remote quarters of the country,—forces possessing little effective energy,—and the really formidable power of the Church, are no doubt zealously and implacably arrayed against the Republic; but they can effect no serious reaction among a people for the most part unsympathetic, if not positively unfriendly. Such being the effete or widely contemned state of its rivals and enemies, the Republic seems to occupy a position above the level of external danger. If, then, there be a shadow of serious peril visible upon it, surely something within its own limits must cast the ominous sign. 'Do you know,' observed M. Dufaure to the Radicals towards the close of 1872, 'Do you know what creates a difficulty for the government which we administer under the name of the French Republic? I will tell you. It is not the form of government, it is the word Republic. In our history it has always appeared accompanied by permanent agitations, by daily new demands, by ambitions ever increasing, as if every Republic were a state of turbulence.' These remarks convey not only the fears inspired by a word, but really point to the chief, if not the only dangers which beset the present French Government. During its sore trials and perils, the Republic wisely clothed itself in the unpretending and conciliatory garb of *Opportunisme*. It presented a calm front to

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its Monarchical assailants, and watched with politic reticence their suicidal manœuvres. For this expectant attitude—supposed to be altogether foreign to its nature—it was amply rewarded. Yet the very suddenness and all-pervading character of the change imparted to it a phase of doubt. Of late that doubt has been acquiring consistency; for since the Republicans have become possessed of uncontested power, the most active and shortsighted among them have cast many a longing glance towards the past, and excited many a suspicion that the restraints deemed necessary in the hour of danger were reluctantly borne, and have by no means permanently chastened the old turbulent spirit—a spirit always surrounded by dangerous crises, yet for ever protesting to be the defender and servant of the Republic.

The numerous sections into which the advocates of Republican institutions are divided tend, moreover, to foment and perpetuate this restless activity. In both the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, distinctly defined and recognized gradations of Republicanism are represented by the Left Centre, the Republican Left, the Republican Union, and the Extreme Left. Nor does it need very close inspection to discover that these divisions are themselves subdivided into compartments which exhibit further shades of dissidence. At each step from the Left Centre to the apex of the Mountain, moderation with its reassuring flexibility decays; whilst energy, and a singular power of inspiring devotion to rigid political dogmas, increase with accelerated intensity. It was to these qualities that the moderation of 1789 gradually gave place to the Terror of 1793. The Third Republic, now fully emancipated, seems to inherit, not the sanguinary spirit of its predecessor,—Heaven forbid!—but a similar tendency towards the institution of certain absolute political forms, and, in the pursuit of change, a profound indifference to all opposing interests or feelings. No step thus directed has been retraced. M. Thiers, M. Dufaure, M. Waddington, M. de Freycinet, M. Jules Ferry, are successive representatives of this progression. The policy of the Republic seems to be abandoned to the spirit of party or sect; nay, it is even made to bend to the dictates of individual caprices and interests. Each group of Republicans that attains ascendancy speedily yields, as if under the fascination of some political spell, to the encroaching energy of its less scrupulous neighbour. This course, if persisted in, points ominously towards the oft-attained exit of the Republic, where despotism, in its autocratic form, is seen successfully grappling with revolutionary changes. Moderation may be

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the initial force. It starts the Republic on its course cheered by the good wishes of the people; but before it can firmly settle into a continuous motive power, it finds itself assailed by the irregular and explosive forces of overweening confidence and ambition. With such forces, the impracticable Republicans do their utmost to urge the Republic on a path which, under present circumstances, is probably the shortest she could find to destruction. Such conduct, though running counter to the lessons so bitterly taught in the past, and obviously opposed to the temperate current of contemporary opinion, is, in the vast majority of those who practise it, no doubt perfectly sincere. The danger is there. The despotism of fanaticism, like every other despotism, looks with a jealous and exclusive eye upon liberty. It brooks no teacher; its opinions are its gospel, its law, its uncompromising standard of right and wrong, from which there is no appeal. Herein consists the only vital peril to the Republic, a peril compared to which the sum of all the perils likely to occur from the opposition of all the reactionary parties appears insignificant.

Weakness is by no means an inevitable concomitant of moderation; but it certainly seems to afflict moderate French statesmen when holding the reins of power. At such a time, no quality could be more detrimental to the political well-being of France. It throws shadows of doubt and uneasiness over the political world, insinuates probabilities of danger when all is tranquil, encourages aggressive acts in those to whom the atmosphere of excitement is congenial, and places Ministers at the mercy of factions whose restricted influence would otherwise leave them powerless. To these restless Republican sects the Government has, during the last two years, accorded a license of interference in Ministerial action which has excited much anxiety, and which gives scope for the wildest expectations. Ministry has followed Ministry in rapid succession. Nothing has been durable but change. Statesmen, after courageously installing themselves in the Cabinet, have passed like fleeting shadows through it. Incidents possessing little intrinsic importance have grown into embarrassing obstacles and sufficed to unseat them. Not seldom, indeed, have they been confronted by demands the portentous import of which has imposed too great a strain upon their responsibility, and affrighted them into resignation.

There was profound meaning in the acute remark of M. Thiers, that 'the Republic is only possible without the Republicans.' It is indeed undeniable that the greatest

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enemies of the Republic have invariably sprung from its most vociferous and urgent advocates — men of exclusive and dogmatic temperament, men of narrow political sympathies, men sensitively intolerant of control, yet ready to exercise a *politique de combat* with unscrupulous energy, and on the most extensive scale. No probability, therefore, of an enduring career can be predicted for the Republic, unless it chooses its administrators from among adherents possessing wide sympathies and moderate aims. There can be little doubt that around such men cluster the sympathies and hopes of the French people. It should not be forgotten that at the general election in 1871, the nation was asked to pronounce its opinion on the question of peace or war; and the result was a choice of candidates irrespective of political bias. At the elections in 1876 and 1877, the Republic was confronted by the Monarchy, and the excitement of the vast issue involved in the contest blurred all shades of Republicanism.

The present Chamber of Deputies no doubt represents the national preference for a particular form of government: the chief mission it received was to defend the menaced Republic. But the election in 1877 pointed to no determinate embodiment of Republicanism. A clearly defined expression of opinion touching the special nature of the Republic desired has not yet been elicited from the French people. The Chamber, like most of the representative bodies that have preceded it, is composed rather of factions than of parties. This is an ominous fact. In the past, it has invariably led to the discomfiture of Parliamentary government, for the Opposition has generally aspired far less to wield power than to overthrow it. As the result of the approaching general election will not affect the safety of the Republic, the electors will probably be left free to record an unbiassed and unimpassioned vote. That vote will be a crucial test of political opinion in France.

If the late attempt to change the Electoral Law—to substitute what is called *Scrutin de Liste* for *Scrutin d'Arrondissement*—had been successful, it would have had a marked influence on the result of the elections about to take place. As this measure—the most important that has been discussed in the Chamber since the full establishment of the Republic—will do doubt be made a battle-cry at the elections, and will surely be submitted to the new Chamber, it may not be uninteresting to glance at the two methods of voting.

Under the *Scrutin de Liste*, the Department would become the electoral unit in place of the *Arrondissement*, and would call upon the vast constituency within its area to vote

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for a 'List' of candidates. Thus, politically, the individuality of the *Arrondissement*, with its special constituency and its special candidate, would be effaced. The minority, if not completely silenced by the majority, would in all quarters be reduced to impotency. Candidates, largely composed of aspiring political adventurers or sycophants, would be nominated either by a self-constituted Committee in the chief town of the Department, or, more often, by a Central Committee sitting in Paris. Thus the representative power in France would gradually tend to centralize itself, and degenerate into a vast electoral machine, deriving its chief motive power from a single will. On the other hand, *Scrutin de Liste* presents many admirable qualities. Banishing from the representative body a host of crotchety political sects, it would, whilst diminishing the number, consolidate the strength of the various members constituting that body. It would prevent the embarrassing eccentricities which have of late years characterized factions in the Chamber of Deputies both among the majority and the minority, and it would give a Ministry when fairly started on its mission a reasonable prospect of stability.

The *Scrutin d'Arrondissement*, or Uninominal system, to which the *Scrutin de Liste* gave place in 1875, bears a close resemblance to our own electoral method, and thereby, perhaps, enlists our sympathy. But, overshadowing this preference, there are numerous blemishes disfiguring the character of the system. In England it works tolerably well; but in France, where Parliamentary government has not yet become fully acclimatized, it tends to confine the electors' political vision too much within the limits of the *Arrondissement*, to subordinate national to private interests, and to break loose from the prudent restraints imposed by the legitimate claims of party. It gives scope to bribery, and is not above bowing to fear. In spite of these numerous defects, the *Scrutin d'Arrondissement* is probably the most effectual political instrument yet devised for arriving at a proximate representation of the national will in all its varied and minute phases.

Both the Electoral methods in question have their good and bad qualities; but in France both are unwisely carried to their extreme conclusions. Like most French political institutions, they are far too logical. A century of political misadventures has failed to teach France that logic should hold a very subordinate place in the elaboration of most questions purely political. A measure composed of parts judiciously selected from both systems would probably place

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the exercise of the suffrage on a safe basis: but such a compromise would be regarded by all political factions, not only as very unsymmetrical and very illogical, but as an act of 'treachery' to the 'pure' spirit of party, and therefore seems never to have seriously occupied the attention of any French statesman.

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From what point of the political compass is likely to spring the influence which will preponderate in the near electoral combat? The complexity of the situation baffles decision; yet there are many reassuring symptoms that victory will issue from a mild quarter. The temperate inspiration, for instance, which decided the Municipal elections was too general to be regarded as fortuitous, and may be confidently accepted as an auspicious omen. Radicalism possesses an activity of initiative which imparts to it an altogether misleading amount of influence. It is noisy and assertive, and thereby entraps an exaggerated amount of attention. But the clamorous crowds inhabiting cities constitute a mere fraction of the French people, and will find it difficult to impose their innovating will upon the vast bulk of the electors. The subversive political effervescence which is occasionally displayed in Paris and other large centres of population has rarely had a wide, and never, except during the First Revolution, a general range, of influence. The vast majority of the French people have no strong political convictions, no lingering attachment to any dynasty. With rare exceptions, political indifferentism reigns over those who inhabit the small towns and the rural districts. That industrious population ask for no startling political programme, no radical transformation of established institutions, but for moderate, uniform, peaceful and stable government. They have no fanatical predilection for forms, whether monarchical or republican. At present they favour the Republic because it appears surrounded by fewer dangers than its rivals. With this temperate and silent majority reside political supremacy and the future of France; and it is by no means improbable that the next Chamber, instead of being composed for the most part of numerous Republican sects, will be mainly divided into two great parties, representing the two broad phases of the Republic—the Democratic and the Conservative. If this prove to be the case, France will at last have acquired the chief elements of a strong Parliamentary government—a compact Ministerial party amenable to discipline, and—apart from irreconcilable factions—a homogeneous Opposition.

C. J. WALLIS.

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CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

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HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVELS.

The Historical Geography of Europe. By EDWARD A. FREEMAN, D.C.L., LL.D., Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Two Vols. Longmans and Co.

Some captious people will be disposed, when they look a little closely into this remarkable result of so much patient labour and research, to inquire on what principle 'honorary' and stipendiary fellowships are awarded at the two English Universities. They will find a very simple rule is followed; the former are given (very grudgingly, however) to a few men of real eminence, the latter—more than seven hundred in number—are freely conferred upon gentlemen who in their youth have taken good degrees, but who rarely succeed in making their names heard of beyond the walls of their own university. We should like to see a sweeping academic reform that would enable *the State* (as distinct from a clerical clique) to confer on such distinguished men as Dr. Freeman some of those large endowments which are, on the present system, too often absolutely thrown away. We premise these remarks from a sincere feeling that a great work like that now before us deserves some substantial and more lasting recognition than the barren tribute of praise. The author calls its object 'really a very humble one. It aims at little more than tracing out the extent of various states at different times, and at attempting to place the various changes in their due relation to one another and to their causes.' What object, we may ask, could be more useful, or more likely to supply one of the greatest deficiencies in ordinary education? How many are there, beside Dr. Freeman, who could execute such a work? How many are there, even among the best informed, who possess a full and accurate knowledge of the successive changes and enlargements of France, Germany, Burgundy, Austria, or the vastly intricate relations of the various states in South-eastern Europe? Dr. Freeman's plan is altogether admirable; he gives us a number of maps, more or less in outline, showing the extent, the boundaries, and the occupation of each portion of Europe, always with the date affixed, and the appanage of every province marked in colours, which are explained, as in geological maps, underneath. Thus, even without the text, an immense amount of knowledge, as well as great convenience in ready reference (aided by a copious index in vol. i.), may be gained from the handy volume of maps. Most of these contain four diagrams on the open page, and it is curious to note how, as by the turn of a kaleidoscope, kingdoms that were red or green at one period become blue or yellow at another.

An excellent example of the clear arrangement of these maps is 'the Roman Empire under Augustus,' and 'the Roman Empire under Trajan.'

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At a glance we see by comparing these the enlargements made in rather more than a century during the most prosperous era of Rome; and we perceive that these amount to little more than a strip on the north-west seaboard of Africa, the addition of Dacia (Hungary), and an extension eastward from Syria to a line drawn between the Caspian and the Persian Gulf. In plate xiii. a large portion of the red (Roman) boundaries changes to yellow; about half the Empire, under Theodoric, A.D. 500, has passed into the hands of the Goths and the Vandals. The Frankish kingdom appears under Justinian, the Saracenic or Moorish occupation, whose strong centre is Arabia, is shown in plate xvi., and the remarkable rearrangements under Charlemagne (A.D. 800) in plate xvii.

When we have once seen this series of maps, simple in construction, yet perfectly adapted for their purpose, we ask ourselves, how any future student of history can be contented without the aid of such a book? It is a supplement, in a sense, to Mr. Bunbury's equally great work on ancient geography, and the two ought undoubtedly to hold a place in every scholar's library.

Chapter I., of the moderate length of seventeen pages, gives a clear idea of the scheme of the work. 'Our present business is, first, to draw the map of the countries with which we are concerned as it appeared after each of the different changes which they have gone through, and then to point out the historical causes which have led to the changes on the map.' The author points out the indefiniteness of such terms as 'France,' 'England,' 'Spain,' &c., and shows that to give any right meaning to them they must represent periods of history. He dwells, too, with great judgment, on the effects produced on nations by their geographical position, and he observes that though characteristics of race have had great influence in the destinies of kingdoms, those very characteristics are in themselves often largely due to geographical position.

The style of this work is singularly clear. The subject may seem, in description, somewhat dull; but we may assure the reader that there is hardly a page that does not teem with knowledge and interest, or present to us some philosophic reflection.

Here, as an example of the last, is a remark which we take from p. 357, and its importance is obvious: 'Till the final breach with Russia, the idea of Buonaparte's dominion seems to have been that of a twofold division of Europe between Russia and himself, a kind of revival on a vaster scale of the Eastern and Western Empires;' and he adds, 'a glance at the map of Europe, as it stood at the beginning of 1811, will show how nearly this scheme was carried out.'

History of Religion in England, from the Opening of the Long Parliament to the End of the Eighteenth Century. By JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. Seven Vols. Hodder and Stoughton.

The three great epochs of Ecclesiastical History in England are the introduction of Christianity itself, the Reformation of the sixteenth

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century, and the conflict of Sacerdotalism and Evangelicalism at the time of the Commonwealth. Of the latter, the importance of which it is hardly possible to over-estimate, Dr. Stoughton has established his claim to be the historian. Written in the light of modern research, in the true historical spirit of our own times, and when the significance and importance of the questions at issue have been fully demonstrated by their results, Dr. Stoughton may fairly claim to have pourtrayed the troubled conflict in the fullest and fairest way, and to have finally appraised what hitherto has been estimated only by polemical tests. It is difficult to imagine any after verdict that can materially qualify the one here delivered. It is of course possible to imagine the history written by greater genius, but only by some such Gibbon or Freeman of the future can Dr. Stoughton's work be superseded. He has all through wellnigh exhausted existing material for judgment. It is scarcely possible to imagine a more dispassionate or Christian spirit ruling his processes and conclusions. Indeed, the fear of being thought prejudiced has sometimes operated in too lenient judgments of wrong-doers, and in scant justice to the confessors and martyrs of evangelical truth. An amiable eschewing of polemic has sometimes induced forgetfulness of the great law that conflict is often the essential condition of righteous peace. In our previous notices of the sections of the work as they successively appeared, we more than once felt that less than justice was done to those valiantly contending for the truth, and that strong words of vehement condemnation refused to come from the mild lips of the historian where both righteousness and love demanded them. He injures the good who spares the bad. *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur.* But in the passion of sectarian contentions this is a fault which leans to virtue's side, and it has constrained those the farthest removed from Dr. Stoughton's own ecclesiastical and evangelical principles to acknowledge his fairness and admit his authority. We can afford the margin that we might justly claim where so much is constrained. Never was historian less of a partizan, but the unvarnished record itself is enough. The style of Dr. Stoughton's histories is flowing and pictorial, and very pleasant to read. Its occasional fault is that it is written with too much ease. It would be more forcible and impressive were it more severe; but few books are more readable.

The dramatic scenes of Charles the First's times, when Laud made his daring attempt to secure victory for the Anglican party in the Church of England by the destruction of the Puritan party both within and without it, and to establish a second popedom at Lambeth, and brought both himself and his master to the scaffold; the premature spirituality of Cromwell's ecclesiastical legislation, the disastrous reactions of the Restoration, culminating in the Act of Uniformity and the Bartholomew exodus of 1662, the restoration of liberty at the Revolution, the sad, silent decay of religious life during the early Hanoverian period, and the evangelical revival under Whitefield and Wesley, are all sketched with much vividness and power. This uniform edition has been thoroughly revised. The volumes are convenient and legible, the type good, and the

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get-up elegant. The work is a marvel of cheapness even in these days of cheap books. Its intrinsic merits ought to command a large sale. It is pre-eminently a book for the library and the home.

The History of the Western Highlands of Scotland. From A.D. 1493 to A.D. 1625. With a Brief Introductory Sketch from A.D. 80 to A.D. 1493. By DONALD GREGORY, Joint Secretary to the Society of Antiquaries, Scotland. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

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There is no point on which there is more confusion than about the distribution of Celtic blood in Scotland. It is common, indeed, for Englishmen, even cultured Englishmen, to speak as though Celtic blood was not only general throughout Scotland, but was to be expressly felt in all the levels of life and literature, as if the Lowlands did not exist. Mr. Stopford Brooke, in his 'Primer of English Literature,' certainly fails somewhat to discriminate in this respect, speaking of Robert Burns (whom Carlyle well says, was a piece of 'downright Saxon stuff') as carrying forward the specific Celtic elements in the Scottish poetry, whereas he really made an end of most of them. He had not one iota either of Celtic blood or of Celtic tendency in him—a piece of 'downright Saxon stuff' indeed. Such a book as the present, which is exhaustive within the range of its only *apparently* limited subject (for it is soon found to connect itself with the general history of Scotland), would be a valuable book for such critics as Mr. Stopford Brooke to study. For it shows conclusively—what, of course, every student of literature ought to know—that the area of the pure Celtic blood is limited, and that, indeed, the pure Celt is not so common as might be fancied. The leading distinction between the clans of the Western Highlands and Islands and those of the East, may be said to lie in the greater mixture of race in the former—the dash of a distinct Scandinavian element, which we find represented, indeed, in many names, and in the well-known and very familiar conjunction of 'Norman' and 'Macleod'—a name which has been maintained in its integrity through several successive generations in one honoured family. Nowhere—not even in Mr. Skene's 'Celtic Scotland,' or Dr. Archibald Clerk's admirable volumes—are the peculiar distinguishing elements of the Western Highlanders, as contrasted with the Eastern Highlanders, more clearly and decisively brought out, as well as the reason why the first were united by a great common interest, while the others failed to realize any such efficient bond of union. The peculiar ramifications of the clans, their mutual contests and internal divisions are carefully traced—to such an extent, indeed, as is likely to prove a little puzzling to the general reader. But the book is thorough and complete; research has done its utmost; no pains have been spared. It must not be presumed, however, that the book is all dry and scientific. Far from it. The Western clans were too warlike to permit any capable historian from falling into merely dry and

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scientific details. The work is lightened up by accounts of feuds and fights, told with not a little vigour, and now and then with picturesqueness. Even that account of the contest of the clan Kay and the clan Chattan, recounted by Scott so eloquently in the 'Fair Maid of Perth,' is told here with no little power. It may be interesting to note that the original edition was published in 1886, and that it has taken nearly half a century to reach a second; now that it has come, not a few antiquarians and ethnologists will find in it 'a thing of joy'—a valuable aid and work of reference; and as such we can most cordially recommend it.

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Thomas Carlyle: the Man and His Books. By W. Howie Wylie. Marshall, Japp, and Co.

Thomas Carlyle. By Henry J. Nicoll. Macniven and Wallace.

Thomas Carlyle: an Essay. By General Sir G. B. Hamley. William Blackwood and Sons.

Mr. Wylie has executed his task with judgment and discrimination, as well as with literary ability. His work is by far the most satisfactory and interesting of all the volumes which have yet appeared upon Carlyle. It is refreshing to turn to it, and to feel that it represents the great writer truthfully, and as one would wish him to be known. In this volume we find a larger number of original anecdotes of Carlyle than have appeared anywhere else. The author has also collected the best that have been previously known; but many of these are not so entertaining as those which are now published for the first time. Take that one relating to Carlyle's mother for example. Carlyle paid a visit to his mother for the purpose of spending a few days with her before he set off for Germany to procure materials for his 'Life of Frederick.' On the railway platform at Ecclefechan his friends gathered to see him off. On putting his hand into his coat pocket, Carlyle discovered something bulky. On taking it out, and unfolding the mysterious parcel, he discovered it to contain some nice home-made Dumfriesshire bannocks, which his mother, just as when he was a little boy at school, had stowed away in his pocket, that he might use them on his journey. This simple circumstance was too much for him, and his friends perceived that his eyes were filled with tears, while his voice trembled. Another anecdote well shows the determination of his character, even in youth. Little Thomas had built in a retired nook of his father's farm a kind of hut for himself to study in; but as his father preferred that he should go to work instead of devoting himself exclusively to his books, he sent the laird (Mr. Sharpe, of Hoddam), who happened to be calling, to order the boy to remove the hut from off the ground. But the boy rose to the occasion, says Mr. Wylie, slammed the door in the laird's face, and took himself to his literary studies, careless of the consequences. Our readers will find many other capital stories. Mr. Wylie deserves credit for his discovery of the poem by Carlyle on 'Drumwhinn Bridge;' and besides this discovery,

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he has pointed out in a note the unknown fact that Leigh Hunt was the first literary man of eminence to discover the merit, and to predict the future fame, of Hugh Miller. Coming to other matters, the chapter on the Secession Kirk is well worthy of attention. Carlyle's parents were Nonconformists, and it was in the Secession Church at Ecclefechan, of which his father and mother were members, that Thomas received religious instruction. Its minister, the Rev. John Johnston, appears to have been a model Christian minister, and Carlyle was more than once heard to declare, 'I have seen many capped and equipped bishops, and other episcopal dignitaries, but I have never seen one who more beautifully combined in himself the Christian and the Christian gentleman than did Mr. Johnston.' Such a man could not be without a strong influence upon a nature like Carlyle's. Mr. Wylie gives a capital sketch of Edinburgh society in 1810, when, from a literary point of view, the city was at its zenith. He also ably insists upon the great and valuable work which Carlyle achieved by his vindication of Cromwell—a work for which posterity will be more grateful perhaps than any other. Every chapter in this memorial volume by Mr. Wylie is fresh and pleasant reading, with its personal reminiscences, table-talk, and anecdotes. But there is also something more than this, for the author writes ably on Carlyle's influence upon literature and upon religion and life. We ought not to omit Mr. Boehm's contributions to the volume, which make it doubly acceptable, viz., the use he has permitted of his statue portrait of the philosopher, and of the medal designed to commemorate Carlyle's eightieth birthday. Altogether, we have nothing but praise for this volume; it is a worthy presentment of a great man.

Mr. Nicoll's volume is also not without its points of interest, but it is certainly not free from mistakes. For instance, the author states that Carlyle's parents were members of the Relief Church, adding, 'It is a mistake to assert, as has often been done, that his father was an elder of the Kirk.' But such a mistake is hardly greater than Mr. Nicoll's own; for Carlyle's parents were members of the Burgher branch of the Secession Church. It is further stated that the minister of the church at Ecclefechan in Carlyle's younger days, the Rev. J. Johnston—to whom reference has already been made—is 'altogether unknown to fame.' This is an unfortunate phrase to use about the 'superlative steel-gray Scottish peasant and Scottish Socrates of the period,' who has been sketched so vividly by Carlyle in his letter to the late Dr. Macfarlane of Clapham. The man who was the first classical tutor of Dr. Lawson of Selkirk, even if he had no other claim to notice—which was not, however, the case—should scarcely be spoken of in disparaging terms. Mr. Nicoll says that Carlyle 'frequently saw and heard' Professor Lawson, but his letter to Dr. Macfarlane does not bear out this. Again, Mr. Nicoll says: 'Shortly after their marriage, Carlyle and his wife set out for Germany, where his long-felt admiration of Goethe deepened by personal acquaintance.' It is added that Goethe described Mrs. Carlyle as 'beautiful, and highly cultivated.' There is no foundation for these statements. There was no

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such visit paid to Germany, and Carlyle never saw Goethe. But perhaps the worst point of all is that Mr. Nicoll aggravates the absurdity by assigning to this period of Carlyle's life the Berlin anecdote of Carlyle, related by Lewes in his 'Life of Goethe.' As though a young man, totally unknown, and fresh from Scotland, at a grand party in the Prussian capital, would have ventured upon such caustic sarcasm and firing of bombshells. This is not mere inaccuracy, but a want of insight such as we should hardly have expected from Mr. Nicoll. Cobbett's name spelt more than once with only one *t*, the frequent recurrence of Craigenputto*ck*, the name of Sir George Cornewall Lewis spelt Lew*es*, and many other things which could be mentioned, may be printer's errors, but in any case they are damaging ones. Nor have we by any means exhausted the list of defects in other respects. The little book, however, as a whole, is readable.

General Hamley's essay is an endeavour to give a sober estimate of Carlyle's philosophy. His judgments will not be accepted by many, but they are expressed with considerable literary power and critical insight. The essay is by no means of an entirely laudatory character, and from that point alone therefore it may be worthy of study.

The Life of the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, D.D., Lord Bishop of Oxford, &c. With Selections from his Diary and Correspondence. By his Son, Reginald E. Wilberforce. Vol. II. John Murray.

The death of Canon Ashwell devolved upon Mr. Reginald Wilberforce the completion of his father's life. As he justly observes, a son is largely disqualified from being the biographer of his father—his judgment is virtually disfranchised, and he is reduced to the function of a mere chronicler. Happily the work of Canon Ashwell in the first volume, which substantially determined the estimate of the Bishop's character, has made this of less importance. Little more was necessary in this second volume—which is a kind of table-land of episcopal life—than to permit the Bishop to speak for himself in his letters and diaries. Nothing can exceed the good taste and skill with which Mr. Wilberforce has done this; never obtruding himself, he has skilfully arranged the materials at his disposal, and presented to us this multifarious, unresting man, ubiquitous in his diocese, touching and inspiring every thing, rebuking and urging the sluggish and the selfish among his clergy, struggling with the tempestu ous waves of theological and ecclesiastical conflict, writing sixty-one letters a day—many of them in railway trains, ordaining, confirming, delivering charges, attending public meetings, on the board of an insurance society, making speeches in Parliament and elsewhere, preaching special sermons, often prepared in the early morning hours of the day on which they were delivered, conducting missions and retreats, establishing and superintending his diocesan college, discussing ecclesiastical legislation, and labouring persistently and successfully for the revival of Convocation. The

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simple record of his urgent unrest makes one ache in very sympathy. And yet the impression of inner personal godliness is maintained. To most men this fractious mixture of incessant bustle and inward piety would be utterly incompatible ; spiritual life ordinarily demands more leisureliness of thought and of feeling for its nurture ; with him it was mainly nurtured by activities, and was maintained at a considerable pitch of genuine intensity.

Again, too, we feel what is very difficult to define—the qualities which compelled men to distrust him, the unconscious balancing of opposing schools of thought, and the irresolute action of fluctuating sympathies and incongruous impulses. Here are vindications of doctrines and practices of the highest Anglican school, and avowals of the maintenance of his father's Evangelical principles. At one time he thanks God that there is not one Low Churchman amongst the men whom he ordained (p. 152) ; at another he maintains the highest doctrine of priestly absolution (p. 76) ; again he elaborately reduces it to the very point of denying it. Then he assumes to be a moderate middle man, fitted to mediate between the two church parties (p. 171); then he incurs suspicion through the system pursued at his college, and forgetful of his ground of objection to Dr. Pusey as to general tendency, &c., protests to Mr. Golightly his perfect innocence, but naively saying to him, 'You do not suppose that I am so blind as not to see perfectly that I might have headed the Evangelical body and been seated by them at Lambeth' (p. 359). 'I have,' he says, 'very much altered my views about the Church Establishment since I came into Parliament. I think Dissenters ought not to attack it [why?] I said at first, whenever it begins to act as if it had life, it will fall to pieces, now I think the living party in it, as it works itself out, will see of themselves that the State is a hindrance to them' (p. 248). He thinks that, in the contention about Church-rates, the real object of the most farseeing Dissenters was the ultimate possession of the fabric of the churches! (p. 273). Every party in the Church somehow deemed itself betrayed by him. His treatment of Dr. Pusey is pitifully both weak and arrogant. How skilfully he tried to balance conflicting theories is strikingly illustrated by his dealings with Canon Liddon, the vice-principal of his college (p. 371). He thinks that Dissenters 'were held in peace with one another under the overshadowing influence of the Established Church' (p. 382). He 'condemned the practice of evening communion as having no real precedent in the usage of the early Church.' We do not think that he was in any way insincere, he was far from being a time-server. And yet the ambiguity of his views, and his ambidextrous course fully account for the distrust that he inspired, and for the difficulty that we yet find in forming a just judgment concerning him. His popular *soubriquet*, as well as the feelings with which he was regarded at Court, are in harmony with this—he failed there also to produce the impression of high-toned unselfishness. Thus Prince Albert says to Lord Aberdeen, 'He does everything for some object. He has a motive for all his conduct.' It is but fair, however, to say that Lord Aberdeen, who esteemed him

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highly, rejoined, 'Yes, sir, but when a bad motive?' There must, however, have been just ground for so uniform an impression.

He was a man of deep and true domestic affection. The defection of his brothers Henry and Robert, and of his brother-in-law Archdeacon Manning, to the Church of Rome, caused him acute anguish. His sorrow over the death of his son is full of pathos. His tender love for his lost wife even to the last is very beautiful. On the other, or bishoply, side of his nature, he had a somewhat exalted notion of his office and prerogatives, and produces the feeling of a kind of divinity that doth hedge a bishop and doth give to him a certain imperativeness, not to say imperiousness, which our uncultivated feeling would find it difficult not to resent. Happily Nonconformity knows no such relations as bishop and clergy, and has no experience of their mutual feelings of prerogative and awe. We do not wonder at Sydney Smith's difficulty in imagining a bishop making love.

The chief events of the twelve years here recorded are their ritual troubles and the revival of Convocation; but these call for no remark from us, only they reveal a condition of Church life that we have no cause to envy.

Incidental remarks and judgments on men and things occur in the diaries and are interesting. Lord John Russell and Archbishop Sumner seem to have been Dr. Wilberforce's pet aversions. No words or imputations are too strong for his dislike of the former. He was 'detested by nine-tenths of the clergy as a detected briber of men to betray their trust' (p. 171). His appointments were made 'dishonestly to promote a party' (p. 177). 'Sir Robert Peel had pressed on H. Drummond not to oppose Lord John's taking office if he wished to have the Queen on the throne, meaning that his factiousness would lead him any lengths' (p. 271). He is 'the traitor' (p. 278). 'Gladstone's answer disappointed me; he speaking of Lord John as free from all treachery,' &c. (p. 279), which illustrates the difference between the natures of the two men. We can easily understand how a straightforward, fearless man like John Russell should be antipathetic to a nature like that of the Bishop of Oxford.

A good story is told of Whately: 'Whately at a council shuffled about his legs till he got one foot into Lord Bessborough's coat pocket. Lord Bessborough, feeling for something, was astonished and gave a start. The Archbishop struggled to remove his foot, and the conjoint effect of struggle and start was to tear in two the coat from the collar to the skirt.' And another of Wellington. He sent a note to Mrs. Norton in reply to a request to be permitted to dedicate to him some verses on military men. 'Very sorry to be obliged to refuse, but had made it a rule to have nothing dedicated to him, and had kept it in every instance, though he had been Chancellor of the University of Oxford, *and in other situations much exposed to authors.*'

Although lacking the varied interest of the first, this second volume is very readable; but the impression that it gives of the turbulence, worldliness, ambition, strife, and general unspiritualness of episcopal life is a

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sad contrast to all religious conceptions of a Church of Christ and its ministry.

The Life and Selections from the Correspondence of William Whewell, D.D., Late Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. By Mrs. Stair Douglas. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

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Dr. Whewell's is a life that is interesting from many sides. Unlike the typical product of the English University prior to his time, he has a powerful attraction for the writer as well as for the student. His life has a unity due to his quiet energy and self-help, rather than to the later favourable circumstances of culture, which were, in fact, the legitimate and natural fruit of the former. From the day when, in 1812, he left the carpenter's shop at Lancaster, and entered as a sizar, on his career at Trinity College, Cambridge, till the moment when he passed away, leaving a gloom not only on the college and the university on which his great reputation had shed such a lustre, but on the literary and scientific world also, his efforts after higher attainment in many fields were not only unremitting, but marked by a liberality and width of wise sympathy which were not a little surprising in one whose position made him in some way representative of the traditions of the English universities. It needs to be confessed, however, that Trinity College, Cambridge, had made itself exceptional in so far as it never did exalt mathematics to such a place as to neglect, professedly and on theory, all other lines of culture. But Dr. Whewell 'broadened down' even the Trinity College ideal. His notion of education was a thorough application of the etymology which derives the word from the root *educare*, to lead or draw out. That only was true education, he maintained, which drew out the whole mind of the student, and he was constantly urging on others the fallacy of narrowing in any direction natural curiosity and capacity. 'You do not educate,' he argued, 'unless you educe the whole man;' and he insisted that artificial bias in favour of any special branch was simply enervating, and that the one antidote against the conceit and effeminacy sure to be thus induced, was recourse to 'uncongenial studies.' He was, in fact, a humanitarian in education, and not a traditionalist, and communicated a powerful impulse to the reformation of the whole system of university study, which had till then been generally received in England. And this, too, was the man who had done more for mathematical study probably than any of his contemporaries. Though he was a man of most omnivorous reading, he was also a man of most exact attainments. Like Goethe, he was 'unhasting yet unresting.' Some good stories are told of his omnivorous reading. This is one: Some graduates, wishing to find him tripping, had read up some very abstruse treatise, and, by previous arrangement, led the talk in that direction while at breakfast with him—only to find, however, that Dr. Whewell was himself the author of the very abstruse anonymous treatise from which they had primed themselves in the hope of puzzling and perplexing him. The tables were in the

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quickest and most effective manner turned upon them, as can readily be believed. Unlike many men of wide intellectual interests, his affections suffered no narrowing under the intense strain laid upon him. He remained simple and affectionate, finding more joy in a kind action than in a new truth. He was not much interested in matters of controversy, preferring to stand on solid and certified ground. It is somewhat surprising indeed that a man of such eager mind should have seemed so indifferent to some of the greatest social and political questions of his day, even when they seemed to bear upon the institutions with which he was most directly concerned. When he engaged in his debate with Sir David Brewster on the 'Plurality of Worlds,' it is clear that the position was uncongenial to him, and that he would have foregone it but for a constraining sense of duty.

Mrs. Stair Douglas, his niece, has done her work of biographer in fine spirit, and with admirable taste. She has shown no little self-denial, and has kept faithfully in view the one duty of presenting Dr. Whewell. To this end she has studied to make him tell his own story by means of his letters. These she has selected and grouped so admirably that there has been little call for original writing. Though there are some special traits in Dr. Whewell calculated to render the work of the biographer hard, Mrs. Stair Douglas has triumphed, as we think, simply through her desire to withdraw all reflection and opinion on her own part, and has produced what we are fain to regard as a work likely to become one of our standard English biographies. Certainly the elevated and even heroic character of the subject, and the reticence and self-expression of the biographer, combine to render this nothing more than the desert of the book.

Edgar Quinet. His Early Life and Writings. By Richard Heath. With Portraits, Illustrations, and an Autographic Letter. Trübner and Co.

Messrs. Trübner have certainly done well to add this work to their 'English and Foreign Philosophical Library,' as certainly as Mr. Heath has done a service to English literature in writing it. Edgar Quinet has had no memorial in English literature hitherto, except in the form of some scattered review articles. The most acceptable of these, perhaps, was that of Professor Edward Dowden, which, however, aimed at too much for complete success. For Edgar Quinet was a man of many-sided mind and purpose. It has been well said that he restored a conscience to France. In him we see the moral and patriotic spirit combined with a truly philosophical and humanitarian impulse. If France laid chains on the neck of Germany in the eighteenth century, infecting and materializing all her culture, and weakening her for effective political constructions, Edgar Quinet may be named the chosen medium of conveying into French literature and French culture generally the moralizing and expansive ideas of Germany which had already borne fruit in their

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own land; and surely this is a service great enough to demand the most grateful appreciation and the most careful study even at this day. He was a poet and philosopher, but it may be said also that he was an active and practical influence. One of his greatest claims to notice is that he interpreted to his countrymen the leading ideas of Herder, and recommended them by his enlightened enthusiasm, his grace of style, and personal fascination. His was precisely such a mind as was fitted for the task. While he had a passion for ideas, he corrected them continually by reference to the outstanding facts of individual and national life. And he restored Religion to its due and sovereign place as a primary agent in the history of humanity, seeing in Jesus Christ the most absolute embodiment of the religious spirit that has appeared. Religion was with him, as with Herder, inevitable and essential, and could not be ignored if humanity was to be viewed in its entirety. From Madame de Staël Quinet had learned as well as from Herder; and the truly patriotic sacrifices that she underwent rather than bend the knee to Napoleon, or prostrate her genius before the idol, had its own effect on his mental life. In addition to his rare powers of thought, and his quick intuitive penetration, he had all the fine sympathy of the poet, which powerfully appears otherwise than in his somewhat diffuse, mystical, and at the same time over-systematic poems. And when, in addition to this, we have regard to that feeling for nature, and that satisfaction in communion with her, which formed so peculiar an element in his life, we can realize more fully the repose, the complete serenity, the hopes realized on which he dwells with such satisfaction. 'No object of the earth has deceived me,' he says. 'Each of them has proved itself precisely that which it promised. Even the most trivial of things have made good for me what they announced. Flowers, odours, the spring, youth, the happy life in the land of one's birth, good things desired and possessed, did they give pledge of being eternal? And so also it has been with men. No friendship on which I reckoned has failed me; misfortune has even given me some on which I had no right to reckon. I have found men as constant as things themselves.' How different this is from the usual vein of reflection on the part of sensitive and highly imaginative Frenchmen. Quinet's prerogative is that he sees all things in the light of his serene soul; and though he does in no way transfigure or render falsely, he perceives them in their true perspective. 'He attended truly to the course of his inner life; and discovered the entire series of the ages buried, as it were, in his mind,' as Herder declared that one would; and if he is no historian, he writes the philosophy of history. In spite, therefore, of the air of philosophy and of generalization which first presents itself in the writings of Quinet, their secret is really autobiographical. We feel ourselves in a fine air, in communion with a beautiful soul. His 'Confessions' lie under his generalizations, as in a palimpsest, and it is because we thus feel the throb of his heart in close communion with humanity under all his propositions that he still has so great a value for thoughtful and refined minds. Such a biography as that of Mr. Heath is well fitted

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to be an introduction, and will be welcomed even after Chassin has been studied. He shows us the influences amongst which Quinet grew, the opposing characters that had so marked an effect in the formation of his youthful mind. That old and exacting grandmother is truly admirable, and in his mother we have the most telling contrast to her. We could dwell on his early days with their rich lessons through many pages. We can only find the space to add that Mr. Heath's work bears on every page the proof that it was, as he claims, a labour of love. No pains have been spared; the little woodcuts, liberally introduced, are works of art; and we have here the first portion of a biography which, without blinking any defects in the subject, presents him faithfully in the light of his own ideal, which all true biographies should do. Mr. Heath must before long finish his work by a second volume; for here he stops at the most interesting point with a delivery of the driest philosophy of which Quinet was capable, and that would be a grievous wrong to us, were it not, that, like Oliver Twist, we 'ask for more,' and have full faith in getting it, to round off and perfect and complete the story of a life richer than most in lesson and in generous suggestion.

Life and Letters of Ogier Ghiselin de Busbecq. By C. T. Forster and F. H. B. Daniell. Two Vols. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

In this new and complete translation—the first in English since the imperfect version published by Robert Urie, in 1761—of the famous letters of the Seigneur de Busbecq, Messrs. Forster and Daniell have done a good service, which they have rendered still more acceptable by a very interesting Life, for which M. Dalle of Busbecq has kindly furnished them with some fresh matter. It is a curious coincidence that two neighbouring communes of Belgium should within sixty years have given their names to two of the best diarists of any time, Philippe de Comines and Ogier de Busbecq; writers as diverse in literary standpoint (the elder still steeped in the ideas of feudalism, the younger bright with the new humanity of the Renascence) as they were akin in loyalty to their masters and keenest observation of men and manners. The popularity of Busbequius—as his name was Latinized—in the 17th and 18th centuries, contrasts strangely with the neglect into which he has fallen since. Nor even then did the popularity of the Turkish itineraries extend to all the letters in the present volumes. Those addressed from Paris to the Emperor Maximilian on the affairs of France were printed only in one rare edition. The reason in either case is not far to seek. To modern readers the correspondences are simply curious—letters of introduction as it were which admit him to a personal acquaintance with the French and Turkish courts, while the one was in the agony of the religious wars and the other drunk with almost limitless power—and enable him to correct by information at first hand a few details in the generally accepted histories. To the men of Busbequius' time, and of at least a century

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after his death, the special Turkish letters were precious documents of State, storehouses of knowledge from which might be drawn all manner of instruction against that common enemy of whom Christendom up to the days of Prince Eugene continued to cherish a mysterious dread. No wonder if they were translated into half-a-dozen languages and disseminated within some 150 years through more than twenty different editions. The author himself and his family are not less worthy of study than his writings. The Seigneurs de Busbecq are as typical of their time—though of its warlike and more chivalric side—as any Italian follower of Catherine de Medicis or *mignon* of her worthless son. Although the pretty story told by M. Rouziere of the boy Ogier's introduction to Charles V. is too clearly one of the myths that have grown up around this faithful servant of three emperors, it is plain the illegitimate son of George Ghiselin II. and his servant-maid must have been a child of no common promise to have been brought up from the first for higher things than a mere hanger-on of the Seigneur's *château*, and subsequently legitimised at no little cost. The editors show good reason for their belief, that George Halluin, the friend of Erasmus, and connection both of the Ghiselins and of Comines, himself directed the young Ogier's studies. It is certain that his distinction as a student at Louvain contributed greatly to his early legitimization. In the train of Don Pedro Lasso, the Emperor Ferdinand's envoy to the English court at the marriage of Queen Mary with her nephew Philip, Busbequius made his first entry into that diplomatic career which was thenceforth to furnish the occupation of his life. It was in consequence of the high opinion formed of him by Don Pedro that when Malvezzi, the imperial ambassador at Constantinople, was compelled to retire through infirmities brought on by his imprisonment in the Black Tower on the Bosphorus, Busbequius was at once invited to a post which required no common abilities to fill, but which men of ability, under the circumstances, were naturally not over eager to accept. The courage, good temper, and ready wit with which the ambassador discharged the duties of his office, though nose and ears, not to say life itself, were frequently in jeopardy, and the dexterity with which he kept the mighty Solyman amused, when to gain time was to gain everything, have been a little obscured by the very brilliancy of his pictures of Turkish life in the palmiest days of the Ottoman supremacy. Although much of the most noteworthy matter in these letters, such as his travels in Anatolia, his descriptions of Turkish military discipline, the tragic tales of the Princes Mustapha and Bajazet, has been since repeatedly re-told, the Herodotean naturalness of the general narrative is still as pleasing to the 19th century as it could ever have been to 16th century readers. The details of the ambassador's daily life, described with a vivacity never surpassed, and rarely equalled by the skilfullest word-painter of later times, still offer at every turn points of historic or antiquarian interest. The letters written to the emperors Maximilian and Rudolph from Paris—whither, after returning from his eight years' residence in Turkey, Busbequius was dispatched at first to

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watch over the interests of Maximilian's sister, the widowed Queen of Charles IX. of France, and subsequently to send home reports, as a sort of unaccredited envoy, on French policy under Henri III., with especial reference to the revolt in the Netherlands—though their subject-matter is perhaps more commonplace, are no whit inferior in *verve* and freshness, and portray the French *gentilhomme* of that day with greater decorum, but with a vivid colouring and truthfulness of drawing which Brantome himself could not possibly excel. The editors' translation, if somewhat lacking the racy quaintness of the older versions—a want scarcely made up by an occasional colloquialism, the verb 'to dodge' being a frequent favourite on these occasions—is on the other hand much more accurate. The notes and appendices, and above all, the 'Sketch of Hungarian History during the reign of Solyman,' will be found most useful to those who would make or renew that acquaintance with Busbecq which our modern craving for original records and first authorities should render additionally desirable. We should add that the edition concludes, as all such editions should, with a very excellent index.

Foreign Secretaries of the Nineteenth Century to 1884. By Percy M. Thornton. Two Vols. W. H. Allen and Co.

It is a grave truth that a line of national policy is very largely the result of a minister's individuality; neither the force and form of events nor the collective counsel of his colleagues can neutralize the clear purpose of a strong individual will; and the more able the minister the more predominant his personal purpose becomes. We have often realized this both in our home government and our foreign policy, and never, perhaps, more disastrously than in the late government of Lord Beaconsfield. In home government, moreover, there are parliamentary and other checks to individual will, from which the minister of foreign politics is comparatively free, so that the nation has often been committed to a course of policy which it had not information enough to check in its inception, and which when comprehended had gone too far for reversal. The wrong-headed policy which led to the Afghan and Zulu wars, and which Mr. Gladstone's government, however it may reverse its principles, can do but little to repair, is a striking illustration. This throws a very grave responsibility upon constituencies.

The power of a Secretary for Foreign Affairs is therefore exceptionally great. In reading Mr. Thornton's volumes we are again and again made to feel it. The very destiny of nations has seemed sometimes to turn upon the diplomatic ability of men like Lord Castlereagh and Lord Palmerston. Often it has been a blessing for the world that our Foreign Secretary has been a man of exceptional power. A weak or wilful diplomatist, especially at great crises, such as the settlement of Europe after the great war at the Vienna Congress, or the settlement of the Eastern Question at Berlin two years ago, may compromise the well-being of nations and the harmony of Europe.

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But this makes the task of writing the memoirs of Foreign Secretaries an almost insuperable one. It involves, in fact, a review of the history of Europe. The individual biographical incidents are necessarily very subordinate. The purpose is not to write the biographies of men who have been Foreign Secretaries, but to estimate their official character and doings. Accordingly, Mr. Thornton passes very rapidly over all matters of personal incident or characterization not connected with official history, and gives his chief strength to the latter. It follows of necessity that his work is little more than a criticism upon the chief events of European history comprised within the period marked out. Fully to appreciate it there needs a familiar acquaintance with the history itself, the references to it being mainly allusive, and the purpose an attempt to appraise individual ability and policy in relation to it. The book, therefore, is more valuable to the instructed politician than it can be to ordinary readers, who do not possess the general knowledge necessarily taken for granted.

Hence, too, both the judgments and the colouring depend largely upon the personal political opinions of the writer. Mr. Thornton has manifestly done his best to qualify himself for his task by acquainting himself with political history and literature. He strives, too, to be impartial, but now and then political sympathies reveal themselves, as when he justifies by allusion recent policy in Afghanistan and Turkey (vol. ii. pp. 292, 294), and thinks (vol. ii. p. 303) that Lord Aberdeen strove hard to prevent the disruption of the Scotch Church in 1843. In one sense, of course, this is true; but perhaps to no one man's political wrong-headedness is the issue more due. He makes out a better case, and one sustained by very diversified testimony, in his elaborate defence of Lord Castlereagh (vol. ii. p. 164). We can hardly think from his veiled polemic here and there against democratic power that Mr. Thornton would have aided in passing the Reform Bill, the results of which, however, he is constrained cautiously to laud. But we cannot discuss the political judgments of which the whole work consists. We can only thus indicate the attitude or sympathies of the judge. We think, too, that Mr. Thornton goes perilously near to wrong when he so euphemizes and apologizes for the profligacy of George IV. (vol. ii. p. 282). We cannot congratulate Mr. Thornton upon his literary style. Throughout it is stiff and awkward. It abounds in exaggerated phrases and strong epithets, not always selected congruously. Its grammatical structure is often at fault, while the sentences are put together in a very clumsy way, thus, 'Absence from the ordinary sensitiveness of human nature frequently appears not to accompany genius.' 'England had unfulfilled her part of the alliance, when,' &c. The work, however, is carefully compiled, and its judgments are studiously fair, although we do not always agree with them. It will be valuable to political and historical students, if not always for guiding their judgments, yet by supplying the evidence and the references whereby judgments are to be formed.

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The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg. By Anne Ayres. Sampson Low and Co.

We have here a biographical record of a very earnest and devoted man. As the name implies, the Muhlenbergs were German by extraction, and the founder of the American branch of the family was born at Eimbeck, in Hanover, in the year 1711. Going to America, he traversed a great part of the country, and eventually settled at Trappe, Pennsylvania. The subject of the present work was born at Philadelphia on the 16th of September, 1796. His father was successively Treasurer of his native State, President of the Convention which ratified the constitution of the United States, Member of Congress, and first Speaker of the House of Representatives under Washington's administration. The education of young Muhlenberg was at first entrusted to the Quakers. He was subsequently sent to the Philadelphia Academy, and then to the grammar school of the University of Pennsylvania, where he remained for three years. At the close of his college course he graduated with honours. He proposed to enter the Church, and took part in many philanthropic movements. As an example of his efforts in regard to education it may be mentioned that he obtained the passage of a Bill through the legislature, making the city of Lancaster, where he resided, the second public school district in the State, Philadelphia being the first. Muhlenberg twice visited Europe, and we have pleasant reminiscences of flying visits to Oxford and London, where he met J. H. Newman, Dr. Pusey, and F. D. Maurice. Dr. Newman especially seems to have greatly impressed him. Pusey considered Dr. Muhlenberg the most interesting visitor who had yet come to England from the United States. The latter observed of Maurice, 'He is a lovely man, and just such an one as you would fancy from his books.' Muhlenberg did great and good work in New York. He was a zealous anti-slavery man, supporting President Lincoln in the period of terrible crisis through which the United States passed some twenty years ago. The beneficent work by which Muhlenberg will be chiefly remembered was the foundation of St. Johnland, which he began in his seventieth year. St. Johnland was a brotherhood, established for the following purposes: First, to provide cheap and comfortable homes, with the means of social and moral improvement, for deserving families of the working classes; secondly, to maintain a home for aged men in destitute circumstances, and to care for the friendless and the crippled; thirdly, to assist indigent boys and young men who desired literary education, with a view to the gospel ministry; and lastly, to give form and practical application to the principles of brotherhood in Christ in the community of St. Johnland. In this Christian settlement noble work was achieved. Its founder, who was most benevolent in disposition, died very poor, in his eightieth year. On his tombstone, which is erected in St. Johnland, is inscribed the words, 'In testimony of those evangelical catholic principles to which, as the founder of St. Johnland, he consecrated it.' This work conveys wise, good, and useful lessons. It is the

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biography of a man whose humanitarian principles and catholic Christian spirit are well worthy of emulation.

The Makers of Florence. Dante, Giotto, Savonarola, and their City. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Third and Cheaper Edition. Macmillan and Co.

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This is, perhaps, the best book of the many Mrs. Oliphant has written. This third and popular edition shows that its great claim has been recognized. In addition to the three great representative names on the title-page, the volume contains sketches of Arnolfo, Ghiberti, Donatello, Brunelleschi, Pandolfini, Fra Angelico, Sant' Antonio, and other more or less illustrious citizens, the whole woven into a graceful tissue of description and history. It is a romance of complex civilization, of which history, art, and religion are the great factors.

Men Worth Remembering. Robert Hall. By Rev. E. PAXTON HOOD. Thomas Chalmers, D.D. LL.D. By DONALD FRASER, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Hood has delineated Robert Hall very successfully. A wide range of knowledge, a fine instinctive perception, and considerable literary aptitude, make this memoir about the best delineation of the great preacher that we know. Much as one is struck with the marvellous eloquence and general intellectual power of Robert Hall, perhaps a still deeper impression is made by his grand simplicity and godly greatness. A man who might have commanded the highest station was so utterly impracticable, from his lofty and spiritual conception of his ministry, that he remained the simple Baptist minister which he was when he began his professional life, while his class-mate Mackintosh and others of his fellow students, who reverenced him to the last as greater than they all, attained to high place and dignities. Next to Dr. Stanford's Philip Doddridge, in this series, we place the volume of Mr. Hood. Although inferior to Robert Hall both in power and culture, Dr. Chalmers had some of the characteristics that distinguished him. Interesting contrasts in the eloquence of the two men, both so great in the pulpit, might be drawn, also of the different work which they did in the Church of Christ. Dr. Fraser has retold the familiar story of Dr. Chalmers's life with lucidity and sympathy. Almost necessarily he has largely epitomized the bulky work of Dr. Hanna. His sketch lacks the *vivida vis animi* which characterizes that of Mr. Hood, but his portraiture of the great preacher, and of the Moses of the Church exodus, is both interesting and popular.

New Colorado and the Santa Fè Trail. By A. A. HAYES, Jun. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Books about Colorado, since Mr. Hepworth Dixon's amusing sketch of Denver City in its infancy, have been on the whole numerous rather

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than varied. A strong family likeness runs through them all; and if Mr. Hayes's neatly illustrated volume is in every way an exception, it is chiefly that the humours of the wild West, and its familiar romance of lucky miners, daring 'road agents' (*Anglicé*, highwaymen), and enterprising stage-drivers are to be found therein in even unusual profusion. On the other hand it can claim to depict Colorado in its newest aspect, since, that is to say, the great development of mining enterprise which commenced about three years ago, and to contain, beside the customary amount of florid description, not a few pages which may prove permanently useful to those who visit 'the Centennial State' in search of health, or fortune, or amusement. Perhaps the best chapter is that from which the book derives its second title, or the account of the failure of the Confederate attempt to march northward from Texas upon Colorado, and joining hands with the Mormons of Utah, cut off and occupy the Pacific States. An episode this of the great civil war which has been somewhat undeservedly obscured by the events occurring contemporaneously east of the Mississippi.

At Home in Fiji. By C. F. Gordon Cumming. Two Vols. With Map and Illustrations. William Blackwood and Sons.

Miss Gordon Cumming has already given us ample evidence of her capacity to observe, to reflect, and to describe effectively, in her 'From the Hebrides to the Himalayas,' which was simply a delightful book, fresh and vigorous, and with no drawback of conventional conceptions. She brings an open heart and a fresh eye with her; and if it be true, as Carlyle was so fond of saying, that the 'eye sees what it brings with it the power of seeing,' he always supplemented this axiom by another, 'the heart sees further than the head.' Miss Gordon Cumming went out as a guest of the Governor of Fiji, and stayed in the island about two years, making, however, a trip to New Zealand in an interval. Her book recounts the experience of a few years ago, but it suffers little from the delay in publication, which is not fully explained. Many besides herself and her host have to be congratulated on the circumstance that she has visited and written of Fiji. She has done for it what only a very select few could have done: she interests us in it. She brings the people near to us, and by her vivid and graceful pictures lets us see the scenes among which she journeyed. And, truth to say, she must be a very energetic kind of guest—never inclined to let time pass without improvement and additions to her experiences, all of which she conveys lightly and gracefully, and often with a subdued touch of fun. And yet she is never in too great a hurry to receive an impression. She has the true traveller's gift—a gift which is often affected in the literary reminiscence, but is more seldom reached in the actual circumstances—the power to make the best of the people, and to appreciate their good points. This implies not only sympathy, but a kind of fine creative instinct—a nature

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nicely attuned to the true and deeper notes of 'human nature.' Many will be surprised to hear from her that the natives of Fiji are now dignified, polite, kind, and hospitable; and that the Wesleyan missionaries deserve not a little credit for this result; there being 'no fewer than fourteen hundred schools and nine hundred churches.' Her account of her cruise in the Wesleyan Missionary schooner is very far from being the least lightsome or instructive of the chapters in these volumes, and does full justice to the zealous missionary workers. The Fijians are declared to be as vastly superior to the Polynesians as the Maoris are to the Australian blacks. Considering that scarcely a generation has passed since they were not only brutal and ferocious savages, but cannibals of a very repulsive type—of which Miss Gordon Cumming gives some very revolting instances—their present condition is one of the most remarkable phenomena to be witnessed. The Fijians, we learn, did not eat men, as some of the Australian blacks did, from necessity, nor as other savage tribes have done, from revenge, but from choice and confirmed liking. They were epicures in human flesh; and, just as in old days of Scottish warfare, the chief's wife would present her men-folk with a dish of spurs, to show that the larder was empty, so a Fijian housewife would display the bare bones of a human body to indicate that her cook's coffers were empty of forage. The father of King Theekombau not seldom returned from his adventurous exploits with the 'bodies of infants hanging from the yard-arm of his canoe, as tribute exacted from their parents.' Like the wild beasts, the Fijians must slay their own prey—this fact, as it would appear, adding a zest to the dish. Miss Gordon Cumming says, on the unsavoury subject of their cookery—

'I have been told about one great feast for which nineteen gigantic puddings were prepared, the two largest being respectively nineteen and twenty feet in circumference. Verily our familiar Scottish haggis must bow to these Fijian cousins, and confess himself to be no longer the chieftain of the pudding race.'

The wonderful progress made in Fiji can thus perhaps be realized. It is not only the grave and horrible side of Fijian life that Miss Gordon Cumming deals with in the past or in the present. She describes with great animation the amusements, the *mékés* or dances, the rarer customs which still survive and struggle with Christian influence. There is a decided touch of poetry about some of her descriptions, particularly of that graceful *méké* which represents the breaking of a wave on a coral reef—'a poetic idea admirably rendered,' as she justifiably says, and with some pride, as it would appear, in her *protégés*. She has much, too, to tell of many of the native arts, the practice of which, we regret to hear, is rapidly dying out. On the whole, the volume is admirable alike for the knowledge of a little known country and people communicated to us, and for the fine spirit of sympathy that pervades the work. Only one criticism we have to make. This is, that here, as in the case of Miss Bird's book about Japan, we have instances of the laxness and repetition into which the most gifted lady writers are apt to fall when they adopt the epistolary

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form. It is easy in some respects, but the faults incident to it are almost unavoidable. And yet there is a certain lightness and familiarity inseparable with it, for which perhaps no carefulness and pruning could altogether compensate in the hands of lady writers; so perhaps we had better be content with the 'good the gods provide us.'

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Incidents on a Journey through Nubia and Darfoor. By F. Sidney Ensor, C.E. W. H. Allen and Co.

A railway to connect Darfoor with Egyptian civilization and commerce! Verily the world moves very fast. In 1874 Darfoor was annexed to Egypt by Ismail Pasha. Its reported fertility determined him to connect it with Old Dongola on the Upper Nile by a railway, and Mr. Ensor was sent with a suitable convoy to survey the route down the Wady Malik, from Old Dongola to El Fasher—a distance of some six hundred miles. Whether any steps towards constructing the railway have been taken, or how it is proposed to work it when constructed, Mr. Ensor does not tell us. Nothing very remarkable happened to him, but in a lively way he describes the desert, and tells little illustrative incidents. The air of the desert is in his book, and it has transported us back very pleasantly to old days of camel-riding, Arab life, and evening *fantasias*, although it was not our lot to meet with a Rebecca such as Mr. Ensor encountered.

Blacks, Boers, and British. A Three-cornered Problem. By F. Reginald Statham. Macmillan and Co.

There are many books written upon colonial affairs whose authors are scarcely entitled to speak from sufficiency of personal experience. This is not the case with the present volume. Mr. Statham lived in South Africa for upwards of three years, and his position as editor of the 'Natal Witness' enabled him to gain considerable insight into the affairs and politics of the Cape. He not unnaturally complains of the ignorance which prevails in many circles upon Cape matters, and his own work is to be praised because it shows that he did not allow himself to be biassed by colonial prejudices. He determined to sift the difficult three-cornered problem for himself, and his independent judgment is therefore entitled to respect. With regard to the Zulu war—like many others who are competent to speak upon this question—he throws the responsibility for it upon Sir Bartle Frere, and Sir Bartle Frere alone. This is the view which history will take of that war; such at least is our conviction. Mr. Statham observes upon this subject that 'the sin is not the colonists' but that of the pro-consul, whose reputation would have enabled him to inaugurate in South Africa a policy of peace and moderation, but who, deliberately choosing the lower road, stirred up every base and bitter passion, and threw five millions of imperial treasure into the sea.' The treasure lost is of course bad enough, but it is a want of regard for the sacredness of human life which we most complain of. The author believes that from the perfect confidence which the colonists had in Sir Bartle Frere, he was able to lead them wherever he chose. How, then, can we absolve him from the gravest censure for

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the course which he ultimately took? But Mr. Statham is also severe upon our colonial policy all through, no matter by whom administered. He considers that it is the purposeless, colourless, unstable drifting hither and thither of the colonial office that is absolutely destructive of all confidence and all respect on the part of South African colonists towards the home government. Mr. Statham is not without remedies for the miserable condition of things which has so long existed. For example, amongst other things, he points out that anything which helps forward railway construction in South Africa is a distinct addition to the chances of permanent union as well as of internal development. 'If, being saved from a war that would have cost ten millions and advantaged you nothing, you could bring your mind to spend half that sum, or to guarantee the interest on it, in furthering railway construction in South Africa, you would soon see cause to feel that you had done well. The railway is your civilizer and consolidator of British rule in that part of the empire, and not the cannon and the bayonet.' Mr. Statham brings out a goodly number of home truths which deserve to be pondered, and even those who are opposed to the policy he advocates in South African affairs might learn many things from his little volume with advantage.

Life in Western India. By Mrs. Guthrie, Author of 'Through Russia,' &c. Hurst and Blackett.

Mrs. Guthrie's previous volumes of travel were received with considerable favour, which is also likely to be accorded to this her latest work. She writes in a very sprightly and interesting manner; and without this, records of adventure are apt to be very dull. Western India is, perhaps, less known than any other part of our great Eastern dependency, at least by means of such details as Mrs. Guthrie furnishes. We have here no dry geographical survey of a large tract of country, but rather the fresh and vivid impressions made upon a thoughtful mind through the medium of of a quick, observant eye. A good deal of information is conveyed upon Hindoo life and customs, while the outer aspects of nature are faithfully described. The prodigality of nature in India would scarcely be imagined by one who has not read of its marvellous fecundity in this respect, both as regards animal and vegetable life. The author treats tolerably fully this branch of her subject. She also gives some curious particulars of life in Belgaum, as well as concerning the origin of medicine in the East. She skips from one topic to another in a chatty and agreeable way, and this alone would prevent her volumes from being heavy reading. Some, perhaps, might desiderate a little more method, but with greater formality in composition and the arrangement of subjects we might have lost much of the charm which these entertaining volumes now undoubtedly possess.

Bush Life in Queensland: or, John West's Colonial Experiences. By A. C. Grant. William Blackwood and Sons.

Those who open this book expecting to find a dry record of travel will be disappointed. On the contrary, the experiences of some years in

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Queensland are thrown into the most interesting form of a story, and the whole thing is treated with an amount of literary skill which makes the work doubly interesting. Mr. Grant has been more fortunate than many people who have left their own hospitable native shores of England. We learn from his preface that at an advanced age his mother crossed the seas to assist her son in subduing the wilderness. We are not surprised that the family should have encountered trials and difficulties, for that is the lot of all emigrants; but it is not always—not even frequently we are afraid—that the devotion, courage, and steadfastness of a parent are ready to smooth the way for pioneers from Britain in some distant colony. It is more than possible that as Queensland becomes better known it will be a favourite field with emigrants. Certainly, in most respects its climate bears comparison with that of the British Islands. We shall not endeavour to discount the interest of the story of John West—which we may presume to be that of the author—by unfolding it to our readers; we will hope that they will make acquaintance with it themselves. Emigrants are not utterly without recreations and amusements, nor is the sentiment of love unknown amongst them, as one of the chapters in these volumes testifies. Amongst other things, also, the reader will find farming, exploring, cattle-raising, gold-finding, and innumerable other topics treated of here. Altogether the narrative is most interesting.

Chili: Sketches of Chili and the Chilians during the War, 1879–1880. By R. Nelson Boyd, F.R.G.S. W. H. Allen and Co.

Mr. Boyd modestly disclaims any considerable purpose in the publication of the present work, which he states consists only of the notes made by a traveller desirous of gleaning some knowledge during a journey through the country. But this is the principle upon which every book of travel should be compiled, and the measure of success will be in proportion to the observation of the writer and his power of expressing himself. In both these respects our author is very fairly successful. Chili is a very interesting country, and within a very small compass Mr. Boyd manages to convey a good deal of information concerning it. He has not adopted any method of classification in his chapters, taking things as they come, and describing them accordingly. He shows with regard to the late war between Chili and Peru and Bolivia, that while it ostensibly arose on a question of taxes, the dispute really had its origin in the matter of unsettled boundaries. It appears that, according to the last census, taken in 1875, the population of the Chilian Republic amounted to 2,075,971, consisting of 1,033,974 men, and 1,041,997 women. The statistics concerning the Europeans alone in the Republic exhibited an enormous disproportion between men and women, the former numbering almost four to one of the latter. As regards climate, the range of the country from the 23rd parallel south to the 50th includes every variation of temperature, from an almost tropical heat to a nearly glacial cold. The reader will find

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himself entertained by this volume, which is embellished by many autotype engravings.

France and the French in the Second Half of the Nineteenth Century. By KARL HILLEBRAND. Trübner and Co.

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This translation of a German work by Karl Hillebrand naturally suggests comparison, as regards one portion of it at least, with a volume on 'French Home Life,' which appeared a few years ago. The latter was written in a more sprightly and vivacious style, and exhibited perhaps in certain respects keener observation; but the German writer is more profound, and his criticisms, even when a little out of date, are well worthy of study. He has been told that his book is too French for a German, and too German for a Frenchman; but this is perhaps the best tribute that could be paid to it, for it shows that he has endeavoured to hold the scales of justice with an even hand. As he says, it has been his object neither to praise nor to blame, but to understand; and where there is so much heat between two nationalities as between the French and the German, it proves no little power of repression when an author is able to keep his own sentiments in the background. It must be remembered that it is only of modern France that the author is writing; 'for ancient France he has as sincere an admiration as any one. Every cultivated person knows what she once did in philanthropy, science, and literature; and it is only necessary to imagine the names of Scaliger, Montaigne, Pascal, Descartes, Bayle, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Rousseau, Laplace, and Cuvier omitted from the history of European culture, to gain some conception of the grand and, on the whole, beneficent influence which the French mind has had on Europe and mankind.' With regard to the difficult science of government also, 'the history of few nations can show such statesmen and administrators as Henri IV. and Sully, Richelieu and Mazarin, Louvois and Colbert, and the whole of the Napoleonic school.' Towards his own countrymen Herr Hillebrand assumes a perfectly frank attitude; and admits, amongst other things, that before the political successes of the modern Germans the evil spirit of arrogance appeared in the German scientific world, and claimed for the Germans the part of a chosen people. 'The German saw only too clearly the mote in his neighbour's eye, and laughed heartily at his pretentiousness in imagining that he headed the march of civilization, while all the time he was himself very innocently displaying the beam in his own eye and talking of the superiority of German culture as if it were a self-evident fact.' This is tolerably plain speaking to one's own kindred. In the first part of his work the author discourses pleasantly, and, so far as we are able to discover, with general accuracy, upon society and literature in France. With regard to the former, he holds that the chief virtues of the French nation are conditional on a peaceful, regular course of affairs; they all aim at what is expedient, not at what is good in itself. Of the system of education he does not speak very highly. There is an interesting chapter upon the reflex influence which Paris and the provinces exercise over each other.

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Touching the literature of France, he believes that the higher comedy of the Second Empire will share the fate of its poetry and novels, and that in twenty years less will be heard of it than is now after two centuries heard of the novels of D'Urfé and Mdlle. Scudéry. The second portion of the work is devoted entirely to the subject of the political life of France. The writer desiderates for France a strong ruler, who could assure to the nation a certain continuity of government, at the same time inspiring it with a conviction of his power, and of his determination to use it. He believes that such a ruler will yet arise. On Burns's principle that we ought to 'see ourselves as ithers see us,' the French would do well to peruse these criticisms by an outsider.

Vallombrosa. By W. W. Story. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.

An account of a visit to Vallombrosa and its classical woodland beauties, described as few but the author of 'Roba di Roma' can describe them; keen in perception of natural beauty, artistic in its grouping, and exquisite in its details, with an account of its famous monastery and its fortunes—despoiled by Napoleon I., then restored, and finally abolished with others Italian monasteries. Mr. Story makes a vigorous protest against the confiscation by government of the property of monks and nuns, to whom he thinks compensation should on principles of equity be given. And he describes with much sympathy the present condition of the peasantry, who undoubtedly have suffered greatly; but even he too lets us see some indications that it is only the suffering of a transition state, by and by liberty and manhood may produce better fruits than serfdom and mendicancy. A more charming little book has not often come into our hands.

Our Own Country, Descriptive, Historical, Pictorial. Vol. III. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

Roving about at his own sweet will, the compiler conducts us from Norwich to Newark, from Newark to the Wye, thence to Aberdeen, the Merioneth Coast, the New Forest, North Devon, Killarney, Oxford, Loch Maree, Manchester, and a dozen more places, and about each he has something interesting to tell us, and tells it in an interesting way. It is a charming miscellany profusely illustrated, and reveals to us how much in our own country there is that is both historical and picturesque.

The Great Explorers of the Nineteenth Century. By Jules Verne. Translated by N. D'Anvers. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

This forms the third and concluding volume of M. Verne's 'Celebrated Travels and Travellers,' and we do not doubt that the favourable reception which was given to the two previous volumes will also be accorded to their successor. One is struck with the great mass of interesting matter, geographical, ethnological, and other, which is here compacted together; bespeaking as it does no small amount of research, and still more affording

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fresh evidence of that instinctive perception of the popular which is, to a large extent, the secret of the author's success in his numerous works. It must be said, however, that M. Verne is scarcely so fascinating in this volume as he is in such a book as 'Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea;' his pen evidently moves most freely when the conditions of his work allow for a fuller play of imagination: here sometimes we feel that he is stiff and constrained in style. A preliminary chapter is devoted to a general survey of explorations by Seetzen, Burckhardt, Webb, and others in the East in the early part of the century—a survey very interesting so far as it goes, but superficial. The value of the work, however, grows as it advances, the story of African travel evidently drawing out the author's enthusiasm more successfully; and the expeditions of Clapperton and the Landers are narrated with greater fulness, and with more sympathy. M. Verne has evidently been attracted by the simplicity of Lander's narrative, upon which he draws largely; and few more touching pictures could be drawn than that of the burial of poor Clapperton in a foreign land by his devoted followers 'amid showers of tears.' Not the least part of the value of M. Verne's narrative lies in the fact that men like Clapperton, and Denham, and Lander, whose brave expeditions are now almost forgotten, should in these pages be recalled to the memory of their fellow-countrymen. The whole of the second part of the book is devoted to Polar Explorers and Circumnavigators, and the stirring careers of Kotzebue and Krusenstern, of Bougainville and Freycinet, as well as of our own James Clark Ross and John Ross, Parry and Franklin, are concisely and graphically recorded. It must be borne in mind, of course, that this is not the work of a scientific geographer; it does not contribute any newly discovered facts; and we are inclined to think that the author would have made his book even better than it is, had he been less manifestly bound by the *manner* in which his heroes tell their tale. One who is a *connoisseur* in matters of geography and travel is not in danger of being inaccurate though he chooses to tell his story in his own way—and M. Verne's 'way' is charming. We miss in the narration also the record of the most recent, and in some respects most notable explorers, such as Livingstone, and we thus find the story stopping short where the interest deepens. We ought to say that the work of the translator has evidently been done with great care; there are no cumbrous, half-translated phrases, but the work is in good, pure, idiomatic English. The illustrations are lavish and beautiful; and altogether the work is both attractive and instructive: it will repay, as it certainly by its outward seeming tempts, perusal.

The Life and Public Services of James A. Garfield, President of the United States. A Biographical Sketch. By Captain F. H. Mason. With a Preface, by Bret Harte. Trübner and Co.

This is a very interesting and enlightening sketch. It shows that the election to the Presidency of General Garfield, a man unknown to Europe,

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is by no means a popular caprice, as we are sometimes apt to think. A large-brained, well-cultured, energetic, and patriotic man, General Garfield's career has throughout indicated a born leader of men. Broad and statesmanlike in his political character, and of very great ability; one can only say that his election, the natural sequence of his career, reflects honour upon his country, and should be a satisfactory assurance to the world.

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POLITICS, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Précis of Official Papers. Being Abstracts of all Parliamentary Returns. Directed to be printed by both Houses of Parliament. Session 1880. Part I. W. H. Allen and Co.

A most useful publication. It is published monthly, at a comparatively cheap rate, and will be invaluable not only to members of parliament, but to all men having to do with public affairs, or even interested in them. Every return is summarized, so as to give a kind of consecutive history of the matters referred to when of a historical character, and a compendium when they are statistical. References are given to the pages of the Blue Books for the convenience of those who on any point wish for more detailed information, or for the exact text of important despatches. The volumes will furnish contemporary history of a political kind of the most unimpeachable authority, and will enable statesmen to use the information of the Blue Books in the most compendious and lucid way. In its way, it will mark as great an epoch in the knowledge of parliamentary affairs as Hansard itself did.

Progress and Poverty. By Henry George. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

In this volume we have an inquiry into the cause of industrial depressions and of what the writer calls 'increase of want with increase of wealth.' The disease hereby suggested is a very terrible one, and it is one with which the progress of the age does not seem to enable men to grapple any better than formerly. Mr. George has evidently been deeply stirred at sight and thought of the misery and social distress and poverty and want which gather wherever men congregate in the great cities of the earth. As an American, he writes from a special point of view, but the wretched phenomena he deals with are only too familiar to us in the Old World. The sight and thought of the growing divorce between the developing resources and the teeming multitudes of individuals in the world, the fact that science, with all its discoveries, in the end only seems to make the struggle for existence the harder and drearier, has led the writer of this work to devote himself to a search for a remedy. And he has found one with which he is satisfied. He has found that the root of all the want, poverty, and misery of the world is in the individual ownership

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of the land. From the land are developed the materials of wealth; but what ought to be open to all in the common battle of life, and ought to be available for all, is monopolized by a few. Consequently, as the few press more and more to add acre to acre, and the monopolized article grows scarcer, rents rise, and there is a general advance in profits, but all the while wages, instead of rising, tend to get more attenuated until they reach the line of mere starvation allowances. Convulsion, crisis, ruin, with consequent protracted industrial depression, are the fruits of this system. Mr. George is confident that he has gauged the disease aright, and feels as confident that he has found the remedy. And he has sought for it with so much sincere enthusiasm that we heartily wish we could say we agree with him. But the problem is even harder, we fear, than he deems it. Strike away the institution of individual property in land to-morrow and let it be a possession in common, a process of aggregating it would at once begin again, unless men were to be compelled to surrender their right to freely contract and bargain one with another—and that would be slavery of a sort. The land laws of many countries are doubtless fundamentally faulty and ought to be amended, but the dream of nationalized land, as a common fund out of which the whole inhabitants of the earth are to be clothed and fed and kept comfortable, is a mere dream, and a very vain one. This book of Mr. George is full of a noble enthusiasm of humanity, and there is much force and eloquence in his expositions of thoughts which are original in the sense of having been conquered by him for himself and made his own; but it is felt at the end that the remedy we have been hopefully following is a delusion. Not in the Lubberland of a universal communism is salvation to be found for men in *this* world! To such a Lubberland we greatly fear that 'having all things in common' would of necessity conduct all the ignobler men and women among us. The pressure of necessity is the sharp goad that is still needed by most of us to force us to do that work lying nearest us, to which we are called by Heaven.

The Atomic Theory. By Ad. Wurtz. Translated by E. Cleminshaw, M.A. *The Natural Conditions of Existence as they affect Animal Life.* By Karl Semper. *General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves.* By Dr. I. Rosenthal. *Light.* An Exposition of the Principles of Monocular and Binocular Vision. By Joseph Le Conte, LL.D., Professor of Geology and Natural History in the University of California. *Illusions.* A Psychological Study. By James Sully. (The International Scientific Series.) C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The first of these volumes—all of which belong to the International Scientific Series—is a history of the Atomic Theory from the time of its reintroduction by Richter and Dalton down to its most recent develop-

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ments, this history being treated under the two main heads of *Atoms* and *Atomicity*. A somewhat slight, but clear and interesting, sketch is given of the various modifications which were introduced up to the institution of the present system of atomic weights, from which point the treatment becomes more full. We have an admirable account of Gerhardt's notation, upon which in large measure the present system was founded. Gerhardt was impressed with the defects of the 'equivalent notation' which was in vogue in his day, and specially with this fact, that, while a molecule of water was formed of two atoms of hydrogen and one of oxygen, and carbonic acid of one of carbon and two of oxygen, yet in none of the reactions of organic chemistry, as represented by the formulæ and equations of Berzelius, were 'quantities of water and carbonic acid, corresponding to H_2O and CO_2, set free.' The quantities formed were never less than H_4O_2 and C_2O_4; and the careful consideration of this fact led to the conclusion upon which Gerhardt's notation was based, viz., that existing organic formulæ must be halved, and with them the atomic weight of metals. Gerhardt's system, however, went too far, and it was necessary for Cannizzaro to restore in some cases the atomic weight of Berzelius, as in cadmium, bismuth, cobalt, &c. Thus at last, from a combination of Berzelius, Cannizzaro, and Gerhardt, the present system was consolidated. At this point it was necessary that Professor Wurtz should show the relation of this system to the neglected law of volumes, and this he does with much ability, treating specially of its harmony with the law of Avogadro and Ampère, that 'equal volumes of gases or vapours contain the same number of molecules.' We may add here that this section of the work contains a well-arranged Table of Atomic Weights, which will be of great service to the student. The second part of the volume, which is devoted to the exposition of 'Atomicity, or Valency of Atoms in Combination,' will be perused with special interest, as giving a lucid and compact statement of the laws by which simple bodies exercise a combining power. Here, however, the matter is full of such technical details as would find no proper place in the present notice. The method followed is, again, the historical one—the simplest and best for the elucidation of the subject. The great work done in this department by Berthollet and Kekulé receives due recognition; and we must note the admirable section in which Professor Wurtz, taking for his starting-point the distinction between atomicity and affinity as relative properties, expounds the former as 'the capacity of saturation' in atoms.

Most readers will regret, we think, the brevity of the chapter with which the book closes. It is impossible to discuss the bearing of this theory upon the constitution of matter in a sentence or two; and hence one is impressed with the scant treatment which, for instance, Sir William Thomson's theory of vortex atoms receives. It may be said, however, that if in this volume we miss full discussion of such ultimate questions, we have complete data for forming our own conclusions upon what the author might consider the surroundings of the atomic theory rather than

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its essence. We only subjoin a word of commendation for the translation, which is really a translation into good English. To say this is to say much.

In Professor Semper's volume we become engrossed in a subject of much wider interest than that of Wurtz's work, at least to the amateur 'scientist,' viz., 'The Natural Conditions of Existence as they affect Animal Life.' Indeed, so attractive is the book in style, and so full is it of interesting details with regard to animals and their ways, that it will probably draw the attention of many who generally eschew scientific literature. In arrangement the work is clear and exact. After dealing in the introduction and the opening chapter with various important preliminary considerations, and bearing a passing testimony to the great value of Mr. Darwin's work in this department, the author proceeds to consider the conditions of animal life under two heads: (1) The Influence of Inanimate Surroundings; and (2) The Influence of Living Surroundings. Under the former division, which occupies the largest share of his attention, he treats of the influence of food, of light, of temperature, of stagnant water, of a still atmosphere, of matter in motion, &c. The first of these involves the very interesting question, which is here discussed at length, of the maintenance of animal life at great depths. That they do live very deep down in the ocean we know. How are they nourished? To this question the author does not venture to offer any decisive answer; but he gives prominence to the conjecture of Möbius, that organic matter is carried down from the surface by the 'sinking current.' Very curious facts are stated regarding the comparative adaptability of certain animals to changes of food; facts from which, however, the author is too cautious, in the present crude state of our knowledge on such points, to draw any very formal conclusions. Indeed, this extreme caution is evident throughout the book, and there is a shyness toward mere hypotheses-making which might well be oftener imitated. Thus, in the section upon the influence of light, he contents himself with an elaborate comparison of chlorophyll in plants and pigment in animals, and refuses to accept the identity of these two in the entire absence of practical proof. Again, in his remarkably able chapter upon 'Temperature,' he shows how faulty is the test of 'mean temperature' in the decision as to the existence and survivability of certain animals, because so little account is taken of the extremes out of which this mean is often formed. Here again, therefore, he gently takes the ground away from some contemporary hypotheses respecting early climates. We should gladly follow Professor Semper into his later chapters, but space forbids us. His section upon the 'Influence of Water in Motion' leads to a very valuable statement of observations made by him at the Pelew Islands, which have led him to conclude—as against Mr. Darwin's generally accepted view on Coral Reefs—that the structure of the Pelew reef cannot be explained by a mere theory of subsidence. He considers, on the other hand, that all difficulties will be solved 'if we assume that the really efficient influences which have determined the growth of the corals in certain directions operated during a period of slow

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upheaval.' Many readers will find their attention drawn more specially to the chapter on 'Currents,' where Mr. Russel Wallace's views upon distribution of species, of which we have recently had a brilliant re-exposition, are discussed with great vigour and fairness. We cannot refer to the two chapters upon the 'Transforming,' and 'Selective Influence of Living Organisms on Animal Life,' which form the second and significantly briefer part of the volume, and we content ourselves with merely adding that for clearness, independence, and vigour of treatment, this volume will take a high place in the series to which it belongs.

Having said so much upon these two volumes, we can only add a sentence or two upon Professor Rosenthal's 'General Physiology of Muscles and Nerves.' It is pre-eminently a text-book, and therefore contains fewer of such general discussions as are apt to attract the attention of the reviewer. The author follows the simple method of treatment: first, Muscle; second, Nerve; and third, the Relation of Muscle and Nerve. His expositions are very full, and the illustrations are admirably adapted to aid them. In two respects we think the work is capable of improvement: it might with advantage have a much more complete index, and it would have been useful if authorities cited had been accompanied with more precise reference. Professor Rosenthal's view of the relation of nerve to muscle will probably be the most interesting point to the reader who is not specially a physiologist. He holds that the 'independent irritability of muscle-substance' has neither been proved nor disproved. As to nerve and muscle, he thinks one must assume that the muscle is irritated by the nerve, and he considers that 'therefore there is no sufficient reason . . . . to dispute that it may also be irritated by other irritants (electric, chemical, mechanical, or thermic).' His hypothesis, to which he travels, so to say, along this way, is that the irritation of the muscle 'takes place electrically.' We cannot enter upon the detailed considerations which lead to this conclusion; to do so would indeed be to enter into a review of the whole work, for the book may be said, throughout its expositions of fact and experiment, to grow toward this main position.

Dr. Le Conte's work is emphatically a student's book, a working manual. Under 'Monocular Vision' the structure of the eye is minutely described, and the eye is next viewed in its functions and character as an optical instrument. The author is inclined, in connection with the latter, to settle the question of the adjustment of the eye by the dictum of Helmholtz, that 'we adjust the eye to near objects by contraction of the ciliary muscle,' a method similar to that seen in the microscope. Under 'Defects of the Eye' we get much information in brief form concerning some weaknesses of sight, and the popular theory is combated which holds that the *myopic* or near-sighted eye loses its weakness with age. The rest of this first portion is devoted to an elaborate delineation of the 'Structure of the Retina, especially of its Bacillary Layer,' showing 'how from this structure resulted the wonderful property of corresponding points *retinal* and *spatial*, and the exchange between these by impression

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and perceptive projection, and how the law of direction and all the phenomena of monocoular vision flow out of this property.' The larger section, upon 'Binocular Vision,' leads to a full and interesting discussion of binocular perspective, in regard to which Professor Le Conte thinks that Wheatstone's theory of 'two slightly dissimilar images' being formed in the two eyes, and then mentally 'fused into one,' is 'true only to the unpractised and unobservant;' and he endeavours to prove rather that 'by ocular motion the two images of the same object are made to fall on corresponding points of the two retinæ, and then spatial representatives are thereby made to coincide and become one.' To the more thorough student the chapters which follow upon 'Disputed Points in Binocular Vision' will open a specially interesting field of investigation: but we do not enter upon these. We only take space further to commend this valuable manual to all scientific students as a thoroughly able treatment of a very difficult subject.

Mr. Sully's book is full of interesting accounts of Illusions and their causes. Illusions of Perception, Dreams, Introspection, Memory, Belief, &c.

An Introduction to the Science of Comparative Mythology and Folklore. By the Rev. Sir George W. Cox. Kegan Paul and Co.

One of the distinguishing features of the last half-century has been the rise of the historical sciences. The application of the inductive method to the products of human thought and action has shown that here too, as well as in inorganic nature, we can recognize the presence of general laws, and discover both continuity and development. Nowhere has the application been more successful than in the case of language. On its outward or phonetic side language belongs to the domain of the so-called natural sciences, and the phonetic laws that have been established for it are as rigorous and undeviating as the laws of chemistry or biology.

The scientific study of language has brought with it the scientific study of other creations of the human intelligence which have found expression in speech, and upon which language has exercised a deep and abiding influence. Foremost among these is the study of mythology and folklore, of those curious tales which have delighted the minds of children and of childlike society through unnumbered ages, which have proved more enduring than the highest works of genius, and which inspired the poets and artists of ancient Greece. It was long, however, before it was perceived that the gorgeous tapestry of Greek mythology was identical with the homely fairy tales of our own childhood, or the grim legends of northern Vikings. When the sophistic era first led Greece to examine the foundations whereon its religion and its ethics rested, the manifest immorality and non-morality of its myths, intertwined though they were around the popular religion, produced a shock from which the popular mind never recovered. While *savants* and philosophers were busy in allegorizing the old stories or in wondering how they first came into exist-

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ence, the multitude turned to the new deities and superstitions which poured in from the East. With the revival of Greek letters in Europe the problem of Greek mythology once more presented itself, and scholar after scholar came forward with the confident assurance that he had found the key to it. To one it symbolized the mysteries of nature, another saw in it the faded tradition of a primitive revelation, while a third stripped it of all that was beautiful and imaginative, and turned it, after the example of Euhemeros, into a dry chronicle of ordinary events.

An end has been put to all these arbitrary speculations and solemn triflings. Comparative philology first showed that just as the words and grammatical forms of the Aryan tongues are related to one another, so too are the proper names of numerous Hindu, Greek, Scandinavian, and Slavonic myths. It further showed that these proper names once had a meaning, and that in many cases that meaning is still remembered in the hymns of the Rig-Veda, the oldest literary monument of our race. But whenever the signification of a mythological name could be made out, it proved to have a purely physical sense, and to denote one of the objects or phenomena of nature. A new light flashed upon the inquirers; a myth, it was seen, was diseased language or faded metaphor; the epithets applied by early man to the objects about him had gradually lost their original meaning and become proper names, while the phrases in which they had been embodied were interpreted of the actions associated with the proper names. It was soon discovered, however, that this explanation was not sufficient. A reason was required for the use of epithets and phrases which thus readily lent themselves to a mythical interpretation, and the reason was found in the inability of primitive man to distinguish between agent and patient. The actions of animate beings had been ascribed by him to inanimate objects, and it was precisely the language that expressed this childish belief which gave rise to myths. Once formed, a myth tended to grow and to attach itself to the name and fame of a popular hero. Related myths are those in which both the general outline and the details are the same, and which, above all, centre around the same proper names.

Sir George Cox has long been known as a zealous student of Aryan mythology, and the Introduction to it he has now published will be welcomed by those who are interested in the subject. It is written in the same clear and attractive language as that with which his previous works have made us familiar. He wisely confines himself to Aryan mythology alone. The myths of other races, with few exceptions, have not as yet been treated scientifically, and they can safely be used only to correct the too one-sided views which the study of a single family of myths necessarily occasions. The attempt of some modern writers to compare Aryan myths with stray legends from Australia or South Africa is but a return to the pre-scientific age of investigation. It is like comparing words together from various unrelated languages scattered here and there over the globe. An Australian and a Hindu myth, like an Australian and a Hindu word, may chance to resemble one another in outward form, but

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their origin is entirely different, and to explain the one by the help of the other is to carry us back to the days before Bopp and Grimm.

Sir George Cox does not insist at all too much on the fact that the science of comparative mythology is subordinate to the science of comparative philology, and that we should not venture to compare and explain myths when we are unable to analyse and explain the proper names round which they are grouped. The story of Prometheus or of Kephalos and Prokris can only be said to be explained in accordance with scientific requirements, when we know that Promêtheus is the *pramanthas* or fire-machine of the ancient Aryans, and that Prokris originally signified the dew-drop. Where the proper name defies analysis we must be content to leave the myth uninterpreted. The desire to explain everything, however, is a natural one, and Sir George Cox himself seems to us to have been sometimes so carried away by it as to forget his own warnings. Several of the etymologies he accepts have been shown by the progress of philological research to be phonetically impossible, and consequently have been given up by their first proposers. Thus Pan and Laios have nothing to do with Faunus and *dasyus*, nor can Hêbê or Hêphaistos be connected with *juvenis* and *young*. Similarly Lêtô and Lêthê cannot be related, much less Lêda, if, at least, Lêtô is a Greek word, since in that case the form must be Letho. Of course in many instances a mythical name has been changed through what the Germans call *Volksetymologie* so as to assimilate it to some actually existing word or words, but where this has happened we must be able to point out the words which have caused the change. A single example will show how careful we should be if we would satisfactorily clear up the origin of a myth. Sir George Cox says that Polydeukes or Pollux has the same meaning as the Sanskrit 'Pururavas, the gleaning one.' Such, however, is not the case. The second part of the name of Polydeukes has the same root as the Homeric *ἀ-δευκής*, 'unheroic,' and the Latin *dux*, 'a leader.' Indeed *πολυδευκὴς* itself is once used in the Odyssey as a simple adjective in the sense of 'famous,' if we may accept the reading of some manuscripts. The root appears again in the name of Deukalion, the Greek Noah, which is formed from an adjective *δευκα-λὸς*. Deukalion represents the sun of winter sailing serenely above the clouds and flooded lowlands; his wife Pyrrha, the 'red' dawn, reawakening men to the toil of the day, when the night of winter is over. Now the epithet 'heroic' or 'leader' may suit the sun, but hardly the dawn, much less the eventide; in Kastor and Pollux, accordingly, we must see, not morning and evening, but the sun itself.

While confining his attention to Aryan mythology Sir George Cox does not forget to point out how considerably Greek mythology has been influenced by that of the Phœnicians from whom the Hellenes received the elements of their culture. Hêraklês, though a Greek name, is a Semitic god, and his adventures are those of the Tyrian Melkarth and the Babylonian Izdubar. Aphroditê is similarly Phœnician, rather than Greek, and many of the symbols of the gods—such as the myrtle, the

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pomegranate, or the vine—point to the East. In some cases even the Phœnician name is preserved with but slight modification; Melikertes, like Makar, is Baal Melkarth, and Athamas or Thoas is Tammuz the sun-god. Kadmos, who was worshipped at Sparta as well as at Thebes, is the Semitic 'Eastern,' and Dionysos seems to have been a foreign deity, even though his name has probably an Aryan origin. Fresh light is continually being thrown on the Semitic element in Greek mythology by Assyrian and Phœnician research, and it is not so long ago that the Babylonian prototype of the legend of Adônis was found on a cuneiform tablet. No student of Greek mythology can now afford to neglect this element, and it is not the least merit of Sir George Cox's work to have frankly recognized and admitted it.

Science of Beauty. By AVARY W. HOLMES-FORBES, M.A. Trübner and Co.

We fear we cannot speak very highly of Mr. Holmes-Forbes' essay on the laws of æsthetics. With praiseworthy diligence, and in a sufficiently clear and pleasant style, he has here given us the results of what he calls an 'analytical enquiry' into these laws. The subject has been an attractive one ever since thought exercised itself on the aspects of things. Varying schools have, as usual, given different deliverances; but the question *what* is beauty has remained unanswered, and it has often seemed as if it were unanswerable. The writer of this little treatise has had the courage, nevertheless, to grapple anew with the world-old problem, and is evidently of opinion that he has so far succeeded as to have made a substantial contribution to the science of æsthetics. We regret to be compelled to say that we are unable to admit anything of the sort. It appears to us that this 'analytical enquiry' here resolves itself into a loose amalgamation of the several opinions regarding beauty that have found favour with different schools. The writer sees that these have not finally solved the problem presented to them; that, on the contrary, each attempt has only resulted in a more or less partial and one-sided deliverance, which suggests doubts as to whether any science of æsthetics—strictly so called—is ever likely to be attained. He accordingly sets himself to dovetail together the several opinions or solutions on the subject that have heretofore been offered to the world, finding in each a side of that truth which can only be found in its entirety by the union of them all. Thus, in opposition to the 'absolute' school, he traces the existence of a 'subjective element' in beauty, though, on the other hand, he declines to follow the idealists who uphold that there is nothing but the subjective. He finds that there is also an objective element, and that it consists in the 'quality of suggestiveness.' But the problem is not solved when we have discerned the subjective and objective elements. There is something in the arguments of those who maintain that 'utility' is of the essence of beauty; and Mr. Holmes-Forbes so far adopts this idea as to set forth that 'beauty attaches only to utility,' and that 'the appearance of beauty

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varies inversely with the appearance of utility.' It seems to us that in all this there is a good deal more sound than sense. We are unable to understand how the 'subjective element of beauty' can possibly 'consist' in the emotion of admiration. The emotion of admiration is excited or called forth by beautiful objects; but the beauty which is the exciting cause of the admiration must be presupposed in existence before its effect can follow. Admiration may be the result of the recognition of the beautiful; but how can it be a constituent element of that which precedes the origin of admiration as its exciting cause? It appears to us that Mr. Holmes-Forbes has confounded tests and conditions of our knowledge of beauty with its constituent elements. We are quite as little able to follow him when he lays down the law that 'beauty only attaches to utility.' A sunset, a lovely flower, the sweet sounds of music, the attractions of poetry are outside of the region of pure utility—have nothing whatever to do with it. The root question—is there or is there not any absolute factor in the beautiful?—is ignored and set aside by Mr. Holmes-Forbes. He certainly has not solved the problem as it is presented by the philosophers who uphold an 'objective' reality in beauty. 'Suggestiveness' cannot be such an element. It is necessarily subjective, and though it may increase admiration and render beautiful objects more impressive, it is hard to understand how it can be a constitutive element of beauty. Mr. Holmes-Forbes, we are greatly afraid, has undertaken to write on a subject with the literature of which he has not previously made himself familiar. He seems to have little or no acquaintance with the great writers on æsthetics produced by France and Germany. His reading appears to have been limited to English writers on the subject. Even Victor Cousin scarcely seems to have attracted his attention. He has written a pleasant essay; but as a contribution to a determination of the laws of beauty, we are unable to pronounce it deserving of serious regard.

The Chain of Life in Geological Time. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S. Religious Tract Society.

This volume may be regarded as a sequel to the two important and interesting works which Principal Dawson has issued in recent years, entitled, 'The Story of the Earth and of Man,' and 'Fossil Man.' Its purpose is to show how the various forms of life upon the earth have been linked together in beautiful sequence; its special claim upon attention is the decisive stand which it takes at this point of sequence, as against those who step from this onwards to development, from development to evolution, in some cases taking a final stand only at automatic or spontaneous generation. Principal Dawson contends that 'the introduction of new species of animals and plants has been a continuous process, not necessarily in the sense of derivation of one species from another, but in the higher sense of the continued operation of the cause or causes which introduced life at first. He meets the argument for evolution which is

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drawn from the fact that such vast changes have occurred to certain typical forms of life in the process of the ages, by endeavouring to show that 'many so-called species are nothing more than varietal forms.' In brief, 'transmutation of species,' in his view, is not essentially anything beyond natural modification. The reader will find ample illustration of these positions in the volume before us; and we may add that the matter in the text is very materially helped by the abundance and excellence of the cuts. We are sure that even those who are not quite in harmony with the author's views will cordially admit the marked ability and clearness with which he sets them forth, while the uncommitted and impartial will at least draw this conclusion from his book, that Evolutionism cannot yet claim a place in the sphere of undoubted scientific certainty.

The Human Voice and Connected Parts. A Practical Book for Orators, Clergymen, Vocalists, and others. By Dr. J. Farrar. With Thirty-nine Illustrations. Marshall, Japp, and Co.

Dr. Farrar rightly judges that a correct knowledge of construction is essential to right use, that ignorance inevitably leads to practical injury. He therefore lays the foundation of his economical teaching in a popular physiological exposition; the Larynx, the Lungs, the Mouth, the Tongue, the Teeth, the Nose, Respiration, and the Blood Supply—all are popularly and sufficiently expounded. Then follows an exposition of the Pathology of the Vocal Organs, with instructions for treatment, &c. The book is a vocal *vade mecum*, and is calculated to be of real practical value. Fatal results often follow from lack of even elementary knowledge.

Excavations at Carnac (Brittany). A Record of Archæological Researches in the Allignments of Kermario. By James Miln. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

Mr. Miln visited Brittany in 1873, and was induced by the celebrated stone monuments of Carnac, and by the finding of a piece of Roman tile at Kermario, to investigate certain mounds at the Basseno, called by the peasantry Cæsar's Camp, with a view, by comparison of the results obtained, to throw some light on the purpose and age of these singular monuments. His excavations, which extended over six years, produced a large quantity of objects. The results of the first three years' work were figured and published in a work entitled, 'Researches and Excavations at Carnac, the Basseno, and Mont St. Michel.' The present work, in which more are figured and described, was intended to be the first of a series devoted to the author's last three years' work, but he died in January last, while this work was passing through the press. It is a sumptuous octavo volume, with maps and figured pages, with accompanying catalogues. The conclusions that Mr. Miln reaches are that the menhirs, or standing stones, are much older than the Roman occupation, and that the indica-

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tions are of a sepulchral destination, perhaps with places for sun-worship in connection with them, the inference being that this was the general purpose of cromlechs and dolmens. Among the objects dug up are human bones—some incinerated—flint chips, flakes, scrapers, knives, and axes, pointed celts, and other stone implements or weapons, objects in gold and bronze and iron. Mr. Miln thinks therefore that the monuments at and around Carnac are the mutilated remains of an immense necropolis of the Celts. The book has much antiquarian interest.

Anthropology. An Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization. By EDWARD B. TYLOR, D.C.L., F.R.S. Macmillan and Co.

It is not often that even in these times of extreme culture one comes upon a scientific manual so uninterruptedly charming as this. We find in it exactly that amount of literary grace which we have so often failed to find in works of the kind; and Dr. Tylor, master of his subject, as every one knows, is as free from technicality as he is from tameness. Yet there is no straining after simplicity. One feels that he is clear and, in the true sense, popular, because he cannot help it; and the distinct advantage of this will be found in the inevitable result that the student who begins his study of Anthropology under such happy auspices will get heart for the more detailed investigation of the science. This book will also be very useful to those who, otherwise little interested in scientific investigations, are anxious to know what conclusions have been arrived at concerning the race by those who have made its constitution and history a special study.

The two opening chapters upon 'Man, Ancient and Modern,' and 'Man and other Animals' treat of the antiquity of man and his relation to the lower types of animal existence, and Dr. Tylor is content to show the grounds for assuming the great antiquity of the race and the points of resemblance and difference between the human and non-human species, without seeking to establish anything like a fixed date in the one case, or a fixed theory of relationship in the other; his recognized business being to give data on these abstract questions rather than to theorize. We can only refer here to the marked admission which he makes upon one important point, viz., the naturalness of the upright position in man as contrasted with the constraint which this position involves in the case even of the anthropoid ape, as well as 'the superiority of his limbs as instruments for practical arts.' The chapter upon 'Races,' accompanied as it is by abundant and striking illustrations, gives a very complete view of their distinctive characteristics, as well as of the influence of climate, of mixture, &c., and, allowing for the variations possible, and indeed visible, as a resultant of such causes as the last named, he thinks the evidence goes to prove 'that all the varieties of mankind are zoologically of one species.' Next follows a discussion of 'Language,' which is traced upwards step by step from signs and gestures to utterances of animals, then to 'emotional and imitative' sounds, on to children's words and 'articulate language,' after

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which the bearing of language upon the early history of nations is considered. Dr. Tylor shows how comparatively dim is the light which is thus afforded, this arising in great part from the tendency to modification which is incident to a national or tribal tongue. A most ingenious chapter upon 'Writing' shows how letters may be said to have grown out of hieroglyphics; after which the author passes in more lengthened review the development of the various arts from their rude elements among the lowest tribes, impressing one with this fact, that the difference between the lowest savage and the highest-developed man is, in civilization, one of degree only. Space forbids our dwelling upon the still more interesting chapters that follow, and which deal with the relation of the race to science, religion, history, and social life. With regard to the second of these, he makes it abundantly evident that, however it is to be explained, races at their lowest have had some idea of a spirit-world, sometimes as a world of shadow, sometimes of breaths, in connection with which the curious fact is mentioned that 'some Greenlanders reckoned man as having two souls, his shadow and his breath; and the Fijians said that the "dark spirit," or shadow, goes down to the world below, but the "light spirit," or reflection seen in water, stays near where he dies.' The various theological and religious systems among uncultured races are traced back to animism as their parent principle.

But no bare outline such as this can give an adequate idea of the author's plan in this work, or of the skill with which it is wrought out. For young men, beginning really to study their kind and themselves, and to touch the skirts of the mystery in which human life is clothed, no better manual of the kind could be furnished than this of Dr. Tylor.

Scientific Sophisms. A Review of Current Theories concerning Atoms, Apes, and Men. By SAMUEL WAINWRIGHT, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

This book is better than it seems. One's first impression of it is that it is of somewhat light texture, and therefore trivial: one's second impression is a modification of the first, for while it is certainly of 'somewhat light texture,' it would not be fair to call it 'trivial.' Dr. Wainwright has made considerable study of the works of Professors Tyndall and Huxley, Mr. Darwin, Virchow, Haeckel, and others, and he has brought to the study of them a clear logical faculty; he has detected flaws in their arguments, and, in addition, he has no difficulty in showing how they disagree with each other. There is no small amount of wit here and there, as, for instance, where he points to the manner in which Professor Tyndall falls back on imagination as a help to his system; and there is marked skill in his treatment of Professor Huxley's relation to Biogenesis. The book may be described as a popular *exposé* of the fallacies of Evolutionism as taught by its propounders, and it will be useful, especially to thinking people, who have neither time to read nor capacity to understand scientific books, as showing them that the dilemma

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is not *always* on the conservative side. Yet we must confess that the book is considerably spread out: fewer words might have served its purpose; and to bandy about such phrases as 'puerile hypothesis' concerning the teaching of Mr. Darwin is doubtful policy. We do think, as we have frequently said, that Evolutionism needs more proof than its supporters have yet given us; but even in the mouth of Professor St. George Mivart, from whom Dr. Wainwright catches it up, 'puerile hypothesis' is a doubtfully strong term. We conclude, from the abundant quotations which the author makes from such writers as those first named on the one hand, and Professor Mivart on the other, that he does not lay claim to having made original investigations in these matters to any great extent; and we doubt much whether he has given due weight to the considerations which have led men like Mr. Darwin to think such a bold hypothesis necessary. So far we think the occasional tone of the book a mistake; in so far as it serves to put the reader on his guard against those who are rash enough to regard the position of thoroughgoing evolutionists as *proved*, it is fitted to render very considerable service.

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BELLES LETTRES, POETRY, AND FICTION.

Dryden. By GEORGE SAINTSBURY. (English Men of Letters.) Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Minto, in his article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' on Dryden, was fain to relegate the 'glorious John' to a third place as an English poet, and failed to accord him any place as a prose-writer; thus very effectively superseding the article which had appeared in previous editions on Dryden, and which was perhaps somewhat inclined to overrate the merits of the subject. Mr. Saintsbury in this admirable handbook fully fulfils the duties to which Mr. Minto addressed himself with hardly sufficient width of view. He fails somewhat from an opposite cause. He has made it his business to estimate Dryden in all the aspects in which he can be viewed, and he aims at impartiality. But it is evident that he is in some respects far too much the advocate. He is rather too anxious to justify some of Dryden's lapses from rectitude, and aims, in fact, at effective white-washing on the moral side. No doubt he makes his points well; he says what can be said in the most approved manner; but his words are after all more of an apology than he would like to admit. Dryden's consistency, alike as respects his defence of the Church of England and his attacks on it, his praises of Cambridge and then his satires on it, cannot be maintained without some feeling as of injury to the moral sense of the reader. Dryden's genius was great; he had not only power and satiric decision, but he often showed the charm of felicitous expression. Mr. Saintsbury shows his critical acumen and discernment as well as his independence of view in citing several illustrative instances of this. In opposition to Warton and others, he refers to the opening stanzas of the

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'Ode to Anne Killegrew,' as one of the most perfect pieces of expression in the language; and we agree with him. Here are five lines from it—

> 'Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
> Made in the last promotion of the blessed;
> Whose palms, new plucked from Paradise,
> In spreading branches more supremely rise,
> Rich with immortal green, above the rest.'

Mr. Saintsbury does not assign Dryden a high place among dramatists, and he ranks him only among secondary poets. His strength lay in his satire, and especially in political and religious satire. The defects of Dryden as a writer were peculiarly linked with his defects as a man. He was, in some respects, without conscience; ready to turn to any side while it was successful: he showed in some things utter and hopeless shamelessness. In spite of Mr. Saintsbury's able pleadings, we think of Sir Walter Scott's expressive lines to the effect that if Dryden had only had a conscience, he might have 'turned the Table Round again.' On the whole, however, this is a valuable and comprehensive study, and may be regarded as one of the very best of the series.

Sketches of Longer Works in English Verse and Prose. Selected, Edited, and Arranged by HENRY MORLEY. With Illustrations. (Cassell's Library of English Literature.) Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

This volume—the fifth—completes this important illustrative history, of English literature. It is the most satisfactory form of such a history when, as here, it is adequately executed. Chiefly it consists of specimens of our literature, and wisely to choose out of the enormous mass of materials which lay to the editor's hand worthy and really illustrative specimens demanded wide reading and fine judgment. Few men are better endowed for such a task than Professor Morley, The specimens are set in a framework of critical history, a sufficient account of time and circumstance is given, connecting parts of a work are summarized, and the reader is aided in the formation of his judgments. As a general conspectus or handbook to our national literature the work is without a compeer. The present volume consists of sketches of longer works in verse and prose. Among the longer poems from which selections are made are Boewulf, the oldest of English poems, Layamore's Brut, Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Gower's Confessio Amantis, &c., down to Thompson's Castle of Indolence, and Cowper's Task.

The prose selections range from More's Utopia, and Ascham's Schole-master, to Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.

A chapter is given to a summary of the Literature of the Nineteenth Century. The entire work is a guide invaluable to beginners, and which those best acquainted with the development and the treasures of our

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literature will find very serviceable. Mr. Morley has performed a difficult task with a knowledge and a judgment that leave nothing to be desired.

The Library. By ANDREW LANG. With a Chapter on Modern English Illustrated Books by AUSTIN DOBSON. Macmillan and Co.

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No books are so charming as books about books. Mr. Lang, following worthily in the steps of Dibdin and John Hill Burton, gives us another English Philobiblon, in which he discourses learnedly, chattily, anecdotally, and pictorially about manuscripts, first and rare editions, choice and rare books, &c.; tells us how to discover, how to recognize, and how to buy books; much also about bibliomaniacs, auctions, and fortunate book-hunters. A more charming book for a summer afternoon in a garden, under which conditions we read it, it would be difficult to name.

Popular Romances of the West of England; or, the Drolls, Traditions, and Superstitions of Old Cornwall. Collected and Edited by ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S. Third Edition. Chatto and Windus.

We are glad to see a third edition of this most unique and delightful book. Mr. Hunt's Introduction—in which he tells us of the influences in boyhood which led him later in life to devote himself to the collecting of the West of England folk-lore—is as racy and attractive as any part of the volume, and will bear to be read many times, as we confess that we have read it. And who that has perused his account of 'The Piskie Threshers,' or 'The Fairy Widower,' or 'The Fairy Revels on the "Gump," St. Just,' can ever forget the *naïveté*, the charm, the unconscious buoyancy and natural magic, if we may call it so, which pervades and illuminates them? For these tales are full not only of suggestive revelations of the people in past times, their beliefs and daily customs, but of poetry, showing how the Celtic vein permeates all. Take the following exquisite passage from the 'Fairy Revels,' just referred to: 'First came a great number of female children clothed in the whitest gauze, strewing flowers on the Gump. These were not dead or cut flowers, for the moment they touched the ground they took root and grew. These were followed by an equally large number of boys, holding in their hands shells which appeared to be strung like harps, and from which they brought forth murmurs of melody, such as angels only could hope to hear and live. Then came—and there was no end to their coming—line upon line of little men clothed in green and gold, and by and by a forest of banners, which, at a given signal, were all furled. Then, seated on thrones, carried upon a platform above the heads of the men, came a young prince and princess, who blazed with beauty and jewels, as if they were suns amidst a skyey host of stars.'

This is simply exquisite; and though the tales are made of other elements, this is what gives specialty and distinction to the whole. It speaks to the fancy and rejoices the heart. It is very impressive, too, to find how

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certain of our own superstitions are common to the most distant portions of the earth, based on similar ideas, most frequently perversions of natural history. For example, we read here: 'The ant is called by the peasants of the west of England a Muryan. Believing that they are the Small People in their state of decay from off the earth, it is deemed most unlucky to destroy a colony of ants. If you place a piece of tin in a bank of Muryans at a certain age of the moon, it will be turned into silver.' So Mr. Gill has found a somewhat similar superstition in certain islands of the South Pacific, and probably the humane counsel of Firdusi, the Persian sage, not to injure an ant that bears a grain of corn, 'for sweet life is dear to it,' was based on a similar conception. Altogether the book is delightful alike for what it conveys in a scientific sense, and for the daintiness and charm which it often exhibits. There is an education for a people in such tales as these—an education for the fancy and emotions—particularly so long as there lingered any relic of real belief; so that it is the more to be regretted that the words in the motto, 'People is so changed with pride now, that they care for nothing,' are so true, and the more cause for gratitude to Mr. Hunt for having permanently rescued them from the oblivion that else might have fallen on them. This would have been a great loss to literature, and even to humanity.

Virginibus Puerisque, and other Papers. By Robert Louis Stevenson. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. Stevenson's contributions to essay literature are marked by acuteness, and occasionally by tender and quaint fancy. To say that every sentence that drops from his pen is of great value would be a profound mistake, or even to say that the essays are of equal value. He is too fond of disguised paradox, of half-statements, where half-statements are hardly justified, to be quite successful. We understand Charles Lamb's allusiveness: it was part of himself, altogether native to him; Mr. Stevenson's allusiveness is often intentional and affected, and with all his facility and grace of style, we feel sometimes as if the matter was thin, as if he were carving cherry-stones when he fancies he is constructing something fitted to be useful. And this notwithstanding that he affects the Bohemian, and does not disguise his dislike of set engagements. It is all very well to sneer in a subdued way, and to run a tilt against the man who goes with unvarying regularity to his office in the City; but certainly in many ways Mr. Stevenson profits by the City man's steadiness, else his easy Bohemianism might sit less lightly on him. We confess we like Mr. Stevenson best when he is least ambitious, and is not greatly concerned to surprise us by edging-in paradoxes on the mind as if they were verified truths of his own experience. 'Child's Play,' 'Æs Triplex,' 'Pan's Pipes,' and a 'Plea for Gaslight' are far more to our taste than the *pièce de résistance* of the volume, which he names 'Virginibus Puerisque,' and adopts as its title. Here we have a discourse on marriage of the most disconcerting kind. The redeeming point is that Mr. Stevenson

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is not even half in earnest. He is, after all, only a wistful inquirer, and yet he cannot help being dogmatic on a turn or two. He is quite sure that, in marrying, man 'undergoes a fatty degeneration of the heart,' which is a good point set in an apt figure; that though women are generally made better by marriage, it is because of their defects; that your wise man is your ripe old bachelor; that one woman will do for wedlock quite as well as another if you only make up your mind to it, and after a good deal of 'craning,' which seems inseparable from the process, the only advantage is in getting the thing well over. It will thus be seen that Mr. Stevenson is too intensely sarcastic to be quite playful, and too self-conscious to be quite innocently amusing. We cannot imagine that men of much experience, and detached from interest in literary charm as such, would care much for these essays, and we are not sure that it will do 'virgins' and 'young men' much good to read them. However, there is always an audience for what is original and finished, what is piquant, suggestive, full of fancy, and marked by delicate perception; and honesty compels us to admit the claim of Mr. Stevenson's Essays to the possession of some of these qualities. While therefore we accord to this volume high praise for its clear and graceful literary style, its ease, its restrained satire, we cannot say of it that it has the fulness, the calm air of experience of our earlier essayists, while in true humour it is very deficient, and makes up for it by a kind of affected wit which too often recalls Sterne and sometimes Heine.

Chaucer for Schools. By Mrs. Haweis, Author of 'Chaucer for Children.' Chatto and Windus.

Chaucer who at first sight might seem very susceptible of such treatment as Mrs. Haweis has here essayed to give him, is really very difficult to deal with after that method. His quaint, garrulous simplicity permits him so much license, often leads him into such objectionable byways, that for any such purpose much must be sacrificed, which is yet of the very essence of his character and style. Mrs. Haweis, who showed such a gift for effective condensation in her 'Chaucer for Children,' has, on the whole, shown herself equal to the task, and by dint of great labour, and the application of a discerning temper, has really produced a most useful book, and one that is likely to have the effect of drawing to the study of Chaucer many young people who would probably have been repelled by the peculiarities of his style. This is the end at which such works should aim; for, to be truly educational, they should tend to lead the student to wander over the wide fields from which they were drawn. Mrs. Haweis has done all that care and good judgment were calculated to effect; but in some instances a little fuller critical research and existing knowledge would have aided her. But her slips are not of a kind likely materially to reduce the value of the book in the hands of the class for whom it is meant, and this being the case, we very cordially recommend it to all schools where such a text-book is found to be desirable.

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Rabbi Jeshua. An Eastern Story. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The anonymous author protests against the voluminous lives of Jesus, and yet he adds another for the purpose of correcting the delusions under which they are written. He denounces their florid amplifications, and yet he writes in this style, describing the incident of the angels appearing to the shepherds, 'A beam of celestial light pierced through the night, and the white forms of the feathered angel-host were seen in the glory of its radiance sailing through the snowstorm (!) and rejoicing in strains which rose above the fury of the gale, (!) while they announced to the terror-stricken hinds the advent of the long-expected Messiah.' Need we say more? Only that, in defiance of both historical evidence and all critical principles, the story of Jesus is reduced to the baldest and most rationalistic outlines, and thus historic and literary problems are raised involving infinitely greater difficulties than that of the theory so complacently and daintily rejected. We had noted for illustration some dozen points, but we cannot waste our space on such barefaced and uncritical attempts to reverse the history of the world, *e.g.*, 'It is not from the chronicle of Rabbi Simeon (the Gospel of Mark) that we can draw evidence sufficient to prove that Rabbi Jeshua either possessed, or even claimed to be able to exert, any supernatural powers of healing.' This astounding dictum is delivered concerning a book that narrates the stilling of the tempest, the healing of the paralytic, the raising of Jairus' daughter, the walking on the sea, the feeding of the five thousand and the feeding of the four thousand, the giving sight to the blind man, &c. True or false, almost every chapter records some alleged miracle, crowned by Christ's own resurrection. What can be made of writers who think that audacious assertions suffice for evidence. The book is written, however, with considerable literary power.

Pencil and Palette. By Robert Kempt. *The Book of Clerical Anecdote.* By Jacob Larwood. *The Agony Column of 'The Times' from* 1800 *to* 1870. By Alice Clay. *Curiosities of Criticism.* By Henry J. Jennings. *The Cupboard Papers.* By Fin Bec. (The Mayfair Library.) Chatto and Windus.

The Mayfair Library has struck out for itself a distinct path. For lazy minutes its volumes are delightful—open where one may, one comes upon something amusing. The volumes before us are described by their titles. The two collections of anecdotes concerning painters and parsons respectively are industriously gathered and well-arranged; old Joes and new incidents form a repertory for diners-out. 'The Agony Column of 'The Times' is familiar to everybody; here are its sensational *morceaux* brought together in a book. Fin Bec's papers on culinary matters are of a higher character. Vivaciously written, they are sensible dialogues about dinner, worth the attention of housekeepers of modest means. The

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idea of 'Curiosities of Criticisms' is new, and as entertaining as new. What the Rhadamanthuses of literature have said about famous books is, to say the least, very curious.

Raban; or, Life-Splinters. By WALTER C. SMITH, Author of 'Olig Grange,' &c. Glasgow: Maclehose.

The second title here given we think unfortunate, since it suggests something of grotesque where there is nothing of grotesque. We puzzle over its meaning, and the reading of the poems throws but little light on it. Another little point; when the author of 'Olrig Grange' resolved openly to put his name on the title-page of this volume, he might have so designated himself as to prevent some of the rather stupid errors into which reviewers, as we see, have fallen, in speaking of him as plain 'Mr. Smith.' As to the poems themselves their variety and power are undoubted. In spite of the dominant purpose, evident from first to last, to expose the futility of over-dogmatic constructions in theology, a very vivid human interest is maintained; and though we think that the book might have been improved as regards unity by some of the lighter verses, as, for example, two of the love-songs, being left out, yet the dramatic medium is on the whole well sustained and justified. 'Raban,' into whose mouth the author puts these outpourings, is a minister of the Scottish Church, who, unfortunately for his comfort, has pierced too far beneath some of the symbols, and in going to the roots of associated questions, has stirred up against himself a clamour of heresy. His modest ambition is a little country church—described here in fluent verse—but for peace's sake he retires from the Church to become a *littérateur*, and it is in this capacity that the author professes to have made his acquaintance. The attitude is one of revolt against hyper-Calvinism, illustrated in a series of poems which beat and burn with conviction. We need only refer to that entitled 'Elijah,' which describes the prophet as being driven in the chariot of fire up the heavens, when he suddenly observes that the chariot wheels are mounting over a sea of upturned tortured faces. He is told that these are the prophets of Baal on whom he wished to execute judgment. Now he is only moved to pity, and the burden of the poem is to make us sympathize with him, which we do as we read the touching closing lines, in spite of the violence that seems done to the letter. The humane instincts are enlisted against the letter, and triumph. This is the bent of the whole book. The author is a poet, but he would be more effective sometimes if he would polish a little more. His lines are often rough. But his aims are high; and we trust the intention of his book may in no whit fail of being realized because critics of a certain class will sometimes feel disappointment with his metres. It is a remarkable book.

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NOVELS OF THE QUARTER.

Harry Joscelyn. By Mrs. Oliphant, author of 'The Chronicles of Carlingford.' Three Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) 'Harry Joscelyn' is a study, in Mrs. Oliphant's very characteristic manner, of family inheritance. She illustrates her theme, however, by contrasts and not by likenesses; and perhaps she has scored more effective points than if she had chosen the other course. Besides, we may say that all the variety in the novel arises from this contrast of temperament and fortune; and as the plot is of an order so thin and inefficient that the story is really more of a series of clever sketches than anything else, it will be seen that some psychological or physiognomical relief is really necessary. Had it not been that Ralph Joscelyn married that 'gentle' daughter of a curate—Lydia Brotherton—how different the whole thing might have been! She brings to the White House a new element of gentility and meekness, and also of inability to stand alone, so that the question of 'blood' is directly raised in one of its most subtle forms. We do not know if Mrs. Oliphant intended this, but she has produced quite the same results as though she had. The old bachelor, Henry Joscelyn, stands in very direct contrast to the coarse and vulgar nephews who would fain 'bleed' him. Ralph Joscelyn has transmitted his coarseness to his two sons in so full a measure that the mother meekly wonders whether they can really be her sons; while the characteristics of the mother reappear in the daughter Joan—an admirable study—who does not a little to redeem the old-maid from the contempt too liberally bestowed upon her. Another contrast meets us in the other daughter, Lydia, who combines her father's energy with her mother's meekness. A spice of adventure is supplied to the novel by the account of Harry Joscelyn's runaway life, during which, having assumed another name, he is entirely lost to the view of his family; to turn up, however, on the death of uncle Henry. The scene at the 'Red Lion' in the first volume is equal to anything Mrs. Oliphant has done. So we may say of the Italian episode; the portrait of Mr. Bonomy is also excellent. Mrs. Oliphant has not shown in this case her usual regard to construction, and the book is really more a series of sketches bound together by a thread of psychological affinity, as we have said, than a succinct, clear, and well-planned story; but she has presented several unusual types of character very brilliantly. Her story deserves to be read on this account, and doubtless it will be read; but, it needs to be remarked that, even as regards style, Mrs. Oliphant is more loose than is usual even with her, showing throughout the evil effects of haste. It is to be hoped that hereafter she will be in this respect less wilful and less slipshod.——*Miss Williamson's Divagations.* By Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie). With Four Illustrations. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) Miss Thackeray is one of the few writers of the present day who can write short stories well. She has the power of concentrating her mind on one or two points and resolutely restraining all temptations to

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admit secondary elements of interest. It has been rather neatly said that 'she has the gift of concentrating a full draught in a few drops.' Her conceptions of life and duty are favourable to this, no less than her careful and self-restrained style, which now and then is perhaps just a trifle too studied to command the suffrages of a very wide audience. For full appreciation of her work some culture as well as some sensibility is demanded. All her writing bears the mark of deep reflection on certain of the problems of life—a thing which is not always an aid to a story-teller, as it militates against the ease and colour and feeling of spontaneity which stand for so much and are so captivating in writers of the type of Sir Walter Scott. Miss Thackeray's pages are sometimes 'sicklied over with the pale cast of thought.' We feel that she has, in mental struggle at all events, fought it out with fate; and has carried away experiences that do not lighten. The tragic fatefulness and irony of life—the finer natures thrust into circumstances alien to their true development, as in the notable case of René—has made a deep impression on mind and heart, and is, we may say, ever present with her. If she does not deal with the theme directly, it indirectly colours almost all that she has done, and leads her to choose by preference sad or exceptional elements in human life, with pain and pathos shot through the web, subduing all the tints. Yet the colours are there, and come out all the richer in certain lights for the shade that generally flits across them, as in rare gems, and this it is that communicates the unconscious charm, the subtle witchery which thoughtful minds will always find in Miss Thackeray's stories. The present volume, though it contains no very substantive work, is valuable as forcibly illustrating this position. 'Miss Monier's Vision,' which is a short original ghost-story in which the ghost resolves himself into a real lover at last, would be nothing were it not for the thread of fatalistic conviction which pervades it, as if life held for some, who deserved even more than most who receive, nothing but scornful illusions instead of the fulfilment of natural hopes. The picture of Colonel Baxter and Felicia also in the first tale answers to this characterization. They are kept apart, and an element of disappointment and pain introduced by the merest trifle of too much likeness to each other on the side of sensibility, and lack of common self-assertion and self-appreciation. The lines are here laid in with much subtlety. 'Fina' and 'Fina's Aunt' are full of beautiful touches. It is noticeable that wherever Miss Thackeray is most ambitious of a detailed and effective story, she is less successful in the general effect; indeed, in 'Across the Peatfields'—which is a neat and careful study of French life—she has in some measure failed precisely where she has succeeded in the other stories. She needs to allow something to the imagination, and can provide with the necessary promptings and aids. What is very noticeable also is the very artistic way in which Miss Thackeray preserves the unity at once of the true and impressive in her stories. In one word, she is an artist, and if her range is a little limited by reason of her intense convictions on some points, her style is so admirably adapted to her thought, that those who will

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miss most readily the force of some other and more popular writers will feel themselves the more fully compensated by the grace and charm which are never lacking in Miss Thackeray's work.——*The Black Robe.* By WILKIE COLLINS. Three Vols. Second Edition. (Chatto and Windus.) Mr. Wilkie Collins can hardly be said to have here surpassed his previous efforts in the same line of fiction. For plot 'The Black Robe' is not equal to 'Armadale,' in character it is far behind 'Fallen Leaves,' and for sensational incident and horror it cannot be compared with 'The Haunted Hotel.' But 'The Black Robe' has claims of its own. It combines some aim at psychological analysis with great inventiveness. Mr. Wilkie Collins never writes carelessly; and in this instance he has been especially careful. The great point of the piece is the peculiar mental haunting by a voice of one Romagne, who has killed a man in a duel; and a secondary interest, which is admirably worked out, is the contest between the Church of Rome, as embodied in the person of Father Benwell and Mr. Penrose, and love, as embodied in the person of a Miss Eyrecourt. It is necessary to say that Romagne, in the course of time, has become a man of considerable property, else he could not have the close attention of either party. The Jesuitical scheming of the Romanists and the astute forecast of Miss Eyrecourt are equally well done; and it goes without saying that there are some admirable underplots, with groups of characters, who are all sketched with that kind of decisive completeness which almost makes us doubt of their reality. Mr. Wilkie Collins's stories, however, do not depend on such tests as these: they are unreal in relation to any other world save that which lies in the mind of the artist; and it is sufficient testimony to his power when we say that if you once begin to read, you must read on; for not only does one incident develop itself out of another, but there is a glamour cast over your saner mind which sometimes makes you question how you could have been so deeply interested as you really are. For around a most conventional ideal world Mr. Wilkie Collins groups so many associations and forms of every-day life—reinforces his improbabilities by the most actual-looking letters and so on—that we are completely taken possession of, and the highest tribute of praise to him is to say that he lays hold of universal springs of interest, though he really ought hardly to do so.——*The Chaplain of the Fleet.* A Novel. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE, Authors of 'Ready Money Mortiboy,' &c. (Chatto and Windus.) If not likely to be the most popular, this is, in our opinion, the most artistic of the many powerful stories by the same authors. Few that read it will ever forget the dainty heroine, Kitty Pleydell, the Queen of the Wells, the toast of the day, and Mrs. Esther, and the Rev. Dr. Shovell, and Sir Miles Lackington and Lord Chudleigh. Nor will they for long fail to recall these characters when they hear of the Fleet parsons, and the 'Rules' and 'Liberties,' or of Bambridge and Oglethorpe. For, in this case, the authors have aimed at historical fidelity, and have reproduced with great faithfulness and art the excesses, the gaiety, the high-heartedness, and the meanness and vice of a strange time. In their touches they often recall and almost

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rival Thackeray, alike in describing the stately manliness and the low excesses of the Fleet orgies—which are so directly connected with the main incidents of the story. For Dr. Shovell, so admirably pourtrayed, with his big person, his rare dignity in midst of his degradation, and his unaffected, big-hearted charities which suffice to redeem so much, is the 'King of the Fleet parsons,' and has committed to his care a young orphan niece, Kitty Pleydell, whom he loves better than one could have believed of a Fleet parson of so long experience, and so great a success in that line. Lord Chudleigh—a youth of much promise—is tempted for one evening to visit the Fleet to hear the talk of Dr. Shovell, and is made drunk and tossed into the doctor's bed. The doctor bethinks him to revenge an old wrong done him by Lord Chudleigh's father, and this he will do by marrying the still tipsy young man to one of the horrid women who hang about the Fleet. But he cannot act out his first and worst impulses. Instead of his first thoughts, he acts upon his second, and lays his choice on his niece, Kitty Pleydell—her uncle's influence being such that she must obey, she going through the ceremony like one half-conscious or in a dream—while Lord Chudleigh remains so dazed as not to be able to recognize her or to remember her name. They part: Lord Chudleigh to enjoy his fortune as he may with a load on his memory, and Kitty Pleydell by and by to escape from the Fleet, under charge of Mrs. Esther, who manages (oh, how pathetically!) to recover the Pimpernel manner, and ere long to become the Queen of the Wells at Epsom and the toast of the day. Lord Chudleigh here falls in love with his own wife (!), confesses to her his misfortune, as he conceives it, while she is unable then to confess her secret, though she tells him that she has one to be found out. To learn how the two are reunited and all made plain within the Fleet, where they had first met, the reader must go to the volume, in which he will meet with rare power of delineation, racy humour, large knowledge of the time, some satire, and no little insight into the human heart. Some of the by-characters are excellent, especially that of Mr. Stallabrass, the poet. No mere characterization can give a faithful idea of this work, which is as admirably carried out as it is powerfully conceived. Of one thing we are sure, that few will read it and not fall in love with the dainty heroine, who remains unspotted amid the taint of the Fleet and through all the dissipations of Epsom Wells, though she gains in ripeness and character. She it is into whose mouth the story is put, and the dramatic setting is admirably maintained. —— *Sydney.* By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK. Three Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) Miss Craik is very fond of treating of the incompatibilities of marriage, and often hits on original situations; but is not always so strong or consistent in her way of working them out. This was the case in 'Theresa,' and it is still more the case here. Were it not that Miss Craik writes a very careful and graceful style, this story would not be very attractive. Horace Loudon, who uses very illegitimate means to force Sydney Godwin to marry him, would not claim any of our sympathy, and we think it is wrong in Miss Craik to resort to the device she

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adopts to raise some sympathy for him. When Horace tumbles off that omnibus, and is taken to St. George's Hospital—a scene which in itself is very well described—we feel he gets a somewhat tragic reward or punishment for much in his behaviour to Sydney; but when we find her rushing to his side to nurse him—which is right enough—and not only so, but owning herself to have been all the time wrong in her relations to him, we feel that poetic justice has been obtained at the cost of truth to human nature. 'Sydney' is too much a young lady's story, and certainly does not contain 'strong meat.' We are sorry to say this, because Miss Craik often writes so well; but we say it because we are sure she can write far better.——*Among the Hills.* By E. Frances Poynter, Author of 'My Little Lady,' &c., &c. In Two Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) This is a true work of art. If it does not aim at what may be called artistic quality, it certainly attains it; and this is a tribute to its power. It seems as if the tale grew naturally out of the simplest and most unpromising materials; two girls—Hetty, a poor humpback and smitten with morbid hatred, and Jenny, a lively, blithe, commonplace village girl—are the heroines, who soon, however, fascinate us. We follow Hetty in her lonely devotion to her gold, earned by hard labour at embroidery in her spare time, and cannot help some interest in her dreams of a golden future, which, however, is to come to her through a very different agency from that which she expects—in some degree through the very child whom she hates to see, as reminding her of her own deformity. Richard Armstrong, a watchmaker—of whose past life little is known by the villagers—the guardian of this strange child, comes to influence Hetty through her; but the subtlety of this work is hardly seen on account of the efficient way in which it is worked out. Richard Armstrong is admirably painted, and is well contrasted both with Reuben Frost and with the schoolmaster. He is, in several respects, a great creation. Loved by both Hetty and Jenny, but with a very different love in each case, the reader must turn to the volumes to find how the perplexities of the situation are finally resolved; for Richard Armstrong has been married to a wayward, foolish woman, who has deserted him. Yet the *morale* of the story is of the highest. There are here and there incidental reflections put into the mouths of the sedater characters, especially of Mrs. Adams, which are almost worthy of George Eliot. As a picture of English village life, too, the work has a high value. Haysted stands clear before the eye of the reader, with its odd and quaint mixtures of character and influence. If the story does not have the 'run' at the libraries, which it ought to have, it will speedily find the 'fit audience' and leave deep impressions. Hardly anything can be imagined more subtle and at the same time more sweet than 'Hetty's conversion to love and to gracious self-denial, till she even makes dolls for the child she has hated, and surrenders the treasured gold for the good of others.' It is one of the very finest things in fiction.——*Mrs. Geoffrey.* By the Author of 'Phyllis,' 'Beauty's Daughters,' &c. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) We cannot regard 'Mrs. Geoffrey' as an improvement on 'Phyllis.' It is clever, the

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scheme is fairly well realized, though now and then the dialogue is thin; and the more important situations are made effectively to serve the leading *motif*. The descriptions of Irish life are lively, but the intrusion of political satire is not always successful. Mona and Geoffrey are very well done—there is a sweetness that mellows in the former, and there are touches of great originality in Rodney. But, as a whole, it is disappointing; we honestly confess to a little weariness over several chapters in the second volume, for which the determined smartness of others in the third volume did not wholly atone. But we doubt not that many readers who know society will like it, though the 'life' represented pertains too strictly to certain orders to satisfy what we regard as a legitimate demand on the higher-class novel of to-day. In this respect 'Mrs. Geoffrey' certainly lacks variety and relief, though, as of old, 'all's well that ends well.'——*Legends and Tales of the Harz Mountains.* By Toofie Lauder. (Hodder and Stoughton.) The Harz Mountains are the very home of weird legends and fairy fancies. The author has collected some seventy or eighty of them—all short, some of them mere scraps—and has translated or told them in a very bright and pleasant way. It is an addition to our stores of folk-lore and fairy stories which will have attractions for both old and young.——*Dan Stapleton's Last Race.* By Mrs. Milne Rae. (Marshall, Japp, and Co.) A well-written and pathetic story of two boys who begin life by training for jockeys, one fulfils his vocation, the other becomes a clergyman. Their affection is like that of David and Jonathan, and endures to the end. Poor Dan's fate is very touching.——*The Future Marquis.* By Catherine Childar. (Hurst and Blackett.) This story is vivaciously written, and if it be the author's first essay in fiction, it gives hope of good work in time to come. But, to do this, Miss Childar must discard many things and encourage others. There are some incidents which while apparently probable are inherently impossible. For example, we do not mean to say that one of her characters in this novel, Dick Acton, could never have acted as he did on one occasion when he threw broken victuals, &c., about the drawing-room purposely to make the room disgusting. But if he did that is no reason why the incident should figure prominently in a novel. This a blot upon Miss Childar's work. She observes, moreover, that the drawing-room must have looked very much like the apartments at Buckingham Palace after the Shah had been dining; but is not this libelling his Majesty of Persia? The plot of the novel is not very strikingly original. It is concerned with the career of a young artist named Mr. Hayling, who ultimately succeeds to the Marquisate of Dorset. He loves and is beloved by a charming girl, Mary Lamont, but the latter has a scheming rival in the person of Zoe Ridsdale, who is determined to marry Tom because of the rank he must one day assume. She causes a good deal of trouble to the faithful lovers, and is on the verge of separating them for ever, when her machinations are fortunately discovered. When she has lost all, and her game is completely played out, she does not wish to live, and the author obliges her by carrying her out of the world in a

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very novel manner. The story has many good points, and is certainly very readable.——*Love, Honour, and Obey.* By Iza Duffus Hardy, Author of 'Glencairn,' 'Friend and Lover,' &c. In Three Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) In spite of some improbabilities, this is a novel with many attractions. The idyllic tone of the opening, when we see Zeb and Silas, as boy and girl, leading a kind of dream-life in the country-house of Mr. Warwick, is not much in harmony with the grim tragedy into which the story passes. Mr. Denis Randolph is surely a little of a 'disturbing element,' artistically as well as otherwise, and though as a villain he is not perhaps overdone, he is felt to be here somewhat out of place. Zeb, as at first presented to us, gives no hint of the possibility of later development. She suffers too much of a sea-change by her visit to America. Silas is admirably done, no less than his good patron, Mr. William Warwick. The authoress in this case seems to have made up her mind boldly to include elements that appear conflicting. She marries Silas to Miss Fontenaye, the daughter of a baronet, while Zeb, his wife, still lives, and is in the power of Denis Randolph, under whose clutches he himself is yet to pass, through the power of a secret about her birth, of which the villain has possessed himself. The last meeting of Silas with Zeb on board the steamer has in it elements of pathos, but it is so improbable that the intended effect is to a great extent lost. On the whole, the story is clever; there are one or two good characters, and there are touches manifold which prove insight and skill; but, as a whole, it is forced and unequal, and fails in the prerequisite of art—harmony. But doubtless by a large class it will be found readable and exciting, and this perhaps is all that the author aimed at. If so, she has succeeded, and deserves high praise.——*From Exile.* By James Payn. Three Vols. Chatto and Windus. Mr. Payn's capacity to 'transform' the commonplace of real life into something that appeals to, if it does not quite satisfy, the imagination, is seen in a very striking way in this novel. We remember in one of his former works that he made good use of some usually vulgar incidents of Greenwich Fair. But hitherto the real incidents have been more subordinate. Here we have the main facts in the career of the claimant in the notorious Tichborne case made the groundwork of a very well laid-out novel. It is astonishing how effectively Mr. Payn has managed some of the points. But he has been compelled to add a kind of testimony to the principle that barefaced realism will not do. He has added something of intellect and clever inventiveness to the cool effrontery of the claimant, and in outward traits his hero is a contrast to the original, rather than otherwise. By this he bears testimony to the fact that your impostor is generally a fool, and that for fictitious purposes you must *improve* him to make him interesting, which is a kind of indirect confession that it is hard to treat such themes in fiction without possibility of some danger to the moral sense in the young. The description of the escape from the desert island in the first part of the novel is very effective. The account of the visit to the village near to the estate, which the hero has personated another to claim, and his making acquaintance with the keeper of a certain

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public-house, is done with not a little tact, and recalls real transactions dwelt on in legal evidence. Of course, Mr. Payn is master of his craft enough to mix up a good many interesting strains of another kind, and we have some very good love-making and that kind of thing, which indeed is much needed towards the end, when he is inclined to make us rather too freely 'sup full of horrors.' Altogether the novel if not great is interesting, and shows ingenuity and an extensive knowledge of some phases of human nature.——*Loukis Laris.* Reminiscences of a Chiote Merchant during the War of Independence. By D. BIKELAS. Translated from the Greek by J. GENNADIUS. (Macmillan and Co.) This is a historical fiction, an imaginary narration of what the hero and his family endured at Smyrna, Chios, and other islands of the Archipelago during the War of Greek Independence of 1821. The preface tells us that it is scrupulously true to historical facts. It is in fact after the model of the Erckmann-Chatrian stories. The incidents, although simple, are terrible enough, and are another indictment against 'the unspeakable Turk.' The chief interest lies in the exquisite literary grace of the story. It may fairly claim equality with 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' or with 'Eöthen.' It was published in 1879 in an Athenian periodical, the *Hestia*, of which the author was editor. It rapidly attained a European reputation. Translations of it have appeared in French, Italian, German, and Danish. Both the original of the hero and the writer of the story have lived a good deal in London, where in 1862 the latter published a volume of poetry. This was followed by several other more important works. Especially has he successfully translated into Greek several of Shakespeare's plays. The work before us is perhaps his *chef d'œuvre*. It is as original as it is graceful and simple. It is a vivid description of Greece as the heroic War of Independence made it, and will apparently mark an epoch in modern Greek literature.——*My Love.* By E. LYNN LINTON, Author of 'Patricia Kemball,' &c. In Three Vols. (Chatto and Windus.) In some respects 'My Love' lacks the power of 'Leam Dundas,' and it is certainly less sustainedly cynical and smart than 'Under which Lord,' but it amply compensates by other and, as some will feel perhaps, more attractive qualities. It is a delicious love-story, with full accompaniment of worldliness, though there really is little of wickedness in it. Colonel Branscombe, who is devoted to poetry and art, and who makes a martyr of his wife, and comes near to making a martyr of his daughter Stella also, is done with great tact. As for Stella, she is a delicious study, well-sustained and natural, amply proving that Mrs. Lynn Linton's habit of pourtraying silly or wicked women, and squirting acid upon them in characteristic asides, can also deal well with the noble and true. From the moment that Colonel Branscombe appeals to his daughter for her aid and companionship after the death of his wife, whose life he had made a weary round of sorrow, we know how matters are to go. We know so well, indeed, that this might have been construed into a fault. But Mrs. Lynn Linton contrives a happier *dénoûment* than we had expected. Cyril Ponsonby, whom she truly loves, is in

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effect banished by her father, and goes to India. While he is there many suitors offer. Among these are Valentine Cowley, the heir of the Cowley estates, whom her father would fain have her marry, and Randolph Mackenzie, her adopted brother, both of whom she has to repel, as she cannot forget Cyril. Her candid friend, Augusta Latrobe, is well handled; and in bits of advice, such as 'wearing the willow all your life is not a dignified kind of life, my dear,' strongly enforces her practical, matter-of-fact character on the mind of the reader. The Pennefathers and the Monypennys afford good relief, and Georgie's marriage to Valentine Cowley is well contrived, whether or not he found in her the 'soul's sister,' he assured himself he would find in Stella. Hortensia Lyon's method of courting Colonel Branscombe is one of the best things in the book, and is only equalled perhaps by the effusive graciousness of the colonel at the close, when Cyril Ponsonby at last returns to win his prize. The novel is in its own line very fresh and vigorous, and may suffice to give to some a better impression of Mrs. Linton than they had before.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, AND PHILOLOGY.

The Old Testament in the Jewish Church. Twelve Lectures on Biblical Criticism. By W. Robertson Smith, M.A. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black.

The critical school bases its conclusions mainly on internal evidence, and when justified by such evidence claims the right to reconstruct, if necessary, the statements of Scripture into a harmonious whole by transposing and rearranging Biblical documents. Hence the volume before us, while pervaded by profound reverence for the authority of Scripture, is characterized by great freedom of interpretation. There is no work in England, or indeed on the continent, which travels over exactly the same ground, or attempts to deal with the same topics in a popular style. Here, however, the style is so lucid and the arrangement so clear that the reader is in danger of forgetting the enormous extent and complexity of the inquiry. The first efforts of the critical school were confined to an analysis of the composite nature of Genesis alone. The next stage was to extend the same process to the Pentateuch, and the last to apply the same method to the so-called Mosaic legislation, which, in the extended sense of the term as used by this school, involves a critical estimate of God's converse with Israel under the old dispensation. We need scarcely say that for such a task there is needed the keenest critical faculty, a delicate appreciation of literary style, a profound acquaintance with the capabilities and peculiarities of the Hebrew tongue, combined with a cultured and well-balanced judgment. In addition to these more general qualifications, Professor Robertson Smith possesses special acquirements in those studies which are the necessary equipment of the historical critic.

The two opening lectures set forth with singular clearness the author's

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position towards the Bible and towards the traditional school of exegesis and criticism. Scientific criticism has generally indulged too freely in mere negations, and assumed at its fundamental principle the denial of the supernatural and divine as a living personal reality in nature and history; but Professor Smith takes as his fundamental position the existence of a living personal God in personal converse with man, and revealing His truth to him in accordance with his necessities and capacities. This is clearly and boldly enunciated in the following words: 'The Bible is a book of experimental religion, in which the converse of God with His people is depicted in all its stages up to the full and abiding manifestation of saving love in the person of Jesus Christ;' or, as elsewhere, 'to the ascension of the risen Saviour and the mission of the Spirit by which the Church still lives.' According to him, the object of Biblical criticism is to retrace the history of Scripture up to the first origin of each separate writing, and to set it in the light of the historical circumstances in which it originated. The next five lectures are full of interesting matter; the third dealing with the functions and activities of the scribes in relation to the Scriptures and the sacred text; the fourth and fifth with the Septuagint, especially as bearing witness to the development-theory of Old Testament literature; the sixth with the history and formation of the Canon; and the seventh with the rise, arrangement, and date of the Psalms, the majority of which, as might be expected are attributed to the post-exilic period. In the eighth lecture the author comes to the discussion of fundamental problems, *e.g.*, the traditional theory of the Old Testament; the position and work of the prophets; the law and the history of Israel during the exile, and the various stages through which legislation passed.

We must here call attention to the distinctive principles of the critical and traditional schools of Old Testament exegesis. The traditional school, according to Professor Smith's representation of it—which to say the least is an extreme form of it—holds that the whole of the Pentateuch was given in the wilderness; that Moses conveyed to the children of Israel before they entered Canaan all that was necessary for them to know as a revelation from God. And the keeping of this law—of which the ceremonial must have been the most characteristic part—was the whole of Israel's religion; and the religious history of Israel could be nothing else than a history of the nation's obedience or disobedience to this law, and the prophets only the ministers and expounders of it. On the other hand, the principle of the critical school is that of progressive development. It consequently holds that the legislation of Israel, like all the thoughts and theology of the Bible, is progressive and organically connected with the life of the people; that since the life of a nation is mirrored in its legislation, a system of laws cannot be the product of any particular person or period, but the growth or rather the product of the national spirit, ever marking out for itself new paths, ever growing wider and deeper with the expansion of its necessities, the development of its ideas, and the enlargement of its life. There can, therefore, be no law which is not recognized in the

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nation's history. The question then between the two schools amounts to this: Is the Levitical law—the priestly codex of Wellhausen—the last term and final form of a progressive series of prophetic and priestly legislation, carried on for nearly a thousand years; or is it the starting-point of the nation's history, given by God to Moses and by Moses to Israel during the forty years in the wilderness? It is the object of the following lectures, by a very wide and careful investigation, to establish the former. We can only indicate the line of argument.

According to the distinctive ordinances of the Levitical law, the whole worship of Israel is narrowed to the sanctuary of the ark, access to God is only to be attained through the mediation of the Aaronic priesthood, while the Levites formed the outer cordon as guardians of the temple, and the sin-offering and the atoning ritual form a fixed and important portion of the ceremonial. The author examines the religious history of the nation as found in the book of Kings and the contemporary prophets, and finds a remarkable contrast between the simple, popular worship of Israel and the elaborate system of the Pentateuch, and concludes that the ceremonial law of the middle books of the Pentateuch was, up to the time of the exile, unknown to the priests, disregarded in practice by the people, unmentioned in the teaching of the prophets (who lifted up religion to a higher plane), and ignored by God in His converse and communication with His elect; indeed, that this law is not mentioned in the pre-exilic writings. These facts, he maintains, cannot be set down as occasional deviations from Levitical orthodoxy, for the ceremonial sanctity of the temple was violated at every point; worship was constantly rendered at the high places even by the leaders of Israel; the sharp distinction between priests and laymen was continually set aside, and the priesthood was subordinated to the palace. The result arrived at by the historical inquiry is, that the Hebrews before the exile knew a twofold Torah, the Torah of the priest and the Torah of the prophets, neither of which corresponded with the present system of the Pentateuch, this last being a fusion of the former two, and having for its object to provide a scheme of religion consistent with the unique holiness of God. But before the captivity this was not only not realized, but not even contemplated. Ezekiel being a priest as well as a prophet was the first to sketch such a scheme of ritual.

Having examined these questions historically, Professor Smith proceeds to establish his conclusions by a critical investigation of the composition of the Pentateuch itself. Here he finds three groups of laws—in addition to the Ten Commandments—inserted in the historical context. The first and simplest is contained in Exod. xxi.-xxiii., the second or Deuteronomic in Deut. xii.-xxvi. This is an independent reproduction of the substance of the first by the prophets, and gave the impulse to the reformation of Josiah in the eighth century B.C. The third is the Levitical, scattered through several parts of Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers, the most complete remnants of which are found in Levit. xvii.-xxvi. This was a further elaboration by Ezra and his assistants

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of the programme sketched by Ezekiel for the organization of the new Israel. It is Elohistic in character, and called by Wellhausen the Priestly Codex, because it contains directions for the equipment of the sanctuary and the priesthood, of the sacrificial laws and the status of the priests and Levites. Between all three there are considerable differences, but this is especially the case between the first two and the last; *e.g.*, the Deuteronomic code makes no distinction between priests and Levites; while the Levitical draws a strict line of demarcation between the two; in the Deuteronomic, the idea of sin is never connected with matters of ritual, whereas in the Levitical special prominence is given to the sin-offering and the atoning sacrifice.

This is not the place for entering into chronological and philological minutiæ, our criticism of this theory must therefore be confined to its general features. One of the first things that impressed us in investigating this subject was that the theory advanced is an hypothesis and nothing more, and one that is not universally accepted by the critical school itself, for several of its most competent and fearless disciples reject its fundamental principles. It is therefore unfair to represent the disciples of the traditional school as its only opponents. While therefore acknowledging the service of the critical school to Biblical literature, and sympathizing with its method, we decidedly demur to have what are at present only tentative efforts put down as established conclusions. Apart from the fact that this hypothesis involves us in probably as many difficulties as it solves, we think, considering its age, the number of its adherents, and the important changes in the views of its most zealous advocates, that it ought still to be regarded as only an hypothesis, and if the author had done this in his writings, he would have escaped much painful and bitter opposition to his views, and, what is more important, would have been much nearer the truth. Professor Smith seems to be accustomed to write and, we suspect, to think in the presence of his enemies: this may be a very good training for a general, but scarcely the best for a judge. He has lived much in the heated air of theological controversy, which cannot be regarded as the most favourable condition for conducting a calm and impartial inquiry. Further, supposing we admit—which we are certainly not prepared to do—that the Levitical laws are not mentioned in the pre-exilic writings, the author builds too much upon such an omission. The argument *e silentio* is very unsafe except under special circumstances, and certainly when applied to times when what was written and recorded bore but a small proportion to what exerted, in the form of custom, a legal force on the life of the people. Moreover, we hold that neither the neglect of solemnly enjoined rites nor the denunciations of the prophets are incompatible with the existence of the Levitical laws. It only proves that their practical life did not correspond to their laws; only that law had not succeeded in controlling the force of old traditions and Canaanite rites. Those who have devoted attention to this discrepancy have greatly exaggerated it. What conclusion would one draw respecting the religious code they possess from the

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history of many Christian churches in heathen lands, beset by heathen customs and exposed to the influence of heathen rites?

Further, an examination of the Pentateuch does not justify us in admitting the absolute silence of the pre-exilic writings respecting the Levitical laws. According to the re-arrangement of documents by this school, Deuteronomy is prior to the Levitical laws—the order they adopt being Jehovist, Deuteronomy, Priestly Codex—and therefore cannot be dependent upon them. Now we do not hesitate to affirm that an impartial investigation of Deuteronomy will render it very difficult for any one to escape the conclusion that the writer was acquainted not simply with the historical parts, but also with the laws of the middle books of the Pentateuch, and even with the very portions that are assigned by this school to the post-exilic period. Besides, several of the laws in Deuteronomy bear traces of a later date, and are not found in Leviticus. It is difficult to account for their absence if the Levitical laws are the product of post-exilic times, and for their form except they be regarded as a modification of the Levitical laws. We are involved in no less difficulty if we compare the priestly and festal regulations of Ezekiel with the section ascribed to him in Leviticus. There are omissions, deviations, and several characteristic differences of language which ill accord with the hypothesis that he is the author of both. Equally unjustifiable historically is the assertion that no trace is found in pre-exilic history of the difference in status between the priests and the Levites, and that the priesthood belongs to the Levites generally and not especially to the Aaronites. The evidence fairly weighed is in favour of such a distinction, not simply as extending backwards to the time of Moses, but as continuing up to the time of the exile. The Aaronites were priests at all the important central sanctuaries, whilst the Levites seem to have officiated at the other sanctuaries (see Curtiss, 'The Levitical Priests'). Finally the critical school assigns to the post-exilic period what is improbable if not impossible. According to Professor Smith's theory, we are required to believe that in the interval between Ezekiel and Ezra—little more than a century—a Levitical legislation grew up, was developed, and systematized, and, as Riehm aptly puts it, that the leading minds of the nation were busily engaged in constructing a system of costly ceremonial during the exile, when there was no sanctuary, no sacrifices, and no sacerdotal service. Moreover, the sad and depressing period of captivity, must have been, according to the representatives of this school, one of extraordinary literary activity, in the form of psalms, prophecy, and history. Does the whole of history furnish us with a parallel case? Is there any historical evidence that the sketch of Ezekiel had the important influence ascribed to it on the legislation of Ezra? Are we to believe that so much was accomplished during this most unfavourable period, and so little in the brightest days of David and Solomon, of the literary and religious activity of which we have abundant external evidence, even if we admit two-thirds of the Psalms to be post-exilic? We firmly believe that between the extremes of the traditional and critical schools there is an intermediate course, and that the final decision will be

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in that direction. But before that can be taken, many obstacles remain to be surmounted, and many facts which are now overlooked to be adequately accounted for. In the meanwhile we heartily thank the author for the service he has rendered to Biblical science, and yield to none in our admiration of his great ability and extensive acquirements. And we trust the time is not far distant when he will be able to discuss historical questions by purely historical methods, free from the warping influence of exciting theological controversy.

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Christian Institutions. Essays on Ecclesiastical Subjects. By Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. John Murray.

Dean Stanley's literary style has lost nothing of its charm. So daintily does he select his words, and so deftly does he arrange them, that his sentences seem natural productions, having the symmetry and beauty of spontaneous growth. There is neither elaboration nor effort; simply an artistic instinct informed by a large knowledge, and regulated by scholarly culture. But the result is very charming in its simple beauty and perfect rhythm.

These characteristics of the writing extend to the thinking. The arrangements of materials into pictures is as facile as the arrangement of words into sentences; both are eminently pictorial; neither has much underlying strength. In the sentences the words seem chosen for their euphony rather than for their force. In the historical pictures the facts and thoughts seem to depend upon the same principle or instinct of selection. Dean Stanley's thorough honesty and utter fearlessness as a thinker make any suspicion of unfairness impossible, but no one can read some of these papers—notably those on the Lord's Supper, and the Creed of the Early Christians—without painfully feeling that, like a skater on thin ice, absorbed in the gracefulness and pleasure of his motion, he is ingenuously unconscious of the depths beneath. With all his artistic freshness and independence, no one could claim for the writer of these papers any great degree of profound or penetrating thought. What he says concerning surface truths may be unquestionable. The conjunction, the intention, the purpose may be what we are told they are; but one marvels how the writer can be unconscious of the underlying meanings with which throughout its history the thought of Christendom has been grappling. Thus, in the papers referred to, the great ideas of expiatory sacrifice and of the theological Trinity are simply ignored. No one could gather from these papers that they had ever existed. It is as if a botanist were to limit himself to the form and colour of the flower, or the anatomist to the form and functions of the man. All that is said may be true, but a great deal that demanded saying is not said; there are profounder things beneath, also demanding analysis and philosophical allocation. One is perpetually amazed, not at any particular view that Dean Stanley takes of such things, but that he

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does not seem even to be conscious of them. In theological thought especially, which should lead us into the very heart of all that may be known of God and of His relations to spiritual life, 'the letter killeth, the spirit giveth life.' Were all theological truths treated as in this volume, theology, as a philosophy, a metaphysic, a science of spiritual being, could not exist at all. All the better, probably the Dean would reply; but neither physics nor literary art, nor even practical religious experience, can dispossess metaphysic. We are made to know, and speculative inquiry is as imperative as practical. The remarkable thing is that, in dealing with topics which have engrossed the mightiest theological thinkers of Christendom, their perplexities, contentions, and conclusions are often simply ignored, or else whittled away in a series of remarks, congruities, and surface phenomena which, instead of carrying one inward to the heart of things, imply that there is no heart at all, or cunningly guide you backwards to the surface meaning, where you are politely left.

In certain things, where superstitions or illicit meanings have been attached to simple institutions, the process is very satisfactory. To most of the topics here discussed—Baptism, the Eucharist, the Clergy, the Pope, the Creed—accretions have grown which it is the province of more spiritual men to remove. But it is one thing to restore a true spiritual meaning, and another thing to say there is no such meaning at all. Of course our criticism is open to the retort that we accept Dean Stanley's method so far as it harmonizes with our own views, and reject it so far as it operates beyond them. There is no reply to such a criticism. It is perfectly true, and would be true equally of the extremest rationalist and the extremest sacramentarian. The only possible thing is to discover where the truth is by criticism and reasonings and appeals to the common understanding of men. For example, we think most of the conclusions reached in the paper on Baptism true; but our Baptist brethren will think that it destroys their dogma, and believers in baptismal regeneration will think it almost profane. Nevertheless there is a true place and a purposed meaning in baptism which only discussion can elicit. With much, too, that is said about the Eucharist we agree, and Unitarians and simple theists will probably agree with the whole; but to us it is positively painful that, among the purposes and meanings enumerated, the great fundamental idea of expiatory sacrifice for sin, the idea which, true or false, has been that of the Lord's Supper throughout Christian history, should not even be alluded to. Can it be thought that the great fact and doctrine of atonement for sin can be discredited by simply ignoring it? So in the Sabellian representation of the Trinity, the orthodox theological doctrine is simply ignored. Hardly can this be regarded as a fair treatment of such topics when avowedly selected for exposition. This, however, is the theological characteristic of these otherwise charming essays. Essays full of acuteness, wide information, and good sense, but too often affecting us only as the putting together of an ingenious puzzle does. We had marked some forty particulars,

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more or less illustrating our criticisms. These we must reluctantly forbear, as detail would lead us too far. As examples, we simply mention the characteristic fancy (p. 51) that fishes were part of the original celebration of the Eucharist; the notion that the deeper religious meaning gradually grew upon the social and secular meaning of the Eucharist (p. 58); the interpretation of the Body and Blood as simply 'the inmost spirit of the dying Redeemer' (p. 74); that eating His flesh and drinking His blood is simply fellowship of heart with Christ (p. 104); the restriction of the Lord's Supper to the ideas of Eucharist—to thanksgiving, beneficence, and dedication (p. 76); that the promise of ratification in heaven means simply that the sentiments and contentions of righteous and benevolent men, like Wilberforce and Clarkson, would be approved of God, and that the reprobation of drunkenness by educated society was ratified by the course of Providence (pp. 138–140). That the Dean should think objections to Church establishments superstitious and vulgar (p. 168) is not perhaps to be wondered at, but such a characterization is not of itself exactly a mark of refinement, considering the men in both Church and State who maintain them, nor does it produce the impression of a very profound philosophy. We must, however, forgive him this, as we do much more, for the sake of his broad catholicity. In his readings of ecclesiastical *origines* Dean Stanley is very much in accordance with the conclusions which Mr. Hatch has reached in his recent and remarkable Bampton Lecture. He thinks that the organization, officers, and usages of the Church were simply adapted, as expediency required, from analogous secular institutions—that they were mere expediencies and have no claim to supernatural institution (pp. 183–187, 190–196). 'It is certain that the officers of the apostolical, or of any subsequent church, were not part of the original institution of the Founder of our religion; that of Bishop, Presbyter, and Deacon, of Metropolitan, Patriarch, and Pope, there is not the shadow of a trace in the Four Gospels.' 'Before the conversion of the Empire, Bishops and Presbyters alike were chosen by the whole mass of the people.' 'In the first beginning of Christianity there was no such institution as the clergy, and it is conceivable that there may be a time when they shall cease to be.' The primitive posture in receiving the Lord's Supper was reclining or sitting (p. 202). 'The word "bishop," ἐπίσκοπος, was taken not from any usage of the temple or the synagogue, but from the officers created in the different subject-towns of Athens, "borrowed," as Hooker says, "from the Grecians"' (p. 209). Prayers in the early Church, except the Lord's Prayer, 'were offered as according to the capacity and choice of the ministers' (p. 286). To discuss any one of these or of many other points raised in these essays would obviously exceed our limits. We must leave this interesting and fascinating book to the discrimination of its readers. Few books that have latterly come into our hands are more charming, or more need the function of discriminating scriptural knowledge and good sense.

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Evenings with the Skeptics; or, Free Discussion on Free Thinkers. By JOHN OWEN. Two Vols. Longmans, Green, and Co.

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Whether or not the author of this work has accomplished all he intended and desired, he has at all events succeeded in producing a very readable and attractive book on a subject which easily lends itself to abstruser treatment. Instead of confining himself to disquisition, as is customary with writers on philosophical subjects, Mr. Owen has here varied disquisition with dialogue, and cast his work into a dramatic form, in the management of which he evinces much literary skill. The disquisitions are in the form of papers supposed to be read by one of a party of thoughtful and inquiring minds, who meet together on stated evenings to discuss the question of skepticism. The papers are then subjected to examination by the other members of the party, and the result is that we have a series of animated and diversified discussions which, though always centering round the same topic, are nevertheless full of variety and light and shade. This topic is of course Skepticism, of which the author, both in his own person and in that of Dr. Trevor—the one of the disputants whom he specially affects, and who always leads the way—seems to be greatly enamoured. The skepticism which he thus admires and inculcates (and which he asks us to write after the modern style so as to dissociate it from the old meanings of sceptic and scepticism) is not, however, what is most commonly included under the term. It is true we talk of the sceptic as the doubter; but as the doubts generally pass over into dogmatic denial, scepticism has come naturally to be classed with unbelief and infidelity. Mr. Owen's skeptic and skepticism must be altogether dissociated from anything of this sort. He adheres to the etymological meaning of the word, and attaches an altogether honourable signification to it. The skeptic in his hands is only the inquirer, the searcher after truth, who prefers the search to the attainment of definite results. In regard to accepted dogmas, skepticism in this light is not unbelieving. It suggests research and examination, and encourages caution in accepting facts and theories, but it would be false to its own nature if it were to pass over into dogmatic denial. The skepticism we speak of fosters the suspensive habit of mind as that which best becomes the inquirer. It will thus be seen that Mr. Owen widens out his definitions of terms so as to make them very comprehensive and inclusive. Almost too much so indeed. For if skepticism is synonymous with inquiry, the history of skepticism would be the history of philosophy. Indeed he says as much when he remarks, 'A history of doubters and free-thinkers is in fact the history of human enlightenment.' According, however, to his own showing, there are in the history of human thought two antagonistic tendencies, one to dogmatism and the other to skepticism, and there is between them a perennial antagonism, for they are the static and dynamic principles of all human knowledge. The dogmatist then has his functions in the statement and interpretation of truth as

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the skeptic has in the search for it, and without the inborn aptitude or tendency to seize and set forth theories or doctrines as the truth, the ceaseless flow of inquiry would disintegrate human knowledge, and we should be left intellectually and spiritually bankrupt. The truth is dogmatism and skepticism are two counter tendencies which nevertheless coexist in the same man and the same age. They are, like order and progress, action and reaction, both essential, yet, though conflicting and antagonistic, each necessary to the other. The proportions in which the one or the other has the preponderance determine the character of the individual or the thinker, but they exist together in some proportion in every man. It seems to us that in neglecting to take this into account Mr. Owen has drifted into an imperfect and misleading classification. He opens his net so widely that it gathers almost all the great names of the history of philosophy into it. Thus we are startled to find that Socrates is classed among the skeptics. Much ingenious argument is employed by Dr. Trevor to justify including the great Greek in his 'Pantheon of Skeptics;' but it would not be very difficult to assign an equal number of plausible reasons for giving him a place among the dogmatists. Socrates was an inquirer, and he certainly employed skeptical methods; but the attainment of truth, and not merely the search after it, was his object; and his dogmatism, as every one is aware, expressed itself even in what Mr. Arnold calls *Aberglaube*. If skepticism is to include Socratic teaching, there is no reason why it should not also cover the teaching of Christianity. And the author of these volumes would not shrink from that position. The alleged conflict between Christianity in its true sense as embodied in the words and life of Christ, is, he says, 'an ecclesiastical fiction.' 'Certainly the claims of a religion which asserts itself as the Truth, which bases freedom upon truth-discovery and inquiry, whose Founder's profession was that he came to bear witness to the truth, and which appealed to the reason and conscience of mankind, *i.e.*, to their instincts of spiritual and moral truth, can never be fairly represented as opposed to truth-search. Unquestionably not; but neither can they be claimed as fitting into, and being in harmony with, a disposition of continuous dubitation, a restless search after a good that is never found, and a truth which, though supplying the motive for the chase, is declared to be of less value than the search for it. Christianity is profoundly dogmatic though it is also friendly to free thought and unrestricted inquiry. 'What is truth?' is the mocking question of a Pilate which is rebuked in its record. Truth is consecrated by Christ; but it is not the negative truth of the skeptic, but the positive results of God's revelation of Himself, without knowing which, man ceases to be in the Divine image.

This protest against a too comprehensive sweep of the sceptical net is necessary in the interest of exact thought and correct classification; but having made it, we have no words but those of praise for the results of Mr. Owen's thoughts and labours. His 'Evenings with the Skeptics' are very delightful evenings indeed. Among the qualities of Dr. Trevor is an intense admiration of Greek thought, and in particular of *Sextos Empeirikos*

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and, possibly because of sympathy with the Greek intellect, the parts of the book dealing with the thinkers and thought of ancient Greece appear to us to be the most attractive. We scarcely think the same full measure of success is attained in treating of Hebrew or Hindu skepticism, or even Christian skepticism, which latter occupies the whole of the second volume. This part, however, is not complete, as we are only brought down to the period of the Renaissance. We trust that Mr. Owen will fulfil the promise of Dr. Trevor, and give us a second series of 'Evenings with the Skeptics.' That gentleman, with whom we have come to be very familiar before we have closed these volumes, concludes the work with the following pledge: 'When the shortening days of next autumn come upon us, when our ripened corn-fields are divested of their golden robes, when our chalky lanes are besprinkled with fallen leaves, and when the shadows of the downs stretch far across our valleys, as if they would measure their extreme width—we will again take up our Skeptics or Truth-seekers at the Renaissance, and try to ascertain what quota of thought and inspiration thinkers like Giordano Bruno, Campanella, and Montaigne, have contributed to the intellectual freedom and enlightenment of modern Europe,' We shall look for the renewal of the inquiry with very great interest.

The Gospel of the Divine Life. A Study of the Fourth Evangelist. By THOMAS GRIFFITH, A.M. Late Prebendary of St. Paul's, London. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The author of this book is an acute thinker and a scholarly writer. We have already borne testimony to the high culture and extensive learning which distinguish his other writings; and the same artistic beauty of composition, penetration of thought, and originality of conception are conspicuous in the volume before us. The literary attractions of such a work will gain for it easy access into the libraries of those who wish to see the exposition of so spiritual a theme as that of the Fourth Gospel cast in a refined mould. Throughout the book, however, more attention is paid to the literary aspect of the subject than to the unctional or practical.

This volume is the completion of the author's former work—'Studies of the Divine Master'—and his object is to 'bring out the more spiritual teachings of Jesus, which have been preserved to us mainly in the Fourth Gospel'—'the Gospel of the Divine Life;' the other Gospels—the Synoptics, presenting to us chiefly the human aspects of Christ's life. His endeavour is by means of translation, paraphrase, and running commentary, all combined, to reproduce the thoughts and associations that were in the mind of the writer. His view is that the Evangelist does not give us chronological annals of our Lord's earthly course, but a collection of fragmentary records sufficient to exhibit this Life in Jesus, so that we have not a history so much as an anthology.

He supposes the idea of the writer to be that the Divine Life was dis-

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played in Jesus in order to its diffusion from Him to us. In the second part he shows how the Divine Life in us is from Jesus; it commences in faith, continues by fidelity to the teachings of Jesus, and is consummated by fellowship with the Spirit of Jesus. He writes in warm sympathy with his subject, is oftentimes happy and suggestive in his renderings, and in some cases presents an eminently impressive view of the theme which he touches, as in the paragraph in chap. vii. 37, &c.: also in the first portion of chap. i. The passage in Rom. viii. 15 is rendered, 'We cry aloud with exultation, Abba, Father,' and that in Matt. xiii. 12, 'To him that has some affinity for the truth, more shall be given; but he that has no eye for it, the very light shall blind him, as it blinds the owl.' In some parts we perceive that nice critical acumen which distinguishes the finer shades of meaning in words and clauses, together with the faculty which takes a broader view, and grasps the general bearing of the entire writing. But the merit is by no means equal. In some passages the writer falls beneath the level of his subject, and fails to catch the significance of the meaning in the text, as for instance, in chap. x. 31, where it is a great descent to say merely, 'I and my Father are *perfectly at one*.' On every account it must be '*are one*.' Similarly the phrase 'bosom-friend,' in chap. i. 18, is a material weakening of the meaning in the text. The writer fails also to give the force of such passages as chap. iv. 24, iii. 18, i. 31, and a number of others which we had marked.

The leading defect of the volume is its want of theology sufficiently digested to permeate the whole line of thought with its living spirit. We look for a more searching analysis of the *nature* of that Divine Life, and especially of the *principle* on which it is given. Does it consist merely of the temper of mind that was in Christ; or, higher than that, of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in the heart, as conferred by Christ, and His operating through the truth as it is in Christ. And if so, what relation has the death of Christ to the giving of this Spirit? The 'lifting up of the Son of Man' on the cross is the reason in righteousness which makes it consistent with the character of the Divine Sovereign to act as a Father in freely conferring spiritual blessings on the guilty. This thought which gives depth, body, stability, and hallowing unction to the whole system of Christian truth, we expect to be reflected in some form on every page, giving unity, vitality, and force to the discussion. But the author fails to make it give the proper colour to his argument. There is also the serious omission to explain the special capacity in which Christ speaks in many passages, where He seems to be not the Father's equal, as in chap. xiv. 28, also v. 19, 20, 30, 31. He omits to point out that Christ said this in His voluntarily assumed capacity of the Father's servant. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, we regard this volume, especially with its two lengthy appendices on 'The Development of the Fourth Gospel, and its Place in the History of Christianity,' as a most valuable gleaning in one of the richest fields of Scripture truth.

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The Resurrection of our Lord. By WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D.D. Macmillan and Co.

Professor Milligan's Croall Lecture is a very able one. The resurrection of our Lord, as he justly says, is much more than a miraculous attestation. It involves the fact and the character of our life in Christ. Although of course the demonstration of the fact is the condition of all uses of it, yet the fact is of importance only because of its uses, and its uses of Christian life and experience are more than its uses as miraculous evidence. It is, as Canon Westcott calls it, in his able and thoughtful work, 'The Gospel of the Resurrection,' the central truth of Christianity; a revelation morally as well as a fact historically. But while Canon Westcott deals only with the philosophy of the resurrection, Professor Milligan dwells largely upon the proofs of the fact. After a discussion of the problem of the resurrection body, in which he maintains that although a true body it was not the same body, he arrays the various evidences of the fact with great skill and force; then deals with the rationalistic theories that evade the fact, conclusively showing their untenableness. He then proceeds to discuss the bearings of His resurrection upon the life and work of our Lord, upon our own Christian life and hope, and upon the Church and the world. Some of the inferences in the latter section seem to us a little forced, and we think the evidential part of the discussion the most successful. But we gladly accord a general assent to the theological position, and thank Professor Milligan for lifting the resurrection out of the catalogue of mere evidences into the domain of spiritual truth and life. Professor Milligan thinks with truth that it ought to occupy a far more important place than it generally does in our theological systems and religious life. His very able lecture will, we trust, aid in giving the neceessary impulse.

The Philosophy of Prayer and Principles of Christian Service. With other Papers. By HENRY ROBERT REYNOLDS, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

Many will be glad to see these papers collected from the periodicals in which several of them first appeared, and in which they attracted considerable attention. The papers on the Philosophy of Prayer, especially, deal, with much intellectual penetration and spiritual wisdom, with the moral philosophy of supplication, and incidentally touch most of the problems connected with it, which are to be solved by no mere process of reasoning, only by the instincts and consciousness of spiritual relations. They are full of tender wisdom.

The series of papers, entitled the 'Principles of Christian Service,' deal chiefly with the functions of Christian apologists and ministers, and appear to have been part of the counsels addressed by Dr. Reynolds to his students. They are wise with that holy wisdom which is prompted chiefly by, and addresses itself most to, the spiritual conditions of effective presentations of Christianity. The author's hand is always on the con-

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science; moral qualification is in his view the supreme qualification, in the sense of making all others effective.

Three or four miscellaneous papers—one a New Year's Paper on the Horizons; another on Religious Ennui; another on Mont St. Michel; and another on Tombs—a kind of historic panorama of famous abodes of the dead—make up a very charming and stimulating volume of what is in the best sense devotional reading.

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The Christian's Plea against Modern Unbelief. A Handbook of Christian Evidence. By R. A. Redford, M.A., LL.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

In the history of Christian polemic hitherto every assault upon the truth of Christianity has recoiled with terrific force upon its authors. It has necessitated fresh investigation and argument, and a formal restatement of the process and result, often in a form of unanswerable reasoning. Most of the great 'Apologies' of both the early and the modern Church have originated thus. The assault has produced impregnable defences which have not only resisted, but have afforded means of counter-attack. And the transient phases of antichristian theories sufficiently prove how effective these have been. The antichristian literature of our own day is eliciting almost every form of Christian apologetic, and, among others, books like the one before us, which aim at being a general summary of Christian evidences—handbooks, which, for the use of young people and ordinary Christian men and women unversed in apologetic literature, bring together the chief lines of argument for Christianity and arrange them in a systematic and related way; for, as Professor Redford justly observes, 'the total impression of a wide range of evidence will be increased by being drawn together.' Some arguments, for instance, not conclusive of themselves,

> 'Serve to thicken other proofs
> Which do demonstrate thinly.'

This volume, thus planned, is one of great ability and completeness. It is the fruit of a lifetime of scholarly and, of late years, professorial dealing with Christian truth. Professor Redford brings to bear upon the matters discussed, not only wide reading and accomplished critical scholarship, but an acute and patient intellect, as little likely to be deluded by sophisms as disturbed by passion. With a firm adherence to Christian faith he combines perfect candour and broad conceptions both of Christianity and its evidences. The defence of Christianity that is, is not in his hands reduced from its broad moral and rational evidences to a contention of mere historic facts and proof texts. While these are abundantly vindicated, they are lifted into the higher domain of the moral reason, and Christianity is exhibited in its lofty appeal to the entire condition of man's spiritual nature.

The very compass of Professor Redford's work forbids more than this

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general characterization. It is singularly complete. In the chapters of the Introduction he presents first a summary of fundamental Christian truths, then a succinct account of the history and assaults of unbelief. The second part presents the theistic argument in its various branches, as opposed to the various theories of Atheism, Materialism, and Agnosticism. Part third—the bulk of the volume—treats of supernatural revelation in its necessity, fact, and entire compass, both in the Scriptures and in the person and work of Christ. A chapter is given to the canonical authority of the Old and New Testaments. The history of Christianity is made use of as argument, and an important bibliography of Christian apologetics, extending to between thirty and forty pages, is appended.

Among all works of its class that have come under our notice there is none that, for masterly clearness, completeness, and compendiousness, we could place by the side of this.

The Basis of Faith. A Critical Survey of the Grounds of Christian Theism. (The Congregational Union Lecture for 1877.) By EUSTACE R. CONDER, M.A. Second Edition Revised. Hodder and Stoughton.

The Congregational Union may well be satisfied with the place in English theology which their Lectures have won. Some of them have run through six and seven editions, and most have passed into a second. Mr. Conder's essay is gradually winning its way to a recognized and permanent place in the theistic controversy. Acute and well abreast of the thinking of the day, it deals effectively, and we think conclusively, with the fontal question of all being and all religion—the being and character of God. The way in which it does this has already been discussed in our pages. We have simply to announce with our strong and emphatic commendation this second and cheaper edition.

The Catholic Doctrine of the Atonement. An Historical Review. With an Introduction on the Principle of Theological Developments. By HENRY NUTCOMBE OXENHAM, M.A. Third Edition. W. H. Allen and Co.

That Mr. Oxenham's book should have reached a third edition will be gratifying to all, of whatever Church, who value the cardinal doctrine of which he gives the history, and who can appreciate the spirit of candour and respect with which he regards those who the most differ from him. Mr. Oxenham is a Roman Catholic, but in liberal and generous feeling he may well put to the blush many who avow a broader catholicity than this paradoxical designation indicates or than those who bear it generally realize. We do not agree with all Mr. Oxenham's conclusions, even in estimating the position of Church fathers and theologians. We especially demur to some of his judgments on the theologians of the Reformation. It is hardly possible that concerning these he should think

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as we think. His praise is that he concedes so much more than most members of his Church would. But few books will furnish a more complete history of the various modes in which the atonement has been apprehended by the developing science of Christendom. In our notice of the second edition of the work (THE BRITISH QUARTERLY, No. XCVIII. p. 599) we spoke at some length of the introductory essay on development, pointing out the lines and limits of its legitimacy, which we still think Mr. Oxenham has confused. He claims as legitimate developments dogmas which all fair reasoning must, we think, pronounce accretions, and which find acceptance not through the independent processes and verdicts of reason, but through the infallible authority assumed by his Church. The process is never one of reason; the appeal is never to the consensus of moral judgment. The *sic volo* of the Church is final. In our humble judgment many of her dogmas, notably concerning the Eucharist and the culture of the Virgin, are pure accretions, not to be found even in germ in the Scriptures. To us the deposit of Scripture, like that of nature, is final; but there will be, as in physical science, an ever growing apprehension of theological meanings, a progressive science of sacred knowledge; and this enables Mr. Oxenham's history of the atonement. It was as unresting before the Reformation as it has been since, and to this there can be no *finis*. And all previous thinkers contribute their thoughts to our present conclusions.

We cannot, however, enter again upon the discussion. We can only announce this third edition of the work, and that Mr. Oxenham has again subjected it to a careful revision, and has made considerable additions to the Introductory Essay on Development, without however modifying the principles to which we demur. He has also made additions to the chapter on the Moral Fitness of the Atonement; and to the illustrative notes to which he has given the form of excursuses, in one of which he very ineffectually, we think, attempts the vindication of communion in one kind, one of the arbitrary heresies of his Church. We are disqualified from arguing the matter on the ground which Mr. Oxenham takes by our rejection of transubstantiation. Even were it not so, it is obvious to remark that, whatever the metaphysic may be, the complete symbolism is sacrificed by communion in one kind. We again heartily commend Mr. Oxenham's learned and able book.

The Provincial Letters of Pascal. Edited by JOHN DE SOYRES. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co.

More fortunate than the English 'Junius,' the Provincial Letters are kept vital and pertinent by the persistence of their theme as well as by their literary excellence. The controversies waged by Junius are virtually extinct. Grafton and Horne Tooke are only historical landmarks; but Jesuitism is, if not as powerful as when Pascal wrote, yet vital, active, and mischievous, and the Provincial Letters are an armoury whence weapons for its assault may be drawn as pertinently as ever. Nor

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will this element of vitality in the Provincial Letters ever die out, for the principles of Jesuitism lie deep in human nature, and in one form or another will find expression to the end.

The literary place of the letters is a very high one. They did for the French language what the English translation of the Bible and Shakespere did for the English, what Luther's Bible did for the German. They fixed it as it has been maintained ever since, embodying the spirit of the old in the artistic form of the new.

Mr. de Sayres bestows great attention upon the text. Making the fourth edition, the last revision of Pascal, the basis of it, he has carefully collated it, giving the various readings in the earlier edition in notes. A well-studied and well-written introduction of seventy pages consists of essays on the great matters in controversy with the Roman Church in the seventeenth century, on the free-will controversy, on the casuists, on Pascal himself, so far as biographical incident serves to illustrate his letters. On these points we cannot enter. The history of Gallicanism is full of interest, not only for the brilliant names associated with it, but, alas! for the utter collapse that has befallen it. To Pio Nono belongs the evil fame of stamping out the last vestige of Gallican liberties, and of forcing on the antithesis between infallible Rome and Rationalism, now so disastrously working in France and in Europe. The causes of the failure of the Gallican Church are well worthy of profound study, and Pascal's letters throw light upon them. The corruption of social and ecclesiastical life in France, the timidity of the Jansenists and Port Royalists, as well as the antagonism of Rome, had much to do with it. The monuments of the inquisition have immortalised the intolerant spirit of Rome, the Provincial Letters her corrupt morality.

Natural Elements of Revealed Theology. Being the Baird Lecture for 1881. By the Rev. George Matheson, D.D. Nisbet and Co.

The high qualities which marked Dr. Matheson's former productions re-appear in the present volume—penetration, suggestiveness, speculative power, clearness of conception, with sharply cut definitions and pointed antitheses. The obscurity which is so common a blemish in abstract discussions, arising from crudity of thought, and indicated by clouds of confusing verbiage, is almost entirely absent here. There is no straining to reach unaccustomed altitudes of thought. He cleaves his own way through the intricacies of argument, and imparts a measure of lightness to things which in other hands would be heavy and dull. If there is not the highest originality, there is yet a certain freshness imparted to the old lines of thought sufficient to show that he has passed the subject through the alembic of his own mind.

But he is too fond of speculation and of novel modes of looking at the topics discussed, to do much in the way of settling the permanent forms of truth. His object is to show that, to some extent, the doctrines of

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revealed religion have their basis in the natural instincts of the human mind. A writer who abounds in nicely drawn distinctions might be expected to be careful here to distinguish between human nature *as it is*, and *as it should be*. The leading fact that must enter into all right reasoning about man's relations to his God, is that his present condition is essentially *abnormal*. But the writer takes no notice of this distinction.

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We are specially disappointed with the manner in which he puts the relation between the natural and the supernatural. It is not disputed that Christianity, or the supernatural, does its work in harmony with the natural laws of the human mind, so that no life can enter the human soul which does not act through its natural powers; yet we cannot discard the essential distinction between the natural and supernatural, we cannot hold that they both act on the same lines, the one on the higher level, and the other on the lower, that the one indeed is the same with the other carried up into a higher region, its perfect development and flower. Our author however uses the following language: 'The Christian revelation is the complement of human nature; it has given to nature the very thing which she needed; it is the one thought whose absence makes the natural system incomplete; and, when revealed, nature bounds to meet it as the normal fulfilment of its destiny.' This supposes that though man had not fallen, Christianity would still have been required to complete the religion of nature; and that nature, as it now is, only requires to be *supplemented* not *renewed*. We regret that a writer of such acuteness, and whose leaning appears to be Calvinistic, should, at this watershed of thought, have gone down the wrong side of the hill.

The radical defect of the book is that it fails to recognize that Christianity is outside the natural constitution of things, and does not underlie and include nature. It is peculiar, not in ordinary course, it is a *gracious* constitution as opposed to a *natural* constitution of things, and owes its existence not to an original necessity, but to the necessity of meeting a special emergency that had arisen in the state of man's relations to his God. Its vocation is to rectify relations that had gone seriously wrong, and it is to be viewed not as a system of fixed natural laws to be speculated upon by human reason like the framework of nature, or ordinary natural principles, but as an extraordinary expedient devised to meet extraordinary circumstances. Our author overlooks the fact that it has its basis not in fixed laws, but in the good pleasure of the Supreme Moral Governor deciding what He shall do in the special circumstances. He also forgets that, so far from being the complement of nature, it bears on its front the claim to be a salvation from absolute ruin. The function of Christianity he makes to be merely a drawing aside the veil. It is vastly more; it is the making known a new scheme of which nature has no whisper. It is not primarily a philosophy or a science, and cannot be settled on that footing. It is a revelation made to faith, not a field of speculation for human reason. Though its truths be intelligible to reason when revealed, they are too vast for the finite intellect to grasp in a philosophical system.

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Some other points we regret in this volume. All suffering, it is said, is not occasioned by sin. Much comes as a natural necessity; for by a natural law suffering is the fit seed to yield joy as its fruit. Human guilt and responsibility, though slightly referred to, are left very much in the background. Expiation is admitted to be necessary, and is defined to mean a 'crucifixion of the moral past.' But it seems to be viewed as a sort of natural necessity rather than as a moral requirement of the offended Lawgiver demanding satisfaction for the injury done to His law. There is almost no allusion to the elements of faith, repentance, and love as indispensable to our reaping the blessings of Christianity. With reference to the creeds of the ancient world, he says, they impress the mind with sadness, not from a sense of their falseness, but of their fleetingness. But if not false, why are they fleeting? He adds, 'Christianity begins its redemptive work by redeeming the systems of the past.' No, it begins by destroying these systems. Radically, they are 'without God,' and all the workings of the human mind on such a foundation are useless, and worse than useless. The Christian revelation declares them to be the 'vain imaginations' of a 'darkened foolish heart.'

Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century, as contrasted with its Earlier and Later History. Being the Cunningham Lectures for 1880. By JOHN CAIRNS, D.D., Principal and Professor of Apologetics in the United Presbyterian College, Edinburgh. Adam and Charles Black.

A book professing to delineate the genius and history of unbelief as it exists, on the foundation of philosophy or reason, is no ordinary task. It is not expected to be of the popular class. The purpose of the writer is not to decorate or to fascinate, but to render what is abstruse intelligible, and to place a great subject within the reach of minds of ordinary capacity.

The choice of such a topic few writers would have made, and fewer still would have creditably executed. The human mind has never put itself forth in greater strength than when opposing Christianity. On such ground the apologist has to meet in conflict with the keenest intellects, to unmask their sophistries, and refute their theories all round. But in these pages there seems to be no difficulty in gauging every system that comes in the way, the profoundest themes are discussed with all but conversational ease, and the arguments against opponents are marshalled with the strategy of a Moltke. There is indeed all the depth of the best German writers, without the inevitable touch of transcendentalism for which they get credit. If any strain is required to follow the author, it is not that he wears a cap of mist, for his conceptions are uniformly of the clearest, but because the subjects discussed lie among the peaks of thought around which fog is apt to gather. Apparently without any effort of wing, our author scales all the heights, and presents us with a scientific measurement of the chief positions occupied by the assailants of Christianity.

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He selects the eighteenth century for discussion, as being the era of the culmination of unbelief. It is, however, fairly open to question, whether it reached its climax then. It may have been more bold and reckless, more widespread, and less powerfully met by Christian advocates; but, in the current century, we believe it to be more subtle and mature, more refined and not less resolute. At the outset he draws a contrast between the infidelity of the first four centuries and that of these modern times. Then, passing over the stagnant mediæval period, he comes down to post-Reformation times, and surveys the new aspect which unbelief assumes with the re-awakened activity of the human mind—incipiently in the seventeenth, and full-blown in the eighteenth centuries—in the three leading countries of intellectual life in Europe—England, France, and Germany. His plan is to select a few names as types of the various forms of unbelief in the ever-shifting battle—the Deists of England, the Encyclopedists of France, and the Rationalists of Germany. A masterly delineation of each system is given; the landmarks of unbelief are laid down with exactness; hidden causes and moral bearings are traced with consummate ability; every stroke of the pen lays bare the underlying elements, whether of character or the principles which govern history; seed thoughts everywhere abound; and the writer seldom fails to rise to the loftiness of tone which becomes a great subject, and to surround it with some halo of moral sublimity.

The analytic power displayed in bringing out character, and showing the operation of great principles, is very remarkable. The limning of such characters as Gibbon and Hume, of Voltaire and Rousseau, of Eichorn, Strauss, and Mill, forms a series of masterpieces, and must be no small treat to the upper crust of thinkers. A thorough comprehension of all the great principles that belong to the domain of unbelief, with a force of logical faculty sufficient to deal with them, is indeed the chief characteristic of the book. Dr. Cairns looks from a height sufficient to see his subject all round, its parts in proper juxtaposition and in natural proportions.

We know of no book where, within so small a compass, so extensive and satisfactory a survey is presented of the field of conflict between Christianity and Infidelity. We thank the author for adding so noble a stone to the rising pile of the Cunningham Lectureships.

The Incarnate Saviour. A Life of Jesus Christ, By the Rev. W. R. Nicoll, M.A., Kelso. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

This is a series of chapters on the great meanings of Christ's life rather than a narrative of the life itself. It assumes the facts narrated to be true, puts upon them the ordinary constructions, and then expounds their moral and spiritual significance. As Mr. Nicoll himself says, this work is uncritical. He even supposes 'Satan arrayed like an angel of light standing in his majesty beside the worn and weary Christ,' and

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promising him the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them; a supposition certainly a long way from a critical conclusion. But the moral interpretations of the series of sermons, for such they really are, are characterized by spiritual discernment, intelligence, and an adequate acquaintance with the processes and results of modern exegesis, and by considerable literary beauty. Simple, natural, and unpretentious, they are clear and graceful. They proceed on Evangelical lines, and accept, but with a large intelligence, the common Evangelical interpretations. The book fills a niche of its own, as a moral and spiritual interpretation of the great life. It is both devotional and instructive, and is full of both literary charm and scriptural interest.

The Jesus of the Evangelists. His Historical Character Vindicated, or an Examination of the Internal Evidence for our Lord's Mission with Reference to Modern Controversy. By the Rev. C. A. Rowe, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's. Second Edition. Frederic Norgate.

Few men in England have done more for the popular vindication of historic Christianity than Prebendary Row. And he has done nothing better than the work which now appears in a second and revised edition. The moral evidence of Christ's mission must ever be its strongest demonstration. Whatever the inconclusiveness of demonstrations of the physical miracles of the New Testament, its moral characteristics in their relations to the age in which it appeared, and to the history in which they are set, remain indubitable and unimpeachable. With singular acuteness, patience, and completeness these are traced in this very valuable work. The author has not been called upon to vindicate his argument, for it has not been seriously impugned. His revision therefore has been restricted to verbal corrections. And if the facts be admitted, the inference for the Divine character and mission of our Lord can scarcely be resisted—a thousand instances and lines of reasoning lead to the imperative conclusion. Even Mr. Stuart Mill was compelled to ridicule the hypothesis that the moral elements of the Gospels could have been the creation of the Evangelists, although inconsistently enough, he credits them with the invention of all the supernatural elements of our Lord's character. Such an argument does not lend itself to criticism in a short notice; we can only earnestly commend its subtle analyses and cogent reasoning to all readers whom doubts may trouble, and especially to young men, who may crave a solid basis for their Christian beliefs.

Lectures on Bible Revision. With an Appendix containing the Prefaces to the chief Historical Editions of the English Bible. By Samuel Newth, M.A., D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

It is an advantage that so many of the Revisers, now that their work is before the public, are giving us their views and impressions; their methods

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they could not honourably disclose, save as to general principles, but what they do must unconsciously be informed by the discussions of the years of their labour.

Dr. Newth devotes eight out of nine of the lectures of his interesting little book to the history of the English Bible, and one to the new revision of it; of course the history prepared for the revision, and a knowledge of the former is essential for any intelligent judgment of the latter. Of the revision itself we have elsewhere spoken. Dr. Newth's lecture is restricted to the history of the proceedings. For general readers—Dr. Newth modestly says for Sunday-school and Bible-class teachers—this little manual is prepared. It will be valuable to many besides these. For the history of the English Bible is one of the most interesting chapters both of the literary and religious history of our country. Naturally Dr. Newth tells us much about the various revisions, and the questions that have arisen concerning revision. We very heartily commend this instructive little volume.

The Church Systems of England in the Nineteenth Century. (The Sixth Congregational Lecture.) By J. Guinness Rogers, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Rogers' work has reached us too late for the adequate notice which its pertinence to present-day questions and its intrinsic ability demands. We content ourselves at present, therefore, with a simple intimation of its publication.

The Pulpit Commentary. Edited by the Rev. Canon H. D. M. Spence, M.A., and by the Rev. Joseph S. Exell. Joshua, *Introduction:* Rev. A. Plummer, M.A. *Exposition and Homiletics:* Rev. J. J. Lias, M.A. *Homilies:* Dr. E. de Pressensé, Rev. J. Waite, B.A., Rev. R. Glover, Rev. F. W. Adeney, M.A., Rev. S. R. Aldridge, LL.D. Second Edition.——Numbers, *Introduction:* Rev. Thomas Whitelaw, M.A. *Exposition and Homiletics:* Rev. R. Winterbotham, LL.B., M.A. *Homilies:* Rev. Prof. W. Binnie, D.D., Rev. E. S. Prout, M.A., Rev. D. Young, B.A., Rev. J. Waite, B.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. Plummer contributes, as a General Introduction to the Historical Books of the Old Testament, a careful and well-executed sketch of Jewish history from the time of Joshua to that of Nehemiah. The evils of a great reign, such as David's, for example—its nepotism, its formation of a royal hareem, and the personal qualities of the man as affecting the rule of the monarch—are well discriminated, and the tangled relations of the two kingdoms are unravelled with skill.

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Equally excellent is the special Introduction to the Book of Joshua, and the exposition of its geographical, ethnical, and other problems. Mr. Plummer has acquainted himself with the latest literature of his subjects, and he judges them with independence and wisdom. The exposition is perhaps a little too technical. The homiletics are varied, vigorous, and good.

Mr. Whitelaw's essay on the Chronological and Statistical Difficulties of the Book of Numbers is sensible and satisfactory. It suggests many possible explanations of the difficulties which Bohlen, Bleek, Colenso, and others urge, and in the absence of information, a possible explanation is sufficient. At the same time is it necessary to vindicate the numerical exactness of evefy statement? are there not many possible reasons for error? His position about the authorship is equally moderate and sensible. He contends that while the evidence does not require us to believe more than that the law was substantially of Moses, and while it is scarcely possible that he wrote the whole of the book in the form that it now bears, the internal evidence is almost conclusive that he is the writer. Concerning the separate points of difficulty and their suggested solution we cannot of course speak, for to touch them would necessitate detailed demonstration. It is enough to say that the contention is soberly and reasonably maintained. Candid good sense, indeed, is the characteristic of Mr. Whitelaw's work.

Mr. Winterbotham's exposition is also characterized by great fairness and wisdom: it is very succinct. The homilies, so far as one may pronounce on such diversified work, are pertinent and strong. To village pastors especially, this commentary will be specially useful. It is distinctly a commentary for preachers.

The Expositor. Edited by the Rev. Samuel Cox. Second Series. Vol. I. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Hutton opens the new series of 'The Expositor' by an examination of the Secularist ideal of life, and very forcibly shows how it would weaken and degrade family affections. The staff thus led off is of additional strength, and the volume is full of good papers by Dr. George Matheson, Professor Plumptre, Dr. Robertson Smith, Mr. Wace, Canon Farrar, the Editor, and others. Mr. Godwin propounds as a theory of Abraham's offering of Isaac, that the command was simply to consecrate Isaac, which Abraham erroneously construed as offering him as a burnt-sacrifice. The volume is the best that has yet appeared, and is full of interesting and valuable reading.

The New Testament in the Original Greek. The Text Revised by Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., and Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D. Macmillan and Co.

This revision of the text of the New Testament is not supplied with proofs, it is a revision only, a brief appendix simply stating the rival claims of rejected readings, together with a condensed preface to

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what will, when published, undoubtedly be one of the most important contributions to the science of Biblical criticism, constitutes the entire *apparatus criticus* of this long expected work. The learned writers have briefly expounded the principles on which they have constructed a revision of the text of the New Testament. From a variety of causes the volume has achieved fame before its birth. It has the immense weight derivable from the personal examination of existing documents by the authors—a credit however which they share with Tregelles and Tischendorf—but it derives peculiar value from the fact that this edition of the text is wholly based on written documents, and not on any previous form of the existing *printed* text. There is hardly so much special information granted as to the grounds on which these authors base their final decision, as the English reader may gather from the margin of the revised version of the New Testament. The 'evidences' of their preferences may for the most part be discovered by consulting Tischendorf or Tregelles. The present writers have indicated briefly the method by which they have learned to judge the ancient documents themselves, and to discriminate a triple form of the text antecedent to the time of Origen, viz. (1) a Western, (2) an Alexandrine, and (3) a neutral text, sometimes agreeing with the one, sometimes with the other, and sometimes with neither. The presence of this most ancient form of the text is the desideratum; and Drs. Westcott and Hort have already shown briefly, and in the work which they are on the point of publishing will prove more at large, that great dependence can be placed upon certain binary combinations of the uncials, which reveal a long anterior though disconnected genealogy, only diverging near the autograph. Thus, when the Sinaitic and Vatican MSS. coincide, the greatest possible confidence can be put in their united texts. Some interesting remarks are made on the value of the Syrian text of the time of Chrysostom, the text vitally connected with Antioch and Constantinople, and of which we have the mediæval representation in the *Textus Receptus*. The revisers of the authorized version have agreed in many places with Messrs. Westcott and Hort in the readings, but have by no means universally accepted their estimate of the relative value of the 'ancient authorities;' *e.g.*, 'the only begotten God' is introduced in the present text of John i. 18, as might have been anticipated; though it is relegated to a margin by the revisers. The *pericope* of the woman taken in adultery is included in the text of John viii., though included in brackets, while it is relegated to the end of the gospel by Westcott and Hort. They have put in brackets Luke xxii. 43, 44, and have given two forms in the appendix to Mark xvi. in similar brackets. It is impossible in a brief notice to give anything like a view of this long-anticipated work, but it will comfort some timorous minds to learn from them, that 'if comparative trivialities, such as changes of order, the insertion or omission of the article with proper names, and the like are set aside, the words in our opinion still subject to doubt can hardly amount to more than a thousandth part of the whole New Testament.' Our readers interested in these matters will be glad to know that

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Acts xx. 28 they read θεοῦ, not Κυρίου, that in Heb. ii. 9 they read χάριτι, and not χωρίς, that they have altered the punctuation of John i. 8, 4, that they have put into brackets in Luke xxiv. 51, 'He was carried up into heaven,' and that in Rev. vii. 14 they read οἱ πλύνοντες τὰς στολάς. These specimens of their treatment of famous texts may give a hint of the feast provided for the student. We shall await with high expectation the promised volume elucidatory of the principles on which they have proceeded.

An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language. Illustrating the Words in their Different Significations by Examples from Ancient and Modern Writers. With a Dissertation on the Origin of the Scottish Language. By JOHN JAMIESON, D.D., Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. A New Edition, carefully Revised. Three Vols. Paisley: Alexander Gardner.

Dr. Jamieson's work is one of immense learning and research, and one which has already taken a place in our literature by the side of all the best etymological dictionaries and glossaries. The mere list of MSS. and books quoted in the work, extending as it does to eleven quarto pages of close print in double columns, is enough to indicate the labour of a lifetime. Like Webster's Dictionary for the English language, this work gives an account (generally short) of the meanings and the probable etymology of all terms which can be considered characteristically Scotch, accompanied, in many cases, with quotations showing the authority for their use. The many words which, while common to the English vocabulary, have also a peculiar Scotch meaning, are distinguished by an asterisk.

We are struck, on first looking over these volumes, by the great preponderance of terms which are exclusively Scotch. Every page contains many which to an English eye seem wholly strange. For instance, we open vol. i., at page 456, and read there *clod* (in the sense of *loaf*), *clod-well*, *cloff*, *cloffin*, *claggand*, *cloich*, *clois*, *cloys*, *cloit*. And this is about the average per page of purely dialectic terms which prevails throughout the volumes. It will be seen at a glance that such a work must be a great and valuable contribution to the national literature, if only as a repertory of its language.

Whence did these terms, so many of which have a Celtic, so many an Anglo-Saxon look and sound, others an Icelandic or Scandinavian affinity, come into the language of the Scotch? Without reopening the question whether the *Scoti* were really Irish Celts, and whether Celtic or Saxon blood now predominates in the races north of the Tweed, we must recommend a careful perusal of the very interesting and, we think, satisfactory 'Dissertation,' pp. 1–48. Whether the 'Picts,' which perhaps means nothing more than 'woad-stained,' were northmen of Gothic or Scandinavian origin cannot be ascertained. It is a well-known fact that

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both the Irish and the Welsh dialects include many terms of Latin origin, probably imported into them by the early missionary churchmen. Hence the *name* (apart from the question of race) may have been Latinized from *Piethw*, 'people of the open country,' or the latter may have been an attempt to vocalize a Roman word, descriptive of personal appearance; or, lastly, a Roman term may have been employed and adapted both to appearance and to tribal nomenclature. The epithet 'picti Britanni,' used by the Roman poets [*e.g.*, Martial, xiv. 99], seems to us to be a reasonable evidence that the word itself is Latin, and descriptive of personal appearance. Some, Dr. Jamieson observes, have insisted on the Celtic identity of both Picts and Britones or Britanni, *i.e.*, of the Welsh. This, like the question whether the Belgæ of Cæsar were Scandinavians from the Baltic, Goths, Teutons, or Celts, involves an ethnological discussion which space does not allow us to touch upon. Suffice it to say that Dr. Jamieson concludes the Picts were Scandinavian, who first, perhaps, occupied the Orkney Isles, as they afterwards did Iceland, and thence spread downwards to the south. It is very curious that the Scandinavian term for *Picts* was 'Peti,' which, like the Irish 'Papé' or 'Papæ,' probably meaning 'priests,' seems a corruption of the Roman word.

The Celtic race, we are told, as well as all vestiges of their existence in the names of places—if they ever existed there—have become extinct in the Orkneys; and the author doubts if they were really ever occupied by any but Scandinavians. The remains of early architecture, he says, have a much stronger resemblance to Danish and Norwegian forts than to Irish or Celtic, albeit there are reasons for believing the Irish round towers are of Danish design. But the remains of circular forts in some parts of Scotland, known as 'Roundabouts' or 'Picts' houses,' seem to be of Scandinavian design.

The Picts, then, are assumed to have been a Gothic nation. The Belgæ, Picts, and Saxons seem to have had a common origin. The Gaelic element in the Scotch language came, perhaps, from a subsequent immigration of Celts, not improbably from Ireland, under the tribe-name of *Scoti*. On this particular point, why Gaelic is now spoken in the Highlands, the author is not very explicit. He appears to think that the tongue of the Goths had much in common with that of the Celts. We should like to be told how far Gaelic is or is not like the Erse, the Welsh, the Cornish dialects. The marked difference, the author observes, in the physical characteristics of the Scotch Highlanders and Lowlanders is as clear as that between Welsh and Saxons. If the Lowlanders are of Celtic origin they ought to resemble the Welsh, which they do not in any important respect; their language, too, is Teutonic. The large-limbed Highlander (Caledonian) was, according to Tacitus, a Teuton in descent; and he is very different in appearance from others of Scandinavian origin.

It has not, we believe, been much remarked that the Scotch tartan plaids are of great antiquity. They probably came from a desire to imitate the stripes and colours on the naked skin. Propertius speaks of the *tinctos Britannos* in this sense. That man in a savage state is fond

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of bright colours is well known; the Red Indian often uses a variety of birds' feathers for this purpose, and it is likely that peculiar colours and markings in different tribes gave rise to the varieties in the Scotch plaid. The *virgatæ braccæ*, or 'tartan breeks,' are also mentioned by Propertius (v. 10, 43), though as the apparel of a 'Belgic' chief, Virdumar.

We regret that our space allows us to do such scanty justice to this very important work. That it should have attained to a second edition, with the advantage of great additions and improvements since its first publication in two volumes in 1808, shows how justly the author had estimated a want in his national literature when he wrote in the original Preface, 'It is surprising that no one has ever attempted to rescue the language of the country from oblivion by compiling a dictionary of it.' The present age has seen a marked increase of interest in what is now known as the science of comparative language, and there is little chance of such a work as this again lying dormant, as it were, for so long an interval.

Sophocles. Edited, with English Notes and Introduction, by Lewis Campbell, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Greek in the University of St. Andrew. Two Vols. Vol. II., Ajax, Electra, Trachiniæ, Philoctetes, Fragments. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

This volume completes a critical edition of Sophocles which, as every scholar will readily believe, has been the close work of some years. Following as it does the smaller school edition of the separate plays, it contains all the maturer convictions of the author both as to the selection of MS. readings and their most probable interpretation. For, we need hardly say, the difficulties of Sophocles are in proportion to the interest which ever has been and ever will be felt in his great tragedies. It is not to be expected that any material improvements will hereafter disturb what is likely to become the *textus receptus* in English schools and colleges, in which, so long as Greek is taught at all, Sophocles is certain to occupy a primary place. Professor Campbell has pursued throughout the strictly conservative principle. Ejecting some hundreds of so-called emendations, more fitly to be regarded as merely plausible guesses, from the texts commonly in use, he has given a complete collection of the principal MS. (the Laurentian, L, about A.D. 1000), with the readings of many others. He has thus been enabled to construct a text which, so far as authority goes, is as perfect as is perhaps now attainable. He does not deny, of course, that some readings may be wrong and some verses may be spurious. He only protests against foisting into our school editions a number of mere *tentamina* which may be ingenious and plausible, but about which hardly any two editors agree. All words which deviate from the MSS. readings are marked with an asterisk, by which the eye is at once attracted to the various readings arranged separately below the text. The explanatory notes are of very moderate length, yet quite sufficient for really necessary interpretation—an immense

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advantage to the learner. The ethical and artistic points in all the plays, each one of which differs widely both in subject and treatment from every other, are carefully pointed out in the separate Introductions. Moreover, vol. i. contains a long and minutely elaborated essay on the language and idioms of Sophocles, forming a complete Greek grammar to this particular author.

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We cannot, of course, go into any lengthened criticisms. We may just mention that an ingenious interpretation of *Ajax* 158, first propounded by the late Dr. Donaldson, 'small stones without great make a weak wall,' as describing a species of so-called Cyclopian masonry, is rejected as 'fanciful, and not contained in the words.' In v. 475 of the same play, the Professor's version takes no account of the particle in τοῦ γε καθανεῖν, which seems to mean, 'day succeeding day bring no real pleasure: the utmost that it can do is to bring us nearer to, or give us a respite from, death.' Professor Campbell translates, 'Can it add to or take away anything from death?' In *Electra*, 21, he reads, on Dawes' conjecture, ὡς ἐνταῦθ' ἴμεν (for ἰμέν), 'Since we are thereabouts,' lit., 'moving there.' To this, he says, 'no valid objection has been raised.' But the contention, that ἴμεν can only mean *ibimus* in Attic, seems to us a fatal difficulty. The verse, in our opinion, is spurious.

In 564 of the same play we have little doubt that τὰ πολλὰ πνεύματ' ἴσχεν means, 'Why did Artemis stop the many (frequent) breezes that blow from the Euripus, and so cause a detention of the ships by a calm?' Professor Campbell offers three interpretations, none of which seem to us tenable. In v. 691 he admits Porson's correction, ἄθλ' ἅπερ νομίζεται, the objection to which is, that ἅπερ is wrongly used, the idiom requiring ἃ δὴ νομίζεται. In Philoct. 19, καὶ φύσει πεφυκότα seems to us to mean, 'I know that you are not by nature *also* (as well as by present necessity) the sort of man to utter falsehoods.' To translate ἔξοιδα καί, 'I am well aware,' and to say καί has 'a reassuring emphasis,' seems far-fetched.

In the same play (v. 403) σύμβολον σαφὲς λύπης has an allusion to the two halves of a coin or token which friends on parting carried away, and on meeting again found to agree or fit together, προσάρσειν. The meaning is, that the griefs and wrongs of two persons prove, by comparison, to be the same, and to come from the same source. Professor Campbell refers προσάρσειν to a metaphor from music.

The addition of the Fragments of the lost plays, with notes, in the space of less than a hundred pages, is a great boon to students. We will just remark that in the fine passage from the *Tyro*, frag. 593, p. 537, v. 5, the true reading is not σπασθεῖσα, but σταθεῖσα, 'the young colt, standing in the meadow, sees its form reflected by the water:' for so Professor Campbell rightly construes ὑπὸ ποτῶν. But in the next verse we should probably read διατετιλμένη φάβην, and translate, 'with its mane torn and clipped to its dishonour,' *i.e.*, to its disfigurement. The common reading is the genitive absolute, which Professor Campbell translates, 'through her mane having been cut and shamefully pulled about.'

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The Medea of Euripides. With an Introduction and Commentary by A. W. VERRALL, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Macmillan and Co.

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This is one of those works which, as coming from a scholar of genius and thought, is well deserving of attention. The Medea is well known as one of the finest, as it is one of the earliest, productions of its author. It is not seriously corrupt, nor, in general, is it very difficult. But there are a good many passages in it which have exercised the ingenuity of scholars of the highest eminence, our own Porson and Elmsley included. Mr. Verrall belongs to the school of critics who pursue a somewhat bold (many will say, a reckless) course of conjectural emendation. The perusal of his notes—and we confess to have read them with much interest—has left the impression, first, that he is unduly on the look-out for new meanings and interpretations; secondly, that his style of translating is too artificial, and is sadly wanting in simplicity. This, indeed, is a matter of taste. Some prefer paraphrase to verbal rendering, more careful for the soundness and elegance of the English than for the precise force of the Greek. Mr. Verrall's Introduction consists of two parts, the latter of which—the Story of Medea and the construction and characters of the play, excellent as it is—we must pass over, merely remarking that the evidently *solar* nature of the legend and the identity of the scorching robe (a sunlit cloud) with the garment sent by his wife to Hercules in the Trachiniæ of Sophocles, should have been more plainly pointed out. The former part is meant to illustrate his position (the truth of which may be fully conceded) that our Greek texts have been in many places corrupted and interpolated by superscribed glosses or interlined comments, which have been mistaken by succeeding transcribers for various readings. Mr. Verrall illustrates this by supposing that certain lines in Milton's 'Comus' had been preserved to us in MS. alone, and in copies made 'by ill-educated persons.' (This assumption, by the way, is somewhat too sweeping.) Taking five such copies, and supposing himself to find several important variations in as many verses, he shows us how, by comparing and classifying the copies by the poetic sense, by grammatical propriety and other considerations, a critic would be enabled to eliminate the false and to adopt the genuine readings. We seriously doubt, however, if in all or even in many cases Mr. Verrall has made out a sound case for the alterations he has introduced. Thus, in v. 668, the reading *ἑστάλης*, 'why did you set out for (to come) to earth's central oracle?' is changed to *ἵζάνεις*, 'why did you (do you) sit on the oracular seat?' for no better reason than that good copies give *ἱκάνεις* for *ἑστάλης*, manifestly the result of a substituted gloss. Here, we are satisfied, the change is greatly for the worse. In v. 915, where the true reading seems to us to be either *ὑμῖν πατὴρ ἔθηκε προθυμίαν* or *προμηθίαν*, Mr. Verrall has no right to say *θεῖναι προμηθίαν* (where the forethought is for the benefit of another), is 'impossible.' Hence he adopts a variant *σωτηρίαν*, but changes the sense entirely by reading *ἥξει σωτηρία*. Indeed, we think he has made havoc of this very fine passage, first by

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omitting a verse quite simple in meaning and necessary to both grammar and sense (913); next, by substituting a word invented by himself, and therefore without a particle of authority, *γάμους συλαίους* for *γάμους ἀλλοίους*, 'alien marriages.' There is really no difficulty in applying this term 'alien' (in prose *ἀλλοτρίους*) which involves irony and contempt, to Jason, about to cast off his wife in order to marry a Corinthian princess.

Some of the translations offered seem to us decidedly far-fetched and unnatural. Thus, in v. 61, *ὦ μῶρος*, 'foolish woman! she little knows,' &c., is rendered—very oddly, we must think—'ah, she is extravagant!' In v. 120, where the poet says of tyrants that *χαλεπῶς ὀργὰς μεταβάλλουσιν*, 'they find it difficult to change their whims,' or fits of liking or disliking once conceived, Mr. Verrall translates 'their humours toss violently about.' This, we venture to say, is not an English expression at all. Just below (123), the simple sentiment of the chorus, 'may I grow old, if not in regal state, at least in security,' is altered to mean 'may it be my lot to live steadily on to old age in a condition below greatness.'

Again, in v. 151, where the chorus argues with Medea about the folly of her too strong attachment to the bed of a faithless husband being the cause of her death (and Mr. Verrall seems to forget that her *amorous* temper was one of the characteristics of Medea, whom the Roman poets therefore called *sequax*), he reads *ἀπλάτου* for *ἀπλήστου*, and translates 'what is this desire for that awful lying-place,' *i.e.* the place of death. In v. 194, music is appropriately called 'a pleasure of life through the sense of hearing.' What can be simpler? What is gained by the odd and unnatural rendering, 'delightful sounds of wealth'? And is such a phrase as *sounds of wealth* English at all?

In v. 228, Mr. Verrall's reading and rendering, *ἐν ᾧ γὰρ ἦν μοι πάντα γιγνώσκειν καλῶς*, 'for one, whom to judge aright was everything to me,' is not even good Greek; the poet would certainly have written, had he meant this, *ὃν μὲν γὰρ ἦν μοι πάντα*, &c. A more serious mistake occurs just below, where *λαβεῖν γὰς οὐ* (the accent should have been *οὐ*), altered from *κακοῦ γὰρ τοῦ ἴτ'*, would have been *λαβεῖν γὰρ μή*, if even this could have been said for *τὸ γὰρ μὴ λαβεῖν*. But the repetition of *λαβεῖν* is utterly unlike the style of tragedy. We may here add that Mr. Verrall does not seem to know the common meaning of *ἐπιδεῖν*, 'to live to see;' and he wrongly renders *ἐπιδεῖν εὐδαίμονας*, 'to have sight of your prosperity'—a poor rendering at best.

In v. 240, *ὅτῳ χρήσεται ξυνευνέτῃ* could not possibly mean, 'wherewith she may best manage a husband.' It *must* mean, and evidently does mean, 'whom she will have to put up with (live with) as a husband.' In 296 a wrong sense is given to *ἀργίας*, 'unprofitableness.' The allusion clearly is to the retirement and 'do-nothingness' of a literary life—a hit, probably at the philosophers. The whole passage is oddly and quaintly rendered. Mr. Verrall is so intent on something new and far-fetched that he neglects *τὰ πὰρ ποσὶν*, what is simple and obvious. Such fictitious forms as *ἀντισοῖο* (739), *ἀνωμμάτου* (1184), *ἐλάπτετο* (1194), have little chance of being accepted by succeeding editors.

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Thus in v. 392, ξυμφορὰ ἀμήχανος is 'a fate (exile) which offers no resource.' Why should we read ἀμήχανον, and construe 'if, when my fortune exiles me, I am without a plan'? Why, in v. 398, is the easy and literal meaning, 'not one of them shall cause grief to *my* heart without suffering for it,' to be rejected for such a version as 'not one of them shall laugh that have galled the soul that is in me.'

These and many similar aberrations from good taste and simple interpretation seem to us serious blemishes in a work which shows much care, some learning, and considerable originality.

M. Tullii Ciceronis De Oratore ad Quintum Fratrem Libri Tres. With Introduction and Notes by Augustus S. Wilkins, M.A., Owens College, Manchester, Professor of Latin in the Victoria University. Liber II. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The extremely finished Latinity as well as the great literary importance of this treatise of Cicero's is well known, and Professor Wilkins has done good service to the higher scholarship in preparing this complete and carefully annotated edition. The present volume, which has been for some time expected, contains neither preface nor index, the latter being, without doubt, reserved for the completion of the work.

The contents of this book (the second) are of great interest. The conditions under which alone a man can become an orator are discussed, and it is shown that learning, experience, natural endowments, and long practice must combine if success is ever to be attained. Then the analysis of the heads of a case is insisted on (chs. 24–26); the proper use of 'points' (*loci*), the power to excite emotion in the judges and the audience, the effect of the ridiculous, the arrangement of the arguments according to their more or less forcible nature, and lastly, memory considered as an art—these are the principal themes of the volume now before us. Professor Wilkins' notes are replete with learning, both grammatical and historical. His references to Roby's Grammar are frequent, and in matters of orthography he shows himself well acquainted with the most recent authorities. Whether such a form as *conexum* (§ 325) is really ancient, or due to the transcriber's habit of writing *cō* for *con*, may, perhaps, be open to doubt. Inscriptions of Cicero's age are rare, and mostly made by illiterate persons. There is no reason to believe there was ever an uniform Roman orthography, and the bringing our Latin texts up to one standard of spelling, though based on sound principles, is artificial. This volume forms a worthy companion to the similar editions of parts of Cicero simultaneously issued by the Universities from the editorship of Dr. Holden, Professor J. B. Mayor, and Mr. J. S. Reid.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Several of the following have been received too late for review in this number.

Thucydides. Translated into English, with Introduction, &c., by B. Jowett, M.A. Two Vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.
Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart., K.C.B. Selections from his Minutes and other Official Writings, with Introductory Memoir by Sir A. J. Arbuthnot, K.C.S.I. Two Vols. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
Keim's History of Jesus of Nazara. Vol. V. Williams and Norgate.
Das Princip und System der Dogmatik. Von D. Ludwig Schöberlein. Trübner and Co.
Gleanings from the Desert of Arabia. By the late Major R. D. Upton. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
The Other Half of the World. By Mrs. Edward Liddell. Strahan and Co.
The Chief End of Revelation. By Alex. B. Bruce, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.
Rugby, Tennessee. By Thomas Hughes. Macmillan and Co.
Exposition of the Gospel of St. John. By R. Govett. Bemrose and Sons.
The Kingdom of God and the Kingdom of Darkness. Hodder and Stoughton.
A Method of Teaching the Deaf and Dumb Speech, Lip-reading, and Language. By Thomas Arnold. Smith, Elder, and Co.
Letters, Speeches, and Tracts on Irish Affairs. By Edmund Burke. Collected and Arranged by Matthew Arnold; with a Preface. Macmillan and Co.
Poetry of Lord Byron. Chosen and Arranged by Matthew Arnold. Macmillan and Co.
The Poems of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Edited with an Introduction. By John Churton Collins. Chatto and Windus.
Science and Religion. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D. Strahan and Co.
Little Folks. January to July. Cassell, Petter, and Co.
John Inglesant. A Romance. Two Vols. By J. H. Shorthouse. Macmillan and Co.
English Odes. Selected by Edmund W. Gosse. (Parchment Library.) C. Kegan Paul and Co.
Sonnets of Shakespeare. By Edward Dowden. (Parchment Library.) C. Kegan Paul and Co.
A Supplement to Tischendorf's Reliquiæ ex Incendio Ereptæ Codicis Celeberrimi Cottoniani, contained in his Monumenta Sacra Inedita Nova Collectio, Tomus II., together with a Synopsis of the Codex. Edited by Frederick William Gotch, M.A., L.LD. Williams and Norgate.
Life of Sir William Herschell. By Edward S. Holden. W. H. Allen and Co.
Introduction to the Study of English History. By Samuel R. Gardener, LL.D. and J. Bass Mullinger, M.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
About the Jews since Bible Times. From the Babylonian Exile till the English Exodus. By Mrs. Magnus. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
Bellerophon (Poems). By Arran and Isla Leigh. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
Popery and Patronage; or, Biographical Illustrations of Scotch Church History. By the Rev. Jabez Marrat. Wesleyan Conference Office.
Satan Bound. A Lyrical Drama. By Wimsett Boulding. Bemrose and Sons.
The Mosaic Authorship of Deuteronomy. By Alexander Stewart, LL.D. James Nisbet and Co.
The Intellectual Development of the Canadian People. By John George Bourinat. Toronto: Rose and Co.
The Mosaic Era. Lectures. By John Monro Gibson, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.
Butler's Analogy and Sermons. With Memoir and Notes by Joseph Angus, D.D. Religious Tract Society.
The Prophecies of Isaiah. Translated from the Hebrew by J. M. Rodwell, M.A. F. Norgate.
Essays on Vivisection. Marshall, Japp, and Co.
Henri Perreyve, and his Counsels to the Sick. By Kathleen O'Meara. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

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The Divine Ideal of the Church in the Words of Holy Scripture. By an Elder. Elliot Stock.
The Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England. By the Rev. Joseph Miller, B.D. Part II. Hodder and Stoughton.
A Century of Dishonour. By H. H. Chatto and Windus.
The Way to Fortune. A Series of Short Essays, &c. Marshall, Japp, and Co.
Education, Scientific and Technical. By Robert Galloway.
Notes for Lessons on the Gospel History. Part II. By S. G. Green, D.D. Sunday School Union.
Dr. Andrew Bell. By J. M. D. Meiklejohn, M.A. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.
Wild Africa. By T. Austin Bullock, LL.D. Simpkin and Marshall.
The Metaphysics of the School. By Thomas Harper. Vol. II. Macmillan and Co.
Materialism, Ancient and Modern. Macmillan and Co.
Latter Day Teachers. By Richard Acland Armstrong, B.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
Thoughts on the Moral Training of the Universe. William Ridgway.
Saving Faith. By the Rev. Joseph Tanner. Religious Tract Society.
The Suburban Homes of London. A Residential Guide, &c. Chatto and Windus.
Roumanian Fairy Tales and Legends. H. K. Lewis.
Memorials of Lord Beaconsfield. Macmillan and Co.
A Discourse on Scottish Church History. By C. Wordsworth, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrews. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.
Technical Education in a Saxon Town. By H. M. Felkin. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
Old Faiths in New Light. By Newman Smyth. Second Edition. New York: Charles Scribner and Sons.
The Poems of Master Francis Villon, of Paris. Translated by John Payn. Reeves and Turner.
Outlines of the World's History. By William Swinton. Blackie and Son.
How India was won by England under Clive and Hastings. By the Rev. Bourchier Wray Saville, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.
The Heirs of Errington. By Emma Jane Worboise. James Clarke and Co.
Variorum New Testament. Edited by Rev. R. L. Clarke, M.A., Alfred Goodwin, M.A., and Rev. W. Sanday, D.D. Eyre and Spottiswoode.
Memorials of Christine M. Alsop. Compiled by Martha Braithwaite. Samuel Harris and Co.
John's Apocalypse. Literally Translated and Spiritually Interpreted by H. Browne, M.D. Manchester: Tubbs, Brook, and Co.
A Model Superintendent. By H. Clay Trumbull. New York: Harper Brothers.
Our Daily Life: its Duties and Dangers. By the Rev. C. D. Bell, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.
Swedenborg's Writings and Catholic Teaching. Third Edition. By the Rev. Augustus Clissold, M.A. Longmans, Green, and Co.
Modern Wonders of the World; or, The New Sinbad. By William Gilbert, Strahan and Co.
The King's Messenger: a Story of Canadian Life. By the Rev. W. H. Witherow, M.A. Toronto: Methodist Book House.
The Promise of Life. By J. F. B. Tinling, B.A. Elliot Stock.
Pith. Essays and Sketches. By Newton Crossland. Trübner and Co.
Found though Lost. By Charles H. Eden. Newman and Co.
Foreign Classics for English Readers. Madame de Sevigné. By Miss Thackeray. Wm. Blackwood and Sons.
Annals of the Disruption of 1863. Part III. Edinburgh: John Maclaren and Son.
The Sabbath and the Sabbath Law before and after Christ. By J. H. Rigg, D.D. Second Edition. Wesleyan Conference Office.
Household Readings on Prophecy. By a Layman. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
The Gospel History. By James R. Gilmore and Lyman Abbott, D.D. New York: Fords, Howard, and Co.
Lebanon Leaves. By Ebenezer Palmer. Second Edition. Clement Sadler Palmer.
Tendrils in Verse. By Ebenezer Palmer. Third Edition. Clement Sadler Palmer.
Life and Times of Sir Walter Raleigh. By Charles K. True, D.D. Wesleyan Conference Office.
The Synoptical Dictionary of Scripture Parallels. By C. H. Lambert, B.A. Second Edition. Wesleyan Conference Office.
Dante's Divine Comedy. Translated by Warburton Pike. C. Kegan Paul and Co.
A Modern Babylon. By Leonard Lloyd. Remington and Co.
Songs of Passion and Pain. By Edward Wilding. Newman and Co.

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Death of Themistocles, and other Poems. By John Nicholl, M.A. Glasgow: James Maclehose.

Four Crotchets to a Bar. By the Author of 'The Gwillians.' Smith, Elder, and Co.

Reseda. By Mrs. Randolph. Hurst and Blackett.

The Creed of Science. By William Graham, M.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The Relations of Science and Religion. By Professor Calderwood. Macmillan and Co.

Loci e Libro Veritatum. Passages from Gascoigne's Theological Dictionary, 1403-1458. With an Introduction. By J. S. Thorold Rogers, M.P. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press.

The Chief End of Revelation. By A. B. Bruce, D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

Kant and his English Critics. By John Watson, M.A., LL.D. Glasgow: J. Maclehose.

The Humiliation of Christ. By A. B. Bruce. D.D. Second Edition. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

English Philosophers. Bacon. By T. Fowler, Adam Smith. By J. A. Farrar. Hartley and James Mill. By G. S. Bower. Sampson Low and Co.

Foreign Translation Library. Ewald on the Psalms. Vol. II. Translated by the Rev. E. Johnson. Hausrath's History of New Testament Times. Vol. II. Translated by T. Paynting, B.A., and Philip Terenyer. Williams and Norgate.

Clark's Foreign Theological Library. Hagenbach's History of Christian Doctrine. Vol. II. With an Introduction by E. H. Plumptre, D.D. Dorner's System of Christian Doctrine. Two Vols. Translated by Rev. Alfred Cave, B.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. By Henry M. Harnan, D.D. Third Edition. New York: Phillips and Hurst.

The House of Atreus. Being the Agamemnon, Libation-Bearers, and Furies of Æschylus. Translated into English Verse by E. D. A. Morshead, M.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

The Holy Bible. Speaker's Commentary. New Testament. Vol. III. John Murray.

The New Phrynicus. With Introduction and Commentary. By W. G. Rutherford, M.A. Macmillan and Co.

Outcast Essays and Verse Translation. By Shadworth H. Hodgson, LL.D. Longmans and Co.

Voices from Calvary. A Course of Homilies. By Charles Stanford, D.D. Religious Tract Society.

The Spirit of the Christian Life. Sermons by the Rev. Stopford A. Brooke, M.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Sermons preached in a College Chapel. By J. R. Illingworth. Macmillan and Co.

Non-Miraculous Christianity, and other Sermons. By George Salmon, D.D. Macmillan and Co.

Spirit and Form Sermons. By Edward C. Hawkins, M.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Educational Books.

Exercises in Analytical Geometry. By J. M. Dyer, M.A. Macmillan and Co.

A Grammar of the Old Friesic Language. By Adley H. Cummins, A.M. Trübner and Co.

Lockwood's Elementary School Series. German Colloquial Phraseology. By Samuel Galindo. The German Prepositions. By Samuel Galindo. The Elements of Geography. By the Rev. B. G. Johns. Crosby, Lockwood, and Co.

Questions on Stewart's Lessons in Elementary Physics. By T. H. Care. Macmillan and Co.

Bible Class Primers. Edited by Professor Salmon, D.D., Aberdeen. The Life of Moses. By the Rev. James Iverach, M.A. Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace.

Elementary Classics. Q. Horatii Flacci Carmium. Liber II. By T. E. Page, M.A. Macmillan and Co.

School Classics. Select Elegies of Propertius. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Appendices by J. P. Postage, M.A. Macmillan and Co.

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THE BRITISH

QUARTERLY REVIEW.

OCTOBER 1, 1881.

ART. I.—*Heinrich Heine.*

I.

HEINE has been compared to Aristophanes, Rabelais, Robert Burns, Cervantes, Sterne, Voltaire, Swift, Byron, and Béranger. Such comparisons are always more or less loose; but the very fact suffices to attest his claim to a place in the first rank of poets and satirists. And certainly in him there were brought into combination qualities that are commonly regarded as incompatible, and, indeed, absolutely exclusive of each other. Lyrical sweetness, depth of sentiment, captivating grace, and piercing subtlety of expression, passionate yearning after lofty ideals, together with deliberate coarseness and the most profound scorn and irony—an irony that literally seemed to run riot in throwing ridicule over the very beauty that he had but a moment before brought into being. If he had not been called the 'Julian of Poetry,' he might, from one point of view, have been named its Penelope, like her undoing by night the web he had woven by day, and in the interest also, as he regarded it, of some distant good, some etherial and scarcely-realizable presence, to which in his own heart of hearts he did secret worship.

With Burns, indeed, he has as little in common as two great lyrical poets could have. Burns's coarseness is often great; but he indulges in no hints, no innuendoes; it is a dash and done with; he soon repents himself of the coarse word, and exhibits a quick sensitiveness of conscience, to which Heine too often seems a stranger; while, on the other hand, Burns had a dramatic width and healthy comprehensiveness such as we find little trace of in Heine, whose

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dramatic attempts were of the very thinnest texture, and on the stage proved total failures. The natural *naïveté* of Burns would have supported him where Heine would have failed. We have seen it pointed out that, whereas Burns could not escape the revolutionary spirit that was in the air, he was no cosmopolitan in the sense that Heine was, thus indicating in Heine a lack of patriotic sentiment and of simple unmixed *motifs*. But this is not so discriminating as it seems. Heine was only a cosmopolitan in a most modified sense. He affected to be more the scorner and man of the world than he really was. An indifferentist he never could be. His keen and absorbing interest in all human affairs is felt even when he is most intent on ironical expression. He points a jest —sometimes what seems, indeed, a bitter jest—only that he may hide a tear. It has been said that his ideal of love 'was of the earth, earthy;' but this we cannot help regarding either as the result of lack of insight or as a libel. If his ideal was not of the highest or purest, it was of a most mixed and complicated strain, not to be dismissed by one general term tacked to it. The image, if it had feet of clay, had also the forehead of beaten gold and the breast of silver, set with gems that glittered like the breastplate of the Jewish high priest.

Let it be at once admitted in candour that Heine too often indulges in underhand suggestion, and delights in sudden surprises. In this he compares unfavourably with Burns, and a little resembles Rabelais. Heine, in spite of his music and his artifice, is tensely personal in his utterances; the supreme dramatic element which entered so largely into Burns's poetry, giving that universality of reference in which the merely personal is merged and lost, has little or no play in Heine's.* His scorn and his bitter irony are often only a thin veil thrown over the intensely personal outline of his utterances, which are oftentimes, indeed, tender to the point of touching those feelings that are generally touched only by the remembrance of personal loss. He who seems to have embodied in his art and practice the trick of the *persifleur*, in his inmost heart hated all *persiflage* and empty pretension; he did all honour to simplicity and honest instincts, and had, in fact, a profound faith in the supremacy of simple goodness. The anecdote which is told by Lady Duff Gordon of her visit to Heine in the bedrid years, how when he had got the frank confession that the 'little Lucy,' as a married woman, was

* Even Adolphe Strodtmann has plainly to admit the undramatic character of Heine's tragedies (Life, p. 272).

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perfectly happy, said, 'Thank God!' and then added, with mournful reflectiveness, that the unhappiness of French women was their want of simplicity and lack of heart, more effectually expressed the man than many of the clever-cut epigrams so often quoted generally do. He would fain escape from the accusation of 'hanging his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at;' but, after all, he unveils much of his heart to us. We have read in Scandinavian fable that one of the Fates spun a thread so fine as to be invisible, but that it sufficed to enchain her for ever to the spot where she sat. Even so it was with Heine. Let him travel on the Rhine, in the Black Forest, let him seek excitement on the Boulevards of Paris, or in Lawrence's oyster-cellar at Hamburg, it is still the same—he cannot yield himself to outward influences, or take their colour; he is chained to an old self and to his own past, and all exercises of the mind are tributary to this. The aspect of variety in Heine's writings is to a great extent external or accidental, their unity flows directly from his egotism—or what is, from our point of view, his egotism—his habit of confessing himself even when he attempts to be most dramatic, most outward, or to aim merely at recording what he has witnessed. The constant attempt to escape from the utterance that is most natural to him is what the humour of his writings often really arises from. He would else have been a sentimentalist pure and simple.

In spite of the apparent discrepancies and contradictions in his wayward life, there is thus a unity to be traced in it. Often when he appears most wild and reckless, and indulges freely in the coarsest byplay and irreverent-looking freaks, he is only aiming consciously to conceal the earnestness of his convictions, his honest enthusiasms, his undying regard for heroism and faithfulness. Thus Heine is strictly not one man, but two. Says a distinguished French critic—

> Never was a nature composed of elements more contrasted than that of Henri Heine. He was at the same time gay and sorrowful, sceptical and believing, tender and cruel, sentimental and satirical, classical and romantic, German and French, delicate and cynical, enthusiastic and full of cold blood, he had everything except *ennui*. To the plastic Greek the most pure he joined the modern sense the most exquisite; he was truly Euphorion, the child of Faust and the beautiful Helen.

But it might well have been more expressly shown by this critic that the least attractive side was also the least real side; and that by the most attractive one the *man* Heine was best expressed.

In another good authority we read—

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The contrasts, the inconsistencies, the incongruities, which provoke and exercise the faculty of humour, are really invisible to most persons, or, when perceived, arouse a totally distinct order of ideas and associations. It must seem to them at best a mischievous inclination to find a source of mirth in the sufferings, and struggles, and troubles of others; and when the humourist extends this practice to himself, and discovers a certain satisfaction in his own weaknesses and miseries, introverting the very sensations of pleasure and pain, he not only checks the sympathy he might otherwise have won, but his very courage is interpreted into an unnatural audacity, alike defiant of the will of Heaven and of the aid of man.

Heine himself has spoken of the world's heart in his time as being cleft in twain, and urges that as the poet is central to his world he must through pain and sorrow represent and interpret such division. Thus he justifies the rupture between the ideal and the real in his own case as in that of Byron, of whom he speaks as the 'only man to whom he felt himself related.' But Heine, while in some superficial traits he resembles Byron, differs from Byron in yet more essential ones. Though in him the heart seemed to be cleft in twain, and though, as with Byron, imagination never became so supreme as to compel them into union, Heine derives a unity from a moral ideal, which never in the same degree asserted itself in Byron, and the absence of which was the main cause of Byron's restless forcefulness, the tornado-like intensity of his genius, the lack of repose and mellow grace. Byron often seems to insult the honest natural instincts, while Heine never, at least of set purpose, does so. It has been said that Heine was 'deficient in mental chastity,' but this we think is unjustified and much overcharged, if, indeed, it is not wrong-headed. It is truer of Byron; of Heine it can always be said, in the apt words of Burns, that he still kept 'something to himsel'' to be reckoned on the side of goodness; and however ironical his words, you feel that if he could not have done a good action the moment after, he would at least have fully sympathized with one. And in saying this, much is claimed for Heine, who never sought to pose as a hero. So we see that what imagination in strictness could not do for Heine, partly it may be because, as he says, his heart was cleft in twain, a certain reserve of moral enthusiasm in so far effected, although we fear that this statement may at first sight seem the sheerest paradox. Though no ideal of the mind so subdued vagrant impulse as to withdraw him for a time even from the contradictions that emerged on contact with the world of fact and sense, engendering a torturing consciousness of imperfection and failure—a

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kind of momentary pessimism that happily never wholly prevailed—he bowed before the heroic types that efficiently witnessed for an ideal of conduct. He was ever—by sympathy at all events—on the side of the martyrs: this it was that re-converted him, as we may say, to his own Judaism in spite of his early revolt against it, and of the strong strain of Hellenism which he acknowledged in his nature; that converted him to Christianity in so far as that Jesus was recognized as the supreme of martyrs. When he writes as follows we need not doubt his sincerity, for, in spite of mere appearances, an earnest note is to be detected in all his writings underneath the witty and satirical glosses that play so brilliantly and fitfully over them, and this note grew in strength as his experience deepened, till at length it received confirmation by the terrible sufferings of those seven years on 'the mattress grave'—

Christ is the God whom I love best, because, though He is the born Dauphin of Heaven, He has democratic sympathies, and has no delight in courtly ceremonies; because He is a modest God of the people, and not of an aristocracy of crop-headed theologians, peasants, and fantastic warriors. . . . Only when religions have still to struggle against enemies—much more when they are persecuted than when they persecute—are they glorious and worthy of reverence; *only then do we find enthusiasm, sacrifice, martyrs, and triumphal palms.* How beautiful, how lovely, how full of mysterious sweetness was the Christianity of the first centuries, when it still resembled its Divine Founder in the heroism of its sufferings!

And again, with regard to Judaism, we must justify our remark by two short criticisms—

Although a Hellenist at heart, I have derived true edification from the Bible, as well as entertainment. What a book it is! Vast as the universe, it strikes its roots into the very depths of creation, and towers aloft into the mysterious blue of heaven. Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfilment, birth and death alike—the complete drama of humanity is in this book. It is the Book of Books—*Biblia.* Well might the Jews console themselves for the loss of Jerusalem and the temple, and the ark of the covenant, the sacred jewels of the high priest, and the golden vases of Solomon. Such a loss is trifling compared with what the loss of the Bible had been—the indestructible treasure which they saved. Mohammed, if I err not, called the Jews 'the People of the Book'—a name which still clings to them in the East, and is of profoundest significance. A book is their fatherland, their possession, their ruler, their happiness, and also their misfortune. Within the fenced enclosure of this book they live, and there exercise their inalienable right of citizenship; from this sacred domain they cannot be driven, nor made to suffer contumely within it. Here they are alike strong and admirable. Absorbed in the perusal of this book, they give slight heed to the changes that occur around them in the actual world. Nations rise and fall, States

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flourish and pass away, and the storms of revolution sweep over the earth, but, prostrate over their book, they take no note of the wild chase of time in its mad career above their heads! The Prophet of the Orient called them 'the People of the Book,' and Hegel, the Prophet of the Occident, has designated them 'the People of the Spirit.' Even in their remotest times, as the Pentateuch proves, the Jews manifested their liking for the abstract; and their whole religion is nothing but an incessant dialectic. By it matter is separated from spirit; the absolute being acknowledged only in the form of the Spirit. How, indeed, were they compelled to remain in such terrible isolation in most of the nations of antiquity, who, devoted to the joyous worship of nature, could only comprehend the spirit in the phenomena of matter, in forms and symbols! What an awful contrast did they present to the many-coloured hieroglyphic idolatries of Egypt, of Phœnicia, of the pleasure temples of Astarte, of that beautiful sinner, voluptuous and perfumed Babylon, and even to Greece, the radiant home of art! It is, indeed, a remarkable spectacle to see how the 'People of the Spirit' slowly but surely emancipated themselves from the influence of matter till they even become wholly spiritualized. Moses, as it were, furnished material bulwarks for the Spirit against the encroachments of the luxury of neighbouring peoples. Round about the field in which he had sown the seed of the Spirit he planted, as it were, a protecting hedge, in the shape of the inflexible ceremonial law and an egotistical nationality. But when the plant—the Holy Spirit—had once deeply struck its roots, and had sprung up to a heaven-reaching height, so that it could never be uprooted, then came Jesus Christ, who tore down the barrier of the ceremonial law that henceforth had no useful purpose to serve, and even pronounced the doom of Jewish nationalism. All the nations of the earth He summoned to their heritage in the kingdom of God, which had aforetime been the exclusive possession of a chosen people. On the whole of humanity He bestowed the citizenship of Israel.

And again—

Hitherto I had not particularly admired the character of Moses, perhaps because the Hellenic spirit was so strong in me. I could not forgive the lawgiver of the Jews for his hatred of all that constitutes art. I failed to understand that, notwithstanding his hatred of art, Moses was himself a great artist. Only this artistic spirit with him, as with his Egyptian countrymen, was applied to the colossal and the imperishable. But he did not, like the Egyptians, construct his works of art from bricks and granite, He built human pyramids and carved out human obelisks. He took a poor shepherd tribe and out of it created a nation which should defy centuries; a great, an immortal, a consecrated race, a God-fearing people, who should be as a model to all other nations: he created Israel.

I have never heretofore spoken with proper reverence either of the artist or of his work, the Jews; and this for the same reason, my Hellenic temperament. Since then my prejudice in favour of Hellas has declined. I see now that the Greeks were but beautiful youths, while the Jews were always men—strong, unsubduable men—not only in the past, but even to this day, and in spite of eighteen long centuries of persecution and suffering. I have now learned to appreciate them better; and, were it not that in a champion of the revolution and its democratic principles all pride of ancestry is a silly inconsistency, the writer of these pages would acknowledge his pride that his ancestors belonged to the noble

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house of Israel; that he is a descendant of those martyrs who gave to the world a God and a system of morality, and who have bravely fought and bled on all the battle-fields of thought.

I, who aforetime was wont to cite Homer, now quote from the Bible, like Uncle Tom. In truth, I owe much to it. Religious feeling was once more awakened in me by it; and this new birth of religious emotion suffices for the poet, who far more easily than other mortals can dispense with positive religious dogmas.

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When, therefore, Heine is found writing in such a style as this: 'Talk not to me of the old Jewish religion; such a faith I would not wish for my worst enemy. From it one derives nothing but contumely and shame: indeed, I must tell you it is not a religion but a misfortune,' we must qualify it by recollection of such passages as those we have just presented. It was the external, the rabbinic aspect of Judaism that he condemned and was wroth against, not the pure Mosaism which he so praised and revered Moses Mendelssohn for once more exhibiting and asserting; and, like Moses Mendelssohn, he saw in the high morality and sacrifice of the Christian religion the full flower of the Judaic. We shall, therefore, do a very serious injustice to Heine if we do not discriminate between the shafts he shot at the trivialities of commentators and Talmudists, and the reverence that he paid to the prophets and martyrs. In the whole range of his writings there is no instance of a sneer at the 'Holy of Holies.' As we learn that in the sea there is a depth that remains untroubled while the waves roll and toss restlessly over the surface, so in Heine, who, indeed, often compared his spirit to a sea, which he declared that he loved as his own soul—and no cowardly mean man could have said that—there is a depth of sincerity, a fixed delight in a simple ideal, which we seek for in vain in some of those who are the most expert imitators of his manner—

> My heart like to the ocean
> Hath storm and ebb and flow;
> And many a lovely pearl
> Lurks in its depths below,*

is more strictly and really true of Heine than has yet been effectively enough pointed out.

* We must in justice to Heine quote here the German of the above—

> Mein Herz gleicht ganz dem Meere,
> Hat Sturm und Ebb' und Fluth,
> Und manche schöne Perle
> In seiner Tiefe ruht.

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And, as characteristically exhibiting the hold which this idea of likeness between his soul and the sea had on him, we find him at least twice reinforcing his thought by quoting the following from W. Müller—

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Eine schöne Welt ist da versunken,
Ihre Trümmer bleiben unten stehn,
Lassen sich als goldne Himmelsfunken
Oft im Spiegel meiner Träume sehn,

with the remark, 'Die geschichte ist wahr; denn das Meere ist meine Seele.'

Besides, the image constantly recurs in his 'Gedichte.'

O, dass ich wär' das wilde Meer,
Und die das Felsen drüber her,

we find him saying in the little prose note 'Ramsgate,' in his 'Nachlass.'

Of every book that Heine wrote might well be said what he said specially of one book—

All the flames are now extinguished,
And my heart is dull and cold,
And this booklet, like an urn,
The ashes of my love doth hold.*

Moses Mendelssohn confessed that he could not satisfactorily study history, because history always with him resolved itself into a record of the sufferings of his race. Till within the last half century the Jew was without a country everywhere; he was without a country in Germany up till a later date; and at the present moment the leaders in the *Judenhetze* are doing all they can to undo what a generous statesmanship has aimed at giving to the Jews—a country. No wonder that the modern Jews are little of hero-worshippers: history to them is a record of actual or vicarious humiliations. How much praise, then, is due to Heine, who by generous instinct found his heroes amongst men of varied types, and was from first to last a faithful upholder of their claims. Though Heine has for years been well known in

* "Sag, wo ist dein schönes Liebchen,
Das du einst so schön besungen,
Als die zaubermächt'gen Flammen
Wunderbar dein Herz durchdrungen?

Jene Flammen sind erloschen,
Und meine Herz ist kalt and trübe,
Und dies Büchlein ist die Urne
Mit der Asche meiner Liebe.

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England as a lyrico-satirical poet, as the writer of clever satires, and faint reflections of his savage attacks on England and English institutions have been yielded by review articles and by persistent newspaper quotations, and a slight taste afforded of the raillery of his asides—the cat-like purring over his prey before he finally unsheaths the claw upon it, with which he enlivened his criticisms and also his descriptions of men and things—yet in his more genuine and serious aspect he has hardly been adequately presented or interpreted. Mr. J. Snodgrass, in his 'Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos from the Writings of Heinrich Heine,' has done a great service in this respect, presenting as it were a full-length miniature of the man, clear and effective, wherein his characteristic expression is faithfully caught, and where, if we look carefully, we can see him as he really was, for he is made to paint his own portrait. The one thing that remains for Mr. Snodgrass now to do is to translate some of the more serious works complete, and put as an offset to it the 'Rabbi von Bacharach,' to show Heine's sympathy with the sufferings of his race.* The bulk of this article was in existence prior to the appearance of Mr. Snodgrass's volume; but we have great pleasure in making this reference to it, and also in selecting one or two passages by way of illustration from his versions. Luckily Heine's writings themselves speak abundantly for this side of his activity and influence; and they need only to be worthily brought into view to fulfil completely the purpose we now have at heart in relation to him.

Who has ever written with more stern and sterling enthusiasm than Heine has written of Luther, of Spinoza, of Lessing, of Herder, of Moses Mendelssohn, and of many others of like spirit? As he was ever reverent in his references to the Bible, while ridiculing the conceits of Talmudists and commentators, so he never failed in his loyalty to such men. It is not in the way of the sneerer or mere mocker to magnify the heroic anywhere, or to acknowledge spontaneously the presence of greater men. His delight is to bring all down to a dead level of his own height. But Heine did not stint his confessions in this kind. Writing from Berlin in 1822, we find him saying that 'when he stands under the famous lindens, he feels overcome me with solemn awe as he thinks that on this spot Lessing may have stood;' and from this sentiment he never wavered. Throughout his writings

* This Mr. Snodgrass has done since the above was written, having published through Messrs. Trübner and Co. a translation of 'Zur Geschichte der Religion und Philosophie in Deutschland.'

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to the last there are sprinkled apostrophes in the same spirit, like little green oases in the desert of his sarcasm and scorn. His dislike of affectation and the pretence of stoicism only skin-deep must be held to have in great part directed his peculiar attitude towards Goethe—an attitude of very remarkable character—generally in more elevated moments, doubtful, qualifying, unenthusiastic. *Primâ facie* one would have expected Heine, with his strong strain of Hellenism, to have been enthusiastic over the artistic spirit, the conscious self-restraint, the Greek calm, as it has been called, of Goethe, and with their manifestations in his poetry. Yet, utterly to the surprise of those who refuse to see in Heine anything of earnestness or of moral purpose, it was precisely here that he was most severe upon the German Apollo. This is the main element leading him to say that, in spite of Goethe's polish, his power, his rare address, and his piquant charm, posterity would allow to Goethe only a middle-sized niche in the Temple of Poetry. Heine *began*, in fact, to criticise Goethe from the moral side, and not from the artistic one, and his canons at once discerned flaws. Goethe's artistic sensibility —over-stimulated as it was, at all events in the latter half of his life—did little more than impart a cold and wintry light to the frigid and semi-fantastic forms of studied self-restraint; and the process was not satisfactory to Heine: he loved to feel the veins on the hand that he grasped, imparting warmth and a sense of neighbourhood and comradeship; he craved always to feel a man behind the book, without which the book was but a book; and this he found in men who were far less powerful in intellect and less of artists than Goethe, and he always honestly avowed the conviction. It is very significant that while he speaks coldly of Kant, and often ridicules—wildly ridicules—Hegel, he is profoundly respectful to Fichte, while severely criticising his philosophy and some of its results, which proves that his praise was no empty compliment—

> Among the followers of Kant (he writes) Fichte was from the first pre-eminent. I almost despair of being able to give a true conception of this man. In the case of Kant we had only a book to contemplate; but in this case, besides the book, we have a man to consider. In this man, conviction and intention are one and the same thing, and in this imposing unity have they operated on the after-world.

And thus it was also in his writings generally in regard to matters less specific and commanding. His irony, his cruel satire were only the offsets to his tenderness, his love of sincere and unaffected worth. While he laughs at German

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princes, and politicians, and 'patriots,' throwing innuendo at them like vitriol, with what fine appreciation he pictures the rural pastors and their wives and daughters who had done what were but common kindnesses and courtesies to him when he travelled here and there as a student. In the midst of his most sardonic mockery we come ever on touches which show how deep below it flowed a stream of tenderness, as the waters continue to flow under the ice that the skaters cut eights upon. When he speaks thus, for example, of the Margarite in Scheffer's Faust and Margarite, we recognize the touch of truth—

> There is something about her so honest, so trust-inspiring. . . . She is a true German maiden; and when we look into her dreamy, violet-blue eyes, our thoughts fly back to Germany, to the fragrant linden trees; we hear again the faint echo of German ballads in our hearts; German landscapes flit before our eyes; we think of Holtz's poems; of the stone statue of Roland in front of the old town-hall; of the old parson and his rosy-cheeked niece; of the forester's hut, with its antler-covered walls; of grandmothers' ghost stories; of the faithful night watchmen; of friendship, of love, and all rich, pleasant, simple things. Truly Scheffer's Gretchen cannot be described. We do not see her face merely, but her whole inner nature. Scheffer has succeeded in painting the soul.

If it had not been so, Heine would have been the destructive mocker merely—a still more powerful and baleful edition of Voltaire. His biographers would not have had to differ so much from each other as to his conception of love and of duty; he himself would not have presented so many apparent contradictions; there would have been less cause to doubt the genuineness of many of his apparently earnest confessions on the most serious subjects, religious and other, and the editors who have published recently, in the 'Deutsches Montags-Blatt' those last strange sad letters written to Herr Kolb would not have had so wistfully to ask the question whether Heine was a good man or a bad one. He might have been more consistent and easy to understand, he would not have done the work he did—in a word, he would not have been Heine! But since he cannot be forgotten, and since, without taking him into account, later German literature cannot be understood, it is worth while to try to get at the best that was in him, that some bad imitations may be seen for what they really are! No man would more pitilessly have satirized his enemies than Heine would have satirized some of his professed ultra-sceptical imitators at this day.

Though the imagination in Heine was not sufficient to reconcile head and heart, and to render them one in their

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motions, the religious and moral sense was never really divorced from the poetic aspiration. That which made him reverence Luther and Spinoza and Lessing and all kindred spirits, kept him from any real relapse into atheism, because, as we maintain, a moral ideal was necessary to him. 'When I find any one questioning the existence of God,' he says, 'I always feel as I once did as I stood left alone for a moment by my guide when I paid a visit to the madhouse or Bedlam in London, and saw the leering faces and heard the incoherent laughter of the inmates there.' It was the saving element of reverence—genuine and unaffected, but expressed we may say in nearly everything that he wrote—which sprang directly out of this union in him, that incurred for him the wrath of what he calls the 'High Church of German Infidelity'—of Bruno Bauer, of Danmer, and of Feuerbach—'who,' he says, at one place, 'did me too much and too little honour in entitling me their brother in the spirit—of Voltaire.' And we suspect that in much the same terms would Heine have spoken of some of the recent deliverances of sceptical admirers of his in Germany, who have been only too eager and industrious to discredit the sincerity of his intimations in his last days of a return to a firm belief in a personal God. Such return we hold was a necessity of the moral element that lay at the basis of Heine's thought, however veiled by flashes of wit and humour. Indeed, the humour, with which we maintain that Heine's wit was always allied, is itself a proof of what we have asserted. 'Wit,' said Heine himself, 'is but a sneeze of the reason;' and to have been 'held for a mere wit' he would not have taken as a compliment.

The sources of Heine's inspiration, on the side of reverence and awe, awakened by a sense of the fatal incongruities and contradictions of life, are recognized by him as insurgent forces destructive to the peace and calm that are most favourable to the artistic mood, and to poetic product; yet to them, though, unlike Goethe, he feels the inevitable loss to him as an artist, he must faithfully pay tribute; for he thus gains the sense of unity and wholeness through conduct which else had been lost and become irrecoverable by conscious effort after it in mere imaginative aspiration. Thus it is that, in spite of his incompleteness, his vagrant and fitful efforts, he speaks so directly to the spirit of his time, alike in its lovely and its repellent side; thus it is that his merest love-song is charged with a grace of piercing fervour that thrills all hearts, and that his prose, though it is full of irony and sometimes of perverse innuendo, still sounds the depths of

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modern life. Heine was an artist by instinct and inspiration, but he could forego 'art's proper dowry,' to fulfil the nobler, if also more arduous, function of the purifier. If he was not, in the words of Schiller, 'dreadful, like the son of Agamemnon,' in this work of purification, he atoned, and bitterly, for his conscious lapses from the effort after the perfection of conduct that really formed his ideal. With Mr. Matthew Arnold, though he did not so formulate the conviction, he would have agreed that conduct is three-fourths of life, and that art and poetry are but aids thereto; and further, he would have said that, through the sacrifice thus implied, art itself is finally perfected. And here we must quote a passage from his preface to the second volume of 'The Salon,' in which again we are significantly met by the recurrent idea of the sea and his soul—

Till far in the night I stood by the sea and wept. I am not ashamed of those tears. Achilles also wept by the sea, and the silver-footed mother was obliged to rise up out of the waves to comfort him. I also heard a voice in the water, but it was not comforting, though more stirring, commanding, and world-wise.

For the sea knows all; the stars in the night trust to it the most hidden secrets of the heavens; in its depths lie, with fabulous sunken riches, the ancient sayings of the earth; on all coasts it listens with a thousand curious wave-ears, and the rivers that flow down to it bring all the news that they have gathered far inland, and the prattle of the little brooks and mountain-springs. When the sea has revealed to one its secrets, and whispered to one's heart the great world-redemption word, then farewell, rest! farewell still dreams! farewell novels and comedies, which I began so eagerly, but now must continue with difficulty.

Since then the golden angel-tints have dried upon my pallet, and there remains only a loud liquid red that looks like blood, and with which red lions are painted. Yes; on my next book there will be a red lion, which the esteemed public, after the above confessions, will please excuse.

This is Heine's half-veiled way of saying that his interest in the real, his keen concern in the burning questions of his day, unmade, and yet indeed in the last result made, him as the poet.

When, therefore, we find Heine declaring that he places little value on poet-fame, and cares not whether his verses be praised or decried; that he is indifferent to the laurel-crown, but desires that a sword should be laid upon his coffin, because he had been 'a brave soldier in the war of liberation of humanity,' we know at least what he meant, and perceive that the desire corresponds with a vein of serious aspiration and effort which, in some degree, transfigures and redeems the sorrowful and chequered story of his life. His sympathies were right, if his acts were often foolish and futile, and his

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efforts, in the eye of practice, failures; he cherished his ideals, much though he derided the poetical figures in which other men often clothed theirs, and not seldom even glanced askance at the forms in which he clothed his own.

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We have spoken of the manner in which Heine always returned on his own past, making everything that deeply interested him yield commentary on his life. In this his imagination finds free scope: he is in his province when, like the Romans, he carries back tribute to the capitol from distant shores. 'Heine,' it has been well said, 'illustrated the subjectivity of his day; his love-disappointment was his poetry, his adventures became famous as travel-pictures, and in his collected works he gave not only his creations, but himself.' *

I will cite you (he says, in one place) a passage from the Chronicle of Limburg. This chronicle is very interesting for those who desire information about the manners and customs of the middle ages in Germany. It describes, like a Journal des Modes, the costumes both of men and women as they came out at the time. It gives also notices of the songs which were piped and sung each year, and the first lines of many a love-ditty of the day are there preserved. Thus, in speaking of A.D. 1480, it mentions that in that year, through the whole of Germany, songs were piped and sung sweeter and more lovely than all the measures hitherto known in German lands, and that young and old—especially the ladies—went into such raptures over them, that they were heard to sing them from morning to night. Now, these songs (the chronicle goes on to say) were written by a young clerk, who was affected by leprosy, and who dwelt in a secret hermitage apart from all the world. You know, dear reader, what a frightful malady this leprosy was in the middle ages; and how the poor creatures who fell under this incurable evil were driven forth from all society, and allowed to come near no human creature. Dead-alive they wandered forth wrapt up from head to foot, the hood drawn over the face, and carrying in the hand a kind of rattle called the Lazarus-clapper, announcing their presence by it, so that every one might get out of their way in time. This poor clerk, of whose fame as poet and songster this Chronicle of Limburg has spoken, was just such a leper, and he sat desolate in the solitude of his sorrow, while all Germany, joyful and exultant, sang and piped his songs.

Many a time in the mournful visions of my nights I think I see before me the poor clerk of the Chronicle of Limburg, my brother in Apollo, and his sad, suffering eyes stare strangely at me from under his hood; but at the same moment he seems to vanish, and changing through the distance, like the echo of a dream, I hear the sharp rattle of the Lazarus-clapper.

If he reads a great book, say Don Quixote, it is still the same. The point of interest is the self-reflection, so modern, so fresh, crossing the grotesque yet truly humane train of pictures.

* Introduction to the recent 'Ungedruckte Heine-Briefe' in the 'Deutsches Montags-Blatt.'

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Perhaps I too am but a Don Quixote, whose head has been sadly confused by the reading of all manner of wonderful books. My Amadis de Gaul has been Jean Jacques Rousseau; my Roland or Agramante has been Mirabeau; and too deeply, it may be, I have pondered over the tales of the chivalrous deeds of French Paladins and Knights of the Round Table of the National Convention. But my madness and the *idées fixées* which have laid hold upon me, through the reading of these books, are the very opposite of those by which the great knight-errant was afflicted. While he sought to destroy the decaying chivalry, I seek to destroy every vestige of the age of chivalry. Our mode of action, too, proceeds from very different views. Don Quixote mistook windmills for giants; I see in our present-day giants nothing but windmills. In the leathern wineskins he beheld mighty magicians; while I see only leathern wineskins in the mighty magicians of to-day. He fancied that every miserable tavern was a castle, every ass-driver a cavalier, and every barn-wench a court lady; while I hold castles to be only refuges for rogues, cavaliers to be ass-drivers, and court ladies to be but barn-wenches. He mistook puppet-shows for great state ceremonies; I hold state ceremonies to be mere puppet-shows; and yet I strike home as bravely at the wooden pageantry as did the gallant knight. Alas! such deeds of heroism often result as disastrously for me as they did for him; and, like him, I too have to suffer much for the honour of my mistress.

So also we find it in his poems; and the more specific it is the more that he rises to that simple, unconscious music—that apparently careless and yet most finished verse—which is most characteristic of him. It is the same, for example, in his lyric—

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen;

and in that other—

Mein Herz, mein Herz ist traurig;

or that exquisite piece which Mrs. Browning has so admirably rendered—

Mein Kind, wir waren Kinder.

One other essential point should be noticed, and not lost sight of. It is that Heine, in all his writings, and especially in those in which he was most inclined to use an oblique, satirical, and what might seem a half-sincere style, is still more decidedly autobiographical than he is in some parts of his professed 'Confessions.' To the initiated his secret is easily read there. Moreover, Heine passed through several well-marked phases of conviction. His attitude towards the highest problems was by no means unaffected by the peculiar experiences of his later years. The Heine of the lightly mocking and scornful early days, when, as the biographer of Felix Mendelssohn says, his manner was repulsively listless and *blasé*—when, as another has said, 'he walked the earth

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with his hands in his trouser pockets, whistling Olympian airs, the naughty spoiled child of the muses'—was very different from the Heine of Paris, after sobering trials and the contact and strife with the friends of Börne, who in their reprisals served up to him what caused him to say that 'gall was a bitter drink;' and the Heine of those days, again, was a different person from the Heine of 'the mattress-grave,' where his ponderings on the tragic problems of the world and human destiny, of God, immortality, and the future, bred in him a new faith, of which he made characteristic confession. Some of his earlier expressions on the most serious subjects need constantly to be read in the light of the later ones, if we would be wholly fair to him. Though it is quite true that Heine was not, like Lessing, prepared to be a martyr for the truth, and that his life, as Mr. Snodgrass says, 'wanted that predominant unity of purpose which is the polar star of the nobler forms of genius,' yet happily we can trace a moral and spiritual growth which modified greatly the intellectual development, and renders Heine (unlike Voltaire, successful and the more cynical by experience) the more attractive to us as we follow him onwards through his weary years of life-in-death on the 'mattress-grave.'

A grave without rest (he himself said it was), death without the privileges of the dead, who spend no money, and who need to write neither letters nor books. This is a sad condition! The measure of my coffin was taken long ago, and my burial-place prepared; but I die so slowly that it is as tiresome for me as for my friends. But patience; everything has an end. One morning you will find the booth shut up, wherein the puppet-show of my humour so often entertained.

The preface to the 'Romancero,' from which these lines are borrowed, is, says one, perhaps the only example in our literature in which a martyr enlivens us by the account of his sufferings; and in view of what follows, may well ask the question, Was this poet a good or a bad man?

In the midst of his manifold troubles (as Strodtman recounts) Heine thought with a touching love of his mother, who, in her secluded life at Hamburg, never learned the full truth regarding her son's circumstances. She was no longer able to read a newspaper, and the few old friends or relations whom she visited were, as regards this, like herself. Heinrich Heine was deeply troubled, and artfully tried to keep secret from her all knowledge of his illness. He wrote to her regularly every month in the best possible spirits, told her about his wife, and said that he himself was well. When he thought that it might occur to her that his letters were dictated, he blamed his bad eyesight which, he said, prevented him from writing everything himself. If he went out, even for a little, the sunshine or even the lamplight almost blinded him. From his books,

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which he always used to send to his mother, he asked his publisher to cut out carefully all the parts that referred to his illness. Was this poet a bad or a good man?*

Surely, if the good and genial Charles Kingsley had had in his memory some of these things, he would not so unqualifiedly have said of Heine, when asked by his daughter regarding the poet, 'A bad man, my dear; a bad man.' Nor would Mr. Carlyle have written some of the words he has written of Heine. It is often worse to misknow or to misjudge than to be wholly ignorant.

One prevailing excuse there is for Heine in many of his worst excesses. He exhibits one phase of the irony of Providence. The injustice, the oppression which the Jews suffered at the hands of a Philistinish Germany, were, through his muse, avenged on a later generation. We can see in him how injustice and wrong inevitably breed injustice and wrong, and how, at last, evil comes home to roost. The greatest lyrical poet Germany has produced in later days found his delight in ridiculing Germany; and the disorder of her social position afforded food for his irony and gave hints for some of the most deliciously wicked and most popular of his poems. We could have wished Heine had not written such poems as 'Germany in 1815;' but, seeing he has done so, we can find many excuses for him, since biographically and psychologically we can find in the circumstance some light on otherwise irreconcileable points of character.

Much in the development of Heine's genius was due to the circumstances of his life, especially in its earlier formative period, so that there will be an exceptional interest for us in here tracing out shortly the story of his life, and great help towards forming a consistent view of his character and influence.

II.

Heinrich Heine was born at Düsseldorf on the Rhine, on the 13th of December, 1799. He himself was wont to postdate his birth, and to give it as the 1st January, 1800, that he might found upon it the playful conceit of his being 'one of the first men of the century.' The actual register of his birth was destroyed by fire, as were afterwards many letters and documents which would have made his biography more complete; but inquiries vigorously prosecuted by Strodtman go sufficiently to prove that the above is correct. His father was a shopkeeper of very moderate position—a man who had

* 'Deutsches Montags-Blatt.'

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detached himself from orthodox Judaism, come into contact with the extreme 'enlightenment' men, and fully sympathized with them. 'Heine's father,' says Karpeles, writing too much from the Jewish point of view, 'appears to have been a man in whom excessive enlightenment and the shallow rationalism of the previous century had produced a complete indifference to every religion. At all events, Samson Heine was not of the type to give to his children a firm foundation in Jewish knowledge and Jewish faith by his example.' He was plainly above the average of his class in culture; admired and studied Goethe, and did not fail to encourage the early literary efforts of his sons, who again mutually encouraged each other in the writing of verses and the telling of stories. And in order that the youths might not be discouraged, he would refrain from reference to Goethe sometimes, saying, 'How shall my youngsters be encouraged to persevere, if ever and ever we will speak only of Goethe.' His ambition, however, was not so high as it might have been. We find him on one occasion, saying to Heinrich, after the reading of a poem by Schutze, 'My dear son, how it would please me if thou couldst but become half as distinguished as the author of this poem.'

It is evident, however, that he often indulged in a scoffing manner of speech. He is only once referred to in the writings of his famous son, and that is, strangely enough, where one would least expect to have found it, in the Life of Börne; but it is evident that Heine entertained for him the highest respect in his last years, speaking often and much of his good father. His mother's name was Elizabeth von Geldern. She was the daughter of a learned Israelitish physician of Düsseldorf. Though of a character somewhat rigid, if not Puritan, she had a tender heart. She had been well educated, was gifted with a keen intellect and a poetic temperament, and early discerned in Heinrich the germs of genius. We learn that she was deeply attached to him; that, in fact, she adored him. This, however, could not have been associated with any weakness of character, and of this Heine's conduct towards her to the last is the best of proofs. She was discreet and practical as well as loving, and obtained over him a powerful and abiding influence.*

For curious students of character, of inherited traits, and of the effect of parental influence, it would, we think, be a fine subject to try to make out how much in Heine was due to these forces. In not a little he reproduced his father and

* Karpeles' Heine, p. 6.

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mother. The clear, vigorous discernment and sarcasm of the father, with bitter sneers at religion all round, the simple affectionateness, the tender reverence, and constant sympathy with all honest worth and uprightness and noble struggling effort, which marked his mother, and which combined to give her such an influence over her famous son—all these traits reappear in Heine, and wonderfully modify and give effect to each other. What Heine would have been without the honest kindliness, the truly restraining influence of his mother, it were hard to guess; and yet it is not very hard to guess some of the inevitable results—a new proof, if it were needed, of the manner in which literary development is coloured by influences at once silent and remote. Heine's mother lived to be upwards of eighty, and there was perhaps a special blessing for the world and for Heine in the fact that she outlived him; for to the last she remained, as we have seen, a kind of polestar for his wayward heart. She lived in Hamburg, where she had a daughter married and settled, and numbers of other relatives. Authorities disagree about the amount of her intellectual activity in her later days. One of them tells us, in opposition to what we have read elsewhere, 'that the energetic old lady continued to the last an active reader, and was tyrannical in demands on the circulating library, to which she subscribed, for a constant supply of new books; demands which the keeper of the library did his utmost to supply, moved as well by his regard for the mother of Heine as by his interest in the old lady herself.' But this we can hardly credit, else all Heine's expedients to conceal the fact of his sorrowful condition in the last days could hardly have availed to keep them so entirely from her knowledge.

While still a child Heine was sent to the French Lyceum in Düsseldorf, the rector of which, Herr Schallmeyer, was a Roman Catholic priest of considerable attainments as a scholar, and of liberal views. He soon discovered Heine's rare talents, and is said to have advised his mother to devote Heinrich to the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church, assuring her that his influence among the dignitaries was such as speedily to procure the preferment of one who promised to become so clever a man; but, to the honour of Frau Heine, she would not listen to this very tempting proposal. Heine, we learn, on hearing this, speculated much how he would have looked in the little hat and the silken gown of an *abbate*.

The picture we have of the school-days of Heine give the

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impression of a character of great quickness, unconquerable vivacity and spirit; observant and turning all his observations to account, yet not without a vein of meditativeness suggestive of something premature, of which indeed his early romantic love affairs may be taken as proof. Max Heine, in his 'Erinnerungen,' has preserved many laughable anecdotes of his brother's school-days. He tells us, for instance, that their mother was desirous that all her children should have a thorough musical education, and selected the violin as Harry's instrument.

The tedious practising required to master this difficult instrument soon exhausted Harry's small stock of patience, but he did not dare to gainsay his mother's orders, and the latter having no reason to doubt Harry was making satisfactory progress, continued regularly to pay the teacher's monthly salary, and so almost a year had elapsed when it came to pass that the mother was taking an airing in the garden just at the hour of Harry's music lesson. To her great satisfaction, she heard the melodious tones of a well-played violin. Delighted at the wonderful progress that her son had made, the overjoyed mother hastened upstairs to thank the teacher for his great success. Imagine the natural dismay when she saw Harry comfortably stretched on the sofa, while the teacher stood before the boy entertaining him by playing! Then it came to light that all the music lessons had been of this nature, and that Harry could not even play the scales correctly. The unfaithful teacher was summarily dismissed, and Harry was relieved from further musical instruction.

He learned to imitate various birds and animals, and could crow so like a cock that he would sometimes rise very early and set all the cocks in the neighbourhood to make a noise, and so awaken the sleepers betimes; and he himself in one of his poems has told what good use he made of this accomplishment—when 'the two children' would retire to the hen-house and beguile the time. He would crow so as to make the passers by think it was a real cock. Of this remarkable poem Mrs. Browning made a vigorous translation, which appears in her 'Last Poems.'

And now and then, too, he showed in his boyish tricks not a little of the casuistry which afterwards often aided him in his sarcasm and innuendo—

One Saturday Heinrich was playing with several comrades in the garden attached to a neighbour's dwelling. Over the garden wall hung a vine, loaded down with luscious grapes. The boys cast wistful glances towards them, but, mindful of the Jewish prohibition not to break or tear anything on the sabbath day, they turned their backs on the tempting fruit and continued their games. But little Heinrich stood contemplatively gazing at the purple bunches. Suddenly he approached quite near to the wall, and with his mouth plucked off and ate the grapes one by one. 'Oh, Heinrich!' cried his horrified comrades, 'what have you

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done?' 'Nothing wrong,' laughed the young rascal; 'we are forbidden to pluck anything with the hand, but nothing is said about the mouth.'

According to his own account, he was not without trials—some kinds of school teaching, in spite of his quickness, not being much to his taste. But a character like his is always as impatient of some kind of difficulty as ready to tackle and to overcome others; and very probably his trials with arithmetic may have been over-estimated and only recalled to point a joke—

But, oh! (he writes) the trouble I had at school with my learning to count!—and it went even worse with the ready reckoning. I understood best of all *subtraction*, and for this I had a very practical rule—'Four can't be taken from three, therefore I must borrow one'—but I advise all, in such a case, to borrow a few extra dollars, for no one can tell what may happen.

Very funny, too, is the anecdote of the future poet, being on speech-day so overwhelmed at the advent of the 'Ober-appelationsgerichts-President,' with his yellow-haired daughter, while he was reciting Schiller's 'Diver,' that he stuck at the ominous line—

Und der König der lieblichen Tochter winkt,

and tried and tried again—three times tried—and could not go a bit further, while the scholars tittered and laughed at his position. One of the great events of his youth was the appearance of his hero, Napoleon, at Düsseldorf, in 1811 and 1812, one of which events Heine thus describes—

The Emperor, with his *cortége*, rode straight down the avenue of the Hofgarten at Düsseldorf, in spite of the police regulations that no one should ride down the avenue under a penalty of a five-dollar fine. The Emperor, in his invisible-green uniform and his little world-renowned hat, sat on his white charger, with a bland carelessness, if not laziness, the reins in one hand, while with the other he good-naturedly patted the neck of his horse. It was a sinewy marble hand, one of the two which has bound fast the many-headed monster of revolution to pacify the war of races, and it good-naturedly patted the neck of the horse. The face, too, of the hue which we see in the marble busts of Greeks and Romans, the features as finely proportioned as in an antique, and a smile on the lips warming and reassuring every heart, while all knew that those lips had only to whistle *et la Prusse n'existait plus*, and to whistle again and all the Holy Roman Empire would have danced before him. The brow was not so clear, for the spectres of future conflicts were cowering here; and there were the creative thoughts, the huge seven-mile-boot thoughts, in which the spirit of the Emperor strode invisibly over the world, every one of which thoughts would have given a German author full materials to write upon for the rest of his natural life.

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The battle of Leipzig at length put an end to French rule in the Rhine Provinces, and the Lyceum was broken up. This circumstance had an effect on Heine's life in several ways. It shortened the period of his school-life, and precipitated him into ungenial situations. No other school was at that time sought for him, and his friends resolved that he should begin a commercial career. He was accordingly sent in the year 1815 to Frankfort, as clerk in a bank. The monotony of the life was simply intolerable to Heine, and after a short time he returned to the parental home. As the fruit of many family consultations, it was decided to send him to Hamburg to fit him for a mercantile career, and thither he went in 1817. In 1818 he opened a commission business, of which little is known, save that the title was 'Harry Heine and Company,' and that it went into liquidation in 1819. Zianitzka—not, perhaps, the most reliable authority, however—represents Samson Heine as having set at his son's disposal goods at ten per cent. under the cost price in order that he might dispose of them. But even with this the business did not succeed, as one could hardly hope that it would when Heine was constantly elaborating poems or writing essays.

Solomon Heine, the rich banker of Hamburg, an elder brother of Samson Heine, had left his father's house in his seventeenth year, with sixteen groschen in his pocket, and had by his own energy, indomitable perseverance, and foresight made himself one of the wealthiest men in Germany—the head of a banking-house. With him Heine was to the end of his life alternately quarrelling and making it up again. It was not likely that he would appreciate the kind of escapades in which his nephew had borne a part. In spite of this, however, he was induced to give Heinrich a trial in his banking-house. In 1818, when Heine was with his uncle, he fell in love with his cousin; but even that attraction was not sufficient to enable him to overcome his repugnance to life at the bank-desk.

Abandoning commerce in the end of 1818, we find him in 1819 at the University of Bonn, engaged in the study of jurisprudence. We can easily believe that he was then more concerned about literature than law. August William Schlegel was at that time lecturing on Mediæval German Literature, and Heine was much influenced by these lectures. He had ere this, too, discovered that he could write poetry; and not a few of the songs which were afterwards to appear in the 'Buch der Leider' were written during this stay at Bonn. Herr Strodtmann says of this time—

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The study of jurisprudence only gave him a framework or suggestion for his poems; the celebrated jurists, with their high-sounding names, were material to be worked up in the *Opera bouffe* of his humour, and in their forgotten costumes, their long white wigs and their long-forgotten countenances, will live and move in his travel-sketches.

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In 1819, for what reason we know not, he emigrated from Bonn to Göttingen. We are told by those who knew him there that he would take up the portrait of his beloved and kiss it. Here it was that he heard, in the spring of 1821, that she had given her hand to another. Thus was the stream of love in Heine's heart suddenly checked and frozen. The following poem may be regarded as expressing his feelings on the occasion—

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen Andern erwählt;
Der Andre liebt eine Andre
Und hat sich mit Dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen heirathet aus Arger
Den ersten, besten Mann,
Der Ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist ein alte Geschichte
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passieret,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

He now began to regard poetic composition as a serious part of his calling. The first portion of his 'Travel-pictures' was also partially written here; and afterwards expanded. It is not impossible that some of his piquant pictures of the professors may have been read to select circles, talked of, and points remembered; for it is hardly possible that he should, after some months' residence, have been rusticated for connection with a duelling affair—a thing of course against rule, but so common at a German university that no particular blame is usually associated with it—unless other influences had been at work. From Göttingen he went to Berlin, where, through Varnhagen von Ense and his wife Rahel, he obtained an introduction to the best literary society, and gained some distinction in it from the verses he had written. The professed business of the Rahel meetings was to study Goethe, and there he met Wilhelm von Humboldt, Tieck, and Fouqué. At this time we have various pictures of him, most of which tend to confirm the impression of the *ilaté* manner and affected style with which the biographer

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of Felix Mendelssohn credits him. We read in Devrient's 'Mendelssohn' that, on one occasion, when the young people of the house made some enthusiastic remark about Jean Paul, he drawled out, 'What of Jean Paul? he never saw the ocean.' Fanny, with ready wit, retorted, 'Certainly not, he had no uncle Solomon to pay his expenses.'

But, in spite of all this, he was thinking earnestly on many subjects. He heard Hegel, and in spite of some touches of ridicule in speaking of the philosopher in after years, he admits having received benefit and stimulus; and he joined the 'Jewish Society,' which had been founded by the disciples of Moses Mendelssohn for the purpose of improving the condition of the Jews in Germany. Whilst he was at Berlin his first volume of poems was published under the title of 'Junge Leiden,' and in literary and critical circles led to the impression of the advent of a new and true poet. Heine, as we are told, received no pay for the book, except forty copies. But, as Strodtmann says, 'What young author would not joyfully and impatiently have accepted such an opportunity to lead his bark from the quiet inland water and launch it upon the broad ocean of immortality?'

His parents had sometime before this gone to Lüneberg, his father having lost his health in Düsseldorf. The publication of the poems had literally struck his family aghast; they augured all manner of evil from such a step. In the beginning of 1823, Heine left Berlin and went to Lüneburg, to spend sometime with his parents, and afterwards he made an excursion to Cuxhaven and Hamburg. In 1824 he was again in Göttingen, devoting himself to the study of jurisprudence. From all the professions, save that of medicine, Jews were excluded, and Heine never professed that any motive higher than that of entry on a professional career led him to profess Christianity. He was baptized a Christian by the name of Heinrich—Harry having been his Jewish name, oddly enough —on the 28th of June, 1825; and on the 20th of July following he obtained his doctor's degree in law, after the usual examinations. When asked the reason why he had turned Christian, he said, in his own half-cynical, playful way, 'What will you? I found it intolerable to have the same religion as Rothschild and not to be as rich as he.'

His tentative efforts to gain a law practice in Hamburg did not result in anything, as was indeed hardly to be hoped, when Heine's heart was in authorship, and when the political weaknesses and the complications of Germany exercised his whole mind and thought, and when, by tongue and pen, he

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was already active to expose at once the busybodies and the blunderers who pretended to rule, and the rogues, as he called them, who affected the *rôle* of patriots. His acquaintance now made with Campe the publisher was fruitful. In 1825 his volume of travels, the 'Harzreise,' was published, and in 1826 the remarkably incisive and original volume 'Le Grand' appeared. This levelled so many attacks at German rulers that shortly after its publication its circulation was forbidden in several of the German states, and it was deemed advisable that Heine should 'go on his travels'—a very salutary mode of waiting safely for results. Solomon Heine would do something to help him to a tour in England, and Heinrich, who had no objection to see England, was quite willing to take advantage of his uncle's offer. In a letter to Varhagen he thus indicates the mood in which he set out—

> It was not fear that drove me away, but the love of prudence, which advises every one not to risk anything where there is nothing to gain. Had I the prospect of getting a position in Berlin, I would have travelled there without a care of the contents of my book. I think if our ministry is well advised, I have more than the prospect of getting such a position, and I shall in the end return back to you in Berlin. I have as yet heard not a word of the fate of my book. I knew it beforehand. I know my Germans—they will be frightened, reflect, and do nothing. I doubt also whether the book will not be forbidden. It was, however, necessary that it should be written. In this servile bad time one must write something. I have done my duty and am ashamed of those stout-hearted friends, who once could do so much, and now are silent. The most cowardly recruits are courageous when they stand in rank and file; but he shows the true courage who stands alone. I saw also beforehand that the good people of my country will sufficiently tear my book to pieces, and I cannot take it amiss of my friends if they are silent about the perilous production. I know very well that one must be independent of the State to express one's self freely about my 'Le Grand.'

Heine came to England by steamboat, and by way of the Thames, the grandest and truest high road to the English capital. The series of sketches called 'English Fragments' opens with a scene and conversation on board the steamboat, which, whether real or imaginery, no doubt represents the impressions which the traveller received in his passage up the river to the Tower Wharf. His opinions about England —the results of his observations on this tour—some of them so shrewd and wise, and some so wrong-headed, spiteful, and perverse, but all of them so brilliantly couched and presented to us—are to be found in the 'English Pictures.'

A very good story is told of Heine's mode of dealing with Uncle Solomon's kindness. He had received as much ready

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money as should serve him for some time, but to give an air of importance and responsibility to his visit, a formal letter of credit on the Rothschilds was added, to be used in case of necessity. What was Uncle Solomon's surprise to find that one of the first things done by Heine in London was to cash this letter of credit. Uncle Solomon's pipe fell out of his mouth, we are told, when he heard the news by an advice from Rothschild, saying that he had had the pleasure to become acquainted with his distinguished and charming nephew, and had had the honour to credit him with ten thousand francs. Uncle Solomon was not to be appeased over this piece of sharp practice, which hit him on a sore point. Heine's mother was talked to, and she wrote to remonstrate with Heinrich. This was his reply on that head—

> All persons are subject to whims. What my uncle gave me in a fit of good-humour, he might revoke in a fit of ill-temper; he might have taken it in his head to write by the next mail to Rothschild that the letter was only given for form's sake, and was not to be cashed. The annals of banking-houses are not without record of such cases. As a prudent, provident man, it was my duty not to run any risks. Verily, dear mother, my uncle himself would never have become rich had he not followed the same rule.

On his return to Germany he set about preparing the 'Buch der Leider,' which was during 1827 published at Hamburg; but before its appearance he had gone to Munich to undertake editorial work on the 'Politische Annalen,' the property of Baron Cotta. His stay in Munich only lasted some seven months. The paper stopped; and his health, we learn, so suffered from the severity of the climate that he was recommended to travel, and went to Italy. The records of these journeys are to be found in his 'Italian Travels.' In the end of 1828 he was called home by the illness and death of his father. By and by his writings once more brought him into fresh difficulties, and he had some reason to fear arrest. He had to betake himself to Heligoland, where he remained for some time, writing letters to his friends, to Steinmann, and to others, asking advice as to where he should go to be at peace, saying that his choice lay between France, England, Italy, North America, and Turkey, the Sultan of which had no doubt read his 'Almansor,' and knew of his enthusiasm for many things Turkish! 'I am weary,' he goes on, 'and pine for peace. I would procure myself a German nightcap, and pull it over my ears, if I only knew where I could lay my head. In Germany it is impossible! Every moment a police agent will be coming to give me a

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shake to know if I really sleep, and this idea spoils all my peace of mind.'

The revolution of July occurred in Paris whilst he was in Heligoland, and awakened the highest hopes in his mind, which, as we may say, received their complement when, on his return to Hamburg, he witnessed the memorable riot against the Jews? This greatly increased his detestation for the Free City, though it was the only place in Germany were he could feel safe from the police.

Paris, at length, he concluded would be the best sphere for his talents; and thither he went on the 3rd of May, 1831. Paris to the end remained his home, save for occasional hasty visits to Hamburg to see his mother. He became the correspondent of the 'Augsburg Gazette,' and wrote such letters as would have made his residence in Germany very perilous. In June, 1832, the German Diet strictly forbade the circulation of his writings. We have many pictures from the pen of Meissner and others, of the striking aspect of the poet on his first appearance in Paris, and of the effect produced by him in the circles which he frequented. Not that he was always happy or at peace even now. He was a born militant. Besides his battles with German governments and German 'patriots,' he once or twice fell out with his friends, and was a party to bitter and profitless recriminations. This was the case with Ludwig Börne, and afterwards with Börne's friends, who had so much on their side as to be able to serve up to Heine what made him say that he regretted having written the book 'Ueber Börne,' and that 'gall was a bitter drink.'

He married a genuine Parisian—sparkling, vivacious, who was faithful and devoted to him through many trials, though some of his friends had put in qualifying clauses regarding her. He himself wrote of her thus to his brother in 1843: 'My wife is a good-natured, cheerful child, as capricious as a Frenchwoman can be, and she does not allow me to sink down into that dreamy melancholy for which I have so much talent. For eight years now we have journeyed together, and I love her with a tenderness and passion which borders on the fabulous. I have since then enjoyed a frightful quantity of happiness, tortures, and bliss, in terrible admixture, more than my sensitive nature could endure.'

In 1848 he was struck down with that disease of the spine which for the next eight years confined him to the 'mattress-grave.' Meissner's picture of the poet in his last promenade through Paris is indeed very touching. 'Half blind, half

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lame, poor Heine,' he says, 'struggled along with the greatest difficulty;' and Heine himself has given a half-figurative account of that last visit in one of the prefaces to his poems—

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> It was in May, 1848, the last time that I went out, that I bade farewell to the beautiful idols, to whom, in days of prosperity, I bowed the knee. Painfully I dragged my limbs to the Louvre, and almost fell into a swoon as I entered that lovely hall where the blessed goddess of beauty, our dear lady of Milo, stands on her pedestal. Long did I lie at her feet, weeping so bitterly that a stone might have had pity on me. And though the goddess looked down upon me with compassion, yet was it a compassion without comfort, as if she had said, 'Seest thou not I am without arms, and therefore can give thee no help.'

In a condition of second childhood Heine lay for the long period of eight years, utterly feeble, nearly blind, his body shrunken to the size of that of an infant, and, like an infant, he had to be in everything attended. Yet his mind was active, he thought much, and he wrote as well as ever. During his illness he produced 'The Gods in Exile,' 'The Faust Ballet,' 'The Goddess Diana,' 'The Confessions,' his 'Memoirs,' and the poems which form the 'Romancero,' as well as many contributions to newspapers and reviews in France and in Germany. All are full of his character: he hit what he conceived to be the rogues and poltroons to the last, and to the end his wit welled forth; his own condition, his own dying, was made the theme of countless sallies. After unspeakable suffering—for he had been for some years almost wholly blind—he passed away on the 17th February, 1856—a man of his time, if there ever was one; but one who, in spite of all his efforts to guard himself by indirect and oblique expression, has been very greatly misunderstood.

III.

We have left ourselves little space in which to gather up the salient traits in Heine. With many defects he had many virtues. In spite of his air of frivolity, his *badinage*, his mockeries, he has a genuine vein of sincerity. He loves the truth-speakers, and will not for a moment allow that he is on the side of the deniers with whom he has been classed. His strength lies in the fact that he believes more than he will subscribe for, and that he is always in sympathy with those who have suffered for the truth, as they held it. The circumstances of his life confirmed what he seemed to have a strong natural faculty for—a strong reserve as regards direct religious

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confession; and yet his writings throughout are informed by religious feeling. His sympathies with his own race were dominant. The idea of the 'Rabbi von Bacharach' attests this; and we cannot but regard it as a misfortune that that story was never finished, though perhaps he would have failed to realize the idea of the plot. It remains as a testimony to the love he had for Jewish customs and the sanctities of Jewish life, and of horror at the sufferings of his brethren. It is one of the most perfect pieces of writing in any language. How picturesque and graceful is this description!—

As soon as it is night the housewife lights the lamp, spreads the cloth on the table, lays on the middle of it three flat unleavened loaves, covers them with a towel, and places on this raised part six small dishes in which are contained symbolical meats, namely, an egg, lettuce, radish, a lamb's bone, and a brown mixture of raisins, cinnamon, and nuts. At the table sits the father of the house with his relatives and friends, and reads to them out of a book of adventures called the 'Agade,' which is a strange collection of the sayings of forefathers, wondrous Egyptian stories, curious tales, miraculous narratives, prayers, and feast songs. There will be a great supper on this feast-day, and, even during the reading, at appointed times, the symbolical dishes and also a piece of the unleavened bread will be tasted, and four goblets of red wine will be drunk. Pathetically beautiful, earnestly playful and mystical as an old folk's tale is the character of this evening feast, and the customary singing tone in which the 'Agade' is read by the father of the house and responded to by the hearers sounds so innerly-sheltering, so like a mother's lullaby, and at the same time so hasty and rousing, that even those Jews who had long since fallen away from the faith of their fathers and sought after strange joys and honours, trembled to the very heart when the old and well-known earlier sounds fell on their ears.

In the great hall of his house once sat Rabbi Abraham, and with his kindred, disciples, and the rest of his guests began the Easter evening feast. In the hall everything was brighter than usual; the table was covered with a many-coloured silken cover, whose golden fringe hung down to the floor. The little plates with the symbolical meats shone familiarly, as did also the full wine goblets; the men sat in their black mantles and black flat hats and white neckcloths; the women, in their wonderful brilliant dresses of Lombard material, wore on the head and neck jewels of gold and pearls; and the silver sabbath lamp shed its steady light on the devoutly pleased faces of old and young. On a purple velvet cushion on a chair raised higher than the others, as the custom demanded, sat Rabbi Abraham, who read and sang the 'Agade,' and the fine choir joined in at the prescribed places. The Rabbi also wore his black feast robe, his nobly formed but somewhat harsh features bore a milder expression than usual, and his lips parted in a smile from out his brown beard, as if he wished to relate something merry; but one could see from his eyes that he remembered something and had a misgiving. Beautiful Sarah, who sat at his side also on a raised velvet seat, wore as hostess none of her jewels, but only white linen, which clothed her slim body and encircled her pious face. This face was pathetically beautiful, for the beauty of the Jewesses is of a particularly pathetic kind; the consciousness of deep sorrow, bitter shame, and the sorry circumstances

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amid which her kindred and friends live, cast over her beautiful features a certain living sincerity and noticeable gravity which fascinate our hearts. Thus sat the beautiful Sarah and looked steadfastly into the eyes of her husband. Now and then she looked at the 'Agade' which lay beside her, the beautiful parchment book bound in gold and velvet, an ancient heirloom on the side of her grandfather, with its old wine stains, and containing many bold and beautifully painted pictures which she enjoyed that Easter evening as much as a little child would have done; it represented also numerous Bible stories, such as Abraham breaking in pieces with the hammer the stone gods of his fathers, the angel coming to him, Moses slaying Mizri, Pharaoh sitting on his throne, but the frogs about his table giving him no rest, the children of Israel passing safely across the Red Sea, and Pharaoh saying, 'God be thanked!' the children of Israel with their sheep and oxen standing before Mount Sinai, pious King David playing upon his harp, and, lastly, Jerusalem with its towers and pinnacles sparkling in the sunshine.

The second goblet was already filled, the faces became fairer, the voices still more clear, and the Rabbi, taking the unleavened loaves and holding them up, read aloud from the 'Agade' the following words: 'Behold! this is the food of which our fathers ate in Egypt! Let him that is hungry come and eat! Let him that is sad come and partake of the joy of our Passover. In the present year we keep the feast here, but in the coming year we shall keep it in the land of Israel! In the present year we feast only as servants, but in the coming year we shall feast as the sons of liberty!'

Presently the hall door opened and there stepped in two tall pale men, wrapped in pure white cloaks, one of whom said, 'Peace be unto you; we are travelling fellow-believers, and wish to eat the Passover with you.' And the friendly Rabbi answered readily, 'Peace be unto you, come in and sit down beside me.' Both strangers immediately sat down at table, and the Rabbi continued the reading. Many times during the responses he addressed loving words to his wife, and, alluding to the old saying that the Jewish housefather is looked upon as a king for that evening, he said to her, 'Rejoice, my queen!' But she answered, smiling sadly, 'Our prince is wanting!' And by this she meant the son of the house, who, as a passage in the 'Agade' requires of him, should ask his father in the prescribed words what is the meaning of the feast. The Rabbi answered nothing, but simply pointed with his finger to a picture in the 'Agade' extremely beautiful to look at—the three angels coming to Abraham to make known that a son should be born to him by his wife Sarah, who meanwhile, with a woman's cunning, is standing behind the tent door listening to the conversation. This mild rebuke brought a threefold red to the face of his beautiful wife, who cast down her eyes, then raised them again pleasantly toward her husband, who still continued the reading of the wondrous stories.

When he speaks about sham 'patriotism,' and contrasts Germany with France at once on account of 'patriotism' and politeness, he does more than recall Mr. Matthew Arnold—

Everything has for a long time been fatal to me that bears the name of patriotism. Yes, at one time the thing would have disgusted me when I beheld those masquerades of adventurous fools who generally made a trade of patriotism—provided themselves with suitable occupations, and distri-

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buted themselves as masters, journeymen, and apprentices, and combined into corporations that they might be able to fight in the country. I say 'fight' in foul fraternity. For individual fighting with the sword did not belong to their profession. Father Jahn, landlord Jahn, was in the war, whom everybody knew to be as cowardly as he was foolish. They knew right well that German simplicity always looks upon coarseness as a sign of courage and manliness, although a glance into our prisons shows sufficiently that there are coarse villains and coarse cowards. In France courage is polite and well-bred; and if a polite person meets you he takes off his hat and glove. In France patriotism consists also in love of one's country, and France is the home of civilization and human advancement. As has been said before, German patriotism, on the contrary, consists in a hatred towards the French, and in a hatred towards civilization and liberalism.

Is it not true! Am I no patriot because I praise France?

This is a peculiar element in patriotism and true love of one's country. One can love one's fatherland and live for eighty years in it and never realize that one loves it. But then one must always have remained at home. The value of spring is best known in winter; and behind the stove the best May-songs are written. Love of liberty is a prison flower, and its worth is first felt in captivity. Thus love of the fatherland begins first on the boundaries of Germany, but is perfected when the misfortunes of the fatherland are seen from a foreign country. Yesterday, while reading a book containing the letters of a dead friend, I trembled at the page on which is described the impressions of the foreigner at the sight of your country folk in 1813. I shall here write the dear words:

'The whole morning I have shed many bitter tears of sympathy and grief! O, I never knew that I loved my country so much! I am like one who through physic has learned something of the strength of his body, but who, when it is taken away from him, falls down.'

That is it! Germans. That is what we are. And therefore I suddenly became weak and ill at the sight of that stranger, of those great blood streams that flowed from the wounds of the fatherland and lost themselves as in African sands. It was like a great loss, and I felt in my soul a keen pang. In vain I hushed myself with reasonable arguments.

The following from the third and fourth chapters of 'Das Buch le Grand,' will show Heine in a sincere and pathetic vein, which he only occasionally indulged—

The great pulse of nature finds a response in my breast, and, when I shout for joy, I am answered by a thousandfold echo. I hear a thousand nightingales. Spring hath sent them to waken the earth from her morning slumber, and the earth trembles for joy; her flowers are hymns with which, in her inspiration, she greets the sun. The sun moves all too slowly, and I yearn to whip his fire-horses to a wilder career. But when he sinks hissing into the sea, and Night arises with her longing eye, oh! then voluptuous joy quivers through me; the evening breezes play about my beating heart like fondling maidens, and the stars beckon me, and I arise and soar forth over the little earth and the little thoughts of men.

But a day will come when the fire in my veins will be burnt out; then winter will dwell in my breast, his white flakes will cluster sparely round my forehead, and his mists bedim my eyes. In mouldy tombs my

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friends are lying, I alone am left behind, like a solitary stalk forgotten by the reaper. A new race has blossomed into life, with new wishes and new thoughts. Full of surprise, I hear new names and new songs; the old ones are forgotten, and I too am forgotten, honoured but by a few, despised by many, but loved by none! And rosy-cheeked children run to me and press into my trembling hands the old harp and say to me with laughter: 'Thou hast been long time silent, lazy greybeard; sing again to us the songs of the dreams of thy youth!' Then I take the harp, and old joys and old sorrows re-awaken; the mists are dissolved, tears flow once more from my dead eyes, it is springtime again in my heart; I see again the blue stream, and the marble palaces, and the fair matron and maiden faces; and I sing a song of the flowers of Brenta.- It will be my last song; the stars look upon me as in the nights of my youth; the enamoured moonlight again kisses my cheeks; the spirit choir of the dead nightingales warbles from out the distance; sleep-drunk my eyelids close, my soul dies away with the tones of my harp; sweet odours are exhaled from the flowers of Brenta.

A tree will overshadow my grave. I had wished a palm, but it grows not in our cold North. Let it be a linden, and of summer evenings lovers will sit and caress beneath it. The green finch, listening from amid the swaying branches, is silent, and my linden murmurs in sympathetic manner over the heads of the lovers who are so happy that they have not time even to read the writing on my white gravestone. But when afterwards the lover has lost his maiden, then will he come to the well-known linden and sigh and weep, and look long and often upon the gravestone, and read thereon the writing—'He loved the flowers of Brenta.'

With regard to Heine's Napoleon-worship, from one point of view it is not so very difficult to understand. Heine, as a Jew, and with more real and active sympathy for his race than a superficial reading of his books might be taken to imply, could look with only contempt on the little autocratic princelings, no less than on the autocratic giants of Germany, Prussia and Austria, who were the models for these others only in their political vices, as we may say. Napoleon was on the side—or for reasons of policy made it to appear that he was on the side—of depressed nationalities and races. If he aimed at humbling the autocrats, in order to widen the scope of his own autocracy, indirectly he made this appear to be in favour of Poles and Swiss and Jews; and in justice it must be said that it was really in their favour.* But when later the Napoleonic idea stood forth bare and disconnected from any such profession, he saw it for what it was, and spoke frankly of its faults. He could tolerate and do justice to Louis Napoleon as President of the Republic; but when time brought on the crime of the *coup d'état*, as

* Rudolph Gottschall has shown in a very able article in *Unsere Zeit* how Heine's early love for Napoleon and devotion to him exercised a distinct influence on his poetic and general mental development. (*Unsere Zeit*—'Heinrich Heine Entwickelungsgang nach neuen Quellen.' Von Rudolph Gottschall, p. 321. 1868.)

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one of the legitimate fruits of Napoleonism, inevitable under certain circumstances, Heine did not fail with his own protests from the 'mattress-grave.' In one of those remarkable letters to Herr Kolb he says—

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Louis Napoleon was, as I have foreseen for some time, the lion clad in the ass's skin. This he stripped off one fine morning, to the complete surprise and dismay of the chamber *ménagerie*. In how far his *coup d'état* was justified by the behaviour of the Chamber it is hard to say; for the stupid fellows continually pricked and excited the hero who held in his hands the naked sword of executive power, while they had only the empty sheath of legality. I felt no surprise at what took place, because their infatuation was incredible. *Nevertheless my heart bled.* And I confess my old Napoleonism does not stand proof against the pain that overwhelmed me when I beheld the consequences of that movement. All the beautiful ideals of poetical morality, legality, civic virtue, of equality of freedom, the rosy-tinted morning dreams of the eighteenth century, for the sake of which our forefathers so heroically went to death, and which we dream after no less heroically, lie at our feet, shattered like the potsherd of porcelain vases; but I shall be silent, and you know why.

No man lives for himself; nor can he in art, any more than in life, walk alone, try how he may. His starting-point is already made for him in the influences he inherits. Much and wilfully as the heir may wander, he can never wholly forget his heritage. Nor did Heine. The romantic inheritance sometimes mastered him; its traces were always present. It runs through all his ambitious works like a beautiful but hardly harmonious vein. It can even be seen in 'Atta Troll.' In the 'Reisebilder'—in the prose parts more especially—it is dominant, and this where we should least expect it, where no submission to contracted habits under the more formal rules or limitations constrained him. Since the above was written, we were somewhat surprised to find that Herr Marggraff had noted the same thing. Amid the wild humour of 'Atta Troll' we came on this verse—

Like the youthful visions shared I,
In the blue moon-lighted evenings,
With Chamisso and with Fouqué
And Brentano—does it sound not?

Heine, after all, was a true Romanticist, returning on the earlier and better traditions. Notwithstanding all his temptations on the side of Hellenism, he asserted for art a constant dependence upon life, and saw the point where poetry, to be true and living, must ever refresh itself at the springs of conduct. Much confused as his message is by his peculiar turn for irony and his love for oblique forms of expression, this remains as the prevailing element in his writings both

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in prose and verse; and as such they will be found full of inspiration for the thoughtful who can discriminate.

It is very remarkable to find Tieck in his old age depreciating Heine almost for the very same reasons, as he urged, Heine had given for seeking to moderate the excessive hero-worship of Goethe. Tieck doubtless regarded Heine as a rebel against the Romantic spirit; but Tieck himself was not in this respect quite consistent, and we are not sure that Heine was not a more consistent Romanticist than he was. Anyway, we hold we have proved, from a broad survey of all the aspects of Heine's activity, that the significance of Heine hardly lies in the direction that the ultra-classic and artistic critics have sought for it.

A. H. JAPP.

Art. II.—*Intellect and Evolution.*

Enthusiasm is a great help to the successful advocacy of any new doctrine; but enthusiasm is notoriously misleading, through its tendency to overlook insuperable obstacles and to turn a deaf ear to prudent counsels. The true doctrine of evolution (the doctrine that the various species of animals and plants have been evolved through the action of natural causes from antecedent animals and plants of different kinds) has been exaggerated by enthusiasts into the assertion, that the whole material universe has been evolved by one continued process without any kind of breach in its uniform continuity, and this in the face of three evident breaches of continuity occasioned by (1) the difference between the living and the non-living; (2) the difference between sentiency and the absence of sentiency; and (3) the difference between intellect and the absence of intellect.

It is to the third of these differences only that we propose here to direct attention, for it is the difference which concerns us most nearly. It is blindness to it which can alone account for the assertion which has been so rashly made, that no difference of kind exists between the human intellect and the highest cognitive faculties of brutes. It is to it only that can be due any acceptance of that dogma now so zealously proclaimed by enthusiastic advocates—the dogma of the essential bestiality of man.

It is of course too plain to be denied that there is a vast difference between human reason, as it exists to-day, and any mere animal faculties, and therefore the efforts of the Dar-

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winian enthusiasts referred to are directed to show that such a difference need not always have existed, but that it is possible to account for the slow upgrowth of such merely animal faculties into true human intellect, and the gradual expansion of one into the other.

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But it is an obvious fact that a distinction, evident to the senses, exists between men and brutes, in that no brute has the gift of speech, while all tribes of men possess it. This, then, is the *crux* of the Darwinians. They endeavour to avoid so fatal a difficulty by two contentions. One is (1) that animals have language; the other is (2) that the brute ancestors of man, by the possession of language, gradually acquired the gift of reason.

We have, then, to consider these two assertions, and in order to consider them properly, we must examine into the real nature of human speech. Words are conventional signs of things thereby signified, and it may or it may not be the case, that the things signified by human speech are essentially similar to the things signified by the inarticulate language of animals, and if they are so, then the one might possibly have been developed from the other. If, on the other hand, it should turn out that the things signified by animal language and by human speech are different in kind, so that the latter demands the ready-formed existence of intellect, in order that it may itself exist, then speech must obviously be posterior to intellect, and could not have been evolved from merely animal faculties. In such case also it is evident that thought could never have been evolved from language, and therefore a manifest hiatus must, from the very first, have existed between human and animal nature, and with the first advent of man there must have been at least one breach in the continuity of the process of cosmical evolution.

Now there is no appeal from the facts of science and from inferences thence logically drawn, and every attempt to ignore the former or elude the latter to support any theory which may have captivated the fancy, or in deference to any traditional belief, must be alike scrupulously avoided.

Probably the reluctance which some persons so strongly feel to recognize the existence of such a break is due to our impotence to *imagine* it.* But such impotence is but the neces-

* The late Mr. G. H. Lewes, in the third series of his 'Problems of Life and Mind,' says: 'If continuity is a necessity of thought, not less imperiously is Discontinuity a necessity of experience, given in every qualitative difference. The manifold of sense is not to be gainsaid by a speculative resolution of all diversities into gradations. Experience knows sharply defined differences, which make gaps between things. Speculation may imagine these gaps filled, some

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sary consequence of our having had no experience of it, since we can never imagine that of which we have had no experience. Nothing, however, could be more fatal to our reasoning powers than the attempt to bind them down within the narrow limits of our power of imagination. We cannot perceive our acts of sight, and we cannot imagine them, yet we are none the less perfectly sure of their existence.

Having endeavoured, then, as much as possible to guard against both the temptations of prejudice and the snares due to the imagination, let us examine the question as to the possibility of the evolution of intellect from sense, by considering, in the first place, the two assertions of the Darwinian school: (1) Animals have language; and (2) language begot reason. The Darwinian view may, we think, be fairly represented as follows—

The lower animals plainly express their feelings by significant sounds. The song of birds and the various cries of beasts are unquestionable examples of a vocal language expressing their feelings, and also often more or less making known the presence of objects perceived by them—making known, therefore, their cognitions, as well as their sensations and emotions. Dogs by their bark may plainly indicate not only, *e.g.*, their perception of a rabbit or a thief, but also which of the two it is; and similar practical knowledge is conveyed in a multitude of other instances. That such cries are very different from articulate language is true, but the parrot shows us that a mere animal may articulate copiously and plainly.

There can be no *a priori* difficulty, then, in supposing that some animal may have acquired the power of expressing itself by articulate sounds. It may well be that some ape-like animal acquired such a power, seeing the great resemblance which exists between the structure of the mouth and vocal organs of an ape and of a man. Once let this power of articulate expression have been acquired, and it then almost necessarily follows that it must have been enormously improved and augmented by a gregarious habit (and many kinds of apes live in troops), those troops being preserved which, by the rapidity and multiplicity of their articulate utterances, became best able to avoid danger and acquire food.

But animals, as we see and know them, show us that they not only have language, but they have also a true practical

unbroken continuity of existence linking all things. It *must* imagine this, because it cannot imagine the non-existence coming between discrete existences.' Here the slavery of the imagination, together with the freedom of the intellect, are alike plainly pointed out.

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appreciation of such things as 'number' and 'cause,' and of abstract qualities, such as 'solidity,' and that they are able not only to perceive, but also to remember, classify, and infer.

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Not merely a very highly organized animal, but even an insect, will discriminate between objects which differ in number—between an attack by one enemy on one side of it, and a simultaneous attack by two enemies one on either side of it; between one object of pursuit and several objects of pursuit—and will regulate its responsive movements accordingly. But in this practical appreciation of number we have the germ and foundation of the whole science of mathematics.

A dog startled at the agitation by the wind of an expanded parasol lying near it on a grass-plot may, by its angry growl, show its apprehension of some hidden, possibly hostile, cause of such motion, and in analogous circumstances may show not only its appreciation of cause, but of causes of different orders.

An elephant will hesitate to cross a bridge which it seems to feel insecure, thus showing that it has a distinct and practical apprehension of the abstract quality 'solidity.'

That animals can not only perceive objects but remember them, and circumstances connected with them, is too manifest to need illustration.

Animals again readily vary their conduct according to the properties of objects presented to their senses, *i.e.*, they recognize and *classify*. A cat will make use of visible characters as a basis of its system of classification. A dog divides the material universe, organic and inorganic, into groups and sub-groups, according to a finely graduated series of smells.

Animals of the most varied kinds, from insects to apes, will, as their actions prove, anticipate the presence in objects of characters and tendencies to action, as yet unperceived, from signs the presence of which they actually cognize. What else is this but reasoning—inference from past experiences? But inference is the guiding of conduct by a foreseeing preparation for the future, due to a recollection of the past. These animals, therefore, both recollect and anticipate—they, no less than men, are creatures 'looking before and after.'

Turning from our animal friends to the lowest races of mankind, what do we find? Men unable to realize any lofty abstract ideas, and some of them unable to count above two or three, and though no race is devoid of speech, yet such is its poverty and barbarity in some cases—almost confined to denoting the physical relations of material objects—that we

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may feel little difficulty in imagining it to be the remote outcome of the primitive articulate cries of the hypothetical ape-like animal before referred to.

But the argument thus supported is further reinforced by the mode of development of the power of speech in every individual amongst ourselves. Does the power of speech appear spontaneously of itself, or suddenly arise at some particular moment as an infused, God-sent gift? By no means! Only very slowly, and by almost imperceptible steps, does the primitively dumb infant learn to recognize, and after recognizing to itself emit, articulate sounds. If brought up in silence and solitude it never learns to speak at all. It is not the case, then, that distinct intellectual conceptions start forth from the mind and clothe themselves in words, but, on the contrary, articulate sounds are first learned by rote—often as parrots learn them—without any distinct apprehension of their meaning. Even in the adult condition some tribes, *e.g.*, the Hottentots, delight to amuse themselves by inventing curious new articulate sounds—words voluntarily made without ideas being thereto annexed.

Therefore in the history of the individual, as in the history of the race, we have to begin with simple sensations and variously aggregated feelings, which are at first indicated by inarticulate sounds and by gestures, and afterwards by articulate sounds or words. Only subsequently, and by the help of such articulate sounds, do we get those more highly complex aggregations of feelings which we call 'ideas,' and 'thoughts,' which are thus generated by language. In every child then these arise as the outcome and result of speech, therefore in the past history of our race reason was similarly begotten. There is, therefore, no real break in the continuity of vocal evolution. The vanity and folly of an imagination unbridled by science and regardless of facts has led foolish men to deem themselves of a different nature from other animals—has led them to deny their kinship with their fellow creatures. There is no really fundamental difference between human speech and the language of non-human animals, in spite of the variety and complexity which the struggle for existence has gradually introduced into the former.

The above is a short but, we think, neither unfair nor inadequate statement of the Darwinian and Spencerian view.

The opposite school of thought maintains, on the other hand, that human speech is so essentially diverse from the language of even the highest brutes, that we are compelled to

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suppose its existence to be due to the action of a cause different in kind from the cause of all merely animal expression.

So far from thoughts and ideas being the outcome and result of emotional exclamations, human speech cannot come into existence except as a consequence of pre-existing ideas and thoughts. Consequently the existence of intellect must have preceded the existence of speech.

It is indeed a fact that in adult men now we do *not* find that words generate thoughts, but the very reverse. The vocal tricks of the Hottentots are nothing to the point, for the only words with which we are concerned are the words employed to convey a meaning as in ordinary speech. Now it is notoriously the case that when, in the cultivation of any science or art, newly observed facts or laws give rise to new ideas, new terms are subsequently invented and adopted to give expression to such new conceptions. New words arise as a *sequence*, not as an *antecedent* to such intellectual action.

It is of course true that infants learn to speak words the meanings of which they do not understand; but in the first place they learn them from those who do understand them, and who make known to them by degrees their meaning; and in the second place, we do not know how soon they annex meanings of some kind to the words they learn, while they often plainly indicate that they have meanings a knowledge of which they seek to convey *before* they can speak.

Actually then the facts as to the origin of speech now are not in accord with the Darwinian hypothesis. But to see whether they could ever have been so we must, as before said, examine what language *is*—of what human speech really consists.

Now, both schools of thought will agree in declaring speech to be composed of words which are conventional symbols of corresponding conceptions.

To determine, then, effectually the true nature of speech, we must have a clear and true notion of these conceptions, of which spoken words are the signs, and see if they can or cannot be formed from sense.

Let us, then, first contemplate a few selected conceptions, and try and determine their true nature, and afterwards (by the aid of the knowledge thus gained) let us see if any (and, if any, what) general judgment can be formed as to the nature of *all* human conceptions and their necessary origin.

It will, however, be well to take, *in limine*, full note of a certain difficulty which necessarily attends any such inquiries as that upon which we are entering, inquiries which necessi-

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tate the contemplation and analysis of our own mental acts. Our powers of perception are very clear and luminous as long as they are applied to external objects, but more or less obscurity inevitably attends the analysis of our own mental activity itself. In such analysis we attain, indeed, the maximum of certainty (for nothing is more certain than our knowledge that we *are* thinking when we advert to it), but we nevertheless find ourselves provided with a minimum of light; for no sensuous impressions serve us in this case as they serve us in external perceptions, and a difficulty thence results in expressing our internal experiences in words. For example, we all know very well what it is to see objects, and we can very readily describe the appearances they present. If however we try to describe the internal sensation they produce, we find ourselves in a very different case. Anatomy and organic physiology will not help us, for it is the very subjective sensation itself which is in question, not the apparatuses or the actions which serve to elicit it, and which are altogether different matters. The human mind is evidently fitted rather for external examination than for internal contemplation, and its faculties, though admirably arranged to impel us on and aid us in the study of the world around us, do not offer themselves as convenient objects on which we may reflect. All great discoveries lie in the objective, not in the subjective order, and this applies to the metaphysical no less than to the physical sciences.

Obviously we cannot analyze our conceptions save by the aid of memory; but that term has been of late, especially by certain Darwinians, employed to signify very various kinds of reiterated actions, and, to avoid ambiguity, it will be useful to begin by noting the kinds of actions which have been thus signified by a common term.

We may distinguish in ourselves no less than four kinds of repeated notions to which either properly, or by an exaggerated mode of speech, the term 'memory' has been applied.

(*a*) There are, in the first place, those mental acts by which we recall circumstances to mind by a voluntary effort. This we may distinguish as volitional memory or *recollection*.

(*b*) In the second place, we may often note how something before forgotten suddenly flashes forth into distinct consciousness and recognition. This may be distinguished as involuntary intellectual memory or *reminiscence*.

(*c*) Thirdly, we may distinguish those acts which we from acquired habit perform automatically, in unconsciousness, but which may be called a form of memory, because the power to

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perform them was given by acts of conscious memory, and because they can be performed consciously when we choose to direct our attention to the performance of these acts. But they can be performed as well, or even much better, without any intervention of consciousness. We may distinguish this third kind of memory then as *sensuous memory*.

(*d*) There are, fourthly, also the repeated acts which have been compared with acts of memory on account of their reiterated character, though they do not owe their origin to conscious acts, nor can they possibly be consciously performed. Such acts are those by which our organism unconsciously accommodates itself to new conditions—new kinds of food or new muscular efforts. Such acts can only be called acts of memory by a remote analogy; if called memory at all, they should be distinguished as acts of *organic memory*.

This premised, we may next note that we cannot *recollect* experiences without knowing them, and yet we may repeat actions through sensuous memory, and so show that, though we are unconscious of our reminiscences, we in some sense may be said to know them.

There is, in fact, also a great ambiguity in the expression 'to know' as it is often employed.

(*a*) 'To know,' in the highest and fullest sense of the term, is to know (by a reflex act) that we really have a certain perception. It is a voluntary, intelligent, self-conscious act, parallel with voluntary recollection.

(*b*) In a true but less elevated sense, we say we know when we do not make use of a reflex act, but have some perception accompanied by consciousness—as in teaching and in most intellectual acts.

(*c*) We are said to *know* how to do a thing even when we do it in perfect *un*consciousness, and it is said that 'to do a thing shows a knowledge of how to do it.'

But this, as a universal statement, is a mistake. We do know it if, when we advert to it, we can mentally perceive the act and its actual performance, but if we do it unconsciously and do not afterwards advert to it at all, we cannot be said to know it. An unconsciously perfect act, not afterwards recognized by the mind, must remain an unknown act.

Moreover, there are many actions which we perform much better without consciousness than with it, as the motions of our limbs in running upstairs may be impaired by our directing our attention expressly to them, instead of trusting to our own unconscious bodily mechanism. Habit and practice enable us to do a multitude of things without advertence,

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so that, loosely speaking, we practically know how to do them. We have, in fact, a practical aptitude accompanied by sensations and emotions rather than true knowledge; such practical knowledge we may distinguish as *sensuous knowledge*.

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(*d*) Lastly, there are many acts which our organism learns to do, which we not only do unconsciously, but the doing of which we can never perceive, however much we may try. To say we know how to do such acts is a still greater abuse of language. We have indeed an acquired 'organic habit' with reference to them, but no knowledge whatever.

By the aid of memory we gather experience of which, when we fully *know* it, we form a distinct concept corresponding with the term. What then *is* 'experience'? Much ambiguity and confusion again also exist as to the use of this word. A wheel turns more easily after it has turned a certain number of times, an animal does more easily what it has done before, and a man improves in the performance of many actions by practice. By a loose and misleading use of the term, all these kinds of reiterations of activity may be called 'experience,' but the meaning of the word is generally, and properly, limited to denote such reiterations when accompanied by consciousness or by consentience * in man and animals. Experience, then, is a *fact*. Will this fact, will 'experience,' explain the nature and existence of the corresponding conception—the idea of experience? To have experience and to know that we have it are evidently widely different phenomena. The first may exist in its fullest perfection without even a rudiment of the other—as in the many actions unconsciously performed by men and animals. To have experience, to have the idea of experience, and to know that any fact of experience *is* a fact are, then, very different things. Evidently the idea 'experience' cannot be a faint reproduction of past feelings, for 'experience' was never felt at all, nor was it a particular action or group or series of actions, like jumping, fighting, or feeding. Neither was 'experience' ever a relation felt between feelings—*e.g.*, between feelings accompanying the performance of an action a first and a hundredth time. All we can eel in that way is increased ease or facility, or augmented or diminished pleasure; but introspection shows us that the idea 'experience' is something altogether different—something which seems to have sprung forth in the mind on the

* The word 'consentience' means that unity of feeling (that meeting in one centre of various feelings) which may exist in ourselves even when consciousness is in abeyance, and which we may confidently attribute to animals.

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occurrence of certain requisite conditions, as if called forth by the touch of some Ithuriel's spear.

But there is a very familiar phenomenon before referred to which we all know, and constantly speak of, but which is never sensibly perceived either in ourselves or in others—namely, the act of seeing. This we know most intimately and talk about it familiarly, as we do also with regard to the faculty of sight. Yet the act of seeing is not, and never was, *felt*. We may perhaps have feelings corresponding to the movements of the eyeballs, &c.; but such acts are no more the act of seeing than is the opening of a shutter is the same thing as seeing the landscape which it, while unopened, hid from view.

We know perfectly well the faculty of sight in ourselves and others by its effects and by the enjoyment of the power it gives, but we have no sensuous experience, no sensuous knowledge of it. The idea of sight is no faint revival of past vivid feelings or relations between them which accompanied the act of sight, but it is the intellectual perception of the act itself as a fact and of an internal power as a necessary condition for that fact's existence.

Again, we know 'colour' well enough, but whoever saw a colour which was not of some definite kind, *e.g.*, not green, or not red, &c.? This, Mr. Lewes himself is forced to admit. He says,* 'Colour is not red, nor blue, nor green, nor orange. It is the sign of an operation, an abstraction from various experiences, a logical act incorporated in a vocal act.' That is indeed just what it is, an intellectual conception represented by a vocal sign. Observe, however, that when we say it is 'the sign of an operation,' we do not mean that it is the faint repetition of the feelings which accompanied any past operation or groups of operations, but an intellectual conception of an external objective quality in objects which our sense of sight has the power of appreciating. Therefore no animal can have the notion 'colour' however much it may like or be stimulated by different coloured objects. On the other hand, no savage can smear his body with different bright pigments without having had the conception. His knowledge of the objective qualities of the pigments is shown by his choice of them, and his knowledge that they can be seen by himself and others is shown by his words and actions, which prove the existence on his part of deliberate purpose.

To show how distinct an idea is from a plexus of revived

* 'Problems of Life and Mind.' Problems II., III., and of IV. Third Series, p. 466.

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sensations, let us consider the idea 'extension.' This idea may exist apart from sensation of sight, for it exists for the blind. It may exist apart from sensations of touch, for it is revealed even by sight alone, and it has obviously little or nothing to do with hearing, taste, or smell.

To make this clearer as regards touch, note that all the sensations given by touch in touching any object may be *changed* and yet the idea of extension remain *unchanged*. Thus the same object may be transformed from a solid to a fluid, from cold to hot, from rough to smooth, from rest to motion, &c., but the idea of extension persists and survives all such sensuous modifications. Moreover, the idea is itself one, though it is called into being by such a multitude of sensuous experiences of different kinds.

It may be said that it is a revival of our muscular feelings or sense of effort. But, in the first place, it would be a strong thing to call that 'a group of revived sensations,' which is quite unlike the sensations supposed to be revived; and who does not see the difference between his idea of extension and his feelings of muscular effort? Even if it be granted that feelings of muscular exertion and effort are the stimuli which call forth in our minds the idea 'extension,' that in no way even tends to show that such feelings *are* the idea extension. As well might gold be called 'digging,' because digging may have been employed in acquiring it. The nature of an idea is one thing, its mode of elicitation or acquisition is another. If introspection can tell us anything (and if it can tell us nothing, all pursuit of psychology is vain), it tells us that the idea of extension, and feelings of effort and of motion, are things which are utterly diverse.

But we may ask those who tell us that all our ideas are faint revivals of past sensations, Of what past sensation or group of sensations is the idea '*nothing*' a revival?

Yet we not only most distinctly have the idea, but it is one of the more fundamental and necessary ideas for all valid reasoning, and is used by every man every day.

Yet what sort of an image can we form of 'nothing' or 'non-being'?

Without the idea, however, we could not perceive contradictions, the perception of which reposes on the intellectual intuition that 'it is impossible for the same thing to be and not to be at the same time.' It also enters into the perception that 'everything either is or is not,' and we cannot perceive, with fulness of perception, the distinctness of any one thing without perceiving that it is not another thing?

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If it be said that the idea of nothing, or not-being, is no idea but only the absence of an idea, that to apprehend it is not 'to conceive,' but 'to not-conceive,' we may reply that this assertion is false. For, in the first place, we know we have the idea 'nothing,' we understand its meaning, make free use of it, and distinguish it clearly from all other ideas.

Moreover 'to conceive' the idea of non-being as applied to anything, is to emit a distinct judgment of a negative kind, which can be expressed in a distinct negative proposition, but 'not to conceive' is to do nothing, it is a mere absence of activity, it is no judgment, and cannot of course be expressed in a proposition. Those, then, who would pretend that to conceive nothing is simply not to conceive, affirm thereby that it is the same thing to make a judgment and not to make it; to do something and to do nothing, and thus, as a necessary consequence, violate themselves that principle of contradiction which is at the base of all reasoning and understanding.

The idea of *unity*, again; of what sensations, or group of sensations, is it a faint revival?

The idea of unity is one of the most simple of ideas, and applies to all things, and not only to those which can be perceived by the senses. It applies equally to the bed I slept in and the first thought I had on waking within it.

So again the idea of *number* is again simple, and also extends alike to the sensible and non-sensible.

The idea of two refers to the simultaneous as well as the successive, but does not arise except as a consequence of perceiving the successive, and neither the successive nor the simultaneous perception of two objects will give the idea of two except as the result of comparison and a perception (latent if not expressed) of being, distinction, and similarity. The perception of even the number two requires something more than the simple perception of two objects; they must be susceptible of comparison, and consequently united in a common idea as a consequence of comparison and abstraction. Hence no animal can count, since no animal can compare and generalize.

As it is with two, so it is with all numbers. Number, however, is really in things as well as in the mind. It exists objectively in the universe, and our mind has the faculty of recognizing this and forming corresponding subjective concepts.

The idea of number is not the idea of the mere sign, since the idea 'five' corresponds equally well with the word as written or spoken, with conventional figures of whatever kind,

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and with certain familiar gestures. Moreover, the idea itself is *not* conventional. It is the sign of the idea which is conventional.

Another conception which we all have is the idea of 'necessary truth,' and of this as something positive and not as mere mental impotence. A feeling of compulsion, and a whole group of feelings of being compelled by circumstances in all sorts of ways, is something very different from the idea of a 'necessary truth,' seen to be universally necessary in whatever abyss of past time or whatever remotest region of stellar space. Yet that we have this idea is plain enough, for in the first place we can reason about it, and in the second place we must really possess it to be able to reason at all, for whoever does not see that nothing can anywhere both be and not be at the same time, may as well discontinue any further attempt at ratiocination.

Another idea, the analysis of which demands a treatise to itself, is the idea of *goodness*. This idea is something radically different from the idea of pleasure, happiness, or prosperity, whether of the individual, the tribe, or the whole human race. The idea of a being who sacrifices all for the good of others is the idea of a very good being, but not necessarily of a happy one. The idea of goodness is generally accompanied by a feeling of complacency, but it need not be so. Moral feeling is a sort of *rational instinct*, and its existence is necessary to form a perfect man, but moral truth may be both clearly perceived and *hated*. Moreover the goodness of acts is measured, as all men (save the few who have an eccentric theory to maintain) agree to declare, by the *motives* which prompt actions, and not by the *results* of the acts performed. It is abundantly evident that no collection of sensuous experiences can generate the ideas of goodness. As Mr. Arthur Balfour has excellently said—

> The obvious truth, that all knowledge is either certain in itself or is derived by legitimate methods from that which is so . . . is of course true of ethical knowledge. If a proposition announcing obligation require proof at all, one term of that proof must always be a proposition announcing obligation, which itself requires no proof. In other words, *the general propositions which really lie at the root of any ethical system must themselves be ethical.**

This truth cuts the ground from under—renders simply impossible—the view that a judgment as to moral obligation can ever have been evolved from mere likings and dislikings, or from feelings of preference for tribal interests over individual ones.

* 'A Defence of Philosophical Doubt,' p. 337.

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Another idea, and one of the most important for this inquiry, is the idea of 'self,' embodied in the word 'I.' What is consciousness? What do our faculties actually tell us about it here, and how? As we have it in ourselves, the perception of self is not any vague feeling of unity, but an antithetical separation of the human being from all that is external to it. It is most evident when we, by a reflex act, perceive our thought and perceive that it is ours. Every one must admit that we have this intellectual power, and since we have it, it is no wonder that this intellectuality flows over into (as it were) and accompanies our mental activity when used directly as well as when used reflexly. Every one must also admit that we have the power of abstraction—of knowing relations *as* relations, the past *as* past, and the future *as* future —that we are capable of knowing our successive states of feeling as *a series*. In a word, that we are capable of synthesizing perceptions, anticipations, and recollections in a single self-conscious intellectual act. This is what no animal can do, and thus our own experience seems to assure us that an unfathomable gulf yawns between whatever has this power and whatever has it not. Such a 'looking before and after' as we are conscious of in ourselves is something different indeed from the unconscious anticipatory feelings and sensuous memories of animals, which we may know because we have them ourselves, as well as intellectual memory and anticipations also and in addition.

That our knowledge of our own continued existence and personality reposes on, and is aided by, this continuity and revival of our mere feelings is unquestionable, but this in no way invalidates the distinction of *kind* which exists between any such vague feelings and the thence resulting clear intellectual perception of our own being and identity. No doubt it is true, as Mr. Lewes says, that—

> Accompanying the particular feelings excited by present stimulations there is not only the operation of past feelings, awakened residua which blend with the present and determine the perceptions, there is also the general stream of simultaneous excitation, with their residua, constituting the vague motive feeling known as the *feeling of existence*, the *sense* of *personality*, the unity which connects parts with a total. The diffusive waves of systemic sensation, the more definitely restricted waves of sense . . . are combinations of excited and subsiding tremors and their recombinations, all which blend into a total. It is this total which is our Personality, every single state being vivid or obscure according to its relation to this general state. Personality corresponds psychologically with what physiologically is the guiding influence of the centre of gravity.*

* 'Problems of Life and Mind.' Problems II., III., and of IV. Third Series, p. 197.

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This is a good account of that *sense* of unity, that *feeling* of continued being which we may suppose animals to have and which we have, but it is altogether a different thing from that deliberate looking before and after and that recognition of personal identity which persists in intellectual self-consciousness. No doubt, as Comte has said, one cat never takes itself for another, but for all that it never intellectually recognizes either itself or another, though it feels and acts on the sensuous knowledge which its feelings occasion and in which they blend and merge.

The idea 'consciousness' is for each of us an ultimate perception of an abstract, drawn from the concrete—the ego-conscious. The very essence of consciousness is persistence; and the supposition that it could be composed of an aggregation of its states is a glaring absurdity, since all of these must succeed to it, while it is a *punctum stans*, and reviews the procession of events, both in the extended world and in the order in which extension is absent.

A very noteworthy circumstance respecting the relation of words to sensuous impressions is the multiplicity of utterly different signs and images which may serve to denote one and the same idea. Of which of the divergent sets of sensuous impressions, then, can such an idea be said to be a faint revival? How many images may not attend the conception 'causality'! We may have the written letters of the word, the sound of the word spoken, a tree blown by the wind, a wave of the sea pushing pebbles, the lighting of a train of gunpowder, a mental act of our own, a vibration, and an infinity of other images.

The idea of 'God' may be accompanied and sustained in the mind by the image of an old man in the clouds or regally enthroned, of a ray of light, of an eye, of a triangle; by the letters or sound of the words, or by certain gestures. Yet the idea is one in all in these diverse instances.

But the independence of ideas with respect to images and sense-impressions is still more plainly shown in cases where one of the special senses is wanting. The *idea*, though of course not the *image*, of a triangle is the same to a man born blind as to an ordinary man. This is absolutely demonstrated to us by the fact of each being able to appreciate the force of geometrical arguments concerning triangles, a force which entirely depends on the clearness of this idea. The same remark applies to number. The arithmetical *ideas* of the blind man are the same as those of the man who sees, though they are supported and sustained by very different images.

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But a blind man may even have, to a certain extent, the idea of 'colour' itself, since he can understand that it is a quality of the object he touches, of which he can have no experience, and which is revealed to other men by their eyes. He can consequently predict a number of consequences which must result to other men from this knowledge of theirs which is not his, consequences which he can clearly *understand*, though he is for ever debarred from *feeling* or imagining them. That this is true we can easily perceive by considering what would be some of the consequences of the possession of a sixth sense in ourselves—one, for example, which would reveal to us the chemical constitution of bodies.

Again, we may note that not only is the same idea subserved by a variety of different images, but can also be applied to a variety of fundamentally different objects. The ideas number, cause, substance, &c., apply alike to objects which can be perceived by the senses, and to others which can never be so perceived.

Therefore, over and above our sensitive faculties there must be, as Aristotle taught, another faculty different from them in kind, with an activity of its own, and with elements distinct from sensible impressions and representations. This is that centre of intelligence in which all our perceptions unite—the active intellect.

Careful introspection and analysis of our own mental acts seems, then, to show us that in such lofty ideas as those of unity, number, cause, necessary truth, self-existence, non-existence, &c., we meet with intellectual mental phenomena fundamentally different from any aggregations of feeling of whatsoever kind.

Nevertheless, we are animals, and we therefore both possess the powers and experience the needs common to the animals most like us. In other words, we have not only thoughts, but also (as before adverted to) feeling, emotions, and merely sensuous memory and knowledge, subserved by bodily organs similar to those of animals and acting similarly. We have also the power of expressing our mere feelings both by sounds and gestures as they do. Whatever powers of unconscious perception or emotional expression those animals called higher (because more nearly resembling us in body) possess, such powers are possessed by us also.

Animals by their cries and gestures plainly denote that their feelings are aroused by their perception of various objects. The various sense-impressions which they derive from each such object must therefore be united with some sensuous

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unity, or the sense perception (the presence of which their language denotes) would be absent.

As we must have a similar power of unifying our sense impressions, it may be contended that allour ideas of a lower order are but the actions of a more perfect degree of such sensuous unifications, and that if our lower ideas can have such an origin, then it is conceivable that the higher ideas which we have already analyzed may but be a further transformation and refinement of such lower ideas. Let us, then, examine our lower ideas and see if there is anything in them which plainly cannot be due to modified reiterations of sensuous impressions, including those of relation. As an example, let us take the conception 'horse,' as embodied in the proposition 'that is a horse.' What is our plain, actual meaning when we seriously assert that proposition? Our meaning evidently is, 'that really existing, solid, material, external (*i.e.*, really distinct from myself) object, is a living creature of an animal nature belonging to that group of beings which I distinguish from other animals by the term "horse."' In other words, in saying 'that is a horse,' we assert a judgment as to the essential nature of the object to which we call attention, and which we conceive by a single idea. Moreover, in making the assertion, we have the ideas 'being' and 'truth.' Not, of course, that we necessarily or ordinarily advert to those ideas and recognize them by a reflex act, but we none the less have them in consciousness directly, though not reflexly, and know them in what we have distinguished as 'knowing' in the second sense of the word 'to know.' That the ideas 'being' and 'truth' are really present in the affirmation is made plain by the effect on the assertor of a sudden denial, either that any external object exists at all, or that the existing external object referred to is truly a horse. Let an objector say, 'What you call a horse is a mere phantom of your imagination,' or 'that external thing is not a horse but a camel,' and the latent ideas of being and truth which were contained in the affirmation will manifest themselves in the explicit affirmative replies which will be made.

But further, as before said, we mean by the term 'a horse' a definite *unity*—an idea which is one and which has arisen in our minds by a direct natural process, which has been elicited through the incidence of a variety of sense impressions of horses of different sizes, shapes, and colours. Let us distinguish this kind of idea by the name *direct universal*. But some indefinite imagination of a horse of some kind attends us when we utter the word, and helps to sustain the idea; neverthe-

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less, the attendant image is not *itself* the idea. By a 'horse,' we mean one definite thing, but the engendering and attendant images may be various and multiplied. Everybody may know that his emotions and imaginations are made up of faint revivals (more or less complex, mere or less confused) of antecedent more vivid feelings; but careful introspection will show that 'a thought' even of this less abstract kind is a widely different thing. The simplest element of 'thought' is a judgment with an intuition of reality concerning some fact real or ideal. Moreover, that this judgment is not itself a modified imagination is made clear by the fact that the imaginations which may have occasioned it persist in the mind side by side with the judgment they have called up.

Let us take, for example, the judgment, 'Sunshine is needful to ripen fruit.' In making it we vaguely imagine a scene with sunlight, and also fruit of one or more kinds, more or less ripe. But these images exist *beside* the judgment, and consequently cannot *constitute* it. They may be recalled, compared, and seen to exist with it. Such images no more *constitute* the judgment than 'limbs' and 'fluid' constitute swimming, though without such necessary elements no such swimming could take place.

Mr. Lewes has truly said: 'No aggregation of mathematical lines can make a mathematical surface, for lines are without breadth. No aggregation of images will make an idea, for images are particular and of concrete objects, whereas ideas are general and abstracted from concrete by a special operation. It is true that we cannot imagine a line without breadth, nor a general object without particular qualities, but we can and do think these, and this mode of thinking is Ideation or Conception.'*

But a successive series of slightly different images may generate another image of a generalized kind—an image which is different from each of the separate engendering images though partaking of the nature of all. This we see in Mr. Francis Galton's universal photographs, wherein, by the superposition of slightly different images, we get such a generalized image.

Now such an image is probably generated in the sensitive organism of a mere animal, and in our own organism, and is also a unity of its kind. It may be spoken of as a sort of universal of an inferior kind (or general physical representation) and by means of such generalized images animals may

* 'Problems of Life and Mind,' p. 467.

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know,* in their way, other creatures of their own or of different kinds. Some would contend, then, that this sort of unity is all the unity which is present in a general idea of our own —in a direct universal—and that there is no difference of kind between the two. Their contention might be aided by the observation that complex associations of emotions and faintly revived perceptive feelings may group themselves about each such merely animal perceptions, so as to stamp it with a still greater unity and more marked distinctness from other perceptions.

But when we have the idea 'horse,' we do not merely revive confused images, blended into an indistinct unity and associated with various feelings and emotions. These indeed *are* revived and help to sustain the idea, but the idea *itself* is something else, as is evident from the fact that we do not mean by it a plexus of accidents, but that we intend to denote by it (as introspection shows us) a unity of which a variety of distinct judgments can be affirmed unfolding that essential nature, the existence of which we signify when we say 'that is a horse.'

As we have distinguished this ideal unity as a 'direct universal,' so we may distinguish the sensible apprehension of the generalized image above described as a 'sensuous universal.' Both these exist in ourselves, but it is only the former which is the 'idea.'

Mr. Lewes remarks: 'The idea (conception) of a camel is not an image at all, though it may easily suggest one; it is a symbol which signifies and condenses all that we have seen or heard of a class of animals named camel. . . . Any one of the multitudinous details may be recalled as an image, or none, the symbol itself being employed as an unpictured link in the chain of thought.' † Here all is conceded, by a very able opponent, which we need demand; for if any one speaks to us of a camel, we not only experience a revival of faint feelings, but we *understand* the verbal sign as meant by the speaker to refer to a really existing external unity. Mr. Lewes here admits that the symbol does not image-forth but instead 'signifies' a camel. But it could not 'signify' anything save to a being capable of *understanding* the sign as distinguished from having a faint revival of feelings; able, that is, to 'know' in our first and second as distinguished from our third sense of that word. Thus intellect must be logically anterior to the

* *I.e.*, by 'sensuous cognition,' which is a direct, unconscious apprehension of sensuous facts with the revival of faint feelings of allied apprehensions, often with emotive adjuncts.

† 'Problems of Life and Mind,' pp. 461, 465.

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use of such symbols, and therefore language could never have generated reason.

But the consideration of one such direct universal may give rise to the mental abstraction of some quality or qualities of the animal considered, and we may thus come to *explicitly* recognize the ideas 'utility' or 'truth.' Obviously we have here ideas which are quite distinct from all sensuous universals. No succession of superimposed photographs would give an image either of 'truth' or 'utility.' They are purely intellectual ideas, without material correlatives. Such may be distinguished as *true universals*, and here we may recognize the true nature of those ideas with the analysis of which we began the consideration of our own mental acts.

Thus the mind spontaneously acquiring by its natural powers 'direct universals' may thence either rise to the contemplation of 'true universals' or turn to some 'particular judgment,' as it does when it declares 'this horse is lame.' As to how the mind acquires these perceptions, these general ideas, and what is their true relation to the external universe and to the perceiving mind, we shall shortly have a few words to say. Meanwhile, the distinctness between 'thought' and 'imagination' will appear more clearly if we draw out fully what our mind really does when it emits some simple judgment as, *e.g.*, that 'a negro is black.' In saying this we directly and explicitly affirm that there is a conformity between the external thing, 'a negro,' and the external quality 'blackness,' the negro possessing that quality. We affirm secondarily and implicitly a conformity between the two external entities and the two corresponding internal concepts—we, mean that there is an externally existing nature corresponding to the term negro, and an externally existing quality corresponding to the term black. Thirdly and lastly, we also affirm implicitly the existence of a conformity between the subjective judgment and the objective co-existence. That we really do so is made manifest by the effect on us of a denial of such conformity. If an objector were to say to us, 'What you say is not true,' we should at once recognize that our meaning was thus as fully contradicted as it would have been had the objector either said 'a negro is not black,' or, 'there is no such thing as a negro' or as 'blackness,' and thus have contradicted the two former kinds of affirmation contained in the judgment selected as a type.

A purely sentient and sensuously apprehensive nature could indeed associate feelings and images of sensible phenomena, variously related, in complex aggregations, but

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could not apprehend sensations or relations as *facts*. It may be conceived as making successions, likenesses, and unlikenesses of phenomena, but not as recognizing such phenomena as *true*.

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It may, however, be said that we cannot know the mind of brute animals without ourselves being such, and that the absence of any essential distinction between them and ourselves is shown by the irrational condition of the dumb infant which only gradually and by imperceptible stages attains its rational nature.

Now in every work we have to do we must make the best use of the materials we have at hand, and not waste time in inquiring what we might do with other materials. It is a bad workman who complains of his tools. In all inquiries, also, we must proceed from the known to the unknown, and seek the explanation of more remote matters which we cannot directly experience by the help of matters close at hand of which we can have such experience. We must form our conjectures in conformity with our knowledge; nothing could well be more absurb than to seek to modify our knowledge so as to make it agree with our conjectures.

But we are actually men and not dumb animals. Even the most ardent of our opponents must admit that whatever may have been his origin once, and whatever may be his essential nature, he is now, as a man, a creature at least apparently distinct in nature from lower animals. This being so, he and we can, by self-interpretation, by conversation and observation, obtain much light as to what we do when we think and speak. But we can have no such knowledge of what brute animals do. We know ourselves best, and we must, if we would not rest in the domain of mere fancy, begin the study of language as we know it in ourselves and in our fellow men. We are also adult men and not babies. We know, then, the adult mind far better than the infant mind which has passed entirely from our recollection. Again, we are civilized human beings, with more or less literary culture, and not savages. We can appreciate our own mental acts and the meanings of our expressions far better than we can appreciate the analogous acts and meanings of wild tribes with whom we may never have associated, and whom most of us know only by accounts, in which we cannot place anything like that confidence which we can in our interpretation of the minds of those with whom we daily associate. But since savages are undeniably men, and can talk, we must interpret their meanings as best we may by what we know of our own. It would be absurd indeed

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to seek to explain the true meanings of *our own* words by what we fancy savages mean by their expressions; it would be yet more extravagant to seek to interpret the meaning of the expressions of savages and their true intellectual condition by what we *suppose* to be the admittedly much more unknown mental states of brutes. But though it would be absurd indeed so to misapply our own conjectures as to the faculties of animals, we really have good grounds for forming certain confident conjectures as to the latter. Indeed, as a consequence of the fact that we have a nature at once sensuous and intellectual, we are enabled to obtain a certain knowledge of, and to make rational suggestions concerning, the minds of the higher brute animals which are most like us. For, as a consequence of our being animals as well as intellectual beings, we can distinguish in ourselves two sets of faculties, one essentially sensuous, the other essentially intellectual. We have already drawn attention to this distinction with regard to our powers of 'memory' and 'knowledge.' As with those, so with our other mental powers, we may distinguish between a higher and a lower faculty. This distinction (to which attention has elsewhere been drawn *) is one of the most fundamental of all the distinctions of biology, and one a correct apprehension of which is a necessary preliminary to our successful investigation of animal psychology. We cannot, as before said, *perfectly* comprehend the minds of brute animals, from lack of experience. Nevertheless, by understanding the distinction between our own higher and lower faculties, we may more or less approximate to such a comprehension.

Mr. Lewes, from failure to apprehend this distinction between our two orders of faculties, misapprehends and misinterprets many of the facts he notes. Thus he tells us—

> The logic of animals is the same operation as the logic of man; but it is performed on sensations and images only, not on sensations, images, and symbols.† A wolf draws the logical conclusion that his prey is near at hand when the scent reaches him, and concludes that his prey is moving towards him, or away from him, according to the increasing or decreasing energy of that scent. By such conclusions the wolf regulates the speed and caution of his approach. But the wolf is incapable of detaching this logical process and reflecting on it—of throwing it into the form of a proposition. Nay more, the wolf is incapable of drawing such conclusions, and regulating his actions in the absence of such sensations.‡

* See 'Lessons from Nature,' p. 196. Murray, 1876.

† For the very good reason that you cannot use a symbol without meaning, and to know its meaning is to have intellect.

‡ 'Problems of Life and Mind,' p. 480.

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But this is misleading language. The wolf's psychical phenomena thus described should not be called '*conclusions*' any more than the analogous acts of men. Such sensuous perceptions even in ourselves should not be so named.

He goes on—

> Those who deny logic to animals because animals are incapable of forming abstract conceptions and employing symbols as substitutes for images, forget how much of our own thinking, that is, our judgment and direction of conduct, belongs to the Logic of Feeling . . . We know a friend, seen at a distance, by something in his parts which is a registered sign, though we are quite incapable of specifying it; this sign connected with other feelings which are signs of our friend calls up his image, as they would do. We cannot *name* it, but we *feel* it, nevertheless; and hence we say, 'I don't *know* what it is, I can't *think* what made me recognize you; but I *felt* it was you.' *

This, no doubt, often occurs, but such acts even in men are not *logical*. Had men no other and higher powers, logic should not be attributed to them any more than to other animals. It does not follow that because *we* sometimes act merely in a sensuous manner that therefore animals are logical. They act, of course, in a manner which is *practically* logical, and there is logic in their feelings, as there is practical logic even in unsentient creatures, but that logic is not theirs, but is the logic of their Creator. Not only, however, are we able thus to apprehend something positive as to the so called mental powers of animals, but we are also abundantly able to arrive at certain negative conclusions. Our common sense enables us to recognize the fact that animals, from the absence in them of certain actions, must be devoid of ideas which, if they existed, would necessarily (as we see in mankind) make their presence known by actions such as those the absence of which we note. We may judge of the causal deficiency from the defect of outcome. On the other hand, in the case of infants, common sense judges from the facts of outcome the presence of a cause for a time hidden —a latent intellectual nature.

But to judge of the unknown by the known is one thing, and to attribute powers which reveal themselves by their effects in men to creatures which do not show such effects, is a very different thing; but is a thing only too common. The absurd exaggerations constantly met with in accounts of the acts of animals has again and again called forth expostulations from the most impartial writers.

Mr. Chambers, Professor Bain, and Mr. G. H. Lewes agree

* 'Problems of Life and Mind,' p. 481.

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in this, declaring it to be 'nearly as impossible to acquire a knowledge of animals from anecdotes, as it would be to obtain a knowledge of human nature from the narratives of parental fondness and friendly partiality,' and declaring that the researches of various eminent writers of animal psychology have been 'biassed by a secret desire to establish the *identity* of animal and human nature.'

To show the justice of such observations it may suffice to quote one or two cases in point. Dr. H. Charlton Bastian, in his recently published work, 'The Brain as an Organ of Mind,' quotes (p. 328), without remark or objection, the following statement as to the behaviour of a gorilla under medical treatment, showing a touchingly simple faith and a desire to impute the existence of intellectual volition in the absence of any evidence of such existence. He tells us: 'When Dr. Hermes left the gorilla on the previous Sunday, the latter *showed* the doctor his tongue, clapped his hands, and squeezed the hand of the doctor as an indication, *the latter believed,* of his recovery.' In the recently translated 'Mind in Animals,' of Professor L. Büchner, we are gravely told (p. 249) of the bees performing a sort of funeral service over the dead body of a fellow insect. They are represented as flying out of the hive 'carrying between them the corpse of a dead comrade,' and then, having formed a suitable hole, they 'carefully pushed in the dead body, head foremost, specially placed above it *two small stones.* (!) They then *watched for about a minute* before they flew away!' *

Bearing in mind the dangers of mistake arising from such tendencies and prejudices, we very clearly recognize the fact that the psychical difference between animals and men consists in the fact that while both have similar sensations, emotions, sensuous universals and sensible perceptions, man alone has an intellectual nature which enables him, by the aid of such sensuous affections, to rise to the perception of direct and true universals—phenomena which are utterly different in nature and kind from those sensuous modifications which form the occasions for their elicitation. These sensuous modifications we possess also, and they, by their continued existence, aid and support our intellectual perceptions. They are, indeed, necessary for the support of such perceptions in a nature such as is ours, which is at once both sensuous and intelligent—the nature of a rational animal. This being the case, it follows that reason could never have sprung from

* The italics are ours.

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sensuous language such as that of animals, and intellect must have been anterior to speech.

It is now time to say a few words about the language of brute animals. In so doing it may be well first to consider some of the remarks and arguments adduced by that acute, and well-informed, and very well-read sensist, Mr. G. H. Lewes. He tells us—

> Animals have language, but it is individual not social. They communicate only feelings . . . they cannot communicate knowledge of objects having no ideas of objects. . . . When a dog is shut in a room and wants to get out he whines and scratches at the door; these are reflex expressions of his feelings, and having learnt that whining is often followed by the door opening, he expects* that if he whines the door will open. It is the same when he desires food. This rudimentary stage of the use of vocal sounds as signs of communication between him and his master remains, however, so rudimentary that he never generalizes it beyond his actual experiences—he does not whine to his fellows, nor does he whine to escape punishment, &c. And the communication is never other than that of desire. Objects, except as motives, do not exist for him. He has no power of abstraction capable of constructing ideas of objects, he has only sensations and imaginations representing sensibles. But ideas expressed in words are not sensible objects; they are mental constructions, in which Relations abstracted from things are woven afresh into a web of sensibles and extra-sensibles, and concrete particulars became concrete generals.†

The author has further said: 'The fundamental law of mental action is the law of grouping, which takes place by a succession of integrations of sensible affections. There is first a grouping of mental tremors into a definite sensation; next, a grouping of allied groups into a perception; then a grouping of these into a conception; then a grouping of them into judgments, and so on.' ‡ But a conception is not a grouping of sensible perceptions, as we have already sufficiently (we hope) urged. No grouping of conceptions will form a judgment, though such a grouping exists *in* it. Here we have again (as so often in these men) a fact given for the whole. What a judgment is we have already considered in that on '*a negro is black.*' But, in addition to this, judgment is not even (as Mr. Lewes elsewhere represents §) 'a combination of mental symbols,' but a perception of a relation between things apprehended by *concepts*, of which concepts the words are

* This is not literally true. The first time he so whined he must have done so spontaneously without such expectation, and as a mere consequent of his discomfort. Subsequently, as a pleasurable association has been established with whining (on account of the door having been opened after it), the mere association of feelings will quite account for the repetitions of the whining without the introduction of the intellectual term 'expectation.' Though, no doubt, a vague expectant *feeling*—a sensuous expectation—does come to exist.

† *L.c.*, p. 485. ‡ *L.c.*, p. 159. § *L.c.*, p. 224.

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symbols. Symbols are and are not essentially the same as images. They are so inasmuch as they are sensuous. They are not so inasmuch as they refer to what is *radically* different from sensations. An image is a reinstatement of sense; a thought is an unity abstracted from sense by a special faculty. It is with ordinary language as it is with that elaborate gesture language called 'ceremonies.' The essence of an act must remain the same when it is repeated, otherwise it cannot be the same kind of act. Now, the essence of a ceremonial act of 'respect' which we voluntarily perform towards any one we really reverence, is not with us now the expression of, say, fear on our part of being eaten, but is the consequent of an intellectual judgment—"that man deserves reverence from me." Therefore, whatever may have been the genesis of the ceremonial act, if that act performed previously was the same act, an intellectual judgment must, as the event proves, have always been its latest essence. Similarly, if children or any savages seem not to be truly intellectual in their mental processes, the outcome shows that the same essence was there latent all the time. Just so, again, introspection shows us that by an abstract concept of one or another kind (as horse, triangle, quality), we ourselves, here and now, do not actually mean 'a plexus of sensations, together with relations between them,' but an objective ideal unity founded on real existences. This unity has been, indeed, abstracted from sensible objects because our intellect has the power of perceiving such latent objective realities through them; and because of the mode of gaining them, the concepts can only be explained in terms of sense and sense relations. But for all that our minds apprehend thereby real unities, as all men may perceive if they steadily fix their mental eye on what they really mean to denote, and not upon the sensuous phantasmata which play about the imagination and are multiform whilst they unquestionably mean to denote a unity.

It is all very well to tell us that a conception is multifold and made up of a group of feelings, but we know very well what we mean—what we intend to denote—when we use a general term such as 'a horse.' If we do not know what we mean it is no use arguing, but at least no reasonable man will believe that another man knows his meaning better than he does himself.

In another passage Mr. Lewes tells us: 'To know that a certain feeling . . . will be followed by other feelings . . . is enough to guide the animal. . . . To raise this process into the Logic of signs it is only necessary that symbols should

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replace sensations.'* But if so, if no other change took place than the introduction of a new physical mode of expression, if true intellectual perception were not simultaneously introduced, the symbols would remain as devoid of intellectual meaning as are the inarticulate cries of animals, or as are the verbal expressions (materially, though not formally symbols) of parrots. As to *such* cries we have, indeed, allowed it to be urged against us that mere animals denote by their language, not only their feelings, but also their sensuous cognitions—sense perceptions. This is, however, only to be really allowed in a certain sense and with a most important reservation. Animals do, indeed, *materially* signify such cognitions, but they do not, as men do, signify their perceptions *formally*. We mean that when animals, by their cries and gestures, denote their perceptions, they never intend to advert to their cognitions, they do not emit cries, &c., with the intention of pointing out their perceptions, but only give expression to the *feelings* which *accompany* such perceptions. They may, by so doing eloquently proclaim their sentiments and emotions, and, not only arouse similar or contrary sentiments and emotions in other animals, but may arouse sensuous cognitions in them. But they never intentionally point out facts—they never make remarks one to another, either as to external objects, or as to the facts of their possessing certain feelings. They make their feelings known and felt, but they do not declare that they have them. Such remarks and such declarations are, however, constantly and abundantly made by the lowest savages and by infants by gestures, even BEFORE THEY CAN SPEAK.

Mr. Lewes sees the enormous difficulty in explaining such facts without the admission of a higher faculty of a different kind than that professed by any animal. He says: 'How a state of feeling, an integral element of the mind, can become an object of mind, seeming to have an existence apart from it, is one of the most delicate problems. For the present we must content ourselves with the fact that feelings do thus appear,' and to lessen the difficulty, he asks how movements of heart or limbs can 'be felt by the organism of which heart and limbs are integral parts.' †

But the analogy is misleading and deceptive. It does not in *the least* explain the difficulty! Movements of heart and limbs, though they are felt by the organism, are not recognized as such by the *organism* but by the *intellect*. A creature devoid of intellect—a dog or horse—though it feels the move-

* 'Problems of Life and Mind,' p. 228. † *L.c.*, p. 268.

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ments of its limbs, does not recognize such movements as being 'limb-movements.' That *we* so recognize them is part of that same wonderful endowment by which we recognize other 'states of feeling' which are 'integral elements of the mind,' and make such states and mental acts 'objects' to our intellect.

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The same author further observes: 'Besides motor perceptions there are motor conceptions. From the perceptions we abstract such general conceptions as Action, Design, Plan, Cause, &c.'* Most certainly we do (though mere animals do *not*), because we have an intellect capable of attaining through sense what sense itself does not and cannot contain. When we have abstracted them (through the stimulus of our sensations) we can then easily perceive that they contain *more* than did the sensible perceptions which served to elicit them. In other words, our intellect has the wonderful power of reading in and eliciting from material objects and their acts, explicit subjective concepts, which correspond with objective relations implicitly contained in such objects; but to the existence of which sense is as blind as is a dog to the merits and meanings of the objects in a picture-gallery into which he has happened to stray.

We may here take the opportunity of saying a few words as to the nature of the relation existing between the human mind, the external universe, and as to those general ideas which thus appear to exist, in diverse ways, simultaneously, in both.

When we apprehend that any truth is a necessary truth, *e.g.*, that two sides of a triangle must be greater than the third side, or that things which are equal to the same thing are themselves equal, we also apprehend that the cause of these truths does not exist in our own understandings but in external nature. Such truths are the same for all men, and existed before the birth of each individual man. The delusions of individuals do not affect reality for others, and even men subject to them often recognize that their false persuasions are delusions. But that we recognize the truth of necessary truths, as being the truth of *things*, and not mere affections of our own minds, is shown by the fact that we ever feel full confidence (a confidence justified by the event) that they will always practically answer when acted on—as in geometrical necessary truths and those of number. We cannot, indeed, logically *infer* any universal truth from however large a number of particulars, while, on the other hand, we can infer the

* *L.c.*, v. 333.

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truth of many particular truths from one universal and necessary truth; but the clear comprehension of the essential nature of a single triangle, or a single grateful act, enables at once to perceive a number of necessary objective relations of such a figure or of such an act.

There is, therefore, in external nature a variety of necessary relations which our intellect has the power of directly apprehending on the recurrence of certain sense impressions. These relations do not merely exist in our subjective impressions, or merely objectively in the things which produce those impressions, but in both simultaneously. They exist in our perceived impressions as forming part of a universe in which such necessary relations reign. Since, then, the conceptions of our several minds correspond with such objective relations of things, those objective relations are conveniently named '*objective concepts*.' This name is a fit one, since they are that in the really existing external world which answers to our corresponding '*subjective concepts*.' If there were not objective concepts thus corresponding with our subjective concepts, all reasoning between human beings and even direct intellectual intercourse must come to an end. Thus the reason of the individual is seen to be a participation of that universal reason which finds mute expression in the irrational universe and express recognition in the human mind.

It must be admitted, then, that we have within us an innate power, or the recurrence of certain sensuous perceptions, of intellectually perceiving universal and necessary truths, and we learn them, as we learn everything, through experience. Startling as this may seem to some readers who reflect on it for the first time, it is really no more marvellous than is our knowledge of our own *past* existence, or that of the being and truth of our present perceptions, or even that we have such present sensations as we may have. There is really no more difficulty or mystery in the mind's seeing two and two make four, and must do so, since they *must* make four, than there is in its remembering we have been to Geneva if we *have* been to Geneva, or that a sensation is one of sweetness when it *is* so. The fact *is* so, and we perceive it to *be* so; but the act by which we do this is no more really marvellous in one case than in another; or rather, every act of knowledge is alike marvellous.

The experience of the individual and the experience of the race combine to assure us that there are in the universe around us a vast series of, as it were, concentric spheres of objective truths and relations and orders of being which the

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incarnate intellect can step by step apprehend, starting with the marvellous revelations of sense which serve to give, even to animals, a practical though not a formal knowledge of objective truths of the lowest order. How late in the history of human development has come that wakening up of the human mind to the perception of the latent beauties of wild nature and of landscape, and to the mysterious charm of complex musical harmony!

Sensists, then, make the very greatest of mistakes when they attribute to merely subjective associations of sense what are really objective revelations of intellect. Their fundamental fault is their endeavour to resolve our higher faculties into our lower; an endeavour as fundamentally irrational as would be the attempt to convey an adequate knowledge of some palatial building by describing nothing but the bricks which entered into its formation.

Traversing then the assertions of Darwinism, the teaching of nature, if we have interpreted it rightly, declares—that the lower animals do indeed express their feelings by their vocal and gesture language, but not thoughts. They may arouse in other creatures sensuous perceptions such as exist in them, but their language denotes not even their sensuous perceptions, but the feelings which accompany such perceptions—they make no assertions as to facts. Consequently, if an animal adopted articulate sounds as the expression of its feelings, it would be no true approximation whatever to human speech. A great deal too much stress has been laid upon the mere fact of articulation, for this character of speech is merely due to the breaking up of vowel sounds and consequent multiplication of distinguishable utterances. But inarticulate sounds may be completely rational, as when we, by inarticulate ejaculations, express assent to or dissent from some given proposition made to us and apprehended by us. We may have rational language without even inarticulate sounds. By gesture as well as by sound we may express assent or dissent, as just mentioned; but much more than this, there may be a full and true language of gesture.

The son of a friend of ours, now a very distinguished young man, alarmed his father by the length of time he remained unable to speak, but he showed by an elaborate language of gesture that he had distinct intellectual conceptions.

But deaf-mutes furnish us with the most instructive facts as to this matter. Deaf-mutes who have not learned to speak or read the motions of the lips of others, are none the less

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truly intellectual. Thus at an institution in Edinburgh the Lord's Prayer is thus acted—*

'Father' is represented by 'old man;' 'name,' is touching the forehead and imitating the action of spelling on the fingers, as if to say 'the spelling one is known by.' To 'hallow' is to 'speak good of' ('good' being expressed by the thumb, while 'bad' is represented by the little finger). 'Kingdom' is shown by the sign for 'crown;' 'will' by placing the hand on the stomach in accordance with the natural and widespread theory that desire and passion are located there. 'Done' is 'worked,' shown by hands as working. The phrase 'on earth as it is in heaven' was shown by the two signs for 'on earth' and 'in heaven' and then putting out the two fingers side by side, the sign for similarity and sameness all the world over. 'Trespass' is 'doing bad;' 'forgive' is to rub out, as from a slate, and so on.

Thus were there in any locality a society of dumb human beings, there can be no doubt but that by them a highly complex gesture language would be soon elaborated. For man is essentially what the derivation of his name among our Ayran race imports, not 'the speaker,' but he who *thinks*, he who *means*. Yet without verbal signs his condition would be greatly inferior, and without them he could never have attained that position which as it is universal must be held to be naturally his.

As mere animals have a sensuous but not an intellectual language, so all the phenomena they exhibit can be explained by assigning them that sensuous memory and sensuous knowledge which we know we have, and without assigning them that fundamentally different intellectual knowledge of the possession of which no animal gives the faintest evidence, though if they did possess it, the fact would immediately become palpably and most inconveniently evident to us. Animals therefore have their actions affected by sensuous perceptions of things as varying in number, activity, solidity, and can draw practical inferences, but they have no conceptions of them as numerous, active, or solid, neither can they infer, they have no intuition corresponding to what we gain in understanding the word 'therefore.'

As to savages and infants, we must judge of their essential nature by the outcome of their development. That the lowest savages—the Australians may be taken as a proof case—can be taught and made clearly to understand our highest abstract ideas—true universals—is abundantly demonstrated by the experience of Bishop Salvado in Western Australia. Indeed the same savages give full proof of their apprehension of

* As stated in Mr. Lewes's book, *l.c.*, p. 492.

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such abstract universals while still untaught—*e.g.*, of their apprehension of justice—by their voluntary submission to the reception of chastisement (by spearing) which they may have merited, and by the chastisement demanded of the chastiser if he has exceeded the law in the chastisement he has inflicted.

As it is with savages so it is with infants. They can not only be taught, but they exhibit unmistakable signs of the spontaneous activity of the germinating intellect. The words *man* and *horse* addressed to the infant do not, either in the mind of the adult or of the infant, mean merely the individuals pointed out. This every father knows. Every father who cares to observe must note with what facility his child forms universals after making use of sounds to denote far more extensive classes of objects than they properly serve to denote. These first terms are certainly not explicit universals, but neither are they explicit singulars. They are as yet indeterminate, neither one nor the other actually, though virtually they are already universals. The child does not use the word horse or gee-gee to denote an individual, before it has the vague conception of a universal. It could not conceive the idea 'individual' without at the same time having the idea 'general.' A child very soon rises to the highest universals, as is shown by its exclaiming 'What is that *thing?*'—the category of 'being!'

Rational conceptions therefore can evidently exist without words, but rational words cannot exist without conceptions or thoughts. Therefore thought is evidently and necessarily prior to speech. As the Archbishop of York (Dr. Thomson) has said—

> Without language all the mighty triumphs of man over nature which science has achieved would have been impossible. But this does not prove that man might not, without speech, observe facts, gather them in groups in his mind, judge of their properties, and even deduce something from his judgment. . . . The gift of *reason*, once conveyed to man, was the common root from which both thought and speech proceeded, like the pith and the rind of the tree, to be developed in inseparable union.*

That language is dependent on thought, not thought on language, is demonstrated for us by the lightning-like rapidity—a rapidity far too great for words—with which the mind may detect a fallacy in an argument. If it be objected that this instantaneousness is but the mental ejaculation of the word 'no,' we reply, The objection is futile, for the mental attitude of more or less energetic negation is not a blind act,

* 'Laws of Thought,' pp. 44, 45.

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but the word is uttered for a distinct *reason*, and is the consequence of an intellectual perception of a whole chain of argument, with its logical relations and consequences. In the cry, or the gesture, of negation there are latent and implicit intellectual perceptions which it might require more than one sentence to express, and which are perceived in a time too brief not only for more than monosyllabic articulation, but even for the internal repetition of the words needed to give it mental verbal expression.

The doctrine, then, that '*speech begot reason*' cannot be maintained, for true speech cannot exist without the co-existence with it of that intellectual activity of which it is the outward expression. As well might the concavities of a curved line be supposed to exist without its convexities, as the oral word be supposed to have arisen prior to that mental word which it represents. Moreover, speech requires an apprehending intelligence on the part of the hearer as well as on the parts of the speaker, if it is to be more than a monologue; and we may consider it certain that speech would never have arisen had not two persons possessed the same idea at the same time.

We see, then, that an *a priori* argument reposing on that fundamental difference of kind which we have found to exist between sense and intellect, between conceptions and feelings, reinforces that *a posteriori* argument which arises from the fact that we have no experience of speech where true intellect is absent, while we have abundant experience of the presence of intellect in the absence of speech.

No mistake can well be greater than that of confounding together two things essentially different, on account of some superficial resemblance which may exist between them. To call bats, birds, or whales, fishes, would be error of this kind.

The fundamental error of English Darwinians, however, is not their own; they owe it to having more or less unconsciously imbibed that now old English view—that view which may be distinguished as the view of English psychological toryism—which considers 'idea' but to be the faint revivals of past 'vivid feelings.' This fundamental error once accepted, the mistakes as to the nature and origin of language naturally follow from it. The fundamental error is the want of comprehension of what 'thought and knowledge' really are, and the confounding of associated feelings (sensation, feelings of relation, and emotions) with the perceptions of objective facts.

The combined *a priori* and *a posteriori* arguments just

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referred to show us that speech must be (as we see it to be) posterior to thought. They show us, therefore, that speech could never have been evolved from faculties such as those of even the highest brutes. They further show us that thought could never have been evolved from speech, and they therefore make it plain that a wide hiatus exists between the highest merely sensuous nature and human nature. Finally, they prove that with the advent of man a new entity was introduced into the world—an entity different in kind from any that had before existed, because possessing faculties different in kind and not in degree from those possessed by any animal predecessors. Man, therefore, must have been introduced into the world by an act which, from the difference of kind in its effects, must also itself have been more or less different in kind from those agencies by which all anterior organisms had been produced.

In this examination, although bearing directly on the great questions of man's origin and true nature, no considerations have been introduced but those of a purely scientific character—no appeal has been made but to the clear, dry light of reason kindled by contact with facts.

Strange, however, is the impassioned ardour of some advocates * on the other side, who speak as if all man's highest aspirations and all his hopes of future happiness depended on the firm persuasion that he is truly and essentially a beast—a beast in his origin, a beast in nature still (all his highest feelings of reverence or tenderness being nothing but a disguised fear of being eaten, or a modified form of lust), and a beast in his final end. But, discarding the delusive dreams of enthusiasm, a careful consideration of the facts of the world about us and in us suffices to afford abundant evidence that the Darwinian view is a superstition; that is to say, a belief hastily formed from superficial inductions, yet passionately maintained in the teeth of contrary evidence. It reposes, indeed, not on evidence, but on ignorance and the grossest confusion of ideas. Moreover, when the effects which this superstition tends to bring about, and its inevitable tendency to impoverish, even to destroy, all that is greatest, noblest, all that is most beautiful and fair in human thought and in human life, come to be understood, it will be seen to be a truly degrading superstition, meriting even to be called the basest of all superstitions; for, although all superstitions are hateful and tend to degrade mankind, yet no other can be so degrading as that which would bring home to every man the

* Notably Professor Haeckel.

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conviction of his own essential and ineradicable bestiality—a conviction as fatal to political freedom and social harmony as to intellectual superiority and moral cultivation. This superstition may be effectually put an end to by a wide diffusion of knowledge as to what human speech and human intellect really are. As Wilhelm Van Humboldt long ago most truly said, 'Man is man only through speech, but in order to invent it he must be already man.' The study of language will clearly show us that intellect could never have been evolved from sense by the play and interaction of those varied forces which we see energizing in the world apart from man, *i.e.*, in the physical world, and in the world of merely vegetal and animal life. Man's distinctive prerogative now, the power of rational speech, is the sensible sign of the supreme dignity of that admirable human intellect which well merits to be the endless object of our untiring admiration, and which refuses to come within the power and scope of any merely physical and organic process of evolution.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

Art. III.—*The Golden Age of Australia.*

(1) *Statistical Register of the Colony of Victoria. Compiled (annually) from Official Records in the Office of the Government Statist.* Melbourne.
(2) *Statistical Register of New South Wales. Compiled (annually) from Official Returns in the Registrar-General's Office.* Sydney.
(3) *Statistical Register of the Province of South Australia. Compiled (annually) from Official Records in the Office of the Government Statist.* Adelaide.
(4) *Statistics of the Colony of Queensland. Compiled (annually) from Official Records in the Registrar-General's Office.* Brisbane.
(5) *Statistics of the Colony of Tasmania. Compiled (annually) from the Office of the Government Statistician from Official Records.* Hobart Town.
(6) *A History of Prices.* By Thomas Tooke, F.R.S., and William Newmarch. Vols. V. and VI. Longmans and Co. 1857.

Australia, the newest of the worlds, has just held the second of her International Exhibitions; and probably the future historian will choose these two great exhibitions at Sydney and Melbourne as events suitably marking the close of the most remarkable epoch in the modern world, as undoubtedly the first Great Exhibition in London signalized

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its beginning. These incidents, indeed, are highly typical. Better than any other single event, they illustrate the great expansion of human settlements and of material civilization, which are the most striking feature of the memorable epoch which began thirty years ago. From London to Melbourne in the south, from London to San Francisco in the far west—how vast is the transition! If the English metropolis has not played any paramount part in the recent marvellous expansion of the European race and European civilization, it is at least the fitting milestone from which that progress may be measured. Thirty years ago, as now, London was the commercial capital of the world. Geographers have remarked, with sufficient truth to justify a striking saying, that the British Isles, this little spot in the north-eastern corner of the Atlantic, is really the centre of the largest mass of land on the face of the globe, and therefore the most suitable site for the world's emporium. Be this as it may, thirty years ago London was already in the van of the commercial world; and it was only natural that not only the first World's Fair should be opened on the banks of the Thames, but also that the first conception of such a project should have arisen in England, as the most memorable individual achievement of the consort of England's Queen, Albert the Good.

How many of the fairest and noblest hopes to which the lovely World's Palace in Hyde Park gave rise—or at least of which it was a concomitant and partly type or exponent—have been dashed to the ground, fragile and vanishing as was the crystal structure itself! Instead of a millennium of peace, Europe, after nigh forty years of international repose, beheld the opening of a new series of great wars; and in lieu of social concord, we have had the bloody Commune at Paris, and at present behold the red spectre abroad on the continent in the forms of Nihilism and Socialism, passionately plotting the destruction of society and civilization, menacing Europe with a chaos in the wild dream of rearing a communistic Utopia upon the levelled ruins. Truly, the path of human progress is at best through brambles and pitfalls; and at times, like the bewildered rider on the bosky Mexican prairies, the end of its arduous and bootless efforts is an unwilling yet compulsory return to the point from which it started. Nevertheless, in its main and particular object, the Great Exhibition of 1851 has truly symbolized the course of the epoch which it was meant to herald. Paris and Vienna in Europe, New York beyond the Atlantic, and now Sydney and Melbourne at the Antipodes, have followed the example of

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London, while the grand feature of the intervening period has been the growth of that International Trade which it was the special object of the Great Exhibition of 1851 to glorify and promote. Commerce—in itself developed, and in this work aided, by the marvellous inventions of locomotion and instantaneous verbal communication—has now brought the ends of the earth together; and California and Australia, the uttermost parts of the globe, are now familiar not only in name but in thoughtful purpose, to even the uneducated masses of our own country, and in lesser degree of the civilized world at large.

Of the population of our large towns there is probably no section so ignorant, in knowledge which does not immediately and practically concern themselves, as the Cockneys or pure Londoners of the lower class. Yet it so happens that the name of the late found island-continent of the South, and some of the qualities and doings of its people, have become 'familiar as household words' even to the street-boys of London, as well as to the more opaque understandings of the 'bargees' of the river. Strange as it may sound, the Londoner, although purely urban in his life and habits, is in frame of mind quite a sporting character; and it is through this eyelet of his sharp yet circumscribed nature that Australia, or at least Australians, have penetrated vividly into his comprehension. Has not the Australian Trickett beaten our champion sculler, Sadler? And has not an Australian team only just failed to beat the best of our English elevens in the cricket-field? Has there ever been as exciting or memorable a day at the Oval as that on which the cricketers of England and Australia contended redoubtably for the palm of victory? And has not the 'demon bowling' of a Spofforth and the splendid fielding of our Australian brothers been talked of and betted upon alike in the West-end clubs and in the dingy lanes of Shoreditch and Blackfriars? And this was not the first, but a return series of matches in which England's progeny at the Antipodes have engaged as worthy antagonists with the 'old stock' at home in that finest and most popular of thoroughly English games.

These sporting events of the past year, in truth, have had a very peculiar interest and even importance. While our national trade-statistics show how vigorously and largely the new-born Australian people—nation, perhaps, we should say—take their place in the great work of international commerce, and, most of all, of trade with their old home, these contests in open-air games of combined skill and

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athleticism prove that the Australians, those Britons of the South, preserve alike the old English spirit and the stout English physique. 'Cœlum, non animum (nec corpora) mutant' may be said of these Northmen who have now planted themselves as a young but already powerful nation beneath the stars of the Southern Cross. Although their climate is hardly so favourable as ours for vigorous outdoor exercise, Australians can fairly compete with the British race in the mother Isles alike in rowing, yachting, cricketing, and horse-riding. In cattle-driving on the wide plains of the interior, and in long journeys through the bush, they have fully developed the art of rough-riding; and although in horsemanship they do not show the finished style so common on the Lincolnshire fields, our Australian brethren have as firm a seat in the saddle and as daring a spirit as the best of our own foxhunters. They have no wily fox to follow, but they hunt the more vigorous kangaroo; and while, under the pressure of foreign agricultural competition, we have to pass a Ground Game Bill, proscribing hares and rabbits, the Australians, rejoicing in the vast productive resources of their country, indulge their passion for not unprofitable sport by introducing from abroad, by careful acclimatization, the *ferœ naturæ* in which their own island-continent is so singularly deficient. They stock their rivers with salmon for the pleasant sport of rod-fishing; they seek to plenish their solitudes by importing wild animals and game-birds for the pleasures of shooting and the chase. Indeed, even for horse-racing, and we fear also for betting, they show a taste which, whether praiseworthy or not, must prove to John Bull that they are 'chips of the old block.' In intellectual pursuits, also, and in their principles and system of government, the Australians are proving themselves worthy of their racial origin; while their material civilization, rarely favoured as it has been by extraordinary circumstances, has advanced with a rapidity well-nigh unparalleled in the world. Under all these circumstances, the 'blowing,' or self-laudation, which Mr. Anthony Trollope regards as a characteristic of the Australians—and which has long been familiar to us in the Americans—although not to be admired, can hardly be wondered at.

And all this progress in the development of human power and of the arts and comforts of life has been attained (speaking roundly) within the lifetime of a single generation. Australian history dates really from 1851, and even its *origines*, its earliest and insignificant beginnings, are within the span of one long human life. John Pascoe Fawkner,

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the founder of the city of Melbourne, now the metropolis (if one may venture so to call it) of the Australian continent, lived to so recent a date that he was presented to the Duke of Edinburgh when the royal Duke visited Australia; and one of the Henty brothers, who preceded Fawkner by a year in settling on the mimosa-clad banks of the Yarra-Yarra, is alive at the present day.

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According to the common and natural usage of transferring to new lands the names of places familiar in the countries from whence the discoverers or colonizers come, the vast island-continent of the South was first named New Holland by the Dutch navigators; and when, in the middle of last century, the greatest of English navigators, Captain Cook, took possession of the eastern part of the island in the name of King George the Third, he christened this new British possession, New South Wales, a name then applied generally to the entire region. But the island-continent was so vast, the early settlements were so sparse and distant from one another, and the means of intercommunication were so difficult, that as colonization progressed, 'New South Wales' became subdivided, and the region originally so called now holds only second rank. Of the present divisions, besides the island of Tasmania (Van Dieman's Land), South Australia was first split off from New South Wales, then Victoria (originally called the Port Philip District), and lastly Queensland. The Australian territories first received attention in the mother country as peculiarly suitable for penal settlements. 'Botany Bay' became a household word for transportation; and, undoubtedly, both Van Dieman's Land and New South Wales proper, with its capital, Sydney, owed no small amount of their earliest progress to the labour of the imported convicts from the far-off British Isles. Tasmania, a small and thickly wooded island, and the seat of Botany Bay, became at a comparatively early time fully stocked with pastoral settlements, and thereafter gave the chief impetus to the settlement of what is now the colony of Victoria. A strong desire arose for 'pastures new,' and some of the more enterprising Tasmanians began to cross the narrow channel and settle on the adjoining portion of the mainland, around the shores of Port Philip or on the grassy plains of Yarra-Yarra. In 1834 the Messrs. Henty established themselves at Portland; and soon afterwards two other expeditions from Tasmania, one led by Mr. Batman and the other by Mr. Fawkner, landed on the shores of the bay of Port Philip at the place where now stands the city of Melbourne. The very beginning of that city may be said to have

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been a store and tavern, built by Fawkner's party, and which, being a place of public resort and of corporeal supply during the week, was also used as a place for divine service on Sundays—architecturally a mere 'shanty,' still existing, and regarded as a venerable relic of bygone times, in 1852, when the flood of gold-seekers began to pour into the juvenile city from the old centres of population in the northern hemisphere. In 1835, Major Mitchell, who had been exploring the interior, published his narrative, in which he styled the region 'Australia Felix,' in admiration of its natural fertility, and exclaimed, 'We have discovered a country ready for the immediate reception of civilized man, and fit to become [the abode of] one of the great nations of the earth!' Settlers began steadily to arrive in the new colony, and each new arrival of flock-masters pushed further and further into the vast solitary plains of the interior. The first census of the State of Victoria was taken in 1836, showing a population of only 142 males and 33 females; and a year later the population amounted to 500, owning 150 horses, 2,500 cattle, and 150,000 sheep—showing a highly prosperous condition of the population. But speculation, born of the sanguine spirit and trading vigour of the people, outran even the highly prosperous reality; and a short period of exaggerated hopes and inflated prices quickly overcast the fortunes of the young community. Thus, on the very threshold of Australian history, we find an outburst of the speculative spirit—even in agricultural industry, in the solid matter of sheep and oxen—such as again and again chequered its subsequent career when speculation found the most congenial of all its fields, viz., Money itself, the canonized metal which constitutes the chief currency of civilized mankind.

Such, in brief, were the beginnings of Australia and of what is now its metropolitan province, Victoria. But before coming to the Gold-discoveries, which so brilliantly revolutionized its career, it is highly instructive to notice some of the general conditions under which this Britain of the South was colonized.

The colonization of Australia took place under peculiar and, in most respects, highly favourable conditions. From the outset the settlers were of one nation: they all came from the British Isles, and mostly from England. Even under the excitement of the gold-discoveries the immigration came entirely from Great Britain, with the exception of the migratory emigrants from China. Thus the Australian colonies possess the great advantage of a homogeneous population,—a marked

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contrast to the medley of peoples which poured into California, and which, by the antagonism of races, aggravated the disorder which so long prevailed in that sister gold-country. In Australia, also, the immigrants came from the most orderly and civilized of countries, whereas half-barbarous adventurers formed a large proportion of the California settlers.

Australia had another great advantage over the other colonies of Great Britain. The aboriginal population was sparse and unwarlike. Their tribal organization was of the weakest and most rudimentary kind—without great chiefs, still less with tribal confederacies. Accordingly the Australian colonies have never been troubled, or their progress impeded by conflicts with the natives, as has been the case in all our other colonies. In America our settlers had to encounter the savage Indian tribes, in South Africa the Kaffirs and Zulus, in New Zealand the Maories—in a succession of costly and embarrassing conflicts of which the end has not come even yet. In Australia, vast as that island-continent is, and widespread as are the British settlements, there has always been peace within their borders, undisturbed either by external foe or internal dissensions, or by hostilities with the aborigines; nor have the white men presumed on their superior power to oppress or despoil the earlier owners of the land.

Happily, also, the colonization of Australia was conducted systematically, and with a social organization. The various settlements were founded on the Wakefield principle. This system recognized, from experience, the defects of desultory and haphazard colonization. In its main features it was a revival of the ancient method of planting colonies, as conducted by the Phœnicians and Greeks, and as exemplified in the still more ancient settlements made from Egypt. In these enterprises the emigration was not confined to a desultory swarming-off of the poor and labouring classes; it included all classes, and generally took place under a chief or recognized leader belonging to the upper ranks of society. It was a planting of communities, not merely a going forth of colonists. In one respect there was a fundamental difference between the colonies of the ancient and modern world. With the former the prime object was commerce—the establishment of emporiums for the merchandize of the surrounding region. Hence the Town—Carthage, Gades, Marseilles—was the first work of the settlers, and it continued to be the stronghold and centre of the colony: in some cases it was the colony itself. Among the Anglo-Saxon race, the great colonizers in modern times, the social spirit is weak compared with what it was

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among the ancient civilizations; and even under the Wakefield system, where families, in preference to individuals, constituted the emigration, the settlers quickly spread themselves over the new country, engaging chiefly in agricultural pursuits. Such procedure, indeed, was indispensable in the case of the Australian colonies, which lay far apart from the highways of the world's commerce, and where there were no existing products of the region, nor at that time any mineral store, to furnish materials for commerce.

The Wakefield system of colonization, elaborately worked out by its author, aimed at 'maintaining an equilibrium between land, labour, and capital.' At the outset it was derided by men of science, like M'Culloch and others, as Utopian and impracticable; and undoubtedly this opposition seriously obstructed the project, and maimed it of its full realization, by tending to prejudice against it the better classes, whose co-operation was indispensable. Nevertheless the system gradually established itself in public favour, and the soundness of its principles (thanks to its success) became recognized by the Government.

The most ordinary, and one of the most important features of the Wakefield system—under which all the Australian colonies and also New Zealand were settled—was a systematic and careful employment of the lands in each colony as a means of promoting immigration. The public lands were carefully administered, and the proceeds of their sale were devoted to defraying, or lightening, the costs of emigration to suitable persons or families from the mother country. For example, the State of Victoria (after its separation from New South Wales) spent upwards of two millions sterling in assisting immigration from the British Isles in the years between 1850 and 1878. By such means a supply of labour was obtained, without which the powers of capital, or the advantage of wealthy settlers, would have been shorn of their beneficial results. Capital is of little use in a new country, or in any country, unless there be a supply of labour through which it can operate and be reproductive. A man with money, in Australia or New Zealand, might buy a large tract of potentially valuable land at a very small price; but, without labour to utilize it, the land might remain unproductive for a generation; so that, through loss of interest, the property would prove a most costly investment, however little may have been the first cost or outlay—in other words, however cheaply the land may have been purchased. Capital, always scarce in new countries, will not go there

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at all if there be not an available supply of labour. Capital is the means whereby the intellect and enterprise of one man is multiplied in potency, working through the agency of scores of other men, with a proportionately increased gain to its owner, while giving suitable remuneration to the hired workers. The Parliaments of the Australian colonies, also, did much to quicken the development of the country by the construction of public works, most of which, besides serving this purpose, were fitted to be ere long remunerative to the Government.*

The Wakefield system greatly promoted the growth of commerce in Australia, and enabled the colony to become a trading country in a much shorter time than would otherwise have been possible. Emigrants ordinarily consist of the poorer class; and several thousand families may establish an equal number of small farms, and thereon live comfortably, yet without producing any surplus property or commodities, still less of such kind and in such manner as to be available for export. Even if a considerable number of those families each produced a small surplus of commodities, this surplus, being distributed among so many owners, and over so wide a tract of country, could not readily be concentrated for the purposes of export trade. But when, as occurred in Australia, capitalists bought or hired large tracts of ground, stocking them with sheep or other animals, and working their 'sheep-runs' by hired shepherds—each of whom was able to look after a large number of stock—a surplus of produce at once arose; because the stock thus reared was far in excess of the requirements alike of the proprietor and of his work-people.† In this case there are two factors of production, namely, labour plus capital, whereas, in the former and ordinary case in colonies, there is only one, viz., labour. Manual or physical labour, for which kind of work alone is there scope in new countries, can produce little more than is needed and consumed by the labourer: its

* In the Colony or State of Victoria the Government expenditure upon public works has been as follows:—

Prior to 1878.	During 1878.	Total.
Railways £15,741,657	£935,666	£16,677,323
Roads and Bridges 6,857,267	11,888	6,869,155
Melbourne Water Supply 1,438,129	86,229	1,524,358
Other Water Works 1,740,232	34,512	1,774,744
Other Public Works 7,851,898	313,039	8,164,937
Total Expenditure..£33,629,183	£1,381,334	£35,010,517

† This is the less to be wondered at, owing to the remarkable prolificness of flocks under the steady climate and genial skies of Australia.

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return is little more than self-supporting. But there is no mystery in the vastly superior results obtained when capital is added to labour. Capital represents, and is the result of antecedent labour: it is an accumulation of profits from past labour; and, if it be large, it may be the sum of many hundred of labourers. Capital may be regarded as accumulated labour in the most condensed and readily active form, —capable, as if at the touch of the wizard's rod, of being converted into labour, reproducing at will the energy or working-power out of which it sprang or was accumulated. It may be likened to a coiled spring which has been wound up by the power or labour of many men, or even of generations of men, and which can at once give out all the power thus accumulated and stored in it—equivalent to the sum of the past labour expended upon the machine. As regards the colony as a whole, the presence of Capital had the same effect as if the the working or productive power of each unit of the population had been vastly augmented, while their needful wants or consumption remained no more than that of ordinary mortals. In this way there arose a surplus of production, which soon made Australia an exporting and trading country.

The chief form of investment of capital, and the source of the early foreign trade of Australia, was the Squatter system. A vast region of unoccupied and fertile land lay before the immigrants, and the country beyond the Coast Range was peculiarly fitted for pastoral settlement. Accordingly, while the poorer class of immigrants purchased allotments of ground adjoining the coast, converting them into small farms, the wealthy class took on lease large grazing tracts on the plains of the Murray River and its tributaries, and stocked them chiefly with breeds of sheep from Europe. Under the clement skies of that region the flocks multiplied rapidly, needing little attendance. Mutton became exceedingly cheap throughout the colony; indeed, owing to the smallness of the population and the high cost of conveyance, the greater part of the flesh of the flocks was of no value. The processes of preserving meat, now so common, were then unknown; neither had large ocean-steamers come into use to expedite and facilitate conveyance between these distant settlements and the rest of the world. But wool and tallow were not perishable and were readily conveyable; and so the flocks were yearly shorn of their fleeces, and their carcases were boiled down for the tallow: and these two commodities, almost from the outset, formed the staple of a foreign trade for the new country.

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So wisely conducted and so prosperous was the settlement of the Australian colonies, that in 1841 (only ten years from the first settlement), the Crown-lands sold at a £1 an acre, instead of 12s. as originally contemplated. Contemporarily the Government-lands in the United States, although much more accessible to European emigrants, sold at only a dollar an acre. After being thoroughly discussed, the Squatter system was formally adopted and established by legislation throughout the whole Australian colonies in 1846. But soon afterwards the unexpected advent of the gold-discoveries rapidly began to alter the conditions of the case. Population and the requirement for land increased with wholly unlooked-for rapidity, gradually rendering unsuitable a land-system which had worked admirably during the circumstances for which it had been designed. The gold-diggers rushed heedlessly or defiantly into the lands of the squatters, where the only sign of ownership or occupancy was an occasional flock of sheep. The squatters were incensed at such an invasion of their territory, and there began that great land-question which ever since has been by far the most momentous and the most bitterly fought subject of contention throughout the Australian colonies. The influx of the gold-diggers, however, was anything but a financial hardship to the squatters; for the price of mutton and of other farm-produce rose immensely, with a corresponding increase in the value of the squatters' property. Large fortunes were made by those sheep-farmers who sold their property when the gold-fever was at its height, and Australian millionaires for some years became common in England. A rare phenomenon; for it is one of the rarest of occurrences for a man to make a large fortune from farming.

Such was the condition of Australia when the gold-discoveries took place. In all social respects the colony presented a most favourable contrast to what had occurred, and indeed was still occurring, in California. Victoria and New South Wales, in common with the other Australian colonies, possessed a stable government and an orderly society. The population was homogeneous in race, and the flood of immigration occasioned by the gold-discoveries (the migratory Chinese excepted) belonged entirely to the British stock. The gold settlers found themselves among a population of the same race, language, laws, and religion as themselves. Hence there was a reign of order in Australia even during the gold-fever, which was a happy contrast to the chaos and turbulence prevalent in California. And, as already stated, this security

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to life and property was attended by material as well as moral and social benefits; for wages and prices returned to a normal level as soon as the exceptional conditions of supply and demand were over, instead of being longer kept at an excessive height, as in California, owing to the turbulence and social disorders under which industrial pursuits had to be carried on.

In 1850, just before the great gold-discoveries occurred, the Australian colonies, with the ready assent of the mother country, acquired the powers of self-government, with parliamentary institutions, but under Governors appointed by the imperial government, and paid out of the colonial revenues. Under any circumstances Australia could safely reckon upon a slow but steady and orderly career of prosperity. Far removed from Europe—the seat of the great warring States, and the chief source or centre of the world's wars; secure even from the visits of hostile fleets, because protected by the all-powerful British navy; exempt also from any internal conflicts with a hostile native population—the Australian colonies were to a singular extent left free to develop their resources in perfect peace and security. Nevertheless, but for the magic power of gold, their progress would have been slow, and rural life alone would have prevailed for many generations. Great towns—those hearts of civilization, where the pulse of human life beats quickest, albeit feverishly at times—would not yet have arisen even upon the shores of the beautiful bay and secure haven of Port Philip. Australia would have remained a sparsely peopled land, covered by the wide sheep-walks of the wealthy squatters, and by the small farms of the common people: a land without poverty, and of secure although homely comfort; and with no greater foreign trade than arose from the wool and tallow brought down from the interior over bad roads and at heavy cost. At the time of the gold-discoveries, there was hardly a place worthy of being called a town; there were no piers or harbours other than of native making; and rude jetties, or temporary planking, were all that was needed or thought necessary for the few ships which arrived bringing immigrants and taking away the surplus agricultural produce of the country. But Gold, the most potent of magicians, speedily transformed Australia as it transformed California. It built Melbourne, the London of the Antipodes, and changed Victoria and New South Wales from a townless and sparsely peopled agricultural territory into a state containing nearly all the commingled industries and resources which build up the power and prosperity of the greatest nations.

Even prior to the discoveries in California, it had been

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known that gold was to be met with in Australia. Small pieces of the precious metal had occasionally been picked up by shepherds in Victoria, but no one dreamt that the country contained great beds of gold. Accordingly the Government discouraged any attempt at gold-finding. Believing that the metal only existed sporadically, in small quantity, and was to be found merely by chance, the Government at first suppressed the news of occasional finds of the ore, fearing lest a gold mania and gambling spirit would, without any adequate return, divert the population from its course of steady industry. But the tidings of the great gold-discoveries in California changed the aspect of this matter. A rich and extensive gold-region was shown to be possible and existent. Geologists, also, recognized a resemblance between the rock-formations in many parts of Australia and those which had proved so auriferous in California; and the same resemblance struck the eye of some settlers who had previously worked on the Californian gold-beds. In March, 1850, a gold nugget was found at Clunes and was exhibited in a shop in Victoria. Under these circumstances, the Government reversed its policy, and, wisely resolving to expedite the development of this new source of wealth for the colony, offered a reward to the discoverer of a gold-bed. In August, 1851, the precious metal was at length discovered by Mr. Hargreaves in large quantity at Ballarat —a locality which has proved to be one of the richest in Australia. And soon afterwards gold was discovered in abundance throughout both Victoria and New South Wales.

This discovery of gold rapidly changed the entire aspect and general condition of these colonies. They had to pass through a period of industrial, and to some extent of social disorganization, but accompanied by a vast increase of wealth, which soon launched the country on a new, orderly, and most prosperous career. At first, the whole industrial fabric was dislocated, and population rushed away from its old seats and pursuits. 'In the course of a few months, half the male population of Victoria had left their legitimate occupations, and had gone hot-footed in search of the precious metal. Workshops stood idle, business places were closed, ships lay empty at the wharves, trade was at a standstill, business was allowed to drift where it would: there was but one thing thought of, and that was gold.' Next, and speedily, there came an influx of population from the adjoining colonies or provinces of Australia; and of the seventy thousand inhabitants of South Australia, no less than twenty thousand hurried off to Victoria. Finally, in the summer of 1852, there began to

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arrive the flow of immigration from Europe, which for several years continued to pour in as fast as ships could bring them. The previously solitary expanse of Hobson's Bay began to fill with emigrant ships, which were deserted by their crews as soon as they dropped anchor; and before they could be manned again for departure, no less than £40 a month had to be paid to each seaman for the voyage.*

In Australia, both in Victoria and New South Wales, the great gold-beds lay beyond the Coast Range, in a region to which there were no roads, and where no habitations were to be seen, save here and there, at great distances from each other, the homesteads of the squatters. It was fortunate for the gold-seekers that these shepherd-kings had arrived before them in the solitude, and covered the wide plains with their countless fast-breeding flocks. Animal food remained cheap, even when the rush to the gold-fields was at its height; and as small farms were numerous, and the cultivation of the soil had been early established, the scarcity of food-supplies in Australia never became so severe as it had been in California. The comparative homogeneousness of the population, too, and the lesser proportion of lawless adventurers and outlaws from foreign lands, rendered life and property on the plains of Ballarat and Bendigo less insecure than they were among the gulches and sierras of Nevada. But the raging thirst for gold, combined with the unavoidable absence of civic restraint, which offered to the lawless and criminal passions the temptation of opportunity, made turbulence and crime of frequent occurrence. Lawlessness, it is true, never obtained the mastery in any district; but at the gold-fields and on the solitary roads leading to them, thefts, robberies, and even murders were perpetrated; and the dissipated class of miners carried their turbulence and unbridled passions into the towns, which they made the seat of their passing orgies.

During the four years subsequent to the discovery of gold, nearly four hundred thousand immigrants were added to the population of the Australian colonies—including Tasmania, where the influx was small. Despite this sudden influx of gold-seekers, the proportion of the sexes remained highly satisfactory—the females constituting fully forty per cent. of the Australian population, even in Victoria where the

* 'At the anchorage in Hobson's Bay, at the present date (November, 1852), there are 117 ships or barques, and 33 brigs or schooners, besides steam-vessels, and about 70 sail of a lighter draught of water, which, as requiring a depth of not more than nine feet when loaded, are able to ascend the river to Melbourne. This amount of shipping forms a surprising spectacle for this young colony' (Melbourne 'Argus;' Tooke, vi. p. 816).

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flood of immigration was largest. Naturally it was the two gold-colonies, Victoria and New South Wales, which received the largest portion of the influx of population; and Victoria, which was by far the most auriferous region, was the goal of considerably more than one-half of the entire immigration during the first four years. Gold was discovered in Victoria in August, 1851, and before the end of that year fully ten thousand immigrants had arrived in that colony in search of the precious metal. In each of the next two years the immigration into Victoria amounted to nearly a hundred thousand. This was the flood-tide of the immigration. Thereafter it began to slacken, but the immigrants in 1854 into this single colony amounted to about seventy thousand. So sudden and large was the influx of the new population that the exertions of the Government, generously aided by the public, were requisite to provide temporary accommodation for the immigrants upon landing. Barracks were erected at Melbourne, to give temporary shelter at a small charge, while the larger portion of the immigrants encamped in tents—a mode of habitation which was healthful, and even agreeable, at that summer season of the Australian year. Several villages consisting entirely of tents thus arose on the outskirts of Melbourne, the largest of which, situated on a rising ground, contained some four thousand inhabitants, well supplied with stores and protected by the urban police. The population of Melbourne at this time (January, 1853) had grown to fifty thousand persons, or more than double what it was at the time of the gold-discoveries, and the large suburb of Richmond contained several thousand more.

In the early years of the gold-discoveries, 1851–53, the population at work upon the gold-fields of Victoria was not correctly ascertained. According to the estimates then published, the population so engaged amounted in 1853 to 100,000, but when the census was taken in April, 1854, the number was ascertained to be only 67,000. This fact, however, does not necessarily imply that the previous estimate was exaggerated, because in Australia, as in California, a great crisis occurred in gold-seeking, owing to the exhaustion of the *surface* of the gold-fields, and the impossibility of working the gold-beds at even a small depth below the surface without machinery and capital; in consequence of which change in the conditions of working, individual labour gradually became ineffective, and large numbers of the gold-diggers forsook the gold-fields, and betook themselves to other work.

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The earnings of the gold-diggers during the first stage was reckoned to be from £8 to £10 a week. This was the average; and in many cases, of course, the earnings of the individual miner were very much greater. These lucky instances were kept in mind rather than the average earnings, high as these were. Every instance of extraordinary luck was widely circulated, and even exaggerated, by the shanty keepers and other traders at the gold-fields, in order to attract a large population, among whom they could carry on their highly profitable business. In 1855, the daily earnings were still reckoned at from fifteen to thirty shillings a day; but by that time individual labour was becoming less effective than co-operation under a capitalist and the receipt of wages. Indeed, with the exhaustion of the surface-deposits, and especially with the growth of quartz-mining, the working of the gold-beds passed into the ordinary form of industry, and wages took the place of individual earnings.

Considering that the average earnings in 1855 were still so high as fully £1 a day, it seems as if the average rate above mentioned of £8 or £10 a week was too low, certainly a very moderate estimate, for the years 1852–53, when the yield of the gold-fields per head of workers was admittedly at its highest point. During these two years, the ordinary rate of wages in Melbourne, the capital of the colony, where industry could be carried on more comfortably, or with less hardship, than at the gold-fields, was from £6 to £7 per week; whereas the rate of wages prior to the gold-discoveries had been from thirty to forty shillings a week. In other words, the discovery of gold at once quadrupled the wages of ordinary labour, while the gold-diggers earned about six times as much. In this way, for several years, there was witnessed the remarkable circumstance, that mere manual labour, working for itself, was able to produce a large surplus of capital or reserve-wealth. Previously it had been Capital, invested in the squatting system, which had produced the only surplus wealth of Australia; but now, owing to the extraordinary richness and easy working of the gold-beds, unassisted Labour rapidly produced a large amount of surplus wealth, which in its circulation benefited all classes of the population, and became the main source of the rapid expansion of the foreign trade of the Australian colonies.

The emigrant ships arrived earlier than the trading vessels. The labouring population of distant countries loosened themselves from their native soil and rushed to the gold-fields faster than Commerce, with all its enterprise, could furnish

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supplies for the new and highly profitable markets thus opened to it. Accordingly a great scarcity of commodities ensued in Australia, although it was felt less acutely than in California. The period of highest prices in the colony of Victoria was the twelve months subsequent to August, 1852; but some commodities, especially food-supplies, attained a still higher price in 1854–55. Taking commodities all round, prices quadrupled, and at their maximum became fivefold compared with the prices which had prevailed during previous years. Butcher-meat, the most plentiful of all the commodities in Victoria, rose from a penny or twopence a pound to sixpence in the autumn of 1852, and to eightpence and ninepence in 1854. Flour, which had ranged from £8 to £16 the ton, rose to £40 in 1852; and after falling to £30, rose again to £42 or £44 in the first half of 1855. Butter rose from a shilling or eighteenpence the pound to four shillings in 1853, and to five shillings at Midsummer, 1855. Garden produce became for a while still dearer: a cabbage early in 1854 cost five shillings, but, in two years afterwards, only twopence. Building materials, during the height of the gold-fever, increased in price beyond the other commodities. Bricks rose from thirty shillings the thousand to £15 and £18 in the autumn of 1852, and timber per foot rose from fourpence to eighteenpence in the same period of 1852, and to half-a-crown in 1853; but both of these materials, and many other commodities, gradually sank thereafter, until they stood at about double their old price in 1857–58, by which time a condition of settled prosperity had been reached.

The value of the Crown-lands throughout the colony of Victoria during these years of excessive prices rose greatly,—the average price per acre in 1851–53, as shown by the Government land-sales, being £3 10s., as against two guineas previously; while the extent of land sold during these years was twice as much as it had been during the whole period from 1837 to 1850. But it was in urban localities that the rise in value was most conspicuous, and, under the influence of speculation as well as prosperity, the price of town and suburban land rose extravagantly high. The fortunate owner of a small building-lot in Melbourne in a few months' time found himself a wealthy capitalist; and in some of the streets of that city land sold at the rate of nearly half a million sterling the acre.*

* The effect of the discovery of gold on Melbourne land prices, may be illustrated by the following among many instances. A piece of land in Collins Street, having 22 feet 5 inches frontage, with a depth of only 16 feet 5 inches, having

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Owing to these high prices, the cost of living, of course, was proportionately augmented; while the rapidly increased wealth of the community, arising directly and indirectly from the gold-mines, furnished the means for commensurately raising the wages of labour. It is needless to quote the wages in pastoral or agricultural life, because these were always accompanied by board or maintenance; but the wages of ordinary labour in towns quadrupled during the years 1852–53. The pay of carpenters rose from five or six shillings a day to twenty-five or thirty shillings, and fell to twelve shillings a day in 1856. The wages of masons and bricklayers followed the same course; increasing fivefold during the height of the gold-fever, and thereafter declining, until they settled at about double their old amount.

With Midsummer, 1853, a change began in the state of prices and in the commercial condition of the colony. Settlers were still pouring in as numerously as ever; but immigration had reached its maximum, and thereafter began slowly to decline; and simultaneously the merchant ships, bringing supplies of all kinds, began to arrive thick and fast. In the month of May, 1853, besides smaller arrivals, twice a day some large vessel from the other side of the world sailed into the port of Melbourne, bringing supplies of all kinds, chiefly from England or New York, while trading vessels from India brought stores of tea and rice.* But when these ships cast anchor in the bay, they found that the mere cost of sending their goods ashore was as much as the entire freightage from England! Not only was labour at an exorbitant price, but the wharves, although by this time considerably enlarged and improved, were totally inadequate for the requirements of the shipping. The lighterage, or mere landing of the goods from the ships to the wharves, cost from twenty-five to thirty shillings per ton; nor need this heavy cost be wondered at, when we read in contemporary records that sometimes weeks elapsed before a lighter could find a discharging berth at the wharves. And

on it a small wooden building of but little value, was sold towards the latter end of 1853 for £6,000, being at the rate of £267 1s. per foot frontage, or about £441,000 per acre.

'Within the last twelve months (1853) the prices realized for land of an ordinary depth in Melbourne, not built upon, or with inferior tenements of small value, have been as follows, viz.—In the outskirts of the city, as North Melbourne, &c., from £2 to £6 per foot; in Elizabeth Street (from Lonsdale to Flinders Streets) from £150 to £200 per foot; in Bourke Street (from Queen to Spring Streets) from £90 to £250 per foot' (Archer's 'Progress of Victoria,' p. 25).

* Of the arrivals of shipping at Melbourne in the month of May, 1853, forty-six, of 22,857 tons burden, came from the British Isles; eighteen came from the United States; and twelve from India.

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just as there was a difficulty in finding accommodation even of the rudest kind for the immigrants, so was there a difficulty in finding storing-room for the merchandize. The warehouses were filled to overflowing; and the rent paid for temporarily storing the imported goods added a further element to their market-price. Moreover, at the time when the supplies of merchandize thus began to pour into the Australian ports, it was winter there, although summer with us; and as the country was still almost roadless, the communication with the gold-fields, for which the greater portion of the new supplies were destined, was entirely closed for two or three months. Thus before the year 1853 was out, a glut of goods had begun to occur at the seaports; and as the merchant ships continued to arrive in undiminished numbers, a glut of the imported commodities rapidly extended over the entire gold-colonies.

Supply had overtaken demand. And the merchants in the distant countries from whence the supplies came (chiefly Great Britain) necessarily remained for a long time in ignorance of the altered condition of the Australian markets. At that time there were no telegraph lines traversing the continents and, safely submerged in the bed of ocean, uniting the extremities of the inhabited world. There was no Suez Canal; even the Cairo railway had not been constructed, to lessen the delays and discomforts of the overland route to the East. Steam navigation, too, was still in its infancy, and no lines of swift ocean steamers had as yet brought the island-continent of the antipodes into closer relation with the rest of the world. The only route was round the Cape of Good Hope, or by the perilous circumnavigation of Cape Horn, where storms and baffling winds or calms imperilled the voyage of the sailing ships. It is only by remembering these old circumstances that one can understand the severity of the commercial glut, and consequent crisis in prices, which overtook both Australia and California in the early years of the gold-discoveries. The tidings of the exorbitant prices prevalent in the gold countries induced the merchants of London, Liverpool, and New York to strain every nerve to send out supplies. In like manner, a merchant in Melbourne, seeing that certain commodities were greatly in demand, while the people were so wealthy that they could pay a high price for them, sent home a large order for such goods. But more than half a year had to elapse between the giving of the order and the arrival of the goods; while the population was still so few in numbers that their demands, however eager, could be easily met and overtaken by the great commercial emporia of the Northern world. Thus it happened

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that when the Australian markets had become full, there was a long line of ships upon the ocean still bringing fresh supplies. Moreover, even when the tidings of falling prices reached London and New York, the known wealth of the population of the gold countries induced the belief that the glut was but momentary (as in reality it was but temporary), and the ever-hopeful spirit of commerce or speculation reckoned that the glut, reported three or four months previously, would have ceased before the new supplies could reach their destination.

At the end of 1853 the import market in Victoria had become fully stocked; but throughout the whole of 1854, merchant ships continued to arrive in the port of Melbourne in undiminished numbers. The inevitable result was a vast depreciation of the imported commodities and an immense fall in rents and in the value of real property generally. As usual in such crises everywhere, the capitalist had the opportunity of making enormous gains. Buyers for cash could dictate their terms to the embarrassed traders. Goods had to be sold at any price; and it is recorded that 'at the auction-rooms no reference whatever is made to cost price.' Despite the heavy cost of freights and lighterage, and the exorbitant terms charged for store-room, many kinds of goods sold at less than their value in the countries from which they had been sent. Drapery and piece goods sold at from ten to thirty per cent. below their cost price in England. The finest champagnes could with difficulty be disposed of at 30s. the case; and good clarets brought barely 15s. or 17s. Brandies of low quality could be had at 4s. 6d. the case, and the best course the importer could take was to re-export them for the British market. As regards commodities of all kinds, in November, 1854, the leading journal in Melbourne said: 'We strongly confirm our late advices to suspend shipments entirely, until we have a better prospect to report.' Bankruptcies multiplied, and, owing to the sudden depreciation of property, the assets in most cases had merely a nominal value, failing to recover the expense of their realization. House property, which a year before had risen to an almost fabulous value, suffered an equally remarkable depreciation; and in many cases the rental value of the warehouses fell below the amount of the ground-rent! Alike in commercial and building enterprises in Melbourne, it was contemporaneously recorded that 'the losses are of so astonishing a character that they resemble fictions rather than genuine narratives. Fortunes which could have enabled their possessors to sustain for life the dignities of peerage were

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acquired by plodding tradesmen in the course of a few months; and before they had time to receive the congratulations of their friends, their riches passed away, and they found themselves reduced to utter poverty. Perhaps in the whole range of history [except in California] no records are to be met with of vast sums of money so suddenly amassed and so suddenly dissipated.'

Referring to the vast depreciation in house property, 'which in some instances has been the cause and in others the result of commercial failures,' the Melbourne 'Argus' (Feb. 1855) quotes the following cases:—'A builder rented a vacant piece of ground at a figure something below £300 per annum, and expended almost £40,000 in putting up a range of spacious and commodious stores, massively built of blue stone. When completed, the stores let readily at from £1,000 to £1,500 a year each; and, judging from the result of this and similar speculations, the owner reckoned himself worth £15,000 a year, all claims being paid. In twelve months from that date the rental value of the stores fell below ground-rents, and the owner was utterly ruined.' With respect to the commercial losses, the same journal says:—'The amount lost by one firm alone in a twelve-month, through bad debts, is deliberately estimated to exceed £90,000; another firm lost, in a similar period, through the same means, upwards of £40,000. A merchant who, two years since, was regarded as worth £100,000, was recently obliged to pay a small account by his acceptance for a month.'

In the latter months of 1853, the wages of labour also fell, and never again reached the very high point at which they stood in the immediately previous year. The Government, threatened with a heavy financial deficit, had stopped the public works; the gold-fields also were becoming gradually closed against individual labour; while emigrant ships continued to arrive in hardly diminished numbers, and a large portion of the new settlers came with the purpose of working as artizans, and in other forms of urban employment. In consequence, the hitherto strange spectacle was witnessed of labourers going about in search of employment, and even as paupers demanding relief! The fall of wages was general throughout the colony; but it was only in the towns that this change was severely felt, and the want of employment was in great part voluntary on the part of the workmen. Trades-unions had not yet been formed in Australia, but the spirit of 'strikes' was in full existence. In not a few cases workmen preferred to become idle rather than accept the lower rate of wages

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which had become indispensable,—or, as they said, 'rather than aid in lowering wages.' The current rate of wages at that time was eight or ten shillings a day for unskilled labour, which, despite the high cost of living, was good wages for single men, but (it is stated) only sufficient with constant employment for married men living with their families in the towns, where house-rent was high.

This severe crisis, and glut of the Australian markets, differed in some important respects from the apparently similar crises which occur in ordinary countries. The fall of house-rents and prices and the glut of foreign goods were not owing to any diminution of production and wealth in these colonies. The mines were yielding annually some ten millions sterling, with comparatively little labour; so that a large portion of this amount was really surplus wealth, an annual addition to the capital of the people. The squatters, or pastoral population, also continued their work of production, with hardly any fall of prices for their commodities in their own markets, and with none at all upon their exported produce. It was only the trading classes who suffered, and the speculators in house property. Indeed the depreciation of imported commodities was in itself a great gain to the bulk of the population, engaged in actual production, in farming and mining. The crisis was occasioned merely from the supplies from abroad being continued in undiminished quantity long after the Australian market for these goods was fully stocked—a commercial mistake directly attributable to the want of swift communication between Australia and the rest of the world. The gold-colonies were progressing rapidly in wealth; the population was multiplying from the continued influx of immigration. All that was needful to terminate the crisis was a temporary check to the supply of foreign goods. It was to these imported commodities alone that the great fall of prices applied—the home-produced goods, and the price of agricultural and mining labour being but little affected in value. By the beginning of 1856 the worst part of the crisis was over. Trade in its various branches began to revive; merchants and shippers began to share anew in the general prosperity. And thus, in the year 1856, the gold colonies of Australia reached a condition of stable and settled prosperity. Thereafter, although they experienced the commercial fluctuations common to all countries, the chequered and peculiar stage of their career was over. The worst—and also the best—effects of the gold-discoveries were alike past.

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Among the many advantages in social condition which the gold-colonies of Australia enjoyed over California was the existence of good banks. Banking, of the best kind, had been established in Australia prior to the gold-discoveries. Australian banking was established upon the Scotch system, by wealthy corporations, for the most part having their head-quarters in London. These pillars of industry had rendered most useful service from the outset, and they helped the colonies greatly during the exigencies produced by a vast immigration and the turmoil of the gold-fever. Nevertheless, during those early years of gold-finding (as also occurred in California) there was a great scarcity of money. And a most striking proof of this scarcity is the fact that gold in Australia was worth only sixty or even only forty-five shillings the ounce, in exchange for money, whether coin or bank-notes. An ounce of coined gold (or its equivalent in bank-notes) could buy an ounce and a quarter of uncoined gold in any quantities. It was fortunate for the population that their chief produce (gold) was, of all commodities, the nearest akin to money. It is the raw material of money, yet hardly more serviceable as money than a hide is to a man who wants a saddle or a pair of leather breeches.

A scarcity of money is always very adverse to the producing classes. It was so even to the gold-miners, who (although gold-dust was more exchangeable than ordinary property) had to exchange their produce for a fourth and sometimes a third less than its fair and ordinary value where money exists in adequate quantity, or, in other words, possesses its ordinary purchasing power. How much more adverse to the general interests would such a scarcity of money have been, had the staple produce of Australia been other than the precious metals? Production in such a case would have been so largely deprived of its profits that it would speedily have ceased, however profitably it could be carried on under other and ordinary circumstances. But gold can be exchanged for money more readily than any other commodity; and the gold-fields were then so rich, yielding five or six times the value obtainable by an equal amount of labour in other industries, that the Australian miners became wealthy even although their produce had to be sold at much less than its ordinary value.

This scarcity of money in a country abounding in gold, actually produced from the mines, may at first sight appear a strange phenomenon. Especially it may be asked, When gold was brought to the banks from the mines, why did not the

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banks purchase it, when they could get so large a percentage of profit, seeing that their coin or notes could buy 30 per cent. more gold than such money could buy elsewhere throughout the world? Had the banks been able to purchase the gold, the scarcity of money in circulation would have been at an end; for there was an abundance of gold ready to be offered to the banks, and the coin and notes obtained in exchange for that gold would soon have been sufficient for the monetary wants of the population. Gold would have risen to its ordinary world value: and thereupon the banks would have had no longer an inducement to buy it; while the gold-owners (their monetary wants being supplied) would have no longer had any necessity to make further exchanges of this kind. The gold not needed for home circulation as money would have been exported—as nearly the whole of the gold from the mines was actually exported—in the form of bullion, which is the most convenient and profitable form for gold as merchandize.

How was it, then, that this very natural procedure did not take place, or at least but sparingly? How was it that there was, for several years, a scarcity of money in the Australian gold-colonies; and that a considerable quantity of gold from the mines was retained in the country for currency purposes, and yet carried only three-fourths of the value which the metal possessed throughout the world at large? The difficulty which then existed in Australia may be explained in a single word: there was no Mint. The scarcity of money arose in this way. Gold coin, together with bank-notes convertible into coin on demand, constituted the money, or sole legal currency, of Australia, as of our own country. And the banks held no more, or little more, money than was requisite to carry on their ordinary amount of business. Being so circumstanced, had the banks bought gold with their coin, the stock of coin would have become too small to meet the demands of their depositors or customers; and as they could not pay their creditors in gold-dust or in bullion, the banks would have been liable to bankruptcy. If they had bought the gold with their notes, the sellers of the gold might immediately thereon have demanded payment for the bullion in coin, and so have at once deprived the banks of their profit on the transaction, besides imperilling the solvency of the banks, which had no spare coin wherewith to meet such a demand. Moreover, even if the general creditors of the banks, whether note-holders or depositors, had been willing to accept uncoined gold (of course at its then current value in the colony), the banks would have obtained no profit, because the bullion, or uncoined gold,

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would have carried no higher value than the coins with which the banks had purchased it. But the Australian banks are banks of issue, and can issue notes to any amount which they may deem advantageous. Why, then, did they not make purchases of the gold with their notes? As a matter of fact, it is highly probable that they might have done so with safety to themselves, and, if so, with a large profit, while also greatly benefiting the community by supplying the monetary wants of the country. As money was greatly wanted, it is probable, or indeed certain, that the notes thus issued would have remained in circulation. So long as the credit of the banks was stable, the notes were quite as good as coin, and therefore there would have been no motive for any one cashing them; that is, demanding coin in exchange for them. But there was a *risk* in such procedure, and all unnecessary risks ought to be shunned in banking. Also, although the banks might have made large profit from buying the gold with their notes, with the result of supplying the monetary requirements of the public, it is also true that a scarcity of money enables banks to charge a higher rate for their loans and discounts. Banks are the reservoirs of money, which they issue to the public through loans or the discounting of commercial bills; and in proportion as the currency which they supply is scarce, the banks are able to raise the rate of discount, or, in other words, their charge for supplying this currency. But the fundamental explanation and ample justification of the Australian banks in this matter is that the purchase of gold, under the circumstances, would have been substantially a trading operation, beyond the proper sphere of banking. Except in degree (for undoubtedly gold is more negotiable than any other thing, except money itself), the purchase of gold by the banks would have been similar to an investment of their money in any commercial commodity. Their money would have been 'locked up,' just as if they had bought a stock of wheat or wool. Their wealth would not have been diminished—it might have been considerably increased; but their stock of money, the special commodity in which banks trade, would have been greatly reduced, proportionately lessening their power to meet the demands of their customers, as well as imperilling their own solvency.

This dilemma for the gold-producers and the general monetary difficulty, although much felt in Victoria, was experienced still more severely in the adjoining province of South Australia. While gold bullion in Victoria sold at sixty shillings the ounce (instead of its normal or world-value of £3 17s. 10½, or, allowing for loss of interest in the process of

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minting, at £3 17s. 9d.), in South Australia it sold, or was convertible into money, at the rate of only forty-five shillings the ounce. This great difference of price was owing to the weaker or less efficient position of the banks in the latter province or colony. The South Australian banks held only a small stock of coin, and therefore were less able than their compeers in Victoria to supply currency by the issue of bank-notes. The hardship and general embarrassment in South Australia became so great that the legislature of that colony, in June 1852, established a Government Assay Office, at which the possessors of gold-ore could get their bullion converted into stamped bars. By a temporary Act (for one year) these assayed gold-bars were legalized as currency at seventy shillings the ounce—still considerably under their proper value of gold, as in the other countries; and the notes of the banks were made a legal tender to third parties (that is to say, throughout the community), but not at the banks, which were bound to cash the notes on demand, either in gold or in the stamped gold-bars. This Act brought a great relief. The scarcity of money was at an end. The banks bought gold bullion in the form of the assayed and stamped bars, largely issuing their notes in purchase or exchange, and thereby supplying the wants of the public for suitable currency. In this way the note-circulation of the South Australian banks rose from £97,000 in January, 1853, when the Act came into operation, to £232,000 before the end of the year. This fact shows how severe had been the dearth of currency in this small community. As the notes were issued in exchange for bullion, they were well secured—gold going into the banks as the notes went out. In fact, contemporaneously with this increase of £130,000 in the note circulation, the bank reserves increased largely: the increase, of course, being made, not in coin or money proper, but in the stamped gold-bars.

Notwithstanding this important remedial measure, the hardship to the mining population, or the gold-producers, was still serious. They had to part with their gold at about one-fifth less than its normal value, viz., such as it carried in England, New York, Paris, and generally throughout the world. Thus their produce and property was artificially depreciated. Could it have been coined or converted into money on the spot, the gold would have at once attained its full value. Had there been a Mint in Australia, the gold-produce of the country would have carried its normal value, with commensurate profit to the miners, and indeed to the country at large. Very naturally,

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then, a general demand arose for a Mint. It was very hard upon the miners that their produce should be, as it were, artificially depreciated; and it was hard upon the whole Australian colonies or provinces that, although suffering severely from a dearth of currency, they had to send their gold 8,000 miles to London and back again before they could get their gold converted into coin. At length, yet not without demur, this most reasonable and urgent demand was granted by the Home Government. A Mint was established at Sydney, the oldest and, at that time, still the largest city in Australia; and before the end of the year two millions sterling of coin were issued.

We have dwelt with considerable detail upon this monetary crisis in the Australian colonies, because it is pregnant with important lessons, inculcated and illustrated by very striking and also plainly intelligible facts. It shows how largely dependent is the value of gold upon the fact of its being the substance, or raw material, of money. In proportion as the yellow metal fails to acquire, or is obstructed in attaining, the quality of money, its value falls greatly. In most of the leading countries of the world there is a State Mint, ready to coin (usually free of charge) any gold that is brought to it. In such countries, accordingly, gold being immediately convertible into money at pleasure, carries the same value, whether in the form of bullion or of coin. But the case, as we have seen, was different in Australia at the outset of the gold-discoveries. There were gold-dealers and private assayers in Australia; and, as likewise in California, gold-dust served to some extent and in rough fashion as a medium of exchange—but always adversely to the owners of the gold-dust, who never obtained for the gold its proper price, or full value in exchanges so made. Even in the form of ingots, or the officially assayed gold-bars, the precious metal did not carry its proper price, or world value, because such lumps of gold were quite unsuitable for retail payments, or in the daily purchases of ordinary life. What is more, not even the banks could give the full or proper value for these gold-bars—they could not buy the gold even with notes of their own issuing, because they were bound to "cash" or pay the notes on demand in legal money—for which purpose these gold-bars, of course, were not available, until a special Act was passed temporarily legalizing these bars as currency.

Further, no other set of circumstances could so clearly demonstrate and strikingly illustrate the vastly important influence of Time as affecting the great law of supply and demand.

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When the Australians petitioned the Crown to extend to them the royal prerogative of coining money—a right which all Governments properly keep in their own hands—the project of establishing a Mint in Australia was strongly opposed by some very able men in this country, who maintained that such an establishment, besides being open to objection, was quite unnecessary, and that the want of a currency would be, and should be remedied, like all other wants, by the natural operation of the law of supply and demand. But these upholders of 'economic science' overlooked the element of time, and the dire consequences which must ensue before their law could come into effective operation. No doubt, even without a Mint, the Australian colonies would by this time have become supplied with an adequate currency. They would have supplied their lack of coined money just as they supply themselves with foreign commodities of any kind, namely, in exchange for the surplus produce of their own country. And they had been so doing. But, owing to the marvellously rapid increase both of population and wealth, and the vast remoteness of Australia from the great centres of civilization and production, the processes of trade or exchange could not operate so rapidly as was requisite for the requirements of the community. Merely because it could not be coined upon the spot, gold, as we have seen, was selling at only two-thirds of its proper value. Thus the mining population, the producers of gold, which was then the chief product of Australia, were deprived of a large portion of their just profits, entirely because they had no means of utilizing the produce of their labour by applying it to its normal use, viz., as Money. And further, the entire community suffered from the dearth of currency. Not merely gold, but, even more, goods, houses, land—in short, property of all kinds—was abnormally depreciated, on purchase or in exchange, simply because money, owing to its deficiency, there bore a far higher value than it did elsewhere in the world. Hence the Australians were ready (under this compulsion) to sell their produce to foreign buyers at much less than its fair or normal value—a loss to the Australian community; while in purchases or exchanges amongst themselves, although there was no loss to the community as a whole, there was dire loss or even ruin to individuals; and such fluctuations in the value of goods and property were both morally and industrially injurious to the best interests of the community. Truly, this was a strange dilemma and social phenomenon in a country like Australia. What can be more strange, at first sight, than that there should be a dearth of money, and

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a severe social crisis in consequence thereof, in a country whose chief and marvellously abundant product was gold, pre-eminently the canonized metal which constitutes the money or currency of mankind; and yet such a dearth, with equally disastrous consequences, overshadowed the fortunes, at one time or other, both of Australia and California, and has left a lesson of no small importance to the world at large.

A very large portion of the intellectual mistakes of mankind arises from an implicit reliance upon some widely known and well-established rule, maxim, or principle, without making allowance for circumstances and influences which at times obstruct the operation of the deservedly venerated or appreciated principle. The law of supply and demand is a principle or doctrine of this kind. It is in itself rather a truism than a truth. It is no discovery of modern science; indeed, its general correctness has been visible to men of all times and of the most commonplace intellect. The earliest trader, even the simplest rustic who drove his pigs or sheep to market, knew that the fewer the pigs or sheep in the field, and the more numerous the intending purchasers, the higher would be the price he could ask for his wares. Equally true is it, when the maxim is applied to general affairs, that if any commodity be scarce, and consequently its price exceptionally high, in any locality, men of other countries, or in other parts of the same country, will hasten to supply the scarcity in order to obtain a higher price for their goods than they could get elsewhere. Further, as the earth is still capable of yielding produce of all kinds sufficient for the wants of mankind, a scarcity in one part of the world will ere long attract a supply from other quarters. Yet in human affairs how much depends upon Time! Men suffer or die under the scarcity, and what consolation is it to them that the supply which they needed will come in time for other men or another generation? Moreover, it is upon the current well-being of its people that depends the power or prosperity of a State or community. In a new State, especially, rejoicing in the vast resources of a California or Australia, every season of hardship, every generation or part of a generation which is robbed of its gains by some cause beyond its own control, and of a nature not merely local but highly exceptional, the effect most seriously checks the progress and prosperity of the community.

The monetary dilemma of 1855 was the last of the peculiar crises which characterized the early and transitional period of the Australian colonies. Thereafter Australia entered upon a career of mature progress. Several times since then it has ex-

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perienced commercial crises of more or less severity; but these have been simply the ordinary vicissitudes, the 'ups and downs' common to every settled country, and which are even most frequent in those countries where material civilization has been most fully developed. About that time, too—in December, 1855—the Australian colonies of Old England acquired the readily granted boon of self-government. Local parliaments and ministries, under the titular rule of a Governor appointed by the Crown, undertook the administrative work and responsibility which had previously been borne by the Colonial Office in London. The youthful romantic period of Australia was over; but those five years, full of the feverous excitement of a golden youth, constitute a romance in the history of the world, and also have permanently shaped the fortunes of these young colonies. Blessed with a population well-nigh homogeneous in race, yet naturally varying widely in social position and individual sentiments, alike in religion and politics, the wild rush after gold brought all these classes so intimately together in the common pursuit, that each became thoroughly tolerant of the others, and the population became blended in common sympathies, while wisely tolerant where they continued to differ. In politics, of course, there is the active and critical spirit which distinguishes the British race; and the Houses of Parliament at Melbourne and Sydney exhibit the keen partisanship with which we are only too familiar at home. There are 'burning questions,' too, in Australia as well as here; but it is an enviable fact that there is less of racial divergence and dispute than there is in the United Kingdom, which (as we at present feel to our cost) has a perpetual difficulty in the unfused Celtic peasantry of Ireland.*

Of the two great and purely British settlements in the Southern hemisphere, viz., Australia and New Zealand, the latter is by far the most British-like in its physical conditions. Alike in size, shape, physical features, and geographical

* During the eight years ending with 1878, a quarter of a million of emigrants have proceeded from the United Kingdom to Australia.

	Total.	Assisted.	Unassisted.
1871	12,227	?	?
1872	15,876	?	?
1873	26,428	16,915	9,513
1874	53,958	44,394	9,564
1875	35,525	28,891	6,634
1876	33,191	26,404	6,787
1877	31,071	22,461	8,610
1878	37,214	?	?

'The stream of unassisted emigrants,' says Mr. Hayter, 'is tolerably steady and proceeds at the rate of something more than 8000 per annum.'

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position, New Zealand closely repeats in the Southern hemisphere the characteristics of the parent Isles in the distant North. A land of hills and valleys, and thoroughly insular, blessed with a temperate climate, ever freshened with the sea-breeze, it is in New Zealand that the rosy cheeks and bodily vigour of the British race will be longer perpetuated than in any other region of the world. Indeed, there is no apparent cause why the pure English stock should ever become much altered in that eminently favourable locality. Its chief towns, Wellington and Nelson, Canterbury and Dunedin, may be headquarters of the British race in far future times, when the parent land from whence these names were transplanted has long ceased to be the leading country of the world. The transplanting of British names over the face of North America, and also throughout the Southern Ocean, is one of the most significant events in modern history. Some writers have held that when the Athenians of old called themselves 'Autochthons,' it was merely a remembrance, in course of time misunderstood, of the Attock-land, from whence these wandering Aryans are supposed by those writers to have started on their westward migration. With the full light of history now blazing on the world, the British names, now scattered and so prominently figuring over half the world, can occasion no such confusion of records or ideas; nevertheless, were some new Avatar-like irruption of barbarism to sweep over the present seats of civilization, learned men in the far future, groping amid the half-lights of a new Renaissance, might be gravely bewildered by the various Bostons, Yorks, Portlands, Canterburys, and other town-names which the far-roving Briton has conveyed into the new lands of his settlement. And not less puzzling or wholly misleading, under such circumstances, would be the European fauna and flora of these Antarctic regions as enriched by the wise efforts of acclimatization.

While New Zealand is an exact southern counterpart of the British Isles, the island-continent of Australia is in the main as unlike the parent country as can well be imagined. Occasionally the extremes both of heat and of rainfall are very remarkable. In the 'Victoria Year Book,' under date 13th January, 1878, we read that 'the heat at Dubboo, N.S.W., is reported to be so intense that birds were dropping off the trees,' while the thermometer in the shade rose to 121° Fahr. We also read of a great rainfall at Sydney (Feb. 6, 1878), when eight inches fell within twenty-four hours; while at Parattoo, in South Australia, in the same year (March 18,

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1878), seven inches of rain fell in thirteen minutes. Nevertheless the narrow littoral belt which fringes Australia on the south-east presents no great diversity of aspect to the British immigrant. That narrow coast region, between the mountains and the sea, is cut into hill and valley by the spurs from the Coast Range, between which flow rivers and rivulets, while the coast is finely indented with plentiful bays. But for the 'hot wind' from the north, the climate differs little from that of England. But follow the 'hot wind' to its home—surmount the Coast Range, and then one comes upon a region of vast plains, extending northward to the distant Gulf of Carpentaria. Despite the heroic exploration of Burke, the interior of Australia is still imperfectly known, except that it consists of a vast region of levellest plains, in great part waterless and arid in the summer months. Yet along the long course of the Murray River, and also in many other parts, these wide plains are grassy and verdurous—one of the finest pastoral regions in the world. Thus Australia has two distinct regions, fitted for entirely different forms of industry and of social life. There is the commercial and urban region of the coast, and the pastoral townless regions of the interior. It is as if the steppes of Russia or of Upper Asia were in contiguity with the sea-indented lands of Britain. Lacking our rich and abundant mines of coal and iron, the Australian coast region can never equal the mother country in the sources of commercial and manufacturing power; but in the fertile plains of the interior, Australia has an all-sufficient source of food supplies, and amplest scope for the free and vigorous pastoral life, where civilized nomads, ever in the saddle, rear flocks of sheep and herds, both of cattle and horses, far in excess of the wants or consuming power of the Australians themselves —thereby giving a foreign trade to Australia, while helping to sustain with the necessaries of life the dense centres of population and civilization in the Northern world.

One of the characteristics of Australia is of itself a proof that the original settlers came from a land of highly advanced civilization. City life is fully developed; and Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, as also in lesser degree its rival, Sydney, may, albeit creations as of yesterday, well compare with the chief cities of the mother country. Melbourne justifies its title as the London of the southern hemisphere. When Governor Bourke visited the nascent settlement on the Yarra-Yarra, he fixed its site on two hills sloping down to the river, on its northern bank; and the rectangular space which he then marked out—about a mile in length on the

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banks of the river, by half a mile in width—still forms Melbourne proper, the busy heart of the Victorian metropolis, and now holding much the same place in it as 'the City' does in London. Melbourne has far outgrown these original limits, spreading over adjoining eminences, so that it claims to be, like the city of Romulus, built upon seven hills. These 'suburbs' are largely interspersed with fine parks and recreation grounds; and the main streets, which run parallel with the Yarra-Yarra river, are being planted with trees. The eminences of the city, which are crowned by the University and other prominent edifices, command a fine view of the rugged summits of the Coast Range, thereby giving to the city the æsthetic advantage of a distant horizon. A large and elegant suburb has lately been built on the south side of the river—which, by an Irishism, may be styled the West-End of Melbourne—where stands the fine structure of the Government House, and where the beautiful Botanical Gardens rise in verdurous terraces from the banks of the river. The course of the Yarra-Yarra is broken in the middle of the city by a basaltic dyke, called 'The Falls,' which stops the upward navigation from the sea. Above that point it is a pleasure river; and the picturesque, wood-clad upper reaches, gay with boats and pleasure parties, remind one of the Thames between Kew and Hampton Court. Ships of considerable size can come up into the middle of the city; and Flinder's Street, which runs along the strand of the river, is occupied by large warehouses, and exhibits the usual features of a seaport locality. The whole city is solidly built of brick and of the blue stone of the district; the old wooden fabrics having been cleared away, and the chief streets—Collins' Street and Bourke Street—might almost be taken for parts of London; the former being the Oxford Street and the latter the Edgeware or Tottenham Court Road of the Victorian capital. Melbourne, as thus said, does not stand on the seacoast, but a short railway connects it with Brighton Reach. On the beautiful and rural-looking shores of the bay, which, in the Australian summer—notably on our Boxing-day—are the resort of picnic and pleasure parties, thousands of people are seen strolling and amusing themselves, as well as bathing in the bright and bracing waters.

Such is Melbourne, the London of the South. Its seaport is Sandridge, on Hobson's Bay, where two well-fitted piers stretch their arms a long way into the sea, affording berths for vessels of the largest size, and shelter for a whole fleet. But Melbourne has not a monopoly of Port Philip Bay,

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which is an almost landlocked natural harbour some forty miles across. On the opposite side to Melbourne stands Geelong, which at one time might have risen into the commercial premiership now held by Melbourne. At both places a sand-bar originally obstructed navigation, but Melbourne quickly dredged away its bar, while Geelong is only doing so now, when any hope of rivalling Melbourne is out of the question.

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Let us now sum up the rare and romantic progress of Australia during the last thirty years, under the potent influence of gold. We can fittingly do so, because the rich gold-mines which gave to these young colonies their giant-like growth, have ceased to be the paramount, or even the main element of their still-growing prosperity. Throughout all these colonies the conditions of social life and of industrial progress have now become similar to, if not quite identical with, those of the civilized world at large. Capital has resumed its place as the life-spring of labour and enterprise. Associated labour, under the leadership of capital, has supplanted even at the gold-fields the fervid and fitful individual enterprise which at first sufficed to reap ample profits by rude toil not only on the gold-fields, but even in the comparatively settled business of urban and commercial life. The gold-mines of Australia, like those of California, are now worked on the Old World system of organized labour, and substantially under the same industrial conditions as the coalpits of Durham and Lanarkshire. A remnant of the old adventurous gold-seekers—men ready for any toil and hardship, but hating regular employ or the control of a master—is still to be found in Australia; but these now old-fashioned adventurers are only to be met with on the outskirts of settled life, or far beyond them, wandering and 'prospecting' amid the domain of the aborigines, in the hope of finding new gold-beds, where their hardy enterprise may win anew the never-to-be-forgotten earth-spoils of the vanished past.

In Australia, contrary to what prevails in California, much the larger proportion of the gold is obtained from quartz-mining,—that is, from excavating and crushing reefs of auriferous quartz. These reefs, too, do not crop out at the surface—as is usual, and as occurs in the new Indian gold-fields—but, for the most part, lie at great depths below the present surface; and alluvious deposits, or layers of auriferous mud or clay, are found at similar depths. It is manifest that here, as in California, volcanic action has operated with mighty force. A large portion of the auriferous mud, now found at various

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depths, has apparently been vomited from volcanoes; while the remoteness of that period is shown by the depth at which these mud-layers lie beneath the present surface of the country. A large extinct volcano exists near Ballarat, to which many of the alluvious deposits of that district are distinctly traceable; and the 'blue stone' with which the city of Melbourne is built is simply lava.

Of late years, as in 1877 and 1878, two-thirds of the gold-produce of Victoria was raised from quartz-reefs, and one-third from 'alluvial' mines. Also of the steam-engines employed in connection with gold-mining, one-fourth are used in alluvial, and three-fourths in quartz workings. The average yield of gold per ton of quartz crushed in 1877, was 9 dwts. 9·38 grains; in 1878 it was 9 dwts. 12·99 grains. The decline of gold-production in Victoria of late years has been from 1,355,477 ounces in 1871 to only 775,272 ounces in 1868. The number and value of the machines used at the mines is likewise decreasing; but apparently there is no decrease in the area of auriferous ground worked in Victoria—which was 1,185½ square miles in 1877, and 1,290 square miles in 1878. Owing to constant changes, ground which one year is included in the area embraced in gold-workings is properly excluded in another. 'As the shallow alluviums of the old gold-fields are abandoned by the miners, they are often occupied by agriculturists and gardens.' These shallow workings, indeed, are now wholly at an end, and deep-mining is the order of the day. In 1878, for the first time, some of the shafts sunk in search of auriferous quartz attained depths exceeding 2,000 feet, and with highly profitable returns. At Stawell, the yield of gold from quartz obtained at depths varying from 500 to 1,180 feet, averaged from 17½ dwts. to 2 oz. 10 dwts. per ton.

The four 'colonies,' or young States, which compose 'Australia,' differ very widely from one another alike in geographical character and in the agencies which have influenced their growth. Some of these States, indeed, are in most respects the very opposites of the others, but all of them, more or less, have benefited by the potent influence of the gold-mines. Statistics are repulsive to the general reader; and as the main purpose of this article is to exhibit the peculiar action of rich gold-mines upon a country's career and prosperity, we shall restrict our statistics of growth chiefly to the colony of Victoria, whose career has been pre-eminently influenced by the golden treasures of which it has been the chief seat. Victoria is nearly (not quite) of the same size as Great Britain, having an area of

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somewhat more than 88,000 square miles; yet it occupies a mere corner of the Australian continent, which is about thirty-three times as large—having in round numbers, an area of three millions of square miles. The population of Victoria, which was but a few scores in 1851, when the discovery of gold was made, is at present about 900,000; and happily, now as from the first, there is no great disparity of the sexes—the males, in June, 1879, numbering 482,769, and the females, 404,665. The population of its capital, Melbourne, at the same date, was 256,477. There are upwards of 1,500 miles of railway already at work in this colony, besides other lines in course of construction; and good roads, traversed by stage-coaches, supply the means of communication throughout the province in those parts not yet visited by the 'steam-horse.' There are also, within the limits of Victoria, about 3,000 miles of telegraph lines. The new State also resolved to acquire the attractive diversity of industry and enterprise which characterizes all fully settled countries; and naturally enough, although in defiance of the economists, it has boldly entered the field of manufacturing production. At the last census Victoria contained 2,343 factories of various kinds, employing 32,278 work-people; and the capital thus invested in buildings, machinery, and ground amounted to £6,800,000.

The total quantity of gold 'raised' in Victoria, from the beginning down the end of 1878, amounted to 48,058,649 ounces, valued in money at £192,234,576. And chiefly owing to the effects of the wealth arising from the cheap attainment of so large a quantity of produce of the most exchangeable kind, the foreign trade of Victoria has increased in annual value from one million sterling of imports, at the time of the gold-discoveries, to sixteen millions sterling in 1878; and from less than 1½ millions sterling of exports to just upon fifteen millions. It is curious as well as instructive to mark the annual amount of exports and imports per head of the population at various periods. It was in the middle of 1851 that gold was first found, and in that year the imports of the State of Victoria amounted to rather more than £12 per head of the population, and the exports to £16 7s. 9d.; in 1878 the imports per head were £18 12s. and the exports £17 3s. 5d. —an increase of only one-half in the imports and hardly any increase at all in the exports: a fact explainable mainly by the vast decrease in the produce of the gold-mines. But in the intervening period, when the gold-fields were at their best, the amount of the foreign trade, in proportion to the

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population, was remarkably large. For example, in 1852 the imports suddenly rose to upwards of £30 per head of the population; while the exports rose to £56 per head. In 1853 the imports per head of the population were no less than £81, and the exports £56 12s. 4d.—a state of matters wellnigh without a parallel in history. In 1854 the imports per head amounted to £66, and the exports to £44; and since then the ratio of foreign trade to population has continued to decline.

Of New South Wales, the other Australian colony which possessed auriferous treasures, albeit much inferior to those of Victoria, we may simply state that its foreign trade, which was hardly existent previous to 1851, amounted in 1878 to thirteen millions sterling of exports, and 14¾ millions of imports. It has about 700 miles of railway open to traffic; and, while the gold-fields are becoming exhausted, there are now 28 coal-mines, the annual produce of which is valued at a million sterling, and promises to increase.

It might be tedious were we to chronicle further details of Australian progress—the total tons of gold which have been exported to support the ever-growing trade of the world, the millions of sheep, the myriads of horses, and the hundreds of thousands of cattle now reared upon the grassy plains of the interior, or even the number and tonnage of the ships which annually enter or leave its seaports upon ocean voyages. Yet it is important to note how great has been the industrial and commercial effect of these new States of the South upon the long-civilized countries, and their busy hives of population in the northern hemisphere. Long lines of shipping in well-established trade-routes now traverse what were previously the wastes of the Southern Ocean, where ships used to be as few in number as are, now and for ever, the stars in the azure expanse of the southern sky, where the brilliance of the Southern Cross owes one-half of its fame to the starless solitude amid which it shines. The new Australian world reacts magnet-like upon the ancient and vast world of human life in the northern hemisphere, stirring its life with a new and fresh impulse. From our own isles nigh twenty millions' worth of goods are annually conveyed across the ocean to the island-continent of the South. The wants of Australia give employment and the means of subsistence to tens of thousands of workers in the seats of old civilizations. They keep men profitably at work at the loom or the forge both in England and in the Eastern States of the American Union, and even the Chinaman or the Hindoo finds his labour on

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his five-acre farm, whether its produce be tea or rice, more profitable to him on account of the demand for his produce which comes from these prosperous communities in the far off southern seas.

Such, in broad outline, has been the vast and rapid growth and striking concomitant changes of condition, alike industrial and social, which the present generation has beheld, with wondering and also thoughtful eyes, in the great island-continent of the southern hemisphere. When Gold, the great and only magician of modern times, first uprose in the sight of mankind, like the Australian genius of progress, on the plains of Ballarat, a splendid career was inaugurated for those new settlements of the pure British race at the Antipodes. Instead of remaining a pastoral and thinly peopled country, far remote from the centres of human civilization, the potent attraction of gold at once brought across the oceans of the world a flood of immigration from the parent isles of Britain; while commercial navies arrived from all parts of the globe, in exchange for the golden argosies from the young and hitherto isolated island-continent of the Southern Ocean. Instead of a mere land of squatters, great cities arose, and the intellectual urban life alike quickened and elevated Australian society; and at length Australian industry and enterprise have become as various in character and manifestations as those which flourish in the old and fully developed communities of the northern hemisphere.

And all this has happened within the last thirty years—a mere day in the life of nations! This brilliant epoch of progress—the Golden Age of Australia—has already come to an end, although it will long bear fruits, and has imprinted its impress indelibly upon Australian history. The yield of the gold-fields has for many years been declining; and although we do not question the official reports as to the existence of auriferous tracts still untouched by human labour, gold-production will never more be paramount in the commercial and industrial fortunes of the country. Gold-production still remains, and for a good many years may continue to be, a valuable item of the national resources; but its glamour and its glory are past and gone, and hereafter mankind will no more rush to the Antipodes on account of Australia's gold than they will flock to the British Isles on account of our now more valuable seams of coal and beds of ironstone. The Golden Age proper—the period when gold-finding not merely yielded its peerless and romantic harvests of wealth, but presented its socially and economically peculiar features,—lasted

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in Australia, as in California, barely half-a-dozen years. But that period, brief as it was, has been one of the most important as well as romantic in the history of material civilization. We, its contemporaries, have watched it eagerly and with marvelling eyes; and, with an enduring interest, the history and incidents of that time, that Golden Age—exhibited contemporaneously in California and Australia—will not fail to be studied by the philosophers and scientists of future and probably long-distant generations, as a strikingly illustrated compendium of some of the most interesting and important questions in monetary and industrial science.

R. H. PATTERSON.

Art. IV.—*The Tenure and the Transfer of Land.*

It is impossible to doubt that the question of the tenure of land in England has been brought by various circumstances into so prominent a political place that it cannot now be put aside until it has been more or less radically dealt with. Yet it is quite probable that a sufficiently drastic reform may presently take place to cause the question to be set at rest for a number of years, even if all that the most earnest reformers desire should not at once come to pass. We may have a succession of good seasons in England, and agitation may cease in Ireland, but there cannot be any question that, if the general tenour of recent legislation in regard to land be noticed, it must be obvious that, apart altogether from temporary occurrences which have brought the land question prominently forward, we have been fast reaching a point when the tenure and transfer of land in England must be changed in something more than a superficial manner. The Limitation Acts of 1833 and 1874, the Settled Estates Act, 1856, and other and kindred statutes which have followed, enlarging the powers of owners of land, as well as the Copyhold Enfranchisement Acts, have all tended to bring us nearer to the time when the cardinal principles of the tenure and transfer of land will have to be considered. For the agricultural troubles of 1879 and preceding years have only hastened the time which was inevitably approaching. And as the day for a deeper change advances, it is most desirable that the whole body of the public should consider this important question in a temperate and reasonable spirit; it is essentially one which concerns all classes of the people, and which must be settled in obedience to a general public demand. It is a question into which very great

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prejudice and feeling may be thrown, both by reformers and anti-reformers, and from its nature must, unless clearly understood, cause the most groundless alarms. Security of property and the constitution of the country will in the judgment of some be threatened, and they may see communism and other ills rapidly approaching. But a practical and a sensible people like ourselves should be able to carry through this reform without any danger to the principles either of property or of the constitution.

The first point which has to be fixed in the mind of any one who sits down to consider this question is that the distinction between reforms of the tenure and reforms of the transfer of land must be kept clear. The question of tenure is a question in the main of principle, that of transfer in the main of detail. Transfer is secondary to tenure, and with a simplification of tenure, simplification of transfer will naturally and necessarily follow. The first is a matter essentially for the consideration of the people at large, the second, when the principle is acknowledged that it should be as cheap and as easy as possible, becomes a matter to be dealt with by experts. It is therefore solely with the tenure of the land that we are now concerned.

The first question which suggests itself in relation to tenure is the manner in which an estate should devolve upon a descendant. That is to say, Should the present principle of English law prevail, that in case of intestacy land should on the death of the father belong to his eldest son? Intestacy must always be the exception rather than the rule; even if a man approves of the general legal rules which govern the descent of property he is almost certain to make some special devises and bequests, and therefore the directions of the law in regard to the descent of property in the case of intestacy must be chiefly employed to prevent injustice when there is an accidental omission to make a will. There are very few persons who do not intend to make wills, but there are a good many who forget or postpone their execution. It has been recognized as just, if a man owns £1,000 of railway stock, and he has one son and two daughters, that each child, if there is no will, should have one-third of the property. Equal division of property is theoretically just, and practically most convenient. But if a man owns a piece of land worth £1,000, and leaves one son and two daughters, and dies intestate, the son takes the whole of it, and the daughters are paupers. It is for those who approve this exception to a just principle, one which governs the descent of every species of property except

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land, to justify it. It cannot be for the welfare of the community that two persons—to follow out the illustration—should be left penniless; and if it is answered that where there is personal property also, injury is prevented by its equal division, it must be asked, Why should the accident of sex or of the day of birth give a title to the land? Nor is the retention land in a few hands a desirable object, or one that the law should aim at; in one word, in the absence of a will, land should be equally divided among the next of kin, even though in order that this may take place it has to be sold. This is a reform of the simplest kind, which we regard as being very near, and which cannot, and probably will not, be very strenuously resisted, because a landowner will always have the power to bequeath his estate by testament to whomsoever he may desire.

As we have said, intestacy is not so common as the leaving of a will; and this brings us to the two next points in regard to the tenure of land, namely, the propriety of tenancies for life and charges on an estate. Land, we all know, may be settled by will or by deed, and there can be no question that the practice of so settling it has become deeply ingrained among all classes who are owners of property to any extent; what we have to consider is whether it is advisable that the present owner of land should have the power to give to his successor only an estate for life, so that the latter has but limited powers, while the property must descend to a person named not by the immediate predecessor, but by a former owner. If a property be settled by will upon a son for life, and on his children afterwards, the present owner alone deals with the tenure of the estate after his death; and therefore we have in the simplest form the present generation limiting and fettering the next, arranging in the present for future years, the events and the circumstances of which cannot be foreseen. Twenty years after his death the settlor—if, like the shades in the Inferno, he could watch the events of earth—might wish that he had not limited the tenure of the estate which he has left behind him. But, confident concerning the future, men fetter the power of their sons. If however we have a settlement by a tenant for life, it takes place with the concurrence of the heir who has attained the age of twenty-one. Therefore the settlor acts not alone, but with the concurrence of the first of those who will naturally follow him, and the future tenant for life helps to fasten his own bonds. The active agent is however the present owner of the land, and experience must have taught most of us that

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there is scarcely a youth of twenty-one in England, ignorant of the law, who will refuse, if his father desires it, to join in the settlement of the estate of which he is to become sooner or later the possessor. In one word, the heir under the circumstances is not a free agent, and the contract is not made between two equal and independent parties. On the other hand, it may fairly enough be said if the absolute owner of an estate in fee simple chooses, say, at his marriage, to limit the estate to himself for life with various remainders over and charges on the land, that he is only acting within his rights, and is in fact exercising that freedom of ownership to the full which is the cardinal principle to be looked to in regard to the ownership of land. Why, it may be asked, should the law prevent this? The answer is first of all that the man who so limits his own powers is acting contrary to public policy; and next that the law, if it prevents him from so acting, is in reality preserving to him a freedom which he wishes to put off; it will allow him to sell his land, it will allow him to leave it by will to whomsoever he may desire, so that the children may not want, but so long as he lives and wishes to be the owner of it, he ought to be an absolute, and not a limited owner. A well-known solicitor, in an address to the Incorporated Law Society,* has stated that freedom is the main characteristic of landed property in England. It is impossible to consider this assertion correct when in so many instances the present possessor of land does not possess absolute power over his property, and is not fully liable to all the obligations incurred by the possession of it.

A tenant for life may not touch the trees which have been left standing for the ornament of the mansion house, he cannot build a mansion house under the Improvement of Land Act, 1864, without the sanction of the Inclosure Commissioners. When money is borrowed from them for improvements, it must be paid back with interest in twenty-five years, though the term is sometimes extended to thirty years. All improvements indeed, however beneficial they may be for the inheritance, must be paid for by the tenant for life, and cannot be charged by him on the inheritance of the settled lands. Again, if land is sold, the proceeds must be reinvested in the purchase of other lands, to devolve in the same manner as the bulk of the estate, or else under the powers of the Settled Estates Act, 1877, the aid of the High Court may be invoked, and the purchase money may be devoted to a

* 'Facts and Suggestions as to the Law of Real Property.' By N. T. Laurence. London: Reeves and Turner.

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limited class of objects, such as the redemption or purchase of rent-charge in lieu of tithes, and the discharge of encumbrances on the property sold or on property subject to the same trusts. In most settlements, too, a power of sale and exchange is given to the trustees, which however, says Mr. Davidson, in his well-known work on Conveyancing, 'has become in its most improved form a somewhat complex and elaborate piece of mechanism for parting with the settled estate, or portions of it, and either substituting other land for that parted with, or applying the proceeds in relieving the property from incumbrances.'

The result therefore of settlements, briefly put, is that the prudent owner, within the limits of the settlement, exercises his powers just as he would do if he were free; but beyond a certain point, able and energetic though he may be, he is not allowed to deal with his property in a manner which it may be for the advantage of himself and his family that he should do. On the other hand, the improvident owner cannot carry his improvidence beyond a certain limit; he mortgages his life interest, he spends the income on things other than his property, he rack-rents his tenants, and does for them as little as he possibly can. The sole result therefore of settlement is that a property is kept in a family for a certain period of time, quite irrespective of the desire of the present owner to retain it, or of the advisability of his doing so, or of the general good of the estate and those who live on it. How would a banker or a shipowner who succeeded to the business of his father conduct that business with success if he were fettered by restrictive regulations contained in the will of his dead parent? and what would be the general opinion of a man who handed his business on to his son with all kinds of restrictions? He would be regarded as scarcely sane, and his conduct would be generally condemned. But land is simply one form of property, to be employed for the benefit first of all of the owner, but with the duty attached to the possession of it, of utilizing it to the utmost in the interest of the nation at large, to be dealt with according to the circumstances of the possessor and the occurrences and events of the time. But this becomes impossible if the owner is restrained by the last possessor, and if he has only limited powers over the estate. There always will be a strong desire to obtain landed property in this country; the sporting and agricultural tastes of the mass of English gentlemen, whether merchants or professional men, impel them if possible to become the masters of estates, and there is an equally strong wish to hand down the property which

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they own to their sons and their grandsons. Thus there need be no fear that the principle of primogeniture will become obsolete. Good or bad it will still exist without the continuance of tenancies for life and strict settlements. The result of the abolition of entailing estates would therefore be that embarrassed owners would once and for all dispose of their property, whilst possessors of estates which, though of some value, produced but a low rate of interest, would be able, if they wished, to turn them into cash and invest it in securities, sometimes bearing higher interest, and always more convenient than land. They would hold their capital in a form which would permit its use within the time in which their stockbroker could return them a cheque. Not a little of the difficulty which frequently at present exists in putting the younger sons of landed proprietors into a position to make money for themselves arises from the fact that, though their fathers may be men of comfortable incomes, their capital is tied up in land. They are owners of it only for their lives, and they can only assist their children by giving them a certain annual allowance during their lifetime, instead of a capital sum which might enable them to make a prosperous start in commerce. And even when the trustees of a settlement may, with the consent of the tenant for life, advance *part* of a younger child's portion during the lifetime of a limited owner, this cannot be done without encumbering the estate by some kind of charge. The abolition of tenancies for life would change all this.

A writer on the subject of landed property has, in a recent work* which is worthy of careful perusal, advocated the abolition of charges on land by way of family provision except in the case of widows. He proposes that a portion of the estate should be sold, and the proceeds held by trustees on investments other than land. A fee-simple owner, as Mr. Brodrick in his able work† on English land and landlords has pointed out, would undoubtedly sell portions of an estate to pay legitimate claims upon him, but in many cases to do so would not be necessary, and where it was, both the owner of the property and those who were entitled to receive portions out of it would be in a far better position than if the whole estate remained in his hands as a limited owner encumbered by rent-charges of indefinite duration. There can be no question that the

* 'Principles of Property in Land.' By John Boyd Kinnear. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

† 'English Land and English Landlords.' By the Hon. G. C. Brodrick. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

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owner of an estate heavily charged is in a highly embarrassed state, and that the property is placed at a disadvantage; there is frequently no balance of income left for improvements, and in many cases, as we are all aware, the owner of an estate heavily encumbered in this manner, though the owner to the world of a fine property, is practically insolvent. As a matter of fact the nominal possessor is not the real owner of the estate, which belongs to a number of persons who have no personal connection with the property, whose only interest is to obtain from it an annual sum of money, while the ostensible owner is little more than an agent of the estate who draws his income from the rents. Obviously, therefore, the natural devolution of land into the hands of those who can buy it, and can attend to it as they would to any other property, and who can develope its capacities, is prevented, and the sole object attained is that an estate remains for a certain period of time in the same family and nominally is possessed by the head of it. But if we look at this state of things with the practical and temperate mind which we should bring to bear on any matter of business, it must be obvious that we are preventing the profitable employment of a species of property for the sake of an object which is without real value; for the retention of a family in a particular locality with an embarrassed estate is hurtful to those who belong to it, and in these days, when so many 'county families' have but the shortest of ancestral trees, weakens rather than strengthens the position of the landed gentry. The day, too, has gone by when the mere possession of large landed estates gives power in this country. If we look at the leading members of the House of Lords, we see at a glance that they are not men who derive their influence from the possession of large estates, and there, if anywhere, the possession of property should carry influence with it. The position of a country gentleman must always bring with it some local influence, or must raise a man to a certain position above those who have not this kind of property. But when the property exceeds a certain limit, it carries with it no greater influence than does the possession of so many ships or so much London and North-Western Railway stock. The size of the Hatfield property gives Lord Salisbury no more power or prestige than the ownership of the small Hughenden estate conferred on Lord Beaconsfield. The lessening of huge estates would in fact be a great social and national benefit.

We have now dealt very briefly with the leading features of the three questions connected with the tenure of land.

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Our imaginary thinker has arrived at the conclusion that the principle of primogeniture in cases of intestacy should cease to exist, and that the time has come when tenancies for life and charges on land should as a general rule no longer be permitted by the law. We say as a general rule, because it would seem to be unwise to forbid the owner of land to leave all or part of it by will after his death to his widow for her life, or to charge it with an annuity for her benefit. Some exceptions there must be if we wish to take proper account of practical objections to every general principle, and this exception appears to be one which is not calculated in any great degree to fetter the ownership of the land, and, on the other hand, is desirable in the interests of the well-being of families. There then only remains the question of mortgages. The evil of mortgages has been shown briefly by Mr. Kinnear in the work to which we have already alluded. 'It is hardly practicable,' he says, 'that the owner of a mortgaged estate should improve it. The fact of a mortgage implies the fact of a want of means.' There are other disadvantages to the community at large which also arise from the practice of mortgaging, such as a false position before the world, which gives the mortgagor a social standing which he should not possess, and a pecuniary credit which is really worthless. But it must be born in mind that if we act upon the principle of freedom of ownership of land which we have laid down for ourselves, we ought not to deprive the owner of land of the power of pledging it and obtaining a temporary supply of capital. Strong necessity, no doubt, would permit mortgages to be abolished, but it may be doubted whether such a necessity can be proved as would entitle us to limit this power of the owner of land. We may allow that in many cases the power of mortgaging is an unmixed evil, but we must also allow (which Mr. Kinnear does not do) that in many cases also it is a great and undoubted convenience. If a man borrows money on an estate, and leaves a large margin of income, this power gives him command of a temporary supply of money which he may not be able in any other way to obtain. Nor is it always possible to sell estates when cash is required, and the power of pledging property may, from time to time, prevent the necessity of a ruinous and forced sale. There can be no question that the custom which certainly exists in this country of borrowing large sums on mortgage and having for a long period of time an estate charged with a debt, is thoroughly immoral and injurious. To be in a chronic state of debt is demoralizing to the debtor and to society, but there are

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scores of honourable men at this moment in England who are living in this state, with their estates heavily or lightly mortgaged. If a man lived with a bill of sale of his furniture in the hands of a creditor he would feel ashamed of himself, but, curiously enough, he has no objection to eat, drink, and be merry whilst his landed property is pledged to a respectable banker. Of the mass of mortgage debts in this country probably there is no adequate and general conception. Nor is there any mode of ascertaining their actual amount. But in 1878 the 672 building societies which were incorporated under the Act of 1874, held mortgages to the aggregate amount of more than twenty-two millions of pounds. We probably should not be wrong in saying that, at this present moment, at least twenty-five millions of pounds are owed by owners of land on the security of mortgages. It is therefore perfectly clear that the subject of the continuance of the power of mortgaging, and of the reform of the law of mortgage, is a matter of the highest social and political importance. But in regard to this question we arrive at the conclusion that while the power of mortgaging lands should be allowed to continue, considerable reforms are required to place the matter on a satisfactory footing. And in regard to this point we are glad to be able to agree with some of Mr. Lawrence's suggestions which he puts forward in the paper to which we have already referred. There can be no doubt that all mortgagees should be registered; by that means second and subsequent mortgagees would be able without expense or difficulty to know their exact position. If this principle is allowed, then registered mortgages should have priority over those which are unregistered. Moreover, it is very probable that a system of registration would lessen the number of mortgages. The publicity of debt is objectionable to many who, if their pecuniary position is not known, feel no secret shame. But when it is possible for the register of mortgages to be inspected, a certain desire not to figure in this black book would certainly be raised. Then the doctrine of tacking, by which a prior mortgagee may, by annexing another to his original security, postpone the rights of mesne incumbrancers, should be abolished. Equally also should consolidation be put an end to by which, when 'a man mortgages different lands at different times for separate loans to the same person, the mortgagee is placed in the same position as if all the land had been mortgaged to him for the sum total of all the loans, so that a second mortgagee may be defeated.' In one word, priority of time should give priority of right to mortgagees, except in the case of a prior unregistered mortgage.

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There are yet other reforms needed in this direction. Thus the mortgagor should have power whilst he remains in possession to grant leases. For in principle the object of the mortgage is to give to the lender security for his debt, not any of the rights or privileges of ownership. And even some further changes are probably desirable, but too technical in their nature to be touched upon in a discussion of the main principles of a reform of the tenure of land. It might even be advisable to limit the borrowing powers of an owner to one-half the value of the quantity pledged, which would obviate some of the existing objections to mortgages, and yet not vitally interfere with the principle of freedom of ownership. If the changes shadowed forth in this paper ultimately became law, it is obvious that the transfer of land will necessarily be thereby simplified and consequently cheapened, titles will be less intricate, and their registration made easier; so that the reform of the tenure of land in this country is the first and most pressing need rather than improvements in the methods and manner of its transfer.

E. S. ROSCOE.

ART. V.—*Thucydides.*

Thucydides. Translated into English. With Introduction, Marginal Analysis, Notes, and Indices. By B. JOWETT, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, &c. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

THE earliest and the greatest of the extant Attic prose-writers, translated and commented on by the greatest master of the difficult art of turning Greek into really readable English, deserves from us more than a brief literary notice. No one who knows Thucydides will deny the greatness of such an undertaking, and its importance to the scholarship of the present time, if successfully carried out. The task has often been attempted—so often, indeed, and in some cases (as by Mr. Dale and Dr. Bloomfield) so well performed, that some may be disposed to doubt if, in the present state of the Greek text, much still remained to be done. The Master of Balliol is conscious that the *cui bono?* question may be raised.

It may be asked (he says, Introd. p. xviii.) whether, as philology progresses, and words are understood to have a fixed meaning, the art of interpretation must be always going on, like the labour of the Danaides,

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pouring into a sieve knowledge which is perpetually flowing out, and in every generation requiring to be replenished.

His reply (among other arguments) is interesting—

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If Greek literature is not to pass away, it seems to be necessary that in every age some one who has drunk deeply from the original fountain should renew the love of it in the world, and once more present that old life, with its great ideas and great actions, its creations in politics and in art, like the distant remembrance of youth, before the delighted eyes of mankind (Introd. p. xx.)

It is becoming more and more an anxious thought with some, and a curious speculation with others, how long the higher study of Greek is likely to last in this age of rapidly accumulating and varied knowledge; and (if the higher study of one ancient language—which means the study of half a life—is to become almost obsolete) whether the 'smattering' of Greek which must take its place—often to be soon forgotten, seldom or never to be really used—will be deemed to have sufficient value to ensure its continuance. Dr. Schliemann, indeed, tells us—and we had to criticise his theory in our May number—that Greek may be learned perfectly in a couple of years. We know very well what an editor or a translator of Thucydides would say to this. Such a solid work as the present is a standing protest against such flimsy theories. There is assuredly no 'royal road' to the study of Thucydides. The value of the eminent explorer's suggestion, that a colloquial knowledge of modern Greek may well supersede years of grammar in our public schools, must be estimated by the effects of the deeper study of the language on such minds as the Master of Balliol's.

The verbal and grammatical difficulties of Thucydides are, indeed, very great, and such as only the most accomplished scholars—and even of those, the few who have made this one author the special study of many years—can hope to grapple with. His speeches, replete with that kind of rhetorical pedantry which had been coming into fashion during the later years of Pericles (who died B.C. 429), are, for the most part, especially, possibly even studiously, obscure; and what he intended to say is often more easy to divine than it is to explain his manner of saying it. But these difficulties it is rather the province of explanatory notes than of a literal translation to remove. What, then, has Professor Jowett desired to effect in the present work? Perhaps we may answer in the words which he has himself applied in criticising the edition of Dr. Arnold—

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When a great man undertakes the office of an interpreter, he throws a light upon the page which the mere verbal critic is incapable of communicating, and it would be ungrateful to scan too closely his deficiencies in scholarship (Introd. p. x.)

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The truth is that the historian, or the literary student of a work, and the verbal critic of the text, often have but little in common. The one is concerned with the matter, the other with the manner of the composition, and each is absorbed in his vocation. Partly from natural bent, partly from habit, the mind and the talent of the one is of a kind altogether different from those of the other. The late Mr. Grote knew Thucydides as a historian; the late Mr. Shilleto, of Cambridge, spent some thirty years of his life in the purely verbal study of the author. But unquestionably neither would have become particularly distinguished by attempting the department of the other. A collator of MSS., and one used to compare and balance the authority of various readings, is not the man to have a large insight into the causes and the bearings of the Peloponnesian War. Dr. Arnold was one of the few who devoted himself to both the grammatical and the historical study of his favourite author; yet the latter was clearly more in accordance with the bent of his genius and the nature of his scholarship. Perhaps, if there is any living scholar who combines the two faculties, it is the Master of Balliol. In the first place, he accurately appreciates the literary position of Thucydides. It is not so much that his style is 'ungrammatical,' as that 'he was a great genius writing in an ante-grammatical age, when logic was just beginning to be cultivated, who had thoughts far beyond his contemporaries, and who had great difficulty in the arrangement and expression of them' (p. xiv.) 'The solecisms or barbarisms,' he adds, 'of which he is supposed to be guilty, are the natural phenomena of a language in a time of transition;' they are to be ascribed to 'a strong individuality which thinks more than it can express.' With all the incompleteness of style, as some will call it, or with all his quaintness and imperfections, as others may think, the Master holds Thucydides 'to stand absolutely alone among the historians, not only of Hellas, but of the world, in his impartiality and love of truth' (p. xvii.)

This is high praise, and it stamps the old historian with a greatness very different from, yet in its kind not less than, that accorded to Herodotus. Mr. Mahaffy, though he has much to say on the other side, still adds his testimony in these words: 'In acuteness of observation, in intellectual

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force and breadth, in calmness of judgment, in dignity of language, there has never been a historian greater than Thucydides.' *

Love of truth may have been, and probably was, a characteristic of Thucydides' mind. He wrote with an avowed dislike of that mixture of fable with history, of the marvellous and the miraculous with the real, which his predecessors, the 'composers of stories,' had hitherto adopted for the sake of a brief popularity. But as there is no proof that any of the histories before Herodotus were written books accessible to Thucydides, he probably composed his work under the great disadvantage of having no sources of information beyond the accounts of those who professed or pretended to know. So much, indeed, he expressly says in respect to the actual history of the war: 'Of the events of the war I have not ventured to speak from any chance information, nor according to any notion of my own; I have described nothing but what I either saw myself, or learned from others of whom I made the most careful and particular inquiry' (i. 22). Nevertheless, he could not altogether work himself clear of the sensational. Beyond question the celebrated account of the escape of the besieged Athenians from Platæa, in Book iii. 20–24, contains statements which can be proved to be absolutely impossible from an engineering point of view.† Not less doubtful seem the startling details of the almost total destruction of the Athenian army in Sicily, as described in the concluding chapters of the seventh book (75–87). Such an event so near home, occurring to 40,000 troopers, is without a parallel, so far as we know; moreover, it is passing strange that neither Aristophanes nor Euripides, who wrote plays long after the Sicilian expedition (in 415 B.C.), ever makes the slightest allusion to so overwhelming a loss. Yet more strange is it that although it is distinctly stated in the last sentence of Book vii. that 'few out of many got back to their country,' and that 'the infantry, the fleet, and everything else was involved in one common destruction,'‡ yet the war went on

* 'Hist. Gr. Class. Lit.' ii. p. 121.

† Sir G. W. Cox has shown this in Appendix K, p. 603, in vol. ii. of his larger 'History of Greece.' There is also a paper on the subject (by the present writer) in the 'Journal of Philology,' vol. x. It is there shown that Thucydides mistook the great city wall, with its towers, for a work constructed in a few months by the investing Spartan army.

‡ The writer uses a more moderate expression in ii. 65, 13, which (if Arnold's note is right) proves his history to have been written as late as B.C. 404, the last year of the war. 'After the failure at Sicily with their other armament and *the greater part of their fleet*, they still held out for three years against all their enemies both at home and abroad.'

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just as before for another ten years, and neither ships nor men seem to have been wanting! Lastly, the four concluding chapters describing the disastrous defeat are written in a rather peculiar style. There is an admixture of unwonted words and idioms which may fairly awaken a suspicion that some other hand has been employed on this part of the narrative, and that the narrative is highly coloured and exaggerated.

It is a most important remark, that the sources of knowledge possessed by Thucydides were both 'meagre and oral' (p. xvi.) 'We do not know,' says the Translator, 'whether the words or sentences of Thucydides were written down as soon as they occurred to the mind, or were long preserved in the treasure-house of memory.' The writer of the present article had long ago called the attention of the learned* to the significant fact, that the historian, in his introductory chapters (i. 1–23) on the early state of Hellas, has nothing to refer to beyond 'hearsay,' 'memory,' 'tradition,' 'inferences and probabilities.' If he had known of Herodotus, whom he nowhere mentions (though some think one or two indirect allusions are made to him), he surely would not have treated, as a matter of doubt and as a field of inquiry, so much ground which that historian had gone over in his fifth and sixth books; nor would he have included the very brief allusions to the Persian invasions in chap. 18, among the 'ancient events of which it is hard to obtain any trustworthy account' (chap. 20). On the other hand, it is certainly worthy of remark, that the history is continued by Thucydides (i. 89–117) from the very point (the siege of Sestos) at which Herodotus left it in chap. 121 of his last book, B.C. 479. There may have been, as in the case of Xenophon's continuation of Thucydides by the Hellenica, some understanding among the craft, in spite of certain rivalries and jealousies which would seem to have existed among them. The fact, that once only Thucydides mentions a contemporary historian (Hellanicus) by name, goes far to show that the Athenians were not at that period readers of books; they had no documents but public inscriptions or treasury accounts; the popular story about Pisistratus founding a library at Athens is a fiction of a much later age.

It has not been sufficiently noticed that the early Greek histories were not written with pen and paper, and at once transcribed and circulated. Herodotus and Thucydides

* In the 'Journal of Philology,' vol. v. No. x. pp. 223–231, 'On Written Histories in the Time of Thucydides.'

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intended their works to be publicly read before audiences. They were written (so far as can be ascertained, especially from the entire absence of any terms for pen-and-ink writing till a much later age) on wooden tablets overlaid with wax.* We have the express assurance of Thucydides that his book was intended for *an audience*. For he says (i. 22) that, 'for *hearing*, his work will perhaps be thought less amusing from its non-fabulous character;' and just below he adds, 'this history is not meant to compete with others for giving present pleasure *to hearers*, but is designed to be a possession for all time.' This word, κτῆμα, seems to mean, that the autograph copy—which we know, from the clumsy writing of inscriptions before B.C. 403, must have been a work of much time and labour—was meant to be an heirloom in the family; and we happen to know, from Diogenes Laertius,† that the books of the histories were afterwards taken or 'filched away' by Xenophon, who added a continuation of them in the Hellenica. Still further, we are told in the 'Life of Thucydides,' by Marcellinus, § 54, that on one occasion, when he was present at a public reading (ἐπίδειξις) of the history of Herodotus, and was seen to shed tears of emotion, Herodotus said to the young man's father, Olorus, 'Sir, your son promises to be a genius.'

There were three classes of men in early times, who gave their attention to history. (1) There were extemporary lecturers, called λόγιοι, who were classed by Pindar along with the bards who recited epic poems from memory; (2) composers of stories and anecdotes, λογοποιοὶ, like Hecatæus and Æsop, not, perhaps, originally written; (3) *writers* of stories, like Herodotus, Hellanicus, and Thucydides, who were called, by way of distinction, λογογράφοι. It would have been a welcome contribution to modern scholarship if the Master of Balliol had given us his views on an obscure subject, about which erroneous opinions seem to prevail.

The translation of the eight books, including a complete index, is contained in the first volume of about 730 pages. The second, also with an English and a Greek index, has 640 pages, and contains notes on the text, with a preliminary essay on 'Greek Inscriptions of the Age of Thucydides,' and an Appendix (p. 143) on the Plague. The essay on Inscriptions, which is very complete for the period included, is

* See an essay by the writer on this curious and little-understood subject, 'Bibliographia Græca.' (G. Bell and Sons.)

† Book ii. 6, 13. It is clear that, if the anecdote is to be trusted, no other written copies were in circulation. The word used, ὑφελέσθαι, well suits the appropriating of a chattel, κτῆμα.

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opportune, if only indirectly connected with the actual text of Thucydides. For there is a rising school who wish to assign to Greek writing, both in inscriptions and in book-writing, a much earlier date than has hitherto been conceded, and, in our opinion, than facts seem to warrant. But few complete inscriptions exist that can be proved earlier than the age of Pericles, and these are written in a style so awkward and in forms of letters so archaic that it is self-evident writing of any form was till then almost in its infancy. But Professor Mahaffy, following the views of Kirchhoff, contends that the Greeks practised writing—he does not say, in copying or composing books—before B.C. 700, and predicts that any further evidence we may obtain will 'tend to increase rather than to diminish the age of the use of writing in Greece.' * Briefly, it may be said, that there is no proof of any prose writers having existed before Herodotus. The names of several (such as Hecatæus and Pherecydes) from whose 'books' extracts are quoted by much later authors, are never mentioned, and do not seem to have been known as authorities in history for some generations after their deaths. Therefore, especially as it is probable that oral lectures, anecdotes, or stories from history were long handed down by memory, it is reasonable to conclude that what are spoken of as their 'books' were those stories committed long afterwards to writing.

Thucydides, then, had scarcely any written documents to follow, nor could he distinguish, in an uncritical period, what was history from what was myth. With him the Trojan war is as real and as historical an event as the Persian wars; Theseus and Agamemnon, Cecrops and Erechtheus, Helen, Deucalion, and Pelops, were as much real characters as Pericles and Alcibiades. Consequently Thucydides, though he may have had the wish, had not the materials for criticism; he was just emerging from the age of fable, and he was compelled, in default of authentic records, to take the best report of speeches made or of battles fought which he could get from any witness. Nor was he, apparently, superior to political bias. Cleon, really a much greater man, is disparaged, while Nicias is praised and pitied, though his mishaps as a commander were more often the result of incompetence than of what is called ill-luck. The character of Antiphon (viii. 68) is also extravagantly lauded as 'second to none of his time in virtue;' whereas Sir G. W. Cox says, and justly, of his defence at his trial on a capital

* 'History of Classical Greek Literature,' vol. ii. p. 3.

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charge, that, clever as it was, 'if ever an orator deserved that his words should not convince his hearers, that orator was Antiphon.' * It is possible, therefore, to overpraise the truthfulness of Thucydides. A Greek of his period, especially one who had any share in state offices or state influences, could not have been wholly free from that spirit which was the bane of all Greek society, the spirit of caste and exclusive nationality. Moreover, to belong either to the democratic or to the oligarchical party was almost a necessity; for neutral men, or 'do-nothings' (*ἀπράγμονες*), were but little tolerated at Athens. How then could any one be really and wholly impartial? Apart from a personal sense of wrong, how could political partisans like Thucydides and Aristophanes deal fairly with the character of Cleon? One might as well expect a high Church and high Tory newspaper to speak fairly of John Bright.

Again, how far the funeral oration attributed to Pericles in Book ii. is genuine, or a rhetorical essay composed by the author in imitation of his style long after his death; how far the philosophical speculations on the insurrection at Corcyra (iii. 82–84) are original and earnest thoughts, or a pedantic affectation of the current philosophy of the age, are questions not very easily answered. Even the account of the plague in Book ii. seems, to say the least, highly coloured, and not free from the effort of 'sensational' writing. An adverse verdict on these points must seriously affect the credit of Thucydides as a writer, as well as detract from his reputation for truthfulness.

The famous 'Melian Controversy' (v. 86–112) is a regular tangle of rhetorical quibble and technicalities. It is impossible that such a discussion should have been held by the representatives of two states who really wished to understand each other.

The obscurities and outlandish contortions of expression in the discussion have struck all commentators, and elicited from Dionysius special censure. It is properly ranked with the speeches on account of its rhetorical and sophistical tone, and may be regarded as one of the weakest points in the great history.†

The 'eristic' or 'antilogic' method of discussion came in with the schools of philosophy in the time of Pericles, and the practice of it was maintained till quite lately in the 'keeping an act' in the theological schools of the Universities. The bullying tone of this argument—which, we may remark, is

* 'History of Greece,' vol. ii. p. 500.

† Professor Mahaffy, 'History Greek Classical Literature,' vol. ii. p. 11.

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admirably rendered throughout by the Translator, who possesses a happy art of making the obscure and the involved plain and straightforward to his readers—the assumed rights and superiority of the Athenians, who were bent on a cruel and unjust sentence, and in mercilessly carrying it out, must fairly be regarded as an *ex post facto* defence of their conduct. Thucydides wrote it, as a barrister conducts a plea, to show that under the circumstances his countrymen could not have acted otherwise. The end of the business was this (v. 116): 'the Melians were induced to surrender at discretion. The Athenians thereupon put to death all who were of military age, and made slaves of the women and children. They then colonized the island, sending thither five hundred settlers of their own' (i. 407). The remarkable eulogy in ii. 65 of the policy of Pericles, and the attributing all the mishaps that afterwards befel the Athenians to their reluctance to adhere to it, are the words of a hearty admirer, if not of a political partisan. Dying as he did at the very beginning of the war, he resigned the government to the ultra-democratic party, whose ambition and energy he would have found it impossible to control; even 'the Olympian,' as he was called, would probably have soon been dethroned, perhaps even ostracized, like Aristides.

We have gone carefully through both this and the famous speech of Pericles (ii. 35–46) with the translation, line by line. The latter is a magnificent piece of English composition; as perfectly English as the original is perfectly Greek. It has the happy characteristic of being at once a paraphrase and yet a faithful rendering. The Translator, while he understands the modes of expression clearly—and they are in many places greatly involved—also comprehends the current of thought in the writer's mind. Hence that generally odious production, a 'literal translation,' is entirely avoided; the hardness of forced rhetorical antitheses is softened down, and the imperfect and halting constructions of the Greek are converted into fluent, accurate, and harmonious English. A short specimen will suffice to show this (chap. 41)—

To sum up; I say that Athens is the school of Hellas, and that the individual Athenian in his own person seems to have the power of adapting himself to the most varied forms of action with the utmost versatility and grace. This is no passing and idle word, but truth and fact; and the assertion is verified by the position to which these qualities have raised the state. For in the hour of trial Athens alone among her contemporaries is superior to the report of her. No enemy who comes against her is indignant at the revenges which he sustains at the hands of such a city; no subject complains that his masters are unworthy of him.

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Nothing can be clearer or better expressed than this ; and it is a fair specimen of the well-considered rendering which prevails throughout.

The following (vii. 75) is the description of the breaking up of the Athenian camp after their last decisive defeat at Syracuse: 'On the third day after the sea-fight, when Nicias and Demosthenes thought that their preparations were complete, the army began to move. They were in a dreadful condition; not only was there the great fact that they had lost their whole fleet, and instead of their expected triumph had brought the utmost peril upon Athens as well as upon themselves, but also the sights which presented themselves as they quitted the camp were painful to every eye and mind. The dead were unburied, and when any one saw the body of a friend lying on the ground he was smitten with sorrow and dread; while the sick or wounded who still survived but had to be left were even a greater trial to the living, and more to be pitied than those who were gone. Their prayers and lamentations drove their companions to distraction; they would beg that they might be taken with them, and call by name any friend or relation whom they saw passing; they would hang upon their departing comrades and follow as far as they could, and when their limbs and strength failed them and they dropped behind, many were the imprecations and cries which they uttered.'

In translating from Greek into English there is always this difficulty to encounter, that, from the very large proportion of Roman words in our language, we are compelled to render the Greek by at least half the number of Latin equivalents. Now no two languages can be more unlike, both in structure and idiom, than Greek and Latin. In these respects, English comes far nearer to Greek than Latin does; and it is just because the genius of the Latin language differs so widely from that of our own, that Latin is the more difficult language to learn. It is possible, no doubt, to use a much larger proportion of Saxon words, but this is to seek for equivalents to the most polished of languages from the scanty vocabulary of a semi-barbaric dialect. What now passes as the most sonorous and effective English prose, is that mainly based on the language and the periods of Cicero, and not that of Ælfric's Saxon homilies. To translate Thucydides well is, on this ground alone—to say nothing of the many and great perplexities about readings and meanings—an extremely difficult task. Decidedly, it is a work requiring the highest intellect as well as the most accurate and extensive Greek

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scholarship. It is due to the Master of Balliol to say that he has proved himself equal to the task. He has succeeded in avoiding the common fault of inferior translators, the use of English words with the retention of essentially Greek idioms; and he has used the Latin element in our language with such judgment and moderation that we are never offended by grandiose or 'Johnsonian' classicality. The precise sense has always taken precedence of the exact form of words; logical connection has been held in view more than grammar, and in consequence, where a chapter of the Greek reads, even to a scholar, in a somewhat crabbed and obscure way, the same chapter in this new English version conveys a plain and easy meaning without any effort to interpret it. Thus Thucydides has been improved in the only legitimate way, by the substitution of clear, well-balanced words and periods for the crude and often awkward language of early Greek genius unpractised in the art of writing. It is not that a good English word has been put in the place of a Greek one, but that the Greek idiom of every sentence has been exchanged for a strictly English mode of expression. These two things are entirely different. Good translation is in itself a high art, and the practice of it is undoubtedly one of the great benefits derived from a sound classical education.

We illustrate this remark by a short passage from the same speech, quite *literally* rendered (ii. 44), and compared with that given by the Master of Balliol—

Wherefore, I do not so much lament as I will try to console you, the parents of these (deceased) men who are now present. For they know they have been brought up in events of very varying kind; and good fortune (is theirs), who shall have obtained the most fitting (portion such) as they have (met with) in their death, and you in your grief; and in whom life was so measured together as alike to be happy in and to end in.

So much for the style of Thucydides *verbatim*, and so much for the kind of English which is found in a good many of the classical 'cribs' in common use. Let us see how the above is made to read in the Master's new translation—

Wherefore I do not now commiserate the parents of the dead who stand here; I would rather comfort them. You know that your life has been passed amid manifold vicissitudes; and that they may be deemed fortunate who have gained most honour, whether an honourable death like theirs, or an honourable sorrow like yours, and whose days have been so ordered that the term of their happiness is likewise the term of their life.

Whatever opinion may be formed of the authority of Thucydides on some political matters, there can be none

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about his description of the plague; for he expressly says (ii. 48) that he not only had the illness itself, but was a witness of its effects and symptoms in others. It is a most interesting narrative, and though we cannot identify the details with any known malady, we may feel sure that they are, from their minuteness, strictly accurate. The only doubt, as we have hinted, is as to the extreme severity of a pestilence which, coming from Æthiopia, did not get into the Peloponnesus at all (ii. 54, 7), was so short in its duration, and is hardly ever alluded to by subsequent writers. And whereas the historian says this was the first visit of the plague at Athens, we infer from Plato (Sympos. p. 201), that there had been cases of it ten years before, but that it had been averted by prayer and sacrifices.

Modern science tells us that, of course, the outbreak was really due to the over-crowded state of Athens, resulting from the favourite policy of Pericles, that the country people should shut themselves within the city walls, and leave their farms to be ravaged by the enemy. Aristophanes speaks of the misery of the people who had been compelled to find refuge in every hole and corner for eight years.* A terrible Nemesis overtook the author of so mistaken a policy (such, from a sanitary point of view, it must be called), for he lost his son and other near and dear relations, and survived it himself only about a year. It is curious to find Thucydides remarking (ch. 52): 'The crowding of the people out of the country into the city aggravated the misery; and the newly-arrived suffered most.' He says 'the mortality was dreadful,' the very temples being filled with the bodies of persons who had been compelled to find a lodging there, meaning, perhaps, that tents or temporary residences had been put up for them (ἐσκήνητο) in the sacred precincts. In vol. ii. (pp. 143–155) there is a very interesting Appendix, in which the similar (and, indeed, evidently borrowed) account of Lucretius in his sixth book, as well as the recorded symptoms and pathology of the plague and the 'black death' of the middle ages, is compared. 'It is impossible,' says the translator (p. 147), 'to identify the plague of Athens with any known disease of other ages;' but he adds that 'two of the greatest pestilences by which the human race has been devastated' (that at Constantinople, in 540 to about 590, described by Gibbon, and the plague at Florence, which broke out in 1348, and is narrated in Boccaccio's Decameron), throw much illustration on the moral and physical features of the great

* Ar. Equit. 792, exhibited B.C. 424, about six years after the plague.

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Athenian plague. These two accounts are given at length; and a third, equally horrible in its mortality, might have been added of the London plague preceding the great fire in 1666, the publication of Pepys' Diary having of late given great accuracy and authenticity to the details.

Diseases, it would seem, follow the universal law, change of type, which affects all organic things. Old forms die out, and new varieties come in, as typhoid and diphtheria seem, in some respects, altered forms of older and equally fatal maladies.

In the case of the Athenian plague we have the inflamed eyes which attend measles, the 'pustules' of small-pox, the ulceration of the bowels common in typhoid, and the usual symptoms of putrid sore throat. But the incessant thirst, and the desire of the patients to throw themselves into cold water, seem peculiar; and the convulsions, and subsequent loss of the toes and fingers in some survivors, are not such as attend the course of zymotic diseases known to us. Possibly the assertion, that dogs and vultures either would not touch the bodies, or died after doing so, is due to an attempt to connect cause and effect; for we are told 'there was a visible scarcity of birds of prey' (ii. 50).

On the extraordinary panic which arose at Athens in consequence of the 'mutilation of the Hermæ' (vi. 72), the Master of Balliol has a good note on chapter 60 of that book. He there shows that the person alluded to by Thucydides as having given information against some of the citizens, was Andocides the orator. Those who want to know what these ugly stone posts were like, have only to look at the row of monsters set up round the 'theatre' at Oxford. Few would care very much, perhaps, if a party of undergraduates were to knock off some of the noses with hammer and chisel. But at Athens the act was as bad as it would now be to break into Christchurch cathedral and carry off the plate. It was, in fact, *sacrilege*. These stone posts were symbols of a mysterious nature-worship connected with phallic rites. What really alarmed the Athenians was, some great national calamity resulting from the anger of the gods;—another plague, or some crushing defeat, such as in fact did occur soon after the event.

The Essay on 'Inscriptions of the Age of Thucydides' (vol. ii. pp. ix.–lxxviii.) is an appropriate, though by no means a necessary appendage to the work. There is not, perhaps, very much that is new in the treatise, a good part of the ground being already occupied by Mr. Newton ('Essays on

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Art and Archæology,' pp. 95–209), and by Mr. Hick's folio volume, 'Ancient Greek Inscriptions in the British Museum,' published in 1874. Much of the matter too, is purely technical, being taken up with accounts of tribute, temple revenues, and expenditure by the State. Nevertheless, if the remark of Professor Mahaffy is at all true, that 'in England the Universities have completely neglected this study, and the best English Hellenists, with a very few brilliant exceptions, are as helpless in the face of an old Greek inscription as if it were in a Semitic tongue,'* some general information on the subject, accessible and intelligible to ordinary readers, is a boon for which many will be thankful. To scholars, indeed, especially to those who have made inscriptions a speciality, the subject is profoundly interesting; and it is as extensive as it is interesting, if Mr. Newton's statement† is well founded, that in addition to upwards of nine thousand in Boeckh's 'Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum,' hardly less than twenty thousand more, yet unpublished, have accumulated, mainly from the continued explorations since 1840. To these should be added—and this is a field hitherto much less explored than any other—the great number of archaic names on early Greek vases, on some hundreds of which, preserved in the principal museums of Europe, we have the actual writing, or rather, the painting, of letters by the original hand at least five centuries before our era. The earliest of these names are nearly always written from right to left, as in Hebrew; they are often extremely curious and important in illustrating the archaic alphabet, the lost letters F and Q being pretty frequently found, and the *H* never representing the recent *η*, but always the Roman H, the aspirate. This last, indeed, continued quite up to the time of the Archon Euclides (B.C. 403), even in Attic inscriptions. Thus *οὗ* is spelt *HO*, and *οἷς* is spelt *HOIΣ* in Attic inscriptions as late as B.C. 415, while *ψ* is represented by *φσ*, and *ξ* by *χσ*, even B.C. 412. The *ο* is regularly used both for *ου* and for *ω*. Dative cases, familiar to us as *τιμῇ* and *οἴκῳ*, are spelt *τιμει* and *οικοι*. Hence the attempt made to refer a Nubian inscription (on the statue at Abu-Simbel) to the year B.C. 640, and from it to build an argument on the early use of prose writing,‡ though this date is upheld by eminent authorities, must be regarded as extremely doubtful, since the letters *η*, *ψ*, and *χ* seem to indicate a very much later period.

* 'Hist. Gr. Clas. Lit.' ii. p. 2. The statement, however, is certainly very much exaggerated.

† Essays, &c. p. 96.

‡ Mahaffy, vol. ii. p. 3.

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Further inquiry may show that the Psammetichus of this inscription is not either of the kings of that name in Herodotus, but the Psammetichus who was father of Inaros, king of Libya in 460 B.C. Anyhow, the name was not uncommon. The inscription is supposed to refer to the event mentioned in Herod. ii. 30, the pursuit of certain deserters from Elephantine in Upper Egypt; but we agree with Dean Blakesley that it has been 'strangely misinterpreted.'

Be this as it may, there is truth in Professor Jowett's remark (p. xxiv.), 'It is a striking thought that we have present to us some of the very words and letters on which the eye, not only of the ancient historians, but of Themistocles and Pericles and Alcibiades must have gazed.' Thus, the epigram quoted by Thucydides in vi. 54, in memory of Pisistratus, the son of Hippias, as being in his time with difficulty legible, was discovered near the Ilissus in 1877, and is 'equally legible to this day.'* The original treaty, as given by Thucydides in v. 47, as made by the Athenians with the Argives, Mantineans, and Eleans, has also been discovered; but it differs from his text in thirty-one places, all, however, in trifling matters which do not materially affect the sense. †

At Athens, and perhaps in most of the principal Ionian cities, as pen-and-ink writing (bibliography) was probably unknown, or at least, hardly ever used, till about 430,‡ the stone pillars containing inscriptions must have been extremely numerous—'as numerous,' says the Master, 'as the gravestones in a modern churchyard, and with as little sacredness in the eyes of posterity' (p. xxv.). Thus, in fortifying Athens, many pillars from tombs (*στῆλαι*) were built into the city walls (Thuc. i. 73), and by a coincidence not a little remarkable, as possibly showing the influence of later rhapsodists in arranging the Homeric texts, we have the same mention of *στῆλαι* used in the foundations of the Achæan rampart (Il. xii. 259).

The truth is, and the remark is one of interest, that the age of public inscriptions, like the ages of the highest art,

* Newton, 'Essays,' p. 192, where he adds, 'This dedication must have been made before the expulsion of Hippias, B.C. 510.' Some will think it not improbable that these old inscriptions were occasionally re-cut and replaced in somewhat later times. For the writing of B.C. 510 would have been hardly intelligible to readers a hundred years later.

† Mahaffy, 'Hist. Greek Class. Lit.' ii. p. 121.

‡ This opinion is not rashly hazarded, though it will surprise many. But the word *βυβλίον*, meaning a strip of the papyrus plant, is evidently of late use in our sense of 'book.' All the earlier writing was done much as school children now write on slates, viz., on *δέλτοι* and *πίνακες*, tablets of waxed wood with raised margins.

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passed away, by a law which affects all works of genius, as soon as writing materials became common. Records, like early legends, were no longer painted or sculptured, and fixed to one spot, but were circulated as literary compositions, and gradually became contained in books. Then also public recitations gave way to the use of libraries. It is thus that with increased facilities for printing and engraving, stained glass, fresco-painting, MS. illumination, Gothic architecture, even the great creations of the early Italian painters, vanished. Nor can any one of these be restored to their original vitality. We can only copy, we can no longer *create*, as a Phidias did, or a Leonardo da Vinci, or a Raffaelle. The attempt to bring back any of these arts to their ancient energy is as contrary to a natural law as to grow a blue rose or a blue dahlia.

A large part of the Essay is taken up with the calculations of tribute, a subject much too technical to be of general interest to our readers. Like the Roman system of numeration, the Attics used letters of the alphabet, and as 'sesterces' were the Roman, and francs have long been the French, so 'drachmas' were the Attic standard, unless another sum is expressly named. Thus Η was the symbol for one drachma (nearly a franc); but if Τ or Ξ is added, 'talents,' or 'staters' are meant. An obol (about three halfpence, a *sestertius* being twopence) was noted by Ι, and a half-obol by C. Thus ΗΗΙC means 'two drachmas and one and a half obols.'

This seems clumsy enough; but the long rows of letters were still more awkward. The number 1000 was expressed by **X**, χίλιοι, as the Roman M was *mille;* 100 was **H** (the aspirate of ἑκατὸν, Lat. C for *centum*); 10 was **Δ** (δέκα, Lat. X); 5 was **Π** (for πέντε, Lat. V, which becomes X by one V being inverted upon the other). The number 50 was represented by a **Π** including a smaller **Δ**, meaning 5 × 10, and 500 by a **Π** including an **H**, meaning 5 × 100. Two or three talents are expressed by **Τ** two or three times repeated. The **Τ** inserted in, or added at the bottom of, any letter, indicates that not drachmas, but talents are meant. We need not go more into detail; as the Romans used MCCCX, so the Attics employed **XHHHΔ**, but, of course, in both systems many minor modifications occur, often of great intricacy.

The curious inventories of the treasures in the Parthenon, continuing through nearly the thirty years of the Peloponnesian War, remind us somewhat of the inventories made of the treasures in the religious houses under our Henry VIII. A list of the articles of plate, with their values annexed, is given in p. lii. of the Essay, nearly all those specified being silver bowls or vessels.

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The difficulties in interpreting both Greek and Roman inscriptions are often extremely great. The uncertainty as to the meaning shows 'that we must not indulge in sanguine or exaggerated language, but must confine ourselves to general results. And general results, when they relate to the history of the past, are by no means to be despised. Though we cannot rewrite the history of Greece out of her stones, is it a small thing to know that inscriptions of the fifth century before Christ confirm and illustrate the great literary works of the same age' (p. lxxviii.)? Perhaps we should say, in this very utilitarian age, that the careful observation and reasoning necessarily brought to bear on the study of Greek inscriptions are of more solid use, as a branch of mental discipline, than all the actual results that have accrued from them, though these, of course, are by no means insignificant.

An important feature in the present work is the body of notes—of very moderate length—contained in vol. ii. Any full discussion of these would, of course, involve minute critical matters unsuited to our pages; yet a few points must be noticed, where difficulties felt by every preceding commentator are attempted to be removed.

On the obscure but important passage in i. 2, there is a long note in pp. 3—5. The late Mr. Shilleto, from whose edition of Thucydides so much was expected but so little was gained, remarks on it: 'I reserve the consideration of this passage to an excursus at the end of the first book;' but no such excursus was ever given. What we have to suggest is, that the reading *τὰ ἄλλα* (not *ἐς τὰ ἄλλα*) alone gives a simple and logical meaning. This little proposition, *ἐς*, which was added by those who thought the meaning was 'the migrations to the other parts,' has thrown the entire passage completely out of joint. Thucydides says, that while other parts of Hellas, which had a richer soil, were more liable to changes of inhabitants from internal contention and invasion from without, Attica, from its poorer soil, had remained undisturbed from the first. Then he adds: 'The following fact is a further confirmation of my assertion that it was because of these frequent changes that *the other parts of Hellas did not improve in the same way as Attica did;* when any occupants of other lands were driven out by war or sedition, they always came to Attica, as to a place not liable to the like disturbances; and these settlers, many of whom had wealth and influence, by becoming citizens of Attica, added greatly to the wealth and influence of the state.'

The argument is, 'another proof that the poorer Attica

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thrived when the richer states of Hellas declined in prosperity, is found in the fact, that its poverty was its security, and its security was indirectly the cause of its steady rise.' The Master gives us a choice out of many interpretations, and he says, at the end, that, after all, 'the uncertainty of meaning is not greater than in many other passages'—a conclusion hardly satisfactory to scholars, however true it may be.

Another example of 'glorious confusion' is i. 25. 4, where the little word *γὰρ* should be omitted after *οὔτε*. The Corinthians disliked the Corcyreans, because the latter had been used to slight them, 'both by withholding the customary honours due to the representatives of a mother-city at public festivals, and by not commencing the ceremonies of the sacrifice with a Corinthian,' *i.e.*, by asking him to officiate. This seems to us the simplest way of explaining the dative, viz., by regarding the agent as the instrument or means of the performance. Here again the notes give a choice of three modes of interpretation. The next sentence but one is equally difficult, and is thus translated: 'They would often boast that on the sea they were very far superior to them, and would appropriate to themselves the naval renown of the Phæacians, who were the ancient inhabitants of the land' (vol. i. p. 17). Here a likely reading is *τῷ πολὺ προέχειν*, 'elated at their great superiority in their navy,' and the *καὶ* next following seems not so much to mean, '*and also* because the Phæacians, famed for their ships, had lived in Corcyra long before,' as, 'if only from the fact that,' &c. This seems better than to say, 'they were proud of their navy, and they were also proud that a naval people had lived there before.' The construction of the words *ναυτικῷ δὲ καὶ πολὺ προέχειν ἔστιν ὅτε ἐπαιρόμενοι* is extremely obscure. Mr. Shilleto thinks the sense may be, that sometimes they 'put themselves up to saying that they were superior in naval matters.' Just above, we should prefer to supply from the context, *χρημάτων δυνάμει ὄντες* (*πλούσιοι*), the note suggesting that *χρημάτων δυνάμει* is improperly used for *χρήμασι δυνατοί*, which seems to us almost impossible.

A passage in i. 33 has been strangely misunderstood by most of the editors; and Dr. Arnold, though right in his note, is wrong in his text. The true reading, without doubt, is not *κατάθησθε*, but *καταθήσεσθε*, 'you will lay up a store of gratitude for yourselves.' The formula, *ὡς ἂν μάλιστα*, merely means *quam maxime*; literally, 'as you would mostly (lay up a store).' The subjunctive was introduced by those who thought *ὡς* was a particle of purpose, 'in order that you may,' &c. Professor Jowett's note gives, as usual, alternative ex-

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planations. The remark is needless, and hardly accurate, 'we might have expected indeed ὡς μάλιστ' ἄν, rather than ὡς ἂν μάλιστα.' The latter is the correct formula, and many examples of it are given in a note of the present writer's.*

The note on i. 58, 'ἔπρασσον is superfluous' (following the view of Arnold and Poppo, a very improbable one), seems hastily written. The antithesis, πέμψαντες μέν—ἐλθόντες δὲ is perfectly right. Place a colon after ἦν δέῃ, and read ἐπειδὴ δὲ, the *apodosis* to which is τότε δὴ ἀφίστανται. The loss of δὲ, which is quite necessary, has thrown the whole passage into utter confusion.

Another passage, at which all the commentators, with Mr. Grote, have stumbled, and on which the Master gives a long note in vol. ii. pp. 187–9, is in Book ii. ch. 90. The Peloponnesians, we are told, in the engagement with Phormion's fleet in the Gulf of Corinth, wishing to entice the enemy from the western strait further into the bay, 'began to sail to their own territory (ἐπὶ τὴν ἑαυτῶν γῆν), in the inward direction towards the bay.' These words have been much discussed; some propose to read τὴν ἐκείνων for τὴν ἑαυτῶν, others ἐπὶ τὴν αὐτῶν, *i.e.*, to the Athenian land, and as if to attack it; and the Master of Balliol thinks the geographical difficulty is best solved by reading παρὰ for ἐπὶ, with four of the MSS. The truth seems to be that ἐπὶ τοῦ κόλπου here means, 'towards the Crissean bay on the north shore,' which, lying between two Doric settlements, Phocis and the Locri, may well be termed 'their own land,' viz., friendly to the Lacedæmonian side. The matter may be said to be set at rest by ii. 9, where these very Phocians and Locrians are enumerated among the Peloponnesian or Lacedæmonian allies. Moreover, it was in this very gulf, ἐς κόλπον τὸν Κρισαῖον, that the Lacedæmonians took refuge after their defeat (ii. 92).

In iii. 18, 4, a very slight change, ἐγκατῳκοδόμητο—the pluperfect instead of the perfect, of which we are told (p. 16) 'no satisfactory explanation has been suggested'—restores the required meaning. The Athenians invested Mytilene with a single wall the more easily, because a line of forts *had before been erected* on the positions of strength, so that these had only to be occupied by the besieging force.

A much more serious difficulty occurs in iii. 31. In a long note of two pages we have a choice given us of four different explanations, not one of which is really satisfactory. The reading of the text has been confused by the addition of ἦν, first to ὑφέλωσι, and next to ἐφορμῶσιν, itself a false reading

* On Æsch. Suppl. 698.

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for *ἐφορμοῦσιν*. With the change of the dative plural into a subjunctive, *σφίσι*, a dative directly depending on it, has been transposed to stand before *γίγνηται*, and the whole passage has thus become unintelligible. We must read *καὶ ἅμα ἐφορμοῦσι σφίσιν αὐτοῖς* (*obsidentibus se Atheniensibus*) *δαπάνη γίγνηται*. With the slight corrections here proposed, the meaning is perfectly logical and simple—

Alcidas, the Spartan general, was advised to seize some city on the east coast of the Ægean, in order that he might cause Ionia to revolt from Athens, and withdraw from them this important source of revenue; and at the same time that they, the Athenians, might be put to great expense (*i.e.*, beside their loss of revenue) in having to keep a fleet there to watch their (the Lacedæmonian) operations.

There is no force in the objection (p. 175) that *ὑφέλωσι* is 'too weak to express the purpose indicated by *ὅπως*.' The version given (vol. i. p. 186), 'although they themselves' (*i.e.*, the Spartans) 'would incur expense, for the Athenians would blockade them, the attempt was worth making,' gives, in our opinion, a wrong meaning to a subjunctive with *ἤν*.

Another note, with the triple alternative which the Master, in his dislike of dogmatism, is so fond of giving, is on the difficult passage in iii. 44, 2. Here we think the reading, *ἤν τε καὶ ἔχοντές τι ξυγγνώμης εἶεν*, 'if perchance there be some excuse for them' (vol. i. p. 197), is quite indefensible. Read, with one of the best existing MSS. of Thucydides (the Clarendon, at Cambridge), *ἔχοντας*, depending on *ἀποφήνω*, in place of *ἔχοντες*, and *ἐᾶν*, 'to let them alone,' for *εἶεν*. 'If I can show them to be in the wrong, I do not advise you to put them to death, unless it is to the interest of the state; if I can show them to deserve some consideration, I do not advise you to leave them unmolested, unless it shall suit the present policy.' The argument is, that expediency is to take precedence of strict justice in sparing or condemning the revolted Mityleneans. This correction, *ἐᾶν* for *εἶεν*, is rendered nearly certain by its very similar use in chap. 48, where the advice of the same speaker is, to bring only the prisoners to trial, and to let the rest remain unmolested in their city —*τοὺς δ' ἄλλους ἐᾶν οἰκεῖν*.

In vi. 1, the reading *τὸ μὴ ἤπειρος οὖσα* (describing Sicily as only a little distant from the mainland), Professor Jowett calls 'not in itself indefensible' (vol. ii. p. 342). But *τὸ μὴ ἠπειροῦσθαι*, 'from becoming part of the continent,' is an almost certain correction of the late Mr. Shilleto's, from the use of *ἠπείρωνται* in ii. 102, 4.

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In vi. 18. 2, it seems to us vain to defend *μὴ ὅπως ἔπειτι προκαταλαμβάνει*, 'mankind do not wait for an attack, but anticipate it,' on the ground that 'the negative gains force from the peculiarity of its position' (p. 352). A similar corruption to *μὴ ὅπως* for *ὅπως μὴ* occurs in chap. 60. 3 of the same book, where *εἰ καὶ μὴ δέδρακεν*, 'even if he has not done it,' must be read for *εἰ μὴ καὶ δέδρακεν*.

We should offer some apology to our readers for going into these dry critical details. Perhaps the undoubted interest attending so elaborate and so learned a work as the present, and the acknowledged importance of Thucydides as one of the greatest and most generally read of the Greek authors, will be deemed a sufficient apology. F. A. PALEY.

Art. VI.—*Comparative Church Politics.*

Were it possible to raise Church Politics into the dignity of a Comparative Science, it might help to let a little wholesome and healing light in upon certain very old and very bitter controversies. False issues are easily raised, but not easily laid; and no issues are so false, because so incapable of either reasoning or being reasoned with, as those raised by personal passion or prejudice in politics, whether ecclesiastical or civil. The amount of relevant to irrelevant argument is at any time distressingly small, but it most probably reaches its minimum in the sphere of ecclesiastical debate. The term schism differs in meaning with the standpoint of the person who uses it, though, curiously, it is most used by the persons who do most to create it, the men who identify their own factitious and narrow ecclesiasticism with the religion and Church of Christ. Intolerance is the child not of zeal for the truth, but of passion for a system; enthusiasm is the inspiration of the spirit, but fanaticism the worship of the letter. And it is the fanatic that persecutes, not the enthusiast. Love of truth is too nearly akin to love of man to be other than generous and humane, but the passion for organized unity in religion is too closely related to the lower ambitions and affections to be gentle to sensitive consciences or respectful to spirits God has set free.

The questions connected with church politics are too vital to be handled as personal, or left entirely to the heated atmosphere of parliamentary or political debate. There are principles that lie below all policies; and in days so critical

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as ours, all institutions, especially those that claim to be religious, must live not by reason of expediency or prescription, but by virtue of intrinsic justice and right, if they are to live to any purpose, or indeed to be allowed to live at all. Hence it is needful that our ecclesiastical politics be judged not simply as questions of the hour, but, as it were, of eternity, or, otherwise expressed, in their relation to the religion of Jesus Christ. Now, comparative historical criticism furnishes us with the one standpoint from which they can be so judged. This criticism studies the various church systems, asks how they stand related to the original Christian ideal of polity, how they came to be, through what processes, under what conditions, from what elements, how they have acted on the religion, and how they have affected or modified its action on man. Out of the immense field here indicated we wish to select for discussion two or three points that stand in more or less vital relation to certain questions now more canvassed than comprehended.

The first duty of Comparative Criticism is to bring the developed and living organisms face to face with the primitive germ. Certain of these organisms are so immense and highly articulated that they seem related to the germ only by way of contrast, formed by centuries of aggregation rather than by any process of growth. Church politics may be divided into two great classes—the Monarchical and the Republican, each being capable of further subdivision. The Monarchical is either absolute = papal, or limited = episcopal; the former is simply an autocracy, or organized and absolute patriarchate, while the latter is thoroughly constitutional, or sovereignty qualified by law. The Republican is either oligarchical = Presbyterian, or democratic = Congregational. The former is governed by and through its elect, the men who as ministers or elders are its ruling spiritual aristocracy, but the latter is more jealous of delegated power, loving to act in a body and as a whole, that all may, by exercising high functions, learn high things. Of these the most highly developed and finely articulated, from a political point of view, is the Papal system, and so it may be used as the most convenient standard of comparison or constrast with the primitive polity and political ideal.

Hardly anything, indeed, could be less like the Christianity of Christ than Catholicism. It is constituted and administered by a priesthood, devoted to ritual, jealous of its prerogatives, made by an enforced celibacy to feel, as it were, homeless, with all their home affections absorbed by the Church; so

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graded, drilled, and organized that they form, as Adam Smith said, 'A sort of spiritual army, dispersed in different quarters, indeed, but of which all the movements can be directed by one head, and conducted upon one uniform plan.'* But of all this there is in the New Testament absolutely no trace. Jesus Himself was no priest, was without priestly ancestry or associates, adopted no sacerdotal custom, chose no sacerdotal person, had no relations, save those of antagonism, to the priesthood, and the one thing it gave Him was the honour of its hate and the glorious infamy of the Cross. No one of His apostles was a priest, or exercised a single priestly function, or uttered a word that hinted at actual or possible priestly claims. The terms they used to denote the offices they held or instituted express or imply no single sacerdotal element or idea. The men who are charged to represent and administer the new faith are named prophets, or apostles, or evangelists, or pastors, or teachers, or overseers, or elders, or ministers, or deacons, but never priests. In this respect the religion of Christ was an absolutely new thing; it stood alone among the religions of the world. The notion of a spiritual worship—a pure moral obedience, a service of God by clean hands and pure hearts, a religion without priests, or temple, or sacrifices, or appointed seasons, but with the truths these symbolize realized in the spirit and expressed in the conduct—had been conceived by the Hebrew prophets. But in them it existed as an idea, by Christ it was transformed into a reality. He fulfilled the law and the prophets, translated what they prefigured and predicted into fact, instituted a worship that abolished the temple and all its childish symbolism, and taught man to adore God by obeying Him in spirit and in truth. And so on the religion of Christ no shadow of sacerdotalism rests; its face is radiant with pure and noble spirituality. By what is simply the most remarkable and perfect revolution in history, because the most completely worked by the wisdom and providence of God, the new religion issued in spotless spirituality from the bosom of what was then the most elaborate and selfish sacerdotalism in the world. One book indeed in the New Testament attributes priesthood to Christ, but it does so with the most significant limitations. His priestly life is heavenly, not earthly, the exercise of His sacerdotal functions beginning only within the veil; and He is the *one* priest, He stands alone in His office and work. He is 'according to the order of Melchizedek,' not only priest and king in one—ethical in both

* 'Wealth of Nations,' bk. v. cap. i.

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relations, creating by the one peace, working through the other righteousness—but the only priest, constituting the order in which He stands, without another either beneath Him or by His side. The religion of Christ is, therefore, in the most absolute sense, a priestless religion, the royal priesthood that is ascribed to the collective society or universal Christian man * being equivalent to the repeal of the official and exclusive sacerdotalism that had signified the slavery of man and the decadence of religion.

But the distinctive political as well as sacerdotal elements of Catholicism do not exist in the Christianity of Christ and his apostles. The primitive Church is no unity in the Roman sense, and it knows no primacy. Its societies are not organized into a single body politic, or subordinated to a single head. There are the most marked diversities in custom and practice, the most remarkable differences in policy and method. The Jews and Greeks do not readily coalesce; the former stand on immemorial privileges and rites, the latter on their newly won liberty. Paul and the "pillar apostles" have different provinces; he will not allow them to invade his freedom, nor will they enforce his liberty in the Churches of Judea. But while no system could be less uniform, none could be more fraternal. Paul writes to many Churches, and many Churches confess him their founder and teacher; but his letters are expository or expostulatory, hortatory or biographical, and as far as possible from speaking with legal or political authority. No man ever had a doctrinal system so carefully articulated, or laboured more to make it intelligible and credible to the societies he formed; yet no man ever so carefully avoided building the societies he erected at Galatia and Rome, Ephesus and Colosse, Philippi and Thessalonica, Corinth and Athens, into a political corporation. His unity of the faith did not mean organized uniformity. And the same is true of the other apostolic writers. The only New Testament book that seems to dream of the Church as a visible and localized state is the Apocalypse, and the city of God is to it not Rome, but Jerusalem. Rome, indeed, is the unholy city, drunk with the blood of the saints, memorable as the scene of apostolic martyrdoms, not of apostolic rule.†

Into the question as to the constitution and offices of the Apostolic Church it is impossible here to enter; happily, it may almost be said, it is now unnecessary. The positions our Congregational fathers so stoutly affirmed are now

* 1 Peter ii. 9; Rev. i. 6; v. 10; xx. 6. † Rev. xvii. 5, 6.

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coming to be accepted commonplaces. English scholarship, broadened and illumined by German, is becoming too critical in spirit and historical in method to spare the old high Anglican doctrines.* The Divine right of Episcopacy is dead; it died of the light created by historical criticism. It is open to no manner of doubt that the modern bishop has no place in the New Testament. The same office was variously designated, according as it was viewed in one or another aspect,† bishops and presbyters were identical,‡ and one church might have many bishops or presbyters, just as it might have many deacons.§ Each church was a brotherhood; supremacy over it was conceded to no man. Government, indeed, existed, order was enforced, but the men who ruled were the men who served, and the Church was in all

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* Mr. Hatch's 'Bampton Lecture' is an auspicious sign of the times. It is a very happy and, on the whole, fairly successful attempt to deal with a deeply interesting problem. We cannot but admire its fine analytical qualities, its delicate appreciation of the various forces at work, and the true sense for history and historical movement that pervades it. The book is a healthy one, and will help to set the questions it discusses in a fresh light before the Anglican as distinguished from the English student. But we must regret some very serious omissions in Mr. Hatch's lectures, especially his very brief allusion to the vital matter of the sacerdotal order and system that so soon grew up in the early Church, and the inadequacy of his critical and literary discussions. But even more significant of the change in English scholarship was Dr. Lightfoot's Essay on 'The Christian Ministry.' It is as honourable to his candour as to his scholarship, especially as regards his discussions as to the constitution of the Apostolic and Sub-Apostolic Church. His later discussions as to the rise and growth of the episcopate, though marked by a laborious attempt to be impartial and moderate, are often weakened by strained interpretations. He frequently puts modern ideas into ancient terms, uses conjecture for evidence, and cunningly draws from a late document the testimonies he needs. When, *e.g.*, he describes (p. 197) St. James as the earliest bishop, he goes not only beyond, but against the evidence contained in the New Testament. And when he says (p. 268), 'As early as the middle of the second century all parties concur in representing him as a bishop in the strict sense of the term,' he does not quite correctly represent the historical significance of his authorities. These are Hegesippus, as quoted by Eusebius, and the Clementines. The latter are not simply 'gross exaggerations,' but fictions, written with a doctrinal purpose which could be fulfilled only through an episcopate and by magnifying James; the former quite evidently echoes in his fragments the Ebionitic tradition. And there are certain peculiarities of the tradition Dr. Lightfoot either overlooks or does not sufficiently emphasize. It embodies elements and stories most certainly mythical. Then the position of James in the Church at Jerusalem differs radically from the traditional and customary episcopal one. He holds it not as an apostle or a successor of the apostles, but as a kinsman of the Lord, and his successor is appointed on the same grounds. His case supplies no parallel to the historical episcopate, and his office, if office it can be called, can in no respect be traced back to any institutive act either of Christ or his apostles.

† προϊστάμενοι, 1 Thess. v. 12; Rom. xii. 8; πρεσβύτεροι, Acts xi. 30; xiv. 23; xv. 2 ff., &c.; ἐπίσκοποι, Phil. i. 1; ποιμένες, Eph. iv. 11; ἡγούμενοι, Heb. xiii. 7, 17, 24.

‡ Titus i. 5–7; 1 Pet. v. 1–2; Acts xx. 17, 18, 20. § Phil. i. 1.

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matters of judgment and discipline the ultimate authority.* The Apostolic is the simplest and least organized of societies; where the freedom of the Spirit is largely loved and its gifts highly esteemed, where official clergy are unknown and the man who can teach is free to speak, and the man most honoured is the man who most loves. There is no primate in any Church; even the Apostles do not claim an administrative and executive authority above and apart from the churches.† The liberty they enjoy in Christ is inalienable, and to be Christ's is to be introduced into a brotherhood too real and too spontaneous to accept the bondage of a vain officialism.

The primacy which thus in the apostolic age belonged to no man, or city, or church, is even more completely absent from the mind and speech of Christ. His most familiar idea is the kingdom, His least familiar the Church. The society He institutes is a kingdom; called 'of heaven,' in opposition to the empires of earth, the secular monarchies that lived by violence and grew by conquest; called 'of God,' in opposition to the kingdom of darkness or the devil, the reign of evil in and over man. But though He institutes, He does not organize His kingdom, speaks of it rather as incapable of organization, appoints no viceroys, governors, or officers; simply proclaims the truths and laws that are to create the reign of God in the heart of man. The term Church He uses only twice; once in what may be named its individual sense, as denotive of a single assembly or constituted congregation,‡ and once in the more universal sense, as denotive of His collective society.§ It is only by the most violent exegesis that this latter can be made to seem to promise pre-eminence to Peter; but if it did, what then? It can in no way help the claims of Catholicism; for there is no proof that the promise had any reference to Peter's successors, no proof that Peter had any successors, absolutely none that they are the popes of Rome.

Here, then, is a curious problem for Comparative Politics—How has a political and sacerdotal system so complex, so immense, so comprehensive as the papal, risen out of a society so simple, spontaneous, and unorganized as the apostolic? or, how has the priestless, kindly, sanely domestic and socially human religion of Jesus developed into the hierarchic and celibate sacerdotalism of Rome? In dealing with this problem, Comparative Criticism has to study, minutely and jealously, the

* Cf. 1 Cor. v. 3; 2 Cor. ii. 5 ff.
† Acts vi. 3–6.
‡ Matt. xviii. 17.
§ Matt. xvi. 18.

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oldest tendencies and signs of change. These it finds outside the New Testament, not, indeed, in the most ancient and authentic extra-canonical literature, but in the secondary and more or less spurious and corrupt. In *Clemens Romanus*, for example, the Church idea is thoroughly apostolic. In the individual Church, episcopacy, in the modern sense, is quite unknown, order is loved, the overseers or leaders, or the presbyters and deacons, are honoured, and have authority over the people only as they worthily fill the office received from the people, in harmony with apostolic custom and ordinance.* In the relation of the Churches, Rome claims no primacy over Corinth, demands no obedience from it, but simply writes a letter of fraternal expostulation and advice. But the matter is entirely changed when we come to the Ignatian Epistles and the Clementine Homilies and Recognitions. Though they alike belong to only about the middle of the second century, while Clemens Romanus belongs to the end of the first, the interval that divides them is simply immense. The Ignatian Epistles are a standing problem and perplexity to criticism; some of them are certainly spurious, all of them are largely interpolated and hopelessly corrupt, but all the more they are significant of changes that were secretly, but effectually, transforming the Christian Church. The Clementine works, on the other hand, are less a textual and literary puzzle, but quite as great an historical one; they are more homogeneous, but no more authentic. These represent two distinct yet related tendencies, each working towards the same end. Both are significant and effective of ecclesiastical change, but the Ignatian is more Gentile and ethical, the Clementine more Judaic and legal. The tendency in both is towards a corporate unity, which is secured and symbolized by the ἐπίσκοπος. The bishop is a necessity to the Church, embodies and, in a sense, creates it. In the Ignatian Epistles the bishop is the soul and source of order, the efficient agent in worship; who

* Ch. xliv. In this same chapter occurs the verse which Rothe used as one of his great proofs for the apostolic institution of the episcopate ('Die Anfänge der christliche Kirche,' pp. 374–392). His interpretation is so fanciful and forced that it remains his—too peculiar to become any other body's. Even Dr. Lightfoot, though his own essay owes so much to Rothe, and he is so strongly tempted by the fineness of the theory, holds the interpretation to be 'unwarranted, and to interrupt the context with irrelevant matter' (Epis. S. Clement of Rome, Notes to ch. xliv. Cf. Philippians, pp. 199 ff). See also Gebhardt and Harnack's 'Pat. Apos. Opera,' Fascic. i. pp. 71 ff. Baur, ('Ursprung des Episcopats,' pp. 53–61) examines exhaustively Rothe's interpretation, as does also Ritschl ('Entstehung der alt katol. Kirche,' pp. 413–2nd edition).

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honours him honours God, who refuses to hear him refuses to hear God whose vicar or substitute he is. In the Clementine Homilies the Church, like the State, means a single ruler—many kings cause many wars—and is compared to a ship whose master is God, whose pilot is Christ, whose chief oarsman is the bishop, without whom it cannot carry its passengers into the haven of eternal blessedness. The Epistles * describes the bishop as εἰς τόπον θεοῦ προκαθήμενος; the Homilies † say of him, ὁ προκαθεζόμενος χριστοῦ τόπον πεπίστευται. The idea is in both the same; the bishop presides in the place of God; he sits in the chair and occupies the place of Christ.

How these ideas appeared so early and developed so rapidly in the Church we can see by comparing the two sets of documents for the moment before us. The Ignatian Epistles have a political and disciplinary tendency, but the Clementines a distinctly doctrinal purpose. In the former the great concern of the bishop, what he has zealously to seek, is unity, the most precious of things. In order to secure it he must be patient with all men, studious of the weak, vigilant, prayerful, faithful, standing fast in the truth, discerning the times, being specially watchful of the people, and mindful of all that pertains to the care and cure of souls, to the regularity and regulation of worship. These epistles are possessed with a great fear, the fear that the Spirit may be too varied in His manifestations. Order is to be created by each Church having a single head, lawlessness repressed by law being made to reside in a single person. Nothing in its way could be less apostolic than this standpoint. They are quite without the fine respect for Christian freedom, the noble faith in Christian manhood, in its essential and ultimate reasonableness, which ever characterizes Paul. The belief in outer and political as opposed to inner and spiritual methods, in an administrative human will as opposed to a constraining Divine love, in a legal uniformity as opposed to a spiritual unity, is the belief that distinguishes, almost immeasureably for the worse, these Ignatian from the Apostolic Epistles. We have come into another and lower atmosphere and find the enthusiasm of the apostle superseded by the fanaticism of the churchman.

The spirit and tendency of the Clementines are very different. They are written in opposition to Pauline or Gentile Christianity, and in the interests of Ebionitic or Judaic. They embody the spirit and doctrine Paul contended against in his

* Ad Mag., vi. † Hom. iii. 66. Cf. Recognitions, 60, 70.

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Roman and Galatian Epistles, and so they wish to bring the old into the new economy, make the gospel a continuation and extension of the law. They can do this best by personalizing authority, by making James and his brother apostles the alone accredited teachers, bestowing by ordination the right to teach. The ἐπίσκοπος ἐπισκόπων is James; he is the ultimate authority, and whatever does not derive from him is heresy. By this means the freer and more universal Christianity can easily be dealt with; it has only to be represented as in antagonism with the original apostolic brotherhood. Argument is not needed; history is argument. In these Homilies we have the Ebionitic version of the apostolic history; it is a late, unauthentic, almost purely imaginary version, but only on this account the more significant as to what the Judaizing party wished Christianity to be, and as to how they hoped to realize their wishes. Their hopes were in an authoritative person, in a personalized unity. Their law was incompatible with freedom. 'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty;' and where man feared this liberty, the universal Christian brotherhood, the freedom diffused through every unit of the Church, they met it by the institution of a bishop, who was to be the basis of order, the symbol of unity, the vicar and voice of God. Episcopacy was the product of faithlessness; it grew out of disbelief in the power of the Spirit to guide and control the men Christ had made free.

Once these ideas found a footing in the young society, their development was inevitable. The development was not indeed uniform, was more rapid in Syria and Asia Minor, more gradual in Greece and Alexandria and Rome. The old customs and beliefs struggled hard for life, and died slowly. While the bishop became the symbol and source of authority, who alone could ordain, without whom neither baptism nor the eucharist could be celebrated, yet we see in Tertullian how the right to administer these still lingered in the community; and even in Cyprian traces of the original equality of bishops and presbyters can be discovered. But various conditions combined to favour the new development. The political was soon joined by the sacerdotal tendency. A priestless was too pure a religion; men were not yet spiritual enough for it. The sacerdotal was everywhere esteemed the sacred; what was not sensuously holy was not holy at all. Jew and Greek alike knew the priest, neither knew any religion without him, and to bring down Christ to their level was easier than to rise to His. The relation of the New Testament to the Old favoured the birth of the sacerdotal idea,

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and the type was not so much fulfilled as reproduced in the antitype. Thus Clemens Romanus* speaks of the high-priest, priest, and Levite, as having each his proper duties and office, and though his reference is to the old economy, he uses it to enforce his idea of order in the Church. The parallel was dangerous, and the danger was increased by the tendencies native to minds steeped in sacerdotalism. Old Testament prophecy is the historical basis of apostolic Christianity, but Old Testament legalism, as lower and more sensuous, was more intelligible to the Gentile, because more in harmony with the unethical heathenism, so rich in priests, in which he had been nursed, and so it became the medium through which he construed the new faith. It was more familiar and natural, more in harmony with universal and immemorial custom to speak of the person active in things religious as a priest than as an elder, or teacher, or preacher. And the more important and authoritative the bishop became, the stronger grew the tendency to invest him with sacerdotal functions. The inevitable result begins to appear in Tertullian. The bishop becomes to him *sacerdos*.† The presbyters, indeed, form an *ordo sacerdotalis*,‡ and the bishop is *summus sacerdos*,§ and *pontifex maximus*.‖ Hippolytus¶ denotes his office by the terms *ἀρχιερατεία τε καὶ διδασκαλία*. Cyprian, of course, goes further, and his bishop is uniformly *sacerdos*, his associates *consacerdotes*, and the presbyters are *cum episcopo sacerdotali honore conjuncti*.** In the Apostolic Constitutions the bishop is frequently designated *ἱερεύς*,†† and once, indeed, *ἀρχιερεύς*.‡‡ These terms show the work of depravation complete; the priestless religion made thoroughly priestly. Christianity transformed into a hierarchic and sacerdotal system ceased to be the religion of Christ. All that He had most hated in Judaism entered and took possession of the faith that called itself by His name. His Church ceased to be a society of the like-minded, where the freedom of the Spirit reigned, and became a stupendous sacerdotal *civitas* or state, where the ecclesiastic was supreme, and obedience was conformity to his institutions.

It would take us too far to exhibit the process of develop-

* Ep. xl. † De Pudic. 21. ‡ De Exh. Cast. 7. § De Baptis. 17.
‖ De Pudic. 1. Tertullian's Montanism saved him from falling a complete victim to the idea of an official priesthood. No Father pleaded more strongly for the universal priesthood of Christian men. The *Pontifex Maximus* of the last reference is ironical, but on this account all the more significant of the claims advanced by the person satirically described as the *episcopos episcoporum*.
¶ Refut. Omn. Hær. i. Proem. ** Ep. lxi. 2.
†† ii. 34, 35, 36; iii. 9; vi. 15, 18. ‡‡ vi. 27, 57.

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ment and analyze its conditions. Enough to say, everything favoured the growth of the hierarchic polity. The dream of universal empire that Rome had so nearly realized supplied the Church with an ideal; over against the *Civitas Roma* rose the *Civitas Dei*, making men its citizens by baptism, now a priestly rite, and giving to the enfranchised a title to heaven. As the Empire decayed, the Church stepped into its place; as the one decreased, the other increased in its ability to maintain order. The more its politico-sacerdotal agencies and activities were exercised, the more they were developed. The supremacy of Rome passed to the Church; the Pope superseded Cæsar, and exercised ecclesiastical functions, more imperial than any political functions his predecessor had ever exercised. Culture had died, and with it criticism—even when severest and least friendly, most serviceable to the Church, she being more able to dispense with the apologies of her sons than with the criticisms of her enemies. States and dynasties were too unstable and short-lived to offer resistance to her arrogant claims. Civil power was ever changing hands, new provinces or peoples were ever coming suddenly to the front, and were as suddenly forced to the rear. But above all changes the Church sat, watching all, profiting by all, multiplying her sensuous sanctities, enacting and enforcing her sacerdotal laws.

But now comparative criticism, when it has traced the process of ecclesiastical development and analyzed its factors, is met by another set of problems. How have these changes affected the religion? Do they only the better preserve it? or do they work a change in its character that is equal to a revolution? Now, as regards the case before us, it has to be noted that the development was not from the pure seed, but, as it were, from tares that had been sown along with it. The religion of Christ is not a polity, nor can it be incorporated in one; it is no sacerdotalism, and cannot be embodied in a priestly system. If these two are so fused as to become one, if the polity be throughout sacerdotal, or the sacerdotalism be articulated into a vigorous and inflexible, yet, to its administrators, most accommodating polity, then a religion which was at first a kingdom of the truth, without priests and without corporate unity, is doubly wronged. It is wronged by being superseded and made inoperative, and it is wronged by a supersession which negatives its most distinctive truths and creative qualities. A concrete case or two taken from the Doctrine, the Ethics, and the Politics of the apostolic Church may help to make the meaning clear. As to the first,

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we may say that, if the doctrine of justification by faith belongs to apostolic Christianity, then a system that justifies by sacraments and saves on political conditions is its negation. For faith implies the exercise of the reason, an appeal to it as independent and free, and persuasion of it by rational methods; while the doctrine as a whole implies the immediate and personal relation of the soul to God, and God to the soul. But the sacerdotal system involves a pragmatic obedience, virtue communicated by sensuous and instituted agencies, and a relation not to God, but to an organized polity, and relation even to it which can be mediated and accomplished only through authorized mediators. And these things—the doctrine and the system—are incompatible and contrary to each other.

As to the Ethics, it will be enough to note one of the moral qualities of Christ's teaching, though perhaps the most remarkable. It was distinguished by what may be termed its *inwardness*. The great matter was not what a man *did*, but what he *was*. The *doing* would be right were the *being* right. Alms before men, prayers in the temple and at the street corners, phylacteries or pious formulæ of any kind, fasts, care for ceremonial purifications and practices—these and such-like were to Him no religious virtues, only masks and mockeries that deceived alike the doer and beholder, 'dead works' that usurped the place of living obedience to God and beneficent duties to man. His own ideal was—a man with light and life within, determined in all his actions by love, jealous of the ostentatious and ceremonial, suspicious of a goodness according to rule and custom, cultivating its spirit and doing its works in secret, perfect as God is perfect, full of all ethically holy activities, yet possessing and enjoying the sweet and sane and familiar humanities. Now what are the moral tendencies of an elaborately organized society at once sacerdotal and political? Exactly those that Christ most resisted, hated, suffered from—those that most seek to compel a uniform ceremonial or outward obedience, that identify ritual and rules with right conduct, sensuous worship with living obedience. And what are the virtues it most produces, cultivates, and praises? Precisely those that Christ held to be most unreal, the mimicry and counterfeit of the true and the good. This applies not simply to the kind of things that come to be esteemed virtuous, like penances and repetition of formulated and prescribed prayers, but also to virtues that seem more distinctly moral. Submission may, under certain conditions, be a very excellent quality; but if it be so exaggerated as to be absolute, it becomes a positive vice.

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The man who makes a complete surrender of his conscience to his superior and regards himself as a simple vehicle or agent of his superior's will, ceases to be, in the true sense, a moral man, renounces knowledge of the inward law Jesus so laboured to make articulate, and obedience to the living God who speaks in it. And absolute submission is the attitude not simply of the Jesuit to his superior, but of every man who places his soul in the hands of a spiritual director, to whom he makes confession, through whom he receives absolution, and in conformity to whose expressed will he undertakes to walk. The inwardness Christ required is not possible to him—the light is not inner, the life is not inner; the truth he knows does not 'make him free' and become within 'a well of water springing up unto everlasting life,' and his virtues are not such as become a kingdom which is 'righteousness, joy, peace in the Holy Ghost.'

Again, the sacerdotal polity even more completely changed and depraved the political and social ideal of Christ and His apostles. That ideal was a free spiritual brotherhood, where men lived in the spirit and walked by it. Clergy and laity did not stand sharply opposed to each other, distinguished and divided by official, which are ever fictitious, sanctities; nay, clergy and laity did not even exist. The most eminent distinctions were moral, the best gifts spiritual and possible to all. The man who lived nearest to God stood highest among men; he who loved most lived the best. Office carried with it no special sanctity, sanctity only qualified for office. The supreme thing was the incorporation of the ethical ideal in a spiritual commonwealth, where the good of each was the aim and joy of all, and each had his place and function in the society determined by the gift which manifested the grace of God. Regarded as to its internal relations, it was a family, a brotherhood, a household of faith; from the standpoint of its privileges and liberties it was an ἐκκλησία, or society of the enfranchised, where every man was free and a citizen; from its relation to God, it could be variously described, as a 'kingdom,' an 'elect people,' a 'royal priesthood,' or a 'living temple.' The latter aspects are signally significant; where the temple is spiritual, built of living stones, quickened and glorified by the indwelling God, the only sanctity possible is one of persons, not of place or rite, or act and symbol. When man in Christ became at once the temple and the priesthood, the ancient sensuous worship utterly ceased, and the only sacrifices acceptable to God were those of living obedience and holy will.

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But the essential elements in this ideal are precisely the elements cancelled and annihilated by a priestly polity in all its possible forms. It builds on the distinction between clergy and laity, and loves official sanctities as its very life. The priesthood becomes a sacred office, the priest a sacred person, and all laymen belong to the world and are concerned with things profane. The clergy constitute the Church; without them the highest worship is impossible, the society unable to approach God without its priests. Sacred orders are fatal to brotherhood; distinct classes, not to say castes, forbid fraternity. And the duties they enforce are not ethical, but official and artificial. Place and function in the society are determined not by the gifts of the Spirit, but by the rules and agencies of the order. Sacerdotal office does not demand the highest spiritual manhood; priests are too easily made to require the noblest material for their making. The system that does not emphasize the need of the highest spiritual qualities in the man concerned with religion is a bad religious system, and no official priesthood in any religion the world has known ever gave to the ethical its proper and authoritative place. The evolution of sacerdotalism in the Christian Church was the death of all the distinctive social and moral elements in the religion of Christ.

It thus seems that the evolution of the organized sacerdotal polity which is named Catholicism at once superseded and suppressed the elements in Christianity that were most distinctively original, those most decisively emphasized by Christ and His apostles. And this is true alike of doctrine and precept, faith and conduct, political ideal and social realization. Now, this supplies the standpoint from which the Reformation must be studied and interpreted: it was, as it were, an attempt to recover primitive Christianity, with its ideas and methods, its doctrines and duties, its truths and modes of action. It was an attempt necessarily based on the Scriptures, especially those of the New Testament. These showed what the original had been, what Jesus had said and suffered, done and designed, what His apostles thought and taught, attempted and achieved. The minds of the Reformers might be thus expressed—'In order that it may do its work in the world, Christianity must again become the religion of Christ.' But it was easier to see what was needed than to accomplish it. Much, of course, was gained by the mere revolt from the sacerdotal polity which had been organized into Catholicism. Its strength was broken; it might storm as of old, but its thunder had lost its power to terrify, and its

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lightning to smite. But what rose in the revolted provinces was not the primitive ideal, but only more or less remote approximations to it. The Reformers, like men everywhere, worked under the limitations of time and place; and they did not work alone. They had to work through, and along with, and, in certain cases, under kings and states. The Reformer that worked most through and least under a State accomplished his work most thoroughly; the Reformers that worked most completely under and for a sovereign accomplished the least. The scene of the thoroughest reformation was Geneva, of the least complete, England; and the difference was in no respect more manifest than in this—the Genevan had all the aggressive, zealous, strenuous spirit of primitive Christianity, but England had almost none of it. There was more apostolic activity and purpose in Geneva than in any other city of the Reformation. There was there a splendid faith in the truth, in the right of the ideal to command the actual, in the formative as in the reformative force of the divine original, in its claim to be in all things the creative, constitutive, and normative principle. And small Geneva did marvellous things—sent its strong faith into France, into Holland, into remote Scotland, invaded even Lutheran Germany, and wherever it went it acted like iron in the spiritual blood, raised up massive, heroic men, stoical in character, stern in temper, inflexible in will, unable to accept defeat, yet in victory ever conscious that God alone was victorious. But the Anglican Church was thoroughly insular, lived and acted as a Church for the English, without universal sympathies, save where here and there touched by Genevan influences, accomplishing the work with as little change as possible, leaving as much of the venerable edifice the ages had built as the forces at work could be induced to spare. There was no attempt at a return to the religion of Christ, only at the *re*-formation of the Church of England.

The incompleteness of the work in England made it an offence to many consciences. It seemed so mean and low and feeble compared with the completer work of Geneva, and it had been throughout so regulated by the spirit of expediency and statecraft, that men of a sterner and more ideal faith were irresistibly impelled beyond it. The Genevan model and its splendid success filled many with admiration; they pleaded in its behalf with sovereign and people, and zealously worked for its adoption in England. But by and by it became evident to a few that Geneva had gone to work in the wrong way, had alike in its ideal and its method gone

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beyond the New to the Old Testament. Its aim had been to realize a Mosaic rather than a Christian State, to fulfil the dream of David rather than of Paul, to institute a θεοκρατία rather than ἐκκλησίαι, assemblies of free and enfranchized Christian men. But the new ideal was a complete return to the religion of Christ, to the method and aims of His apostles. The primitive simplicity was held to be the secret of primitive power; depending on the civil magistrate, working by his arm and through his agents meant being commanded by his expediencies rather than by Christ's mind and truth. The kingdom of God was a kingdom of the godly; the Church of Christ was a society of Christians. It must be enlarged and maintained in his way, not in the way of Queen Elizabeth or James the Wise. The Church of Christ in England could not be a creation of the sovereign of England, to be changed and arranged as a much-marrying Henry or a fanatical Mary might determine. It was Christ's, and His way must be followed if His ideal was to be realized. And what was His way? He did not ask Herod, who was quite as respectable a person as Henry, to help Him. He did not implore the consent and aid of the chief priests, who were in their own place and day quite as potent and capable persons as the Anglican bishops. He did not appeal for counsel and co-operation to Pilate, who, measured by his age and people, was the equal of Thomas Cromwell or William Cecil. But He established His kingdom, He created His Church by His word of power. He preached His truth on the hill-side, on the Galilean lake, or by its shore, to the publican sitting at the receipt of custom or looking down from the sycamore tree, to the few who met in the home of women who loved much, to the crowds that gathered round Him in the way, or in the temple, or in the chief places of concourse, and out of the men who heard, believed, and obeyed, His kingdom was constituted, His Church formed. It was a 'kingdom of the truth,' and only those who were 'of the truth' heard His voice. To use the agencies and instruments of imperial Rome or of sacerdotal Judea had made His kingdom a 'kingdom of this world' rather than of heaven. And as with Him, so with His apostles; they were preachers, created Churches by the word of the Cross, and out of men who believed. Paul might reason with Felix, but it was of 'righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come,' not about the most fitting way of establishing Churches. Peter might be condemned by the great council to silence, but he declared that he must 'obey God rather than men, and could not but speak the things which

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he had heard.' And, it was argued, as then, so now, that the only true Christianity is Christ's, the only right method the method followed by Him and His apostles. Restore the truth and way of the New Testament, and the glory of the apostolic age will return.

This, roughly and dimly, but really, represents the mind and attitude of the early Independents. Their aim was to realize the ideal of the apostolic age, to follow Christ's way, in order that they might reach His religion. How they succeeded it is not possible here and now to tell; but it may here be said that though in some respects their success was but small, in others it was signal and splendid. To them it was granted to live a life of exclusion and disability and loss in one England, and to create a new nation, a fresh English commonwealth, in another. And in neither England is their history one of which they need to be ashamed. In the old they have lived loyal to the State and all its interests under most disloyal monarchs, working for a political that at once became and reflected their religious ideal, for 'purer manners, sweeter laws,' for generous and ordered freedom, for diffused light, for rational progress, for the privileges that can educate, and the education that can lift and equalize the people. In New England they laid the foundations of the State and commonwealth of the future, and the foundations are broad and strong, easily able to bear the immense structure that has risen and is rising on them. There, more than in any other modern State, ethics rule legislation, and a people, now too mixed to be Puritan, still live under institutions inspired by the spirit that dwelt in the brawny pilgrims who went out into the wilderness to seek and enjoy the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free.

But there is one point that must still, though most briefly, be glanced at. How did the Independent polity affect the ideal of the Christian religion and the attempt at its realization? For one thing, it restored doctrine at once and completely to its rightful place, made it the vital centre of the Christian system. It lived at first not as a political organization, but by the truths that persuaded the intellect and commanded the conscience. Christianity created a new life, because it gave new convictions; it renewed the man by the renewal of his whole intellectual and spiritual world. And the distinctive note of Independency was its direct appeal to the conscience and reason, its presentation of religion as the truth or series of truths that should reconcile man with God and with the Divine order, and enable him to live in obedience to the eternal law

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of righteousness. The first and supreme thing was this reconciliation with God. Man could never be right in his human relations so long as he was wrong in his Divine. He could never hold his proper place in society, or fulfil his highest duties, until he lived in harmony with the order God had instituted. The passion for the Church as a political organization was to Independency a mean ambition; its passion was for the kingdom of God, for the obedience worked through faith in the truth and realized in righteousness.

And as Independency endeavoured to restore doctrine to its primitive and apostolic position, it strenuously laboured to do the same for precept, to recover the moral authority and law of Christianity. And that here its success was signal is not open to doubt. No student of English history can deny that it created a new conscience for conduct in the English people, new qualities of character and types of virtue, and added some of the most illustrious names to the long roll of Christian heroes and saints. But it did immensely more than this; it did not simply create a loftier and more ethical ideal of the Christian man, but it also lifted the conception of the Church of Jesus Christ, made it less civil and more spiritual, less political and more social, less sacerdotal and more moral. It placed religion above the sovereign as above the man, made the Church as a society independent of the State, but as the bearer of the ideals and truths, as the vehicle and exponent of the religion of Jesus Christ, related to the State as to the individual, related, that is, as the teacher and preacher of righteousness, with a commission which comes direct from the Eternal. The attitude of the Anglican Church to the sovereign was an inexpressible humiliation to the man who understood and believed and loved the ideal of Independency. It was so by virtue of the varied infidelities it involved. It contradicted the fundamental principle of a return to the way and idea of Christ and His apostles. It offended the strong belief in the dignity, the spiritual kinghood and priesthood of every Christian man. It sinned against the profound conviction that a man who was a citizen in the kingdom of God, who held office and exercised rule in His Church, ought to be a godly man. It were almost impossible to enlighten the Anglican as to the feelings of the Independent who heard him maintain the thesis that an utter scapegrace like the second Charles, a crypto-Catholic to boot, was by the grace of God king of England and head of the English Church. It would have seemed to him too grotesque for impiety had it not been too bitter for tears. Time never

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inflicted a more deserved revenge than when it forced the Anglican to see a king by his own divine right the head of his Church, while a Catholic in profession and in deed. Yet it ought to have been a less humiliation than was the sight in the same position of his less honest and even more unclean crypto-Catholic brother. But humiliations of that sort could be suffered by Anglicanism alone, they were impossible to Independency. Strong in the faith that Christ was king, that where He reigned no sovereign had any right or title to interfere, that the surest note of a Christian man was his being obedient to Christ in all things, the surest note of the Christian Church its working in Christ's way for Christ's ends—the Independent lived through the old days of darkness into these days of light, and helped to make the day when it dawned the day of rich fruition and richer promise we find it to be.

A. M. FAIRBAIRN.

*** Through a miscarriage of the post, several pages of the article on Independency, in the April number, were printed without final corrections.

Art. VII.—*The Attack upon Free Trade.*

(1) *Annual Statement of the Trade of the United Kingdom with Foreign Countries and British Possessions for the year* 1880.
(2) *Statistical Abstract for the United Kingdom in each of the last Fifteen Years, from* 1860–1880.
(3) *Free Trade and Protection.* By Henry Fawcett, M.P.
(4) *Cobden Club Publications.*
(5) *English Trade and Foreign Competition.* 'The Quarterly Review,' July, 1881.

There would appear to be some reason for believing that the battle of Free Trade will have to be fought over again. At first sight it might seem strange and difficult to account for, that dissatisfaction should be felt with a policy under which England has attained a measure of wealth and prosperity unparalleled in the history of the world. Upon reflection, however, it will, we think, be found that it is not after all so very surprising that such should be the case. Since the time when the Corn Laws were in force, a new generation has sprung up which knows little or nothing of the privations that were endured in the old days of Protection. Whilst, however, it knows nothing of the horrors of famine, with all its attendant miseries, by which this country was visited some

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forty years ago, it also has had its bitter experience of commercial and agricultural depression. Smarting, as so many amongst us still are, under the heavy reverses of the last few years, it is little to be wondered at that they should easily be beguiled by the voice of the charmer, and should lend a ready ear to any suggestions, however impracticable they may really be, which, superficially considered, might be held to carry along with them the possibility of relief. Such a period of adversity as that through which we have recently been passing, and from which we are only just at last emerging, is the quack's opportunity. And assuredly the supply of quacks has been fully equal to the demand. The farmers' friends—or, to speak more accurately, those who give themselves out as such—have of late been busily engaged in decking out in a new dress, and displaying before the admiring gaze of their constituents, the old idol of Protection—an idol which, as they know full well, has long since been dethroned, and can never be restored. In other words, the Free Trade question is ceasing to be a merely economic, and is fast becoming a political and, what is worse, a party question. Signs of what was coming were visible to the discerning eye and mind even in the time of the late Parliament. To say nothing of the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act, which, in its original conception at least, partook of a distinctly Protectionist character, it will be sufficient for our purpose to refer to the debate which took place when, on July 4th, 1879, Mr. Chaplin moved for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the condition of agriculture. In the course of the speech which he delivered on that occasion he was bold enough to advocate the repeal of the Malt Tax and the substitution in lieu thereof of protective duties upon foreign produce to the extent of £8,000,000 sterling. No minister rose from his place on the Treasury bench to protest against so monstrous a proposal. 'We are prepared,' said Lord Sandon, speaking on behalf of the Government of the day, 'to accept the exact words of the resolution of the member for Lincolnshire.' The mere acceptance of a resolution by Ministers of the Crown does not, we freely admit, of necessity pledge them to approval of the speech of its mover. Still it affords a sort of presumptive evidence that they and he are in general agreement upon the subject matter under discussion. The least, therefore, that ministers under the circumstances might fairly have been expected to have done, would have been to let it be clearly understood that, in assenting to the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the depressed condition of the

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agricultural interest, they had not the remotest intention in the world of disturbing or departing from the settled financial policy of the country. They did not, however, adopt such a straightforward course as this would have been. They passed over in silence the talk about Protection, condemning it no doubt in their own minds, but afraid to give voice to their condemnation, lest by any chance they should offend a section of their following. Two years have since elapsed in which most wonderful changes have been witnessed. The men who at that time were in the enjoyment of office, and at the height of power and distinction, have since been relegated to the cold shade of Opposition. But whilst they have been forced, much against their will, to abandon their places, they have not, so far as we are aware, shown any disposition or inclination voluntarily to abandon the principles or want of principles by which they were formerly characterized. Their attitude towards the cardinal and vital questions of Free Trade and Protection remains to-day precisely what it was two years ago. It is studiously and purposely ambiguous. Indeed, it is but the simple truth to say that, whatever may have been the case with respect to other matters, with regard to this at least the leaders of the Conservative party have gone from bad to worse. The late leader of the Conservative party, when reminded not very long ago of the unsatisfactory character of the arguments which he had used in his old speeches in favour of Protection, is reported to have said, 'Ah! I always knew we had a bad case;' and accordingly when, in April, 1879, Lord Bateman brought forward in the House of Lords his motion in favour of Reciprocity, Lord Beaconsfield, after a playful reference to the 'musty phrases' that had been quoted from his early speeches, and after coolly assuring his noble friend that, though he had listened most attentively to the whole of his lengthy oration, he had been unable to make out what it was that he required, went on frankly and honestly to confess that 'the fact was, practically speaking, Reciprocity, whatever its merits, was dead.' Lord Beaconsfield, however, is gone, and men of a different, and in many respects of an inferior, mould divide between them, in varying and uncertain proportions, the authority which he himself was wont to wield. At a loss for a policy, and in search of an electioneering cry, determined, moreover, by hook or by crook to maintain their hold upon the county constituencies, they are deliberately coquetting with Reciprocity, Retaliation, and Fair Trade, which are only other names for the discarded heresy of Protection. Lord Salisbury seizes upon the occasion of the presentation of a

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petition from the planters of Barbadoes to make an unexpected onslaught upon the general commercial policy of the country, and the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons—the author of 'Twenty Years of Financial Policy'—silently follows in the footsteps of his master. Mr. Ritchie is told off to continue the work which Mr. Chaplin had begun, and the leader, in *name* at least, of the great Conservative and Constitutional party, apparently thinks it consistent with the high position which he holds to slink into the division lobby with the junior member for the Tower Hamlets, without uttering a single word of explanation as to the meaning that was to be attached to the vote he was about to give. Nor does the matter end here. The farce which was enacted on the floor of the House of Commons is in due course played over again in the country. Sir Stafford is invited down to Sheffield to the Cutlers' Feast, and when he arrives there he finds himself very much at a disadvantage, because he is obliged to avoid all reference to political controversies. When, however, he has succeeded in delivering himself of his non-political oration, he is, by a remarkable coincidence, followed by His Grace the Duke of Rutland. The Duke launches out, at this non-political gathering, into a violent tirade against Free Trade and Free Traders; but before doing so he very kindly volunteers to sit down on the instant if his observations shall prove distasteful to any amongst his audience. It is not recorded that Sir Stafford Northcote hinted, even in his mildest and most inoffensive manner, that perhaps after all His Grace would be well advised if he were to pass on to some other topic.

We have, then, we think it will be admitted, ample warranty for our assertion that the Free Trade question has ceased to be a purely economical, and has assumed the form of a political and party, question. If further proof is required, it will be found in rank abundance in the columns of the accredited organs of the Tory party. There is, however, one conspicuous exception, 'The Standard,' which for some time past has with commendable courage and independence adopted a line and policy of its own. Writing at the time of the recent election in North Lincolnshire, 'The Standard' gave utterance to the following manly and outspoken protest—

> Candidates at Parliamentary elections (it said) have no business to give pledges which a little reflection must convince them, in common with the rest of the world, it is impossible to redeem, and to make promises which there is no reasonable prospect they will ever be able to perform. When the accredited representatives of the Conservative party, in their desire

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to catch votes, advocate just so much of a return to Protection as is signified by the shibboleths of Reciprocity and Fair Trade—against which Lord Beaconsfield declared with memorable emphasis—they incur the charge of political insincerity and dishonesty of the worst and most damaging kind.

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The Right Hon. James Lowther, exulting in the success by which for the nonce his tactics have been attended, may laugh to scorn the warnings of the leading organ of his party, but in the long run it will be found that he will have little cause to look back with pride and satisfaction upon the means by which he has once more secured his return to Parliament. With the honourable exception, then, of 'The Standard' newspaper, it may be said without exaggeration that almost the entire body of the Conservative press views with a kindly and a friendly eye the agitation that has been set on foot in favour of what is euphemistically called Fair Trade, but what has been more properly and more correctly described as Protection in fancy dress. We say advisedly the *Conservative* press, for we are altogether unable to agree, without this important qualification, with the assertion of a recent writer in 'The Quarterly Review,' that 'numerous influential newspapers in the north openly proclaim their antagonism to the present commercial policy of the country.' * No Liberal paper of any influence or importance has been carried away by the Reciprocity agitation. 'The Manchester Guardian,' which has been rightly described as the leading commercial paper of the north of England, is staunch in its adherence to Free Trade principles. The brilliant and accomplished editor of 'The Manchester Examiner and Times' is fully as thoroughgoing a Free Trader now as he was when he wrote 'The Charter of the Nations.' † In 'The Liverpool Mercury' there has recently appeared a series of most valuable articles on the relation between our exports and imports, in which the fallacies of the reciprocity-mongers have been thoroughly and effectually exposed. No one, again, pretends that the vigorous and clear-sighted editor of 'The Liverpool Daily Post' has apostatized from his earlier faith, and, as regards the Yorkshire press, it will be sufficient to point to the fact that, notwithstanding the many temptations by which it has been beset to advocate a retrograde policy, 'The Leeds Mercury' has escaped unscathed in the trying and difficult times through which the staple industry of the district in which it principally

* 'English Trade and Foreign Competition.' 'The Quarterly Review,' July, 1881.

† 'The Charter of the Nations; or, Free Trade and its Results.' An Essay. By Henry Dunckley, M.A.

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circulates has latterly been called to pass. It will be acknowledged, therefore, that we have good grounds for asserting that it is only the Conservative press that has caught the infection of the new propaganda. But the contagion has been allowed to spread to regions from which it might have been hoped that it would have been carefully and zealously excluded. It is not merely in the columns of 'The Morning Post' and 'The St. James's Gazette' that the Fair Traders have been permitted to air their crotchets on what, we are told, must now be regarded as the question of the day. They are accorded the place of honour in the all-embracing 'Nineteenth Century,' and they find their way without difficulty into the more exclusive and old-fashioned, not to say antiquated, 'Quarterly.' In the July number of 'The Quarterly Review' there appeared under the title of 'English Trade and Foreign Competition' an ably written article, which attained, and in a certain sense deserved, a considerable measure of success. It was happy in the time and occasion of its birth; and if its literary style rather than its matter and its arguments had been in question, we should have been bound in fairness to describe it as altogether unexceptionable. Moreover, additional interest and importance were lent to it by the fact that it partook in some degree of the character of a political manifesto. 'The trade of the world,' said the writer, 'will henceforth be divided among different nations, and the most enterprising and the most skilful will get the lion's share of it, provided that a fair field and no favour is afforded to all. That is what we have to secure. Probably it may become the duty of the Conservative party to show the people how to secure it.'

The scope of the article having been such as we have endeavoured very briefly to indicate, it is not in any way surprising that it should have been the subject of many comments of both a favourable and an adverse description. The criticism to which it has been subjected, however, as was but natural should be the case, has been of a somewhat slight and sketchy character. It was probably thought in many quarters that the reviewer and his article were not worth the waste of much powder and shot. But, since the time when the article was written the Fair Trade movement has advanced a stage, it may now, perhaps, be worth while to examine in some detail what is the real value of the facts and of the arguments that are constantly being adduced in its support.

We propose, then, to take as the basis and subject matter of our investigations the article of 'The Quarterly' reviewer, and to subject it to a somewhat minute and searching criti-

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cism. The process will, it may be thought, be sufficiently tedious, but it will not, we trust, be altogether without its results and its reward. Unless we are very much mistaken, the result of our investigations will be to confirm the statement of 'The Daily News' when it says that the Reciprocity agitation is 'more entirely based upon ignorance than any political movement of our day.'*

The line of argument, if such it can be called, which the reviewer has adopted, is delightful in its simplicity. He starts by depicting in the darkest colours the condition of one and all of our staple manufactures, and he then proceeds to set down to the account of Free Trade all the intolerable evils from which he tells us we are suffering. Let us follow him in each step of his argument, and see by what methods it is that he seeks to make good his position.

And, first, let us take the cotton trade, the most important manufacturing industry in the country. 'It is questioned by competent local authorities,' writes our instructor, 'whether Manchester will ever again witness a return of the palmy days of 1872-73; and those who are not local authorities, but simply close observers of the course which trade is taking, are disposed to think that there is very little room for any doubt on the subject.' In proof of the correctness of this gloomy and desponding view of the future prospects of our leading manufacture, we are regaled with a few statistics carefully picked and chosen for the purpose of supporting a particular hypothesis.

> In 1870 (we are told) the value of our cotton manufactures exported to the United States was £2,674,697. In 1876 it had sunk to £1,275,788, and although last year witnessed what the economic writers called a great revival, the amount was only raised to £1,748,645. Then, consider what has been happening with Germany. We exported to that country in 1872 cotton yarn and manufactures to the value of nearly six millions sterling. Last year the amount was below a million and a-half. The decline in our cotton trade with Egypt is about 68 per cent. as compared with ten years ago. At that time we sent to Holland cotton goods to the value of four and three-quarter millions. In 1880 the value was under two and a half millions.

Upon this, the first remark that suggests itself is that, in instituting a comparison between the condition of a particular trade at one period of time and its condition at another period, no useful result can be arrived at by singling out one or two countries, and considering them quite apart from the rest. It is surely obvious on the face of it that a particular

* 'The Daily News,' August 26, 1881.

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branch of a trade may be suffering, while the trade, as a whole, may be in a fairly prosperous condition. The trade with half a dozen countries may have receded, whilst that with the rest of the world may have advanced. This is precisely what has happened with the cotton trade, as we think we shall have little difficulty in showing. But even if the method adopted by the reviewer were a right one, and were capable of leading to any useful results, there are some at least of the figures which he has quoted upon which, we must confess, we are unable to congratulate him. Take, for example, the case of Egypt, of which he has sought to make so much. It is, no doubt, perfectly correct and accurate to say that the Board of Trade returns show a considerable falling off in our export of cotton manufactures to Egypt. But the explanation is a simple one, and such as might have suggested itself to an ordinarily intelligent and well-informed mind. The falling off is, in truth, rather nominal than real, and is to be attributed to the following cause. Before the opening of the Suez Canal, and for some little time after the canal had been opened, it was necessary to send goods destined for the East first of all to Egypt, and then to reship them to other countries. When the canal became one of the world's great international highways, goods which had formerly been exported to Egypt were sent direct to their destination. With regard to Germany, again, it is noticeable that the reviewer has studiously selected as the starting-point of his comparison the year 1872; the time, that is to say, when the Franco-German War had just been brought to a successful termination, and Germany was in course of receiving from her conquered foe the huge war indemnity of £200,000,000. But, in truth, if the instances selected for comparison were as valuable as they must be pronounced to be worthless for all practical purposes, they could not be fairly expected to yield any conclusive or satisfactory result. The method itself is bad, and is calculated, if it is not intended, to mislead. If we wish to get at any really useful results, if we are in earnest in our endeavour to find out whether the cotton trade, or any other trade, has receded or advanced in any given period of time, we must look at the total quantities of our exports in the years selected for comparison. Comparing, then, the years 1870 and 1880 in this, the only legitimate way, we find that the facts are as follows: In the year 1870 we exported 3,266,998,366 yards of cotton goods of all kinds; in the year 1880 our exports had risen to 4,496,343,500 yards, or an increase of about 38 per cent. The falling off,

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therefore, about which 'The Quarterly' declaims with so much eloquence, turns out to have been no falling off at all, but an increase of close upon 38 per cent.

One would have thought that such a simple and easily ascertained fact as that of the total quantity of cotton goods which we export would have found a place in any description of the present condition of the staple industry of Lancashire. No comparison, however, of our total export of cotton goods last year with that of any previous year will be found from beginning to end of the article on 'English Trade and Foreign Competition.' Upon this, as upon so many other points of importance, the reviewer maintains a perfect and unbroken silence. It may be well, therefore, that we should enter a little more into detail upon the subject. The figures we have just quoted are taken from the Board of Trade returns. We will now quote a few statistics from the next highest authority, which our readers will scarcely need to be reminded is the 'Annual Review of the Cotton Trade,' published by Messrs. Ellison and Co., of Liverpool. The following interesting and instructive statement, which would of itself be sufficient to demolish the whole argument of the writer in 'The Quarterly,' is taken from Messrs. Ellison and Co.'s 'Review of the Cotton Trade for the Year 1880.'

> The consumption in 1880 (we are informed) was the largest in the history of the trade. The previous largest was in 1876. Compared with that year, 1880 shows an increase of 4720 bales per week, or 7·7 per cent. Compared with 1879, the increase is 9580 bales per week, or close upon 17 per cent. The present rate of consumption is about 67,000 bales of 400 lbs. per week, or 60,000 bales of 445·9 lbs.—the average weight of the consumption in 1880.*

Solid facts such as these are dismissed altogether from consideration by the reviewer, as if they were fancies light as air. To have so much as hinted at their existence would have been sufficient to awaken doubt and suspicion in the mind of the reader; to have openly acknowledged and proclaimed them would have simply had the effect of shattering to pieces the whole of the nicely constructed fabric of imposture which the writer was labouring so diligently to rear. Accordingly, most wisely and discreetly it must be admitted from his own point of view, he has thought fit to shut them out from consideration altogether. But it must not be supposed from what we have said that the outlook is entirely

* Ellison and Co.'s 'Annual Review of Cotton Trade for the Year 1880,' January 26th, 1881.

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dark and gloomy, even in the view of the writer in 'The Quarterly.' There is, he admits, one bright spot on the world's wide surface, and that is to be found somewhere within the limits of our Indian dominions. Had it not been for the existence of our Indian empire, the most important manufacturing industry we possess must have utterly collapsed. Such is the argument. Let us now bring it to the test of facts. No doubt it is an argument that is useful to the reviewer in another way, and from a different point of view. It enables him to discharge a good deal of grandiloquent rhetoric, and to have a fling—which he appears very greatly to enjoy—at a certain class of politicians who, it appears, have emblazoned on their banners the strange device of 'Perish India'—adopting Mr. Freeman's grossly misrepresented phrase. But whilst we are constrained to admit that this reference to India serves its purpose in giving the reviewer an opportunity of tilting at a non-existent set of politicians, the only question with which we need trouble ourselves on the present occasion is the simple one—How far is it true that the prosperity, and even the very existence of the English cotton trade, is dependent upon the imperial connection between India and ourselves? This is a question that is capable of a simple and easy solution. We do not, of course, for a single moment deny that India is one of our most important customers, especially so far as the cotton trade is concerned; and we are delighted beyond measure to find that last year, owing, we may suppose, to the fact that she has at last found herself in some degree relieved from the evils inflicted upon her in recent years by the combined scourges of famine and of war—we are delighted, we say, to find that last year, from the causes we have mentioned, our exports of cotton goods to India rose from twelve and a half millions sterling—the figure at which they stood in 1879—to eighteen and a quarter millions. Still, notwithstanding this great increase in the export of cotton goods to India, it will be found that if we leave India out of the account altogether, and simply compare the quantities of cotton goods exported to the rest of the world last year with the quantities exported in 1870, last year's returns show the very substantial increase of 14 per cent. upon those of ten years ago. Here, therefore, as elsewhere, the argument of 'The Quarterly,' when brought to the test of facts, is seen to be quite incapable of being sustained.

The simple and literal truth is that the author of the article on 'English Trade and Foreign Competition,' whoever he may be, has set out with a preconceived theory, and is deter-

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mined to leave no stone unturned to recommend it to his readers' acceptance. In obedience to this commanding impulse he strives by every available means to make out that things are going from bad to worse, instead of from bad to better, as is actually the case. All his exertions, however, are fruitless, because the facts are against him. The very reverse of what he alleges is the case, as all who are practically acquainted with business must admit. Lancashire, like the rest of the United Kingdom, is gradually recovering from the depression which a few years ago lay like an incubus upon the manufacturing industries, not of England only, but of the world at large. Let any one who doubts the truth of what we say take the trouble to read the Annual Report of the United States consul at Manchester for the year 1880, and compare it with the same gentleman's reports for the two previous years. The opening sentences of the first and last of these reports would themselves be sufficient to prove the truth of our contention. Writing of the year 1878, Mr. Shaw very truly said: 'The past year has been one of unprecedented depression in the great cotton manufactures of this consular district.' In his last report, however, that for the year 1880, he says with equal truth: 'Upon the whole there has been a considerable improvement in trade in this consular district during the past year. There is a greater demand for labour, and less suffering among the labouring poor—sure evidences of better times.' And then, in order to bring the matter to the test, and to show that the prospects of the cotton trade had very materially improved in the interval of time that had elapsed since his last report was written, the United States consul refers to the fact that in the year 1879 'The Oldham Chronicle' published an account of 125 cotton spinning and manufacturing companies, from which it appeared that one of these companies paid a dividend of 2 per cent.; one of 2½ per cent.; two of 4 per cent.; six of 5 per cent.; one of 5½ per cent.; two of 8 per cent.; five of 10 per cent.; while *one hundred and four paid no dividends, and in a great majority of cases made losses more or less serious.* This was in 1879. Twelve months later, however, according to the same authority, trade had improved in such a marked degree that the number of companies paying no dividend had diminished by one-half, whilst the rest of the 125 mills were paying dividends that ranged from 2 to 22 per cent. If it is sought to lay any particular stress upon the fact that there still remains a considerable minority of the mills unable to pay their shareholders any dividends at all, it should be remembered that nearly all the companies in

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question are co-operative concerns that work with a large percentage of borrowed capital. It follows, as a matter of course from the existence of such a state of things, that interest varying from 4 to 6 per cent. has to be paid upon the whole of this borrowed capital before there is anything that is available for distribution amongst the shareholders. And at least the extracts from 'The Oldham Chronicle' prove this much, that last year the cotton trade went a long way towards recovering the ground it had lost during the recent depression. Coming down to a still later date, it is gratifying to find that indications are not wanting to show that the prospect continues to improve, and that a new era is beginning to dawn for our cotton manufacturers and operatives. Strangely enough the last piece of intelligence that reaches us on this subject has come from Preston, the borough which recently elected the Protectionist, Mr. Eckroyd, to represent it in Parliament. In August of the present year Mr. Luke Park, secretary to the Power-loom Weavers' Association, published a return, from which we extract the following interesting little piece of information. It appears, then, that there are now in Preston 34,449 looms at work. This number, it is stated, comprises all the looms in the town, with the exception of about 300, which are being got ready for work, or being 'gaited up,' as it is called, with all possible dispatch. Now it is further manifest, from a return of the number of spindles and looms compiled in 1874 by Mr. Banks, the secretary of the Spinners' Operative Association, that the number of looms in the town at that time was 31,583, so that in the seven years that have since elapsed the increase of weaving power in Preston has been about 3000 looms. And this has happened in a borough that has been the first, as it certainly ought to be, even if it will not be the last, that has been bitten by the heresy of Protection.

We come now to consider very briefly the condition of another of the most important manufacturing industries in the country, viz., the woollen trade. With respect to the staple industry of Yorkshire, it may be admitted that the croaker has more reason for his existence than we have seen him to possess with regard to the staple industry of Lancashire. And yet, if there is any truth or meaning in figures, there can be little doubt that even the depression at present existing in our woollen trade has been not a little exaggerated. As 'The Economist' has pointed out, and as any one may very easily satisfy himself by a short study of the Statistical Abstract, the consumption of foreign wool in the United Kingdom during

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the last six years shows an increase of 15·8 per cent. upon that of the six years immediately preceding.* In other words, whilst in the years 1869–74 we consumed only 1,064,574,000 lbs. of foreign wool, in the years 1875–80 we consumed as much as 1,232,544,000 lbs. What amount of English-grown wool was used in the same periods it is not quite so easy to determine; but it is interesting to note that Mr. Hugh Mason, M.P., in the course of a singularly lucid and vigorous speech delivered at Hurst, in the parliamentary borough of Ashton-under-Lyne, on the 28th of May of the present year, puts the *total* amount of wool consumed in 1870 at 370,000,000 lbs., as against 401,000,000 lbs., which was the quantity worked up in 1880.† Whichever way we look at it, therefore, it appears clear that there has been a considerable increase in our consumption of wool during the last ten or twelve years. It follows from this that the total volume of the woollen trade is greater now than it has ever been before, so that even if it can be shown that our foreign trade has suffered, it will still remain true that the increase in the home consumption of our woollen manufactures has more than made up for any diminution there may have been in the amount of our exports to foreign countries. But it is not by any means admitted without question that the falling off in the export of worsted goods has been so marked and so enormous as the Board of Trade returns represent it to have been. A manufacturer of great authority and experience upon this subject has recently expressed himself in the following terms: 'The statistics of our exports of worsted and woollen goods to Germany up to 1872, and even up to 1874, were so obviously wrong that I spent money and time to arrive at the truth, with the result of reducing the exports of worsted goods alone to Germany from £7,905,629 in 1872, to £2,857,608 in 1873, without either our manufacturers or merchants being aware of a decreasing trade. The fact is, that until a better system was introduced, the declarations were dictated by fancy without the slightest check from the authorities.' If any one should be disposed to argue that the great falling off here described did as a matter of fact take place, and was due to an alteration in the German tariff, the writer points out that such an argument must entirely fall to the ground, for the simple reason that no alteration was made in the German

* 'Statistical Abstract for 1880,' p. 61.

† The figures given by Mr. Mulhall are still more favourable to our contention. On page 18 of his 'Balance Sheet of the World' he puts the amount of wool consumed in 1870 at 342 million lbs., as against 401 million lbs. in 1880.

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tariff at the period of time referred to, and he concludes his suggestive observations by saying that the Customs authorities 'acknowledge their errors in private, but cannot be got to do so in public.'

But whilst we are prepared to contend that the woollen trade as a whole, instead of receding has advanced, we are quite ready to admit that some branches of it have suffered more severely and acutely than the rest. It is from Bradford more especially that the loudest and bitterest cries have come. And yet even in Bradford things have not been so bad as they have sometimes been represented; and it is extremely gratifying to find even 'The Quarterly' reviewer himself acknowledging that, 'whilst there is ground for uneasiness, there is none for despair.' In support of the view which we venture to take of the condition of the staple trade of Bradford, we cannot do better than quote once more from the same high authority, to whom allusion has just been made.

Bradford (he writes) is suffering more than any other town connected with textile industry from general and special causes. The general causes, such as bad harvests and the poverty of our home and foreign customers, are well known, and their effect would cease with the return of general prosperity. The special causes are a change in the fashion from lustrous to soft, close-fitting ladies' dresses, and the long disinclination of our manufacturers to adapt themselves to the demands of their customers. And yet our trade has never been so bad as represented. The employer has had to work at small or no profit, and the operatives were obliged to take lower wages; but there has been no distress among the latter, and remarkably few failures among the former.

The gentleman who writes thus is a Free Trader; but there is one point, at least, on which we are happy to be able to quote on the same side the testimony of a well-known advocate of Reciprocity, Mr. H. Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell was formerly chairman of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce, and as such he presided at a meeting that was addressed by Mr. Forster in January, 1879. The president, in his opening address, in addition to making other statements of general interest, such as that 'It would be in vain to expect that the English people would ever agree to put a tax on bread, or the necessaries of life,' and, 'Most of those present would agree that Free Trade was one of the causes of the great prosperity of the country, and the increase of our national wealth,' went on to make an observation which is very much to our purpose, and which was to the following effect: 'The working classes of Bradford had not suffered to the same extent as those in other parts of the country.' Of course we need not say that there has been pauperism at Bradford as

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elsewhere, but it is worthy of remark that it has been in the main confined to outdoor labourers, and has affected in only a very slight degree the operatives engaged in textile manufactures.

It has been often stated, and no doubt with a considerable amount of truth, that one of the principal causes to which the depression in the Bradford trade has been due, has been the change of fashion from lustrous to lustreless goods. In support of this theory we are able to cite the testimony of Mr. Shepard, the United States consul at Bradford. In the last of his interesting and valuable reports, this gentleman very freely expresses his opinions, not merely with regard to the nature of the evil, but also as to the kind of remedy that ought to be applied. 'Fashion,' he tells us, 'has been continually more and more against Bradford goods, and in favour of lustreless goods made from colonial wool; but not a little of the unsatisfactory state of things existing at Bradford is due (he believes) to prejudice, a lack of enterprise, and a failure to comprehend the logic of events. To adapt himself to circumstances, to keep pace with the times, to make just the goods required, and to employ the newest and most improved methods and machinery are requirements which the average Bradford manufacturer quite fails to meet.'

How much truth there may be in Mr. Shepard's description of the characteristics of the average Bradford manufacturer we will not stop to inquire; but it is gratifying to find that in one department, at any rate, the Bradford manufacturer is quite alive to his own interests, and quite abreast of the times in which we live. We refer to the question of technical education and its relation to the manufacturing industries of the country. If any one wishes to know what Yorkshire in general, and Bradford in particular, have done in recent years for the cause of technical education, he cannot do better than turn to Mr. Shepard's last report, which he will find to be replete with information on this extremely important and interesting subject.*

Leaving Mr. Shepard and the 'average Bradford manufacturer' to fight it out between them, we come in the next place to take a very rapid survey of our iron and steel manufactures. It is worthy of note that just as 'The Quarterly' reviewer was careful to abstain from uttering a single word about the totals of our exports of cotton and woollen manufactured goods, so also he very wisely maintains an absolute

* 'The Bradford Observer,' March 24, 1881.

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and unbroken silence with regard to the amounts and values of our exports of iron and steel. And he not only omits to give us the totals of our exports to all the world, but in this instance, at all events, he does not even indulge in his favourite method of picking out and considering, quite apart from the rest, one or two countries with which it may have happened, from a variety of causes, that our trade has received a temporary check. Since the reviewer has thought fit to abstain from saying anything about our exports of iron and steel during recent years, it becomes necessary for us to supply the deficiency. The facts we shall adduce go right in the teeth of the jeremiads about the decline and fall of British industries that are constantly being poured forth by members of the self-styled national and patriotic party. The production of pig-iron during the six years 1869–74 was 37,336,000 tons; in the following six years, from 1875 to 1880, it rose to 39,648,000, or an increase of 6·2 per cent. Let us turn now to the tables of our exports. In 1870 we exported 2,825,575 tons of iron and steel; in 1880 we exported as much as 3,792,993 tons, which is the highest figure that has ever been reached. It is true that the prices that rule to-day do not compare favourably with those of many previous years; but even if we take the values instead of the quantities of the iron and steel exported, we shall find that the last ten years have witnessed a not inconsiderable expansion of our foreign trade. In 1870 the value of the steel and iron exported was £24,038,090; in 1880 it was as much as £28,390,316. What, then, in the face of these figures, is it that 'The Quarterly' reviewer has to say with regard to our iron and steel manufactures? Although we produced last year more iron and steel than we ever did before, the production was by no means sufficient to satisfy his voracious appetite. Out of 969 blast furnaces now erected in this country, he grieves to relate that only 556 are at work. Men who have practical experience in the iron trade are crying out that the production is outrunning the demand; but if it rested with our reviewer to decide, he would set every furnace in blast to-morrow, and still further complicate the difficulties of the situation. We repeat that, so far from it being the case that the amount of pig-iron produced falls short of current requirements, the very opposite is the fact. Great as was the increase in the production of pig-iron in 1880 over that of any previous year, the last monthly report of Messrs. Fallows and Co. shows that the production has gone on increasing on both sides of the Atlantic during the first six months of the present year.

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This increase has been at the rate of about 7 per cent., and Messrs. Fallows and Co. very justly observe with regard to it that, as we now know the production of 1880 was in excess (large stocks being carried forward into 1881), there is evidently no opening yet for this increased make. The writer in 'The Quarterly' speaks with the greatest enthusiasm of the rapid growth of the iron industries of the United States. Does he know what the condition of those industries was only three or four years ago? The Annual Report of the Iron and Steel Association for 1877 gives the following particulars: 'Of 714 completed furnaces at the close of 1876, 236 were in blast, 478 were out of blast; of 713 furnaces at the close of 1875, 293 were in blast, and 420 were out of blast. The productive capacity of the country is at least twice the actual yield of either of the last two years.' At the present moment it is undoubtedly the fact that the iron trade in the United States is in a condition of great activity; yet the last Annual Report of the Iron and Steel Association informs us that, at the close of 1880, out of a total of 701 furnaces in existence, only 446 were in blast. If, therefore, the reviewer were consistent in the application of his own arguments, he would be obliged to contend that the iron industries of the United States, which he does not omit to tell us are flourishing in an extraordinary manner, were in a very bad way indeed. The proper explanation of the facts, however, is quite a different one, and one which it does not appear to have entered into the mind of the reviewer to conceive. In the natural course of things a certain proportion of the blast furnaces in existence become, from a variety of reasons, useless for all practical purposes. In a progressive state of society men discover better and more economical methods of manufacture than their fathers were acquainted with; and if we apply this simple and obvious truth to the question we are discussing, we shall find that the wit of man has been employed to very good purpose in improving the construction of our furnaces. In the Report of the Consett Iron Company for June, 1881, we are told that the blast furnace reconstructions and additions that have been going on for the last thirteen years are now completed, and it is added that, *the seven new blast furnaces are capable of yielding more pig-iron than the original eighteen furnaces could do.*

We have now considered, we hope with sufficient fulness for the purpose in hand, the present condition of our leading manufactures. We have shown that, as regards the cotton, the woollen, and the iron trades, there is no ground whatsoever

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for alarm. In the same way we might go through the rest of the trades of the country and prove that the statements and vaticinations of the reviewer are alike the products of his imagination. Take, for example, the Sheffield trade. The number of unemployed in Sheffield, he tells us, is constantly increasing. That, however, is not exactly the impression one derives from a perusal of the last report of the Sheffield trade. There is a continued falling off, we learn from this report, in the country trade, due, it is thought, entirely to the wet weather, and to the certainty that the harvest must be below the average. But in spite of this the condition of trade here is satisfactory, and in the heavy branches there is a good deal of activity. The railway rail mills are as busy as they can well be, though the prices leave but a bare margin of profit. The iron market shows increased firmness, and there is an increasing demand for Bessemer and crucible steel, both for the home and colonial markets. An indication of the revived condition of trade generally is shown by the fact that the collieries in South Yorkshire are now, for the most part, well off for orders, and that the output is greater now than it has been for the last two or three years. The cutlery and edge-tool branches are busier, though there is not full employment for the whole of the men. Such is the tenor of the report, and, on the whole, we think we are justified in pointing to it as proving that the Sheffield trade is in a fairly satisfactory condition, and that it is not true, as 'The Quarterly' asserts, that the number of the unemployed is constantly increasing.

We will now leave the question of the condition of any particular industry, and will deal very briefly with the general state of trade at the present time as compared with that of ten years ago. What, then, was the total value of our exports of British and colonial produce in 1870; and what is it now? This is a very simple and easily answered question, and one that is, we should have thought, worthy of being considered in any attempt to discover whether we are or are not being precipitated at a constantly accelerating rate along the path that leads to bankruptcy and ruin. It is a question, however, for which we search in vain for an answer in the pages of 'The Quarterly.' 'Let us answer it, then,' to quote the reviewer's own words, 'as it is well to answer all questions, if practicable, in the light of facts.' About the practicability of answering this particular question in the light of facts there can be no manner of doubt. If we turn to the Statistical Abstract we shall find that the total value of

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British and foreign and colonial produce exported from the United Kingdom in 1870 was 244 millions sterling, while the total value in 1880 was 286½ millions; and if we exclude foreign and colonial produce altogether from the reckoning, we shall still find that the total value of British produce exported in 1870 was 199½ millions, as against 223 millions in 1880. In this connection it will not be out of place to remark that the latest returns published by the Board of Trade afford gratifying proof that our export trade still continues to augment. The exports of the month of August of the present year show an increase of 10½ per cent. upon those of the corresponding month of 1880.

We will now apply another test, which is of the utmost value and importance in any attempt to discover what is the condition of the masses of the people. How stands the case with regard to the returns of pauperism? On January 1st, 1871, it will be found that there were in England and Wales alone of indoor and outdoor paupers, a total of 1,081,926; on January 1st, 1881, there were only 803,126, or a decrease of more than 25 per cent., notwithstanding the fact that in the last decade population has increased at an unprecedented rate. There are still other tests that may be applied without difficulty, all of them going to show that the condition of the people has improved in a most striking and significant manner. Let us take, for instance, the deposits in the Savings Banks. In the Trustees' and Post Office Savings Banks the deposits in 1870 were 53 millions; in 1880 they had risen to 78 millions, or, in other words, had increased by nearly one-half. Take, again, the consumption per head of the population of the principal imported and excisable articles. The consumption of bacon in 1870 was 1·98 lbs. per head of the population; in 1880 it was 15·96 lbs. The consumption of butter, again, was 4·52 lbs. per head in 1870; in 1880 it was 7·42 lbs. The consumption of potatoes was 2·8 lbs. per head in 1870; in 1880 it was 31·63 lbs. The consumption of sugar in 1870 was 47·23 lbs.; in 1880 it was 63·68 lbs. The consumption of tea in 1870 was 3·81 lbs.; in 1880 it was 4·59 lbs.; and so we might go on through the whole of the principal articles of consumption, almost every one of which it will be found is now being consumed in increasing quantities by the great masses of the people. And yet in the face of all these undisputed and indisputable facts and figures 'The Quarterly' reviewer thinks the present a fitting time to come forward with the most unfortunate and ill-chosen of all imaginable cries—Ichabod,

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Ichabod, the glory of England has departed—and to tack on to it the most lame and halting of all imaginable conclusions: *It may probably become the duty of the Conservative party to show the people* how this departed glory may be reconquered and restored!

The condition of trade being such as we have described, it is not a little remarkable that 'The Quarterly' chooses the present as a suitable time for an attempt to frighten us with the bogey of American competition. For a bogey under present circumstances, and with the Protectionist policy of the United States in full vigour, it undoubtedly is, so far as our manufacturing industries are concerned. In the mind of the reviewer, however, it is a terrible and perplexing reality. He assures us that the progress made by the United States in all the departments of industrial enterprise which are most valuable to a nation—with the sole exception of the shipping trade—has been most remarkable. So far from their industries having perished, they flourish more prodigiously than ever, and, to crown all, it is not obscurely hinted that they are driving us out of the neutral markets. They are, in short, ruining this country by the double process of shutting out our goods from the States, and beating us in the markets of the world. These would be grave and alarming circumstances, if only it could be shown that they were true. The question is, Are they true? 'Let us answer this question, as it is well to answer all questions, if practicable, in the light of facts.'

Is it, then, the fact that American manufactures are finding their way into this country or into the neutral markets to any considerable extent? The answer, which will be in the negative, may be gathered from the most cursory glance at the Annual Statement of the Trade of the United Kingdom with Foreign Countries and British Possessions for the year 1880, and the Statistical Abstract for the Principal and other Foreign Countries in each year from 1868 to 1878–79, both of which are official blue-books that have recently been presented to Parliament. From these authorities it appears that, whilst the United States sent us last year cotton manufactures to the value of half-a-million, we sent them in return cotton goods to the value of nearly three and three-quarter millions; whilst we sent them two and a half millions of woollen goods, they sent us none at all; and whilst they sent us iron and steel to the value of a quarter of a million, we actually sent them as much as ten million pounds worth of wrought and unwrought iron. And if it be asked whether there are not other manufactures in regard to which America is a vigorous

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and keen competitor in the home market, a sufficient answer will be found in the striking and important fact that the total value of the manufactured goods which she sent us last year was only two and a half millions sterling, while the total value of the manufactured goods we sent her in return was more than twenty-four millions and a half. Nor can it be said with any degree of truth that she is robbing us of our markets in other parts of the world. If we take the year 1879—the last for which in the case of the United States the figures are given in the Statistical Abstract—and if we add together our own exports of cotton manufactures, iron and iron manufactures, machinery, linen, and jute manufactures, silk, woollen, and worsted manufactures, we shall find that they sum up in all to about 120 millions sterling; whereas the total value of the same articles exported from the United States was only a little more than four and a quarter millions. The competition, therefore, of the United States in the neutral markets is, comparatively speaking, of a very trifling description. In saying this we do not mean to deny that in course of time America may become a formidable rival even in respect to manufactured goods; but we may assert with the utmost confidence that a formidable rival she will not be until she has turned her back upon her present Protectionist policy, and adopted the policy of Free Trade. And here we take leave to remark, in passing, that the fact of our having the command of the neutral markets is one of which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to exaggerate the importance. In the term neutral markets are included not only Asia and Africa, but also South America, the Polynesian Islands, and our own Colonies. How vital to our interests it is to keep the command of these markets will be seen at once when we mention the fact that it has been estimated that the population of these countries mounts up to the enormous figure of between 1,000,000,000 and 1,200,000,000 human beings, whilst that of the strictly Protectionist countries is only from 250,000,000 to 300,000,000 persons. If, therefore, the result of the imposition of protective tariffs by foreign nations is that, whilst it to some extent hampers our trade with these smaller markets, it secures us the monopoly of the markets of the world, it needs no very great powers of reasoning or insight to perceive that we have immeasurably the best of the bargain.

But there remains yet another bogey with which 'The Quarterly' tries very hard to frighten us. We refer to the old exploded notions about the balance of trade. Sir Robert

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Peel, we are told, never dreamed that one of the results of Free Trade would be that our imports would tend to exceed our exports in an ever-growing proportion. Had he lived to our own day he would have stood aghast at the condition of things that now presents itself. No such balance sheet as the following ever rose up before his mind's eye, viz.—

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Imports in 1880	£409,990,056
Exports „ „	222,810,526
Excess of Imports ...	£187,179,530

Upon this we have to observe, in the first place, that the reviewer has fallen into an error of the grossest description. The figures which he has given as representing the total value of our last year's exports in reality represent only the value of the articles of British produce that were exported. In addition, however, to articles of British produce, we exported last year foreign and colonial produce to the value of upwards of sixty-three millions. As a consequence, the so-called balance of trade against us, instead of having been 187 millions, as the reviewer asserts, was, as a matter of fact, only 124 millions. This is only one of the many erroneous assertions to be found in this particular portion of the reviewer's article. We are told, for example, that the exports of France are in excess of her imports, whereas precisely the reverse is the case. Indeed, the French tables of exports and imports present, in many respects, a striking resemblance to our own. In 1878 the excess of her imports over her exports was forty-three million pounds; in 1879 it was fifty-seven millions; and in 1880 sixty-three millions. It would seem, therefore, that if any faith is to be placed in the theories of Protectionists, Protectionist France, as well as Free Trade England, must be fast rushing headlong into bankruptcy.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that no evidence of any sort can be brought forward in support of so monstrous and ridiculous a supposition. Those who talk so glibly about the Board of Trade returns do not appear to have the faintest glimmering of a notion of their real meaning and import. To any who do not know and wish to learn what is the real explanation of the disproportion between our imports and exports as shown in the Government statistics, we cannot do better than recommend a perusal of the clear and convincing speech which Mr. J. K. Cross, the senior member for Bolton, delivered on the occasion of the recent debate on Mr. Ritchie's

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motion. 'A thousand pounds,' said Mr. Cross, 'will buy 2000 tons of coal, free on board, at Cardiff; the freight of this coal to San Francisco will be £1500; the amount realized for it in San Francisco will be £2500, which sum invested in wheat will purchase 2000 quarters. The conveyance of this wheat to Liverpool will cost £1500, and it will require to be sold at £4000 in Liverpool to cover cost and expenses. In the import tables there will be an entry of £4000 wheat; in the export tables there will be an entry of £1000 coal; the one exchanges for the other.' Here, then, we have one, and perhaps the most important, explanation of the excess of our imports over our exports. The cost of freight must be added to the exports and deducted from the imports before it is possible to institute any useful comparison between them. Thanks to her Free Trade policy, England stands *facile princeps* in respect to her mercantile marine. Every year her share of the world's ocean-carrying trade increases, and every year, therefore, foreign countries are becoming more and more indebted to her. In 1857–59 the proportion of the total foreign trade of the United Kingdom carried on in British ships was, on the average of the three years, 58 per cent.; since that period it has steadily and gradually risen till in the years 1878–80, instead of being 58 per cent., it was as much as 70 per cent. From this cause alone, if from no other, there must have resulted a gradually increasing excess of imports over exports as represented in the Board of Trade returns; and all that this adverse balance of trade, as it is called, really proves is, therefore, this—that in one way or another the world is becoming more and more our debtor, and is discharging its obligations by sending us large quantities of produce, for which we have nothing whatsoever to pay in return.

It is not, perhaps, greatly to be wondered at that the reviewer is not satisfied with a simple and rational explanation of the excess of our imports over our exports, and is accordingly led to propound a theory of his own, which is demonstrably false. There is, we are given to understand, a constant drain of gold going on from this country, and it is by means of this drain of the precious metals that we are enabled to pay our debts. Such is the argument. Let us bring it to the test of facts, and we shall see in a moment how utterly groundless it is. Unfortunately for the theories of our neo-Protectionists, who are still the victims of the fallacies that we would fain have believed Adam Smith had once for all exploded, a record of the import and export of bullion to and

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from this country is kept. Turning to that record, we find that, during the last forty years, when Free Trade has been the acknowledged and recognized policy of the country, the imports of bullion and specie have actually exceeded the exports by the sum of £40,000,000. The constant drain of gold, therefore, is a figment of the imagination. Instead of the excess of imports over exports having been paid for in hard cash, with the result that money has gone out of the country, exactly the reverse has happened. Notwithstanding the fact that the so-called balance of trade against us has been as much as £1,600,000,000 during the last forty years, so far from having exported more bullion than we have imported, we have actually imported more than we have exported to the extent of forty millions sterling. The balance of trade against us, we repeat, has been not less than £1,600,000,000 during the last forty years, and yet it is reckoned by competent authorities that the whole amount of the precious metals in the country, including not merely coins, but articles of ornament and utility as well, does not exceed in value the sum of £143,000,000. How absurd, then, it is to fancy that it would be possible to pay for the excess of our imports over our exports by means of the limited amount of gold at our disposal!

In addition to the charges for freight, insurance, and the like, which we have just seen that it is absolutely necessary to take into account in considering the relation between imports and exports, there is yet another item which is of equal and, perhaps, of even greater importance. We refer to our foreign investments, the interest upon which comes to the United Kingdom in the shape of imports, for which no payment is required. According to the best authorities, Englishmen are the owners of property of one kind or another abroad to the extent of £1,500,000,000, and it is a moderate calculation that sets down the interest annually received from these investments at fifty millions sterling. Fifty millions worth of imports, therefore, in the ordinary course of things, find their way every year into Great Britain and Ireland, for which we have not to pay a sixpence in return. How is it, then, it may be asked, that in some years, at any rate, such for example as 1871, 1872, and 1873, the difference between our imports and exports does not appear to have been so great as, according to the argument we have just employed, it ought to have been? The answer to this question enables us to point to a further consideration which is not unfrequently lost sight of. When we make loans to foreign countries we do so, as a rule, by exporting goods to those countries.

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In the years 1871, 1872, and 1873, we were engaged in making loans upon a very extensive scale to foreign governments, and, as a consequence, our exports to foreign countries rose very considerably in value. It may be that eight or nine years ago the amount of our exports sent to constitute the principal of debts owing to us abroad more than exceeded in value the amount of imports coming into the United Kingdom in payment of the interest due upon our foreign investments. Supposing these two sums to have cancelled each other, the excess of imports still remaining would have to be set down to freight, insurance, and other charges of a similar description, as was clearly pointed out in the extract we quoted from the speech of Mr. J. K. Cross. Eight or nine years ago, then, for the reason we have mentioned, our imports and exports did not exhibit the same degree of disproportion which is manifest at the present time. We are not now investing capital abroad to the extent to which we did in the years 1871–73, and when we call to mind how very unsatisfactory some, at least, of our foreign investments have proved to be, we shall be disposed to congratulate ourselves upon the fact that at the present moment our fellow-countrymen are embarking very sparingly in such ventures. That their action in this respect is due to prudence, and not to incapacity, any one may very easily satisfy himself by glancing at the tables which show the annual gross assessments to property and income tax in the United Kingdom during the last twelve years. On examination he will find that the annual average of the six years 1869–74 was £487,000,000, while the annual average in the succeeding six years was not less than £575,000,000.*

The conclusion to be drawn from all that we have said is clear. Notwithstanding the severe depression from which trade and agriculture alike have suffered; notwithstanding the bad harvests, which are said to have cost this country during the last three years something like £200,000,000 sterling; notwithstanding the disturbed condition of the political atmosphere, the bloated armaments of the European Powers, the wars and rumours of wars, and the many other causes of a like character that have tended to destroy confidence, and to check enterprise; notwithstanding all these adverse circumstances, we say, it is yet true that during the last ten years, taken as a whole, there has been a considerable and a marked improvement in the condition of the

* We may here perhaps be permitted to point out that the facts and arguments which we have adduced in confutation of 'The Quarterly' reviewer apply with equal force to much of what Sir Edward Sullivan has advanced in his article on 'Isolated Free Trade' in the August number of 'The Nineteenth Century.'

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country. But even if it could be shown that the reverse had been the case, and that we had actually been retrograding during the last few years, that would not prove that our Free Trade policy had been at fault. There have been no great changes in recent years in our financial policy. The only changes that we can call to mind as likely to have had an adverse influence upon trade are those which took place when the Conservative Ministry was in power, and which simply consisted in turning surpluses into deficits, allowing debt to accumulate, and permitting expenditure to outrun revenue. With these exceptions, however, of which we do not mean to dispute the importance, and of which the effect upon trade cannot have been otherwise than disastrous, there has been no change in our financial policy. We have been Free Traders in the last ten years in precisely the same sense in which we were Free Traders during the thirty years preceding, when even a neo-Protectionist must admit the development of our trade and commerce was prodigious. Admitting, therefore, as of course we do admit, that two or three years ago trade received a temporary check, we must look out for some other cause to explain it than the fact that we are the only free-trading country in the world. Where Protection exists there has been depression of trade far more severe and more intense than anything that we have suffered. Indeed, the one redeeming feature of our own bad trade has been that, thanks to our Free Trade policy, our people have been enabled to buy cheap food, and thus to tide over the time of trial in a way that would have been quite impossible in the old days of the Corn Laws. Well may Mr. Bright exclaim that 'The way in which our great industries and our great and growing population have passed through the recent time of trial is even a stronger proof of the wisdom of our Free Trade policy than was the great prosperity which we enjoyed in the years which immediately preceded the seasons of deficient harvests.' Is it likely, then, that the people of this country will be such fools as to throw away the enormous benefits that Free Trade has bestowed upon them, merely at the bidding and dictation of an insignificant faction of interested politicians? There can be but one answer to such a question.

Let us consider for a moment how great these benefits have been. Some idea of their magnitude may be gathered without difficulty from the following table of the exports of the United Kingdom during the present century, which we have taken from an interesting paper read before the Manchester Statistical Society by the well-known statistician, Mr. William

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Hoyle.* We have the greater pleasure in making this extract from Mr. Hoyle's paper, because it enables us to express our obligations to him for most useful information which he has sent us, bearing more especially on the cotton trade with which he is so familiar.

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Table showing the export trade of the United Kingdom for each ten years of the present century.

For years ending	£		£
1809	398,412,224		
1819	428,979,769	Increase	30,567,545
1829	364,158,419	Decrease	64,821,350
1839	439,307,837	Increase	75,149,418
1849	554,470,620	,, ...	115,162,713
1859	1,000,613,393	,, ...	446,142,783
1869	1,597,596,701	,, ...	596,983,308
1879	2,180,283,873	,, ...	526,817,172

'These returns,' adds Mr. Hoyle, 'fully confirm the remarks I made touching the influence of Protection upon our trade; and they show that, in proportion as the shackles of Protection were removed, it increased in its development; and when Free Trade in its entirety was adopted, it grew in volume to an extent wholly unparalleled.'

Any one who remains unconvinced of the benefits that Free Trade has conferred upon us after examining such a table as that which we have quoted, will continue to be of the same mind whatever may be said or done in the hope of convincing him. We, at any rate, do not intend to attempt a vain and hopeless task, and shall, therefore, simply content ourselves with giving in our adherence to what Mr. Hoyle has so clearly and forcibly expressed.

We have now accomplished the task which we set ourselves at the outset. We have shown, we trust beyond the possibility of cavil or question, that the picture which 'The Quarterly' reviewer has drawn of the condition and prospects of our manufacturing industries is a thoroughly onesided and misleading picture; and we have adduced abundant evidence to prove that the notion that any of the evils which we have been called upon to endure are to be traced to our Free Trade policy is altogether destitute of the slightest foundation in fact. The principles of Free Trade are, in truth, the principles of common sense, and are destined, sooner or later, to be very widely, if not universally, accepted. In the meantime the best service that Free Traders can render to the cause of Free Trade, and consequently to the cause of

* 'The Economic Conditions of Good Trade.' By Wm. Hoyle, 1880.

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humanity, is to be faithful to their principles in the hour of trial. At the present moment they will have all the less difficulty in abiding by the principles that for forty years have distinguished so favourably the financial policy of this country, because the tide has long since begun to turn, and we are now at length recovering, if slowly yet surely, from the many evils and annoyances by which we have lately been tormented.

WILLIAM SUMMERS.

CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND TRAVELS.

Introduction to the Study of English History. By S. R. GARDINER, LL.D., and J. BASS MULLINGER, M.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

In every sense this is an admirable book. Dr. Gardiner contributes the first section of it, which consists of a series of chapters and sections, not so much condensing historical narrative as giving a series of judgments upon the chief events and epochs of history after the manner of a judge's charge, the evidence being cited sufficiently to give a connected narrative. This is done with admirable skill and fairness. No one is more competent than Mr. Gardiner to be guide, philosopher, and friend to the student of our history. Most readers will get a more intelligent and comprehensive idea of the events of English history and of the processes of our national development from Mr. Gardiner's summaries than from more detailed narratives. His style is lucid and picturesque; his completeness of historical knowledge enables him with almost unerring instinct to seize salient points for his vignettes; and his liberalism, well under the control of his judicial mind, secures just and broad conclusions.

Mr. Mullinger gives us the Bibliography of English History, the fruit of a large and scholarly acquaintance with historic literature. He directs us to the sources of information for each period, and guides us by brief and judicious characterizations to just estimates of their value. The volume almost realizes our ideal of what a student's handbook to history should be.

Military History of Ulysses S. Grant. From April, 1861, to April, 1865. By A. BADEAU, Brevet Brigadier-General United States Army, late Military Secretary and Aide-de-Camp to the General-in-Chief. Three Vols. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.

Though this is professedly a military history only, it were a pity if ordinary readers were repelled from it by the expectation of a merely

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technical record. It is much more than that. General Grant proved himself a man of such remarkable character, of such reserve, such genius, such self-support, and above all, of such creativeness of resource, if we may speak so, that a cold military record was almost impossible—impossible, at all events, when General Badeau, who was attached to him not only by official position but, as is now clear, by loyalty, admiration, and even enthusiasm, is the narrator. Of course, it is not to be expected that the biographer can escape reference to dry despatches, and the indication of general military positions widely extended; but General Badeau is dextrous, and contrives to combine with the details a constant interest in the man with whom he deals. And this says much for his biographic instinct and his sense of the picturesque. General Grant is certainly one of the most remarkable men America has produced. He owes much to peculiar temperament, coloured deeply by early experience and training; and General Badeau, though he does not profess psychological skill, effectively brings this out. It is as though he had said to himself, 'The heart of a most important period of American history is bound up in the military history of General Grant; and General Grant has strong individuality, is a representative American. Therefore, while I write with care, I must not forget that I write also as an American and a patriot.' This he has done, and the three thick volumes now before us may be taken as proof that the account of gigantic and most intricate military movements may be made as clear and simple as the narrative of ordinary events. It would require large space and an expert military critic to do full justice to this aspect of the book; we must content ourselves with indicating a few very general deductions. The first thing to be observed, then, is Grant's thorough knowledge of men. Having once selected his men and put them in their places, he is no more concerned about that which is committed to their charge. He does not waste his energies over trifles, but leaves them, having once clearly determined their value and their bearing on the general plan. This is specially seen in his relations to Sherman and Sheridan. There his combined frankness and reserve are equally remarkable. While he left his generals largely independent, he presumed on their complete faith in his foresight; and while throwing himself on their faith in him, he reserved well his judgment. This, indeed, was one of the main sources of his strength. His plans were never communicated save to a few of his staff officers, to enable them the better to understand the orders which he had to send through them. In this position of absolute independence he stood as well towards the Government at home as to those under him. His capacity to watch and wait, to plan silently, and to endure unflinchingly, were as remarkable as his great tact, foresight, and indomitable courage. We find Lincoln writing to him on April 30, 1864, from Washington, a letter in which he says: 'The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant, and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any restraints or constraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or the capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know these

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points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine.' His secresy served him well with his soldiers, but it was so complete that before he had completely established his reputation for discernment and decision it frequently led to very adverse criticism. We are informed that those who did not know, and could not have understood if they had known, Grant's plans, assumed that he had none, and criticised accordingly. This is a disadvantage which a man of less firm character might have felt. Grant was wholly indifferent to all such criticism. His forecast is well seen in such anecdotes as the following, which are liberally supplied by General Badeau to relieve the merely military record: 'Placing his fingers on the little spot on the map at the angle of the James, as if his army extended from the river below to the river again above Richmond, "When once my troops are there," he said, "Richmond is mine. Lee must retreat or surrender."' And Badeau adds in a note, 'It was one year before Grant's troops were "there;" but on that day Richmond fell, and nine days after Lee surrendered.'

Some of the instances here given of the way in which Grant's orders and reports suffered in the hands of subordinates are very characteristic; and it should be noted that Grant in his determination wisely to rid himself of details, suffered not a little from this part of his system, and particularly during the last year of the war, while he was actually in the field, and when most of his orders to important subordinates were transmitted first to Halleck, and by him repeated in Grant's name; and when, also, many of the reports of generals at a distance were addressed originally to Halleck, as chief of the staff, and then forwarded to Grant. In nothing is his complete independence more thoroughly seen than in his determination, in March 1864, to leave the East and go West. Sherman, we are told, advised, and even urged earnestly, that Grant should remain at the West. 'Here,' said he, 'you are at home; you are acquainted with your ground; you have tested your subordinates; you know us and we know you. Here you are sure of success; here, too, you will be untrammelled. At the East you must begin new campaigns in an unfamiliar field, with troops and officers whom you have not tried, whom you have never led to victory. They cannot feel towards you as we do. Near Washington, besides, you will be beset and, it may be, fettered by scheming politicians. Stay here, where you have made your fame, and use the same means to consolidate it.' This would have been a strong argument with men of a certain type. Why risk fame won by experiments which may prove disastrous failures?

But Grant was convinced that his duty took him in person to Virginia—that only thus could he successfully control all the operations of the army in every direction at the same time; and he went East—the results fully justifying his decision on that head. The place, indeed, which duty had in Grant's mind also deserves to be noted.

The book is not only essential as a history of the great war between North and South; it is valuable as a portrait of a remarkable man seen in his most striking positions. As such, it must be added to all great

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libraries, and no doubt it will also find a place in not a few private collections which aim at historical completeness.

A Century of Dishonour. A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with some of the North American Tribes. By H. H. Chatto and Windus.

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The American Republic, which possesses in many respects a noble and heroic record, has yet one page in its history which cannot be viewed with satisfaction. This page is concerned with its dealings with the Indian tribes, which are here exposed by the hand of one of its own citizens. It is to be hoped that his work will have the effect of rousing the national conscience upon this important matter. Having done justice to the negro, it ill becomes the citizens of a great and free republic to oppress the neighbouring Indian, who is fully the equal of the negro in many ways. The treaties with the Indians were at one time innumerable, but these have been thrown over as occasion served. The discovery of gold or silver was sufficient to scatter such treaties to the winds; to attempt to restrain the pioneers and prospectors was like attempting to restrain the whirlwind; and the upshot was that tribes of Indians were cruelly removed from lands and homes which had been most solemnly promised to them in perpetuity. A demand is now made for a policy which shall in course of time citizenize the Indian. 'He must be given at once the rights of a person, and, under suitable conditions of education and good habits, the privileges of a citizen. That this progress must be slow, and will long be embarrassed by the rights and claims which the former system created is undeniable, but all indications are that there can be no peace, humanity, justice, or, as respects Indians, prosperity, till it is accomplished.' The testimony of Bishop Whipple of Minnesota upon the character of the Indian is very emphatic; and he maintains that with justice, personal rights, and the protection of law, the gospel will do for the Red Man what it has done for other races—give to them homes, manhood, and freedom.

The author of this work has marshalled a mass of facts which embody a long story of hardship and suffering. The account of the Nez Percés may be taken as a typical one, though here the tribe was more noble, industrious, sensible, and better disposed towards the whites than many others. The writer desiderates four things as necessary to be overcome to a right understanding between America and the Indians — cheating, robbing, and breaking promises — these three are clearly things which must cease to be done. Fourthly, there must be the protection of the law to the Indian's rights of property, and the right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Till these weighty matters are attended to, statesmanship and philanthropy must alike work in vain, and Christianity reap but a small harvest. As the path of duty in this great question seems to be clear, it is not too much to hope that it will be taken by the people of the United States.

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About the Jews since Bible Times. From the Babylonian Exile till the English Exodus. By Mrs. Magnus. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mrs. Magnus is herself a Jewess, and she looks at Christianity—the greatest birth, and, as we think it, the consummation of Judaism—from the point of view of her Jewish theism. Even so she writes with considerable breath. She adopts, for instance, the theory of the second Isaiah—a creation of purely subjective criticism, which with as much reason would conclusively demonstrate that the author of 'Paradise Lost' was not the author of 'L'Allegro' or of 'Comus,' and that Cowper could not possibly have written 'John Gilpin.' The point here, however, is to indicate the freedom of her judgments in its relation to Jewish tradition and the canon. Of course she takes a mere humanistic view of Jesus of Nazareth, but she does considerable justice to the purity of His character and the pathos of His history. Her chapters are little more than outlines, and are full of interest, as giving us a conspectus of Jewish history in various parts of the world. More we think might have been done in the later chapters had she substituted a closer narration of events for much of her own philosophizing and moralizing upon them; the latter, that is, is in undue proportion to the former. Her judgments are generally just, but they are not a sufficient substitute for historical facts. The history is brought down to the terrible persecution of the Jews in Spain, and the almost more terrible expulsion of the Jews from England in 1290—a chapter of persecution as black and shameful as that of the Irish Roman Catholics. We trust that Mrs. Magnus will carry out the intention that she intimates, and complete her history. Her estimates of Jewish character and of the causes of national pursuits and characteristics are very suggestive.

The Scottish Church from the Earliest Times to 1881. To which is Prefixed an Historical Sketch of St. Giles' Cathedral by Wm. Chambers, LL.D. W. & R. Chambers.

A Discourse on Scottish Church History from the Reformation to the Present Time. With Prefatory Remarks on St. Giles' Lectures, &c. By Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrew's. William Blackwood and Sons.

It is generally believed that the Scotch are a very ecclesiastical people. If so, it is certain that their tastes are well considered by those whose duty it is to cater for them. This volume is a salient example. Here we have in the compass of some 370 pages a succinct and most picturesque *resumé* of Scottish Church history from the earliest period to the present time. The chapters were originally delivered as lectures, first in St. Giles', Edinburgh, and afterwards in the Park Church, Glasgow; but the writers have had clearly in view their destination in print, and have been careful not to indulge in such rhetoric or repetition as is only too common in the

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lecture. Probably the most valuable, as they are to us the most interesting, lectures are the first two in the volume, on 'Heathen Scotland' and 'Early Christian Scotland,' with gracious glimpses of St. Columba and St. Cuthbert. But those on the 'Reformation of John Knox' and the 'Church of the Eighteenth Century' are also admirable; while the last two, though touching matters more likely to give rise to discussion, are done with considerable tact and judgment. There are two points brought out in these lectures which English readers are not likely to be quite prepared for. First, that the Scottish Reformation was far less a fight against forms or even doctrines than for the integrity of the Word of God itself. The strife against episcopacy was altogether a thing of late growth. Knox had ministered in Episcopalian Churches in England, and was in nowise a bigot for Presbyterian forms. The other point is that Dissent was not in Scotland based at first on any grounds allied to Voluntaryism. The Dissenters, as in England, have only been gradually educated into this principle, and this gradual education is one of the most telling facts in connection with it. Dr. Chambers has accumulated most curious points about St. Giles' Church. The lecturers have maintained a commendable breadth of sympathy and catholicity of spirit, and the volume should have an interest for many outside the Scottish Churches.

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Concerning Bishop Wordsworth's strictures on these Lectures, and on the History of the Presbyterian Church, we can say only that they proceed on the assumption that Prelatical Episcopacy, with its three orders of bishop, priest, and deacon, are of Divine ordination, New Testament record, and of early church precedent. Thus, commenting on a statement by one of the lecturers, that 'under the influence of Andrew Melville, the Assembly of 1575 (three years after Knox's death), declared that the name bishop properly belongs to all who had charge of a flock; and all scholars are now agreed that, according to apostolic usage, the assembly was right.' The bishop replies, 'I have no hesitation in saying that "all scholars" who are gifted with the least logical sagacity are aware that the Assembly was *not* right in that instance, but wrong.' High Churchmen, like the Bourbons, forget nothing and learn nothing. The time has come, after the researches and conclusions of the last few years, when reasonable men are justified in refusing to spend time and argument upon men whom no amount of evidence can convince. We must leave the bishop and his school to dream on in their fool's paradise.

How India was won by England under Clive and Hastings. With a Chapter on Afghanistan. By the Rev. Bouchier Wray Savile, M.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Savile tells over again in a popular way and with materials derived from other histories the story of the conquest of India. He is perhaps a little wordy, but his estimates are on the whole just, and he is not ashamed of the moral and Christian tests which must be applied to nations as well as to individuals. We could have wished, however, that he had been a

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little less passionate in his terms of denunciation even of the iniquity of the Afghan war. Strong language does not strengthen argument or become history. As a popular book for young people, Mr. Savile's work may be commended.

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French History for English Children. By SARAH BROOK. Macmillan and Co.

Miss Brook has supplied a lack in English literature. We have three or four elementary histories of France, but not one of them has succeeded in establishing itself in popular favour. Indeed the history of France is but little known to English people generally; less perhaps than the history of any of the great European countries. Guizot's History for his Grandchildren has done something, but it is too large for popular use. Miss Brook, following the lines of Guizot, tells in a careful, simple, and interesting way the story of the French people, and by happy touches, pictures, and anecdotes gives interest to her narrative by throwing upon it various side lights. Miss Brook is much simpler than the stately Guizot could possibly be. At the same time she somewhat lacks the inspiration which is the natural gift of successful writers for children. She does not escape the common error of history in making kings and wars the staple of the nation's history. The history of rulers, politicians, and warriors is not the history of a people. Nevertheless, Miss Brook has written an unusually attractive history and done a really needful service.

Thomas Carlyle. By MONCURE D. CONWAY. Illustrated. Chatto and Windus.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Carlyle. Edited by RICHARD HERNE SHEPHERD, assisted by CHARLES N. WILLIAMSON. Two Vols. W. H. Allen and Co.

These two books are somewhat belated, though there is much of interest in both. The lives of Carlyle by Mr. Wylie and Mr. Nicol may be said to have met the immediate demand, and the public may now be well content to wait till Mr. Froude can tell the whole story authoritatively. Mr. Conway has erred somewhat in too much mixing up reflection with his narrative; but he had the good fortune to be in almost daily intercourse with Mr. Carlyle during the later years of his life, and has many anecdotes and incidents to give which throw much light on his master's peculiar habits and idiosyncrasy. And, to speak truth, Mr. Conway is somewhat too much of an apologist. We could have well dispensed with some of his remarks in this line. For original matter Mr. Conway has conversations on many subjects to report, a few letters to give, and he presents in an appendix a series of valuable epistles written by Mr. Carlyle to fellow students between 1814 and 1828, with some letters to Leigh Hunt, full of character, and one to Emerson, which have been carefully preserved by Mr. Alexander Ireland of Manchester. Mr. Conway is very good upon

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the early life at Ecclefechan, and the effect upon Carlyle of his parentage and the puritan religion of his home; but he fails to see clearly, or at least to make plain to us, the traits in Carlyle that determined him to Goethe-worship, in opposition to all his theoretical teachings, or to reconcile these tendencies with the peculiar vein of pessimistic fatalism which to the end obtained together with a fevered celebration of work as worship. If this point had been thoroughly seized, we might then have been led to understand more fully the reason why Carlyle saw it to be consistent with his theory of life and literature to discredit Sir Walter Scott as far as he could. Mr. Conway cannot conceal that Carlyle was sometimes needlessly rude, that he was very opinionative, and wanted a great deal of deference as well as management; that, in fact, companionship with him on equal terms was somewhat difficult. Mr. Conway goes deeper than he thinks when he says that 'Carlyle was always most patient when he was vigorously grappled with about his facts, perhaps from a half-consciousness that there lay his weakness, and from a natural honesty of mind.' He gives Carlyle, in our opinion, far too much credit for modified opinions about slavery. No recital of accidental association of evils with the system *ought* to have influenced Carlyle, as Mr. Conway says that he was influenced. And his lack of delicate consideration for others is proved by many details. 'A man once came in,' says Mr. Conway, 'saying that he had been studying Carlyle's books, and was convinced by them that every man had some work to do in the world. He had come to ask help in trying to find out what his own work was. "Ye're a great fool," exclaimed Carlyle, "to come to me to learn what you have got to find out with your heart's blood."' Which may perhaps have been true, but was not considerate, and certainly not likely in any way to help a disciple, and the less the more sincere that the disciple was. The practical acknowledgment of the merely theoretical character of Carlyle's teachings is brought out here only too strongly. Mr. Conway is very able, very reverent, and very careful, but his book remains too affected and fragmentary fully to answer its purpose.

Mr. Shepherd's book is more ambitious, but it fails just in the measure of its ambition. Nothing could surpass the industry, the watchfulness, the determination with which he has gone about his work. He has ferreted out in obscure corners writings which Mr. Carlyle certainly would not now have acknowledged, or allowed to be printed. One of these, 'Cruthers and Jonson,' is given in full; but only touches here and there would lead one to believe that it was Carlyle's. It is crude and youthful and lacks the touch that is his. It appeared in 'Fraser' for January, 1831. Many letters have been unearthed, and on the whole we have a pretty full and continuous account of Carlyle's life from the first to the last, helped considerably by the fact of some personal intercourse with Carlyle and some correspondence with him. But the detail runs ever and anon into dryness, wholly unrelieved by that delicate and enlivening touch which only genius can impart. We feel that the materials for forming a judgment have been in some degree inadequately presented to

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us rather than that a final judgment has in any way been pronounced. Some of the letters to Mr. W. J. Parker, the publisher, are valuable; but they are so for the revelation of traits not always of the kind quite to elevate Carlyle in our good opinion. Mr. Shepherd is more successful in his epitomes and his criticisms of Mr. Carlyle's works; but then this is ground that had been effectively occupied previously. Perhaps the best part of the book is Mr. Williamson's first chapter, which, in spite of the many difficulties in the way, is exceedingly fresh and interesting. On the whole, the book lacks force and character—that indescribable individuality and glow which the subject so invariably communicated to everything that he touched. We read on and on, but somewhat do not feel that we reach the point we had hoped for, and realize anew the old saying that not every man who grasps an oar can row the boat o'er the deep sea.

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Major-General Sir Thomas Munro, Bart., K.C.B., Governor of Madras. Edited, with an Introductory Memoir and Notes, by Sir A. J. Arbuthnot, K.C.S.I. In Two Vols. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Sir Thomas Munro was connected with India in the most important and palmy days of that great dependency. Few men have ever possessed at any time so great and thorough a knowledge of her people and her want as that which he acquired during the period of his governorship of Madras. Upwards of fifty years ago Mr. Gleig gave to the English public a record of the services, and to a large extent the opinions, of the statesman who was long regarded as one of the ablest of the many able men who have taken a part in founding and administering our British Indian Empire. It is really remarkable how in times of crisis men have been continually raised up who have by their sagacity and prudence preserved to the British Crown one of its brightest and most conspicuous jewels. It was highly necessary that the papers and minutes of Sir Thomas Munro should be competently edited; and no one could be better fitted for the task, both from his knowledge of Indian affairs and his intimacy with the career of the distinguished man whose life's record is here traced, than Sir Alex. J. Arbuthnot, a member of the Council of the Governor-General. The editor's arrangement of the papers contained in these volumes can have been no light task, and it has been judiciously executed. There is a sense of method observed that to the critic is grateful and pleasant. We have documents classified under five heads: Revenue, Judicial, Political, Military, and Miscellaneous. Those who desire to penetrate to the root of Indian questions have here an opportunity of doing so; for Munro's minutes and official papers embody the writer's views on the land tenures of the south of India, and especially on the ryotwar system of land revenue, with which his name and authority have so long been identified. They also contain his opinions on the judicial and police administration, on the treatment of native feudatory chiefs, on native education, on the employment and advancement of natives in the public service, on the

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native army, on famines, on the press, and indeed on most of the important questions which in Munro's time, and since, have engaged the attention and taxed the powers of the rulers of India. Indian polity is a study for a lifetime; and such men as Lawrence, who gave the best years of their life to it, not only render the greatest possible service to the natives of India, but do much towards cutting the Gordian knot of Indian government, which has been such a constant source of perplexity to our home governments. The editor of these volumes has written an able and compendious narrative of Munro's military and administrative career, and of the principal events in the history of British India between the important years of 1780 and 1827. This valuable historical survey leads up to the time when Munro assumed the governorship of Madras in the year 1820. He had, however, before this time been long making a position for himself on all matters affecting the Madras Presidency; and there are many of his observations and minutes that might now be turned to with advantage by Mr. Grant Duff, the Governor just appointed to the Presidency. The memoir is also valuable for its explanatory observations on questions connected with the revenue and judicial administration, which are discussed in the minutes, and which, involving as they do allusions to facts and circumstances not familiar to persons in England, require some explanation. Upon this very important question of revenue, 'the salient feature of Munro's policy was to accept the existing institutions of the country as he found them, and not to introduce any alterations which were not absolutely necessary.' We are glad to see that one point of Mr. Bright's Indian policy was always endorsed by Sir T. Munro, when he eloquently insisted upon the association of the natives in the service of the State, if only for the purpose of calling out their better qualities. We are quite sure that if this policy were more extensively adopted, its beneficial effects, as observable upon the native mind, would very speedily be manifested. Judicial, monetary, political, military, and other questions are here dealt with, with a fulness of information that is simply invaluable to any one who is engaged in studying the economical and social aspects of the greatest of our British dependencies. This work is not only a worthy presentment of a distinguished Indian administrator, but it throws many valuable side lights upon questions of Indian policy, which unfortunately have taxed the energies of English statesmen for generations past, and threaten to tax them for many generations yet to come. No person can rise from a perusal of these volumes without having acquired much solid information concerning the welfare and government of our possessions in the East.

From Log Cabin to White House. The Story of President Garfield's Career. By WILLIAM M. THAYER. Hodder and Stoughton.

The tragic death of President Garfield gives special interest to this volume, which its own intrinsic qualities will justify. It has become a

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uniform custom for each President of the United States to have a memoir of him published. Two have already appeared of General Garfield—one by Captain Mason, which we strongly commended in our last number, and the one before us, which, though different in literary character, we can commend as highly; both were published just after his election. Mr. Thayer tells with a good deal of literary and dramatic power the story of General Garfield's career, and it reveals a man of great and noble qualities both intellectual and religious. His election to the President's chair, although the most unlikely of all things to the almost destitute child of a poor widow, who until three years of age never knew the luxury of a pair of shoes, was yet but the natural sequence of his distinctive character and noble career. It was no fortuitous party selection. He was in every way as worthy and noble as Mr. Lincoln. The sorrow of the civilized world at his untimely death is an instinctive recognition of the greatness of the man as well as of the office of the President. It is one of the most romantic stories of our time.

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Landor. By Sydney Colvin, M.A., Slade Professor of Fine Art, Cambridge. (English Men of Letters.) Macmillan and Co.

This is one of the very best of this series, good as not a few of its predecessors have been. Landor is at once an inviting and a tantalizing subject. Along with great insight and artistic self-command there was in him a tornado-like intensity, a wrong-headed and unreasonable petulance, and complete incapacity to judge calmly, even in matters which belong alone to the judgment. With an intellect of the finest and most exacting type, it seemed as though there were wedded the passion and the petulance of a child, as if one side of his nature remained undeveloped. As a writer and as a man it would seem as though he revealed wholly opposite attributes. Where in literature shall we look for more of sanity, of grace, of severe self-restraint than in Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations'? Where, again, shall we meet with the record of more irrational and ill-judged actions than in that of Savage Landor. Carlyle said of Landor, as a deduction from some of his writings, that he was 'an unsubduable old Roman,' and that his 'sentences were like the ring of Roman swords on the helmets of barbarians;' but this, though certainly expressive and fine, is characteristic of only a small portion of Landor's writings. Judged from them alone, we should think of the author as a man of great energy and of many interests, but of a retired and meditative rather than an active temperament, predisposed to solitude, yet with an imperious necessity for social contact in reaction, realizing often the force of Mr. Matthew Arnold's words—

'Ah, two desires toss about
The poet's restless blood,
One draws him to the world without,
And one to solitude.'

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But in Landor the reaction was from studious pleasure to wild conflict with ordinary order and authority. He quarrelled with almost every one he was associated with in his properties; he indulged in violent outbursts against Italian authorities, and subjected himself in England to a painful action for libel, which made him an exile in his old age; and he found himself at last largely unburdened of his wealth and its responsibilities; but he always found in literary exercises a rare and refined pleasure which atoned to him for outward trials and losses. Mr. Colvin has told well the the story of the life, omitting no point that is of significance, even though it qualifies the estimate that must be formed of his character. He is impartial, but he is at the same time an enthusiast. The exquisite tone of Landor's writing, the serene grace and unconscious ease and polish of it, delights him; he could dwell long on many a sentence with loving analysis. But he knows that a mere literary exercise is not what is wanted in this case, and he has wisely set himself to present in small compass a really readable sketch of Landor's remarkable life, of which, owing to the voluminousness and egotism of Mr. Foster's biography, there was the more need.

Sir Robert Peel. By GEORGE BARNETT SMITH. (English Political Leaders.) William Isbister (Limited).

This is the first of what promises to be a very useful series, each one summarizing in the short compass of some two hundred pages the main facts in the life of the greatest statesmen of recent times, living and dead. It follows in the wake of some admirable series, promising to do for political leaders very much what Messrs. Macmillans' series has done for English literary leaders. Mr. Barnett Smith has written with great care. He has gathered his material industriously and from many sources, and set it forward attractively, not missing any of the more prominent traits in the character of Peel. His slow and cautious method of advancing to results, his spirit of compromise, his way of satisfying himself that he has seen all the difficulties in the way before taking a definite step—all this is admirably brought out and illustrated by reference to the most outstanding movements in which he bore a part. Peel, from these characteristics, is not a subject to permit much picturesqueness or colour, but Mr. Barnett Smith has throughout written with clearness and a subdued enthusiasm for the high moral character, the sincerity and zeal of the man; and his picture of the touching circumstances of the great politician's death is informed by real biographical instinct.

Wordsworth: a Biographical Sketch. With Selections from his Writings in Poetry and Prose. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. Blackie and Sons.

This is a volume of a series that promises to be useful, called 'Men of Light and Leading,' after the apt phrase appropriated by Mr. D'Israeli Mr. Symington has somewhat lowered the claims of Wordsworth to the

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proud title by allowing himself to emphasize the fatal decline of our great nature-poet into cold conservatism in his old age—a decline which was held by Mr. Browning to justify the composition and title of his remarkable poem, 'A Lost Leader;' as he has recently himself plainly confessed, and as will be seen by the curious in one of the Appendices to Mr. Buxton Forman's Shelley. Mr. Symington has somewhat erred in this; and he has, in our idea, somewhat failed in an adequate analysis or estimate of Wordsworth's genius—a genius which seems simple, but was in reality very complex, combining extreme simplicity with extreme self-assertion, pride veiled under humility, and great sensitive impressibility, together with wonderful powers of abstinence and of endurance. Mr. R. H. Hutton has very aptly emphasized the peculiar reserve and economy which mark Wordsworth. He will not consent to waste even tenderness by any excessive expression of it, and believes that poetry gains, and only gains, by this form of vicarious self-denial. The natural tendency of the poet is to expression, and it is generally held that spontaneous expression—of the poetic kind, at all events—tends to weaken the springs of action. Wordsworth well shows that within certain limits poetic meditation will only strengthen character and impart robustness. He succeeded in realizing this; but if he gained in height he lost in breadth by the process, and somewhat lost in clearness also, as the higher peaks are most often veiled in mists; to emerge, however, all the more impressively, and with more mellow lights surrounding them. Mr. Symington does no service in the way of aiding us to understand what seem disparate influences in Wordsworth; but he has written an interesting biography, aptly working into it a very fair and expressive selection from the poems. It could not be but that a book done on this plan should have much to attract readers, especially young readers; and this Mr. Symington's work certainly has. Of no high critical value, it will form a convenient and valuable introduction to the study of the man and his writings; and in this respect we very cordially commend it. The Life of Wordsworth is one of the longest and most tedious ever written, and an epitome of it done even with ordinary intelligence could not fail to be interesting; and Mr. Symington's study most assuredly is interesting.

A Visit to Abyssinia. An Account of Travel in Modern Ethiopia. By W. WINSTANLEY, late 4th Hussars. Two Vols. Hurst and Blackett.

In spite of the great interest which the modern Ethiopia should have for us, not less on account of its mongrel Christianity than on account of its bearing on the development of progress in Egypt, and, indeed, on the whole of the Nile Valley, it is astonishing how little we really know of it. Mr. Winstanley has done something to help us to a really clear and satisfactory idea of its condition. From his account it would seem that there remains much to be done before even civilization is reached, notwithstanding a superficial coating of Christian profession. The most barbarous

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customs are observed alongside of Christian ceremonial; and there is in many of the observances a smack of old Jewish grandeur. 'Fanaticism and superstition,' he says, 'are firmly engrained in the native mind, and a blind, unreasoning belief in the sacred power of the priesthood prevails in all ranks, from the monarch to the peasant. The dread threat of excommunication is both feared and exercised, and penances of all sorts are enforced upon all religious delinquents. The faith of Abyssinia is a complicated mass of outward observances, fasts, and festivals, a grafting of the Christian belief upon the Mosaic; and the constantly recurring holy days entail a life of idleness upon the population; for not only is abstinence from food enjoined during fasts, but also a cessation from labour. Six months out of twelve are thus devoted to laziness and weakening of the muscular system.'

The whole chapter on the Abyssinian Church is packed full of valuable facts on all matters connected with the subject. Christians are respected from the mere fact that they are Christians, and this is surely something. Mr. Winstanley's experience, extending over a considerable period, is ample proof of this. He was uniformly well received, and treated with the greatest consideration; even the slightly offended tone of the rather petulant Ras of Baramba was accidental—more due to personal feeling than to any set policy of opposition or desire to obstruct. In Abyssinia the feudal form has survived, and is still efficient together with a strong central monarchy. It would appear that up to a comparatively late date the feudal chiefs had it pretty well all their own way. The vigour and determination of the present King John—of whom Colonel Gordon quite recently gave a full account—at last sufficed to bring them into proper relation to the throne, and now the state of the country may be regarded as settled; the chiefs generally recognizing the limits within which they must submit, while retaining a considerable margin of independence. His description of Khartoum and the style of life in the Soudan is very attractive, and with the better class of Arabs he appears to have got on well everywhere. Indeed, he must have 'taking' ways with him. 'My Domestic Establishment' in Waabirat, with the 'Life in a Tree,' are both very genuine and solid. Mr. Winstanley's book is not only interesting on account of the fresh facts it communicates about a remarkable country, but it is well lighted up by adventure. His account of his voyage to Suez is very good, and his description of the Jeddah pilgrims, of whom he saw just rather too much for his own comfort, is really brilliant, and now and then charged with humour. On the whole, the volumes form a valuable addition to our English repertory of travel, and fully deserve the success that should fall to the readable record of a well-timed and successful though arduous enterprise.

The Countries of the World. By Robert Brown, M.A., Ph.D. Vol. VI. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

The present volume includes the Turkish Empire in Europe, Asia, and Africa, with Africa generally, from Egypt to Morocco on the north, the

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western coast to the Cape, and Portuguese East Africa: Oceanic Islands in the Indian and Atlantic Oceans: and Europe in its general features, and specially in its Latin and Germanic states. This volume completes the work. It is not a historical, or a geographical, or an anthropological account of the world. It is what Dr. Browne calls 'a clue book,' pointing out what is of most interest in every department, and indicating rather than exhausting sources of information. It very admirably blends together elements of description, history, and anecdote, which make the work thoroughly popular, so that ordinary readers will be as much interested as they are instructed. It is typical of a class of books which have come into vogue in modern times, and of which Messrs. Chambers and Messrs. Cassell are the great purveyors. Encyclopædic in character, their information is select and indicative, and every source of literary and pictorial illustration is laid under contribution by skilful editors to make them attractive. Dr. Browne has had 'the world before him where to choose,' his personal qualifications for his work derived from extensive travels, large reading, and a fine intuitive literary faculty, are of a high order, and his repertory of information is therefore exceptionally rich and attractive to both young and old.

Newfoundland to Manitoba. By W. Fraser Rae. Sampson Low and Co.

Mr. Fraser Rae was one of two gentlemen sent out by 'The Times' newspaper to report on the resources generally of North-Western America, but particularly on its capability of cereal growth. And he has certainly done his work well. He is close and careful in his methods of observation, and chronicles results in a clear and vigorous way. He landed at St. John's, Newfoundland, and from that point commenced his travels towards the wilds of Northern America. In Newfoundland itself he found that more than a thousand square miles of excellent agricultural country lies ready for the emigrant, while the mineral wealth that rests untouched is immense, and the fishing excellent. He proceeded by New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, thence by the new Intercolonial Railway from Nova Scotia to the St. Lawrence, and to the head of Lake Superior by the Grand Trunk Railway, reaching the province of Manitoba by Duluth and the Red River. Part of the ground has been described before, but never in the same style as Mr. Rae has adopted. His picture is most attractive, and inspires high hopes for that country in the future. 'There,' he says, 'year after year, the summer sun floods with warmth millions of acres where beautiful prairie flowers bloom and wither, and nutritious grasses spring up and decay. The snows of winter cover the earth with a garment which, though apparently a cold shroud, is really a warm mantle. Game breeds and dies without yielding food to more than a few hunters. Fish spawn fills the lakes and rivers without being utilized, to vary or constitute the subsistence of more than a few Indians. I have seen a large part of the American continent. I have marvelled at

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the enterprise which has converted so much of it from a wilderness into a garden. No other tract can so easily undergo the same transformation as the Canadian Far West.' The book is packed full of facts, presented in the most pleasant manner, and can be safely recommended to the general reader as well as to intending emigrants, to whom it will be a boon.

Rugby, Tennessee. Being some Account of the Settlement Founded on the Cumberland Plateau, &c. By THOMAS HUGHES. With a Report on the Soils of the Plateau by the Hon. F. W. Killebrew, A.M. Macmillan and Co.

A book written with all 'Tom Brown's' literary skill and charm, giving an account, first, of the social necessities of modern English life, which render necessary such enterprizes as the Tennesse settlement, full of wise discernment and suggestion; next, of the country of the settlement itself, this being a reprint of Mr. Hughes' letters to 'The Spectator;' and thirdly, of the agricultural and other capabilities of the district. The enterprize has excited much interest both in the United States and in England, and will apparently be abundantly justified by its success. Its wise social, moral, and commercial regulations offer an attractive field for emigration for the sons and daughters of our professional classes and squirearchy. At any rate, this very charming book is worth their serious attention.

POLITICS, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Letters, Speeches, and Tracts on Irish Affairs. By EDMUND BURKE. Collected and Arranged by MATTHEW ARNOLD. With a Preface. Macmillan and Co.

Mr. Arnold has done a good and a timely service in this collection of the views of Burke on Irish affairs. Our great prose classics are, as he justly says, strangely neglected. As few, it is to be feared, read Burke as read Bolingbroke; and yet perhaps the political philosophy of mankind does not furnish greater wisdom and truth than Burke's writings and speeches. The local occasions have passed, but the principles of the philosophy applied to them are perpetual, and have as true and as great application to modern affairs. Few, even well-read persons, realize how the atrocious laws for the suppression of popery in Ireland were a terrible sequence to its political and social oppression. No one can wonder after reading the tract of seventy pages thereupon, which stands first in this collection, that the heritage of hate towards its English rulers is so bitter and implacable. We seem to have lived centuries since Burke wrote, and have come to feel that we owe Ireland far more than the abolition of the Irish Establishment and Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill. So far as legislation can repair injustice, it has been or is being done; but few Englishmen will be able to read this forgotten tractate without a blush for his country.

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The rest of the volume consists of letters chiefly on the same subject, reprinted from the correspondence published in 1844. We trust the volume will be widely read.

Fifty Years in the House of Lords. Reprinted from 'The Pall Mall Gazette.' Macmillan and Co.

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It is an ominous thing for an institution when its simple history is its indictment. This unfortunately for the House of Lords is the case with it. It is the highest incarnation of the Toryism of the country, the instincts of property and prerogative being naturally conservative; and it has not been given to English Toryism to see the just medium of resistance to change. Up to a certain point, the conservatism of the old, even though the imperfect, is beneficial; good changes come too soon if they come before public feeling is prepared for them. And occasionally the conservatism and the independency of the House of Lords may do good service; but their mediating wisdom, and modifying break put upon the too rapid movement of the political coach, are theoretic rather than historical. In actual history they have almost uniformly been obstructives, fighting blindly and desperately on the side of prerogative, refusing to the people every right that could be withholden, and marring every great measure of reform by exacting some price of concession. There is not an instance of a great reform of this century, whether in religion, political constitution, or trade, that they have not opposed to the utmost, and have yielded only to a compulsion they could no longer resist; not one of the great measures now universally acknowledged to be just and beneficial has been unresisted by them; upon almost every one of them some mark of their intolerance has been set. Hence when a great patriotic statesman, like Mr. Gladstone, seeks simply the legislative welfare of the people, and refuses to be led by their class interests, he is regarded by members of the House of Lords with bitter hatred; aristocratic prerogatives are too strong for pure patriotism—of course, with some noble exceptions. It is in vain to create liberal peers; the atmosphere of the House of Lords is too much for them, and, as with Lord Brabourne, a single session often suffices to convert the Liberal into a pattern Conservative.

A few years ago, Mr. Bowen-Groves contributed to 'The Fortnightly Review' a series of papers on 'Forty Years of the House of Lords.' 'The Pall Mall Gazette' has surveyed the same period, and in a simple, unimpassioned record has stated the measures opposed by the Lords in respect of the Irish Land Question, the Government of Ireland, the Irish Roman Catholics, Parliamentary Reform, Municipal and Educational Reform, Legal and Social Reform. It is a terrible record, almost unrelieved, of blind, obstinate, supercilious antagonism to popular interests. As at present constituted the Upper Chamber is a constitutional anomaly, a practical evil, and a hindrance to the true progress of national life. Its capricious rejection of the Universities Bill on the last day of the session, although intrinsically of far less importance than its rejection of the Relief Act of last session, and its action on the Land Bill this session, is a sufficient

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illustration of its capricious superciliousness. It utterly fails of justification by either practical reason or history.

Police Code and Manual of the Criminal Law. By C. E. Howard Vincent, Director of Criminal Investigation. Second Edition. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

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Mr. Vincent's manual will be valuable for the general public, as well as indispensable for the police force. In civic life many almost magisterial functions must devolve upon the police, who may be called upon for immediate exercises of their discretion in cases which involve the liberty of the subject on the one hand, and the punishment of offences on the other. A policeman may either fail in his duty at the cost of the public, or exceed it at his own peril. Again, many cases of exigency may occur, such as injuries and accidents, in which life may depend upon the good sense and promptitude of the policeman. In both classes of cases, in the one it is imperative, and in the other most desirable, that he should know what he ought to do. The general public also are interested in knowing what, in case of crime, assault, or annoyance, a policeman may or may not be required to do. Mr. Vincent's manual is a formidable directory of rules and instructions extending to four hundred and fifty closely printed pages, giving every needful and almost every conceivable legal and desirable information. Even magistrates may use it with advantage as a book of reference. Almost every kind of offence and accident that the police can take cognizance of, from murder to street performances and street regulations, is here included under an alphabetical arrangement easy of reference. In common justice to the force, every policeman ought to be provided with this manual; and citizens will find in it much useful information.

My Garden Wild. By Francis George Heath, Author of 'The Fern World,' &c. Sampson Low and Co.

Mr. F. G. Heath, who has already done so much to originate and to stimulate in the great body of the English people a healthy love of the country, and of flowers, trees, &c., here supplements his former efforts in a very practical direction by telling what in his idea a garden should be. He has little favour for the ultra-artificiality which has come to obtain in the methodically laid-out borders, after the most rigid patterns, with little regard after all for that beautiful gradation in tone and colour which nature in her arrangements mostly manages to secure. Mr. Heath advocates decided effort after the freedom of nature in horticulture, and assuredly his advices are wise. He tells how by simple wild-flowers, ferns, &c., he formed a garden for himself of a more attractive type than any fashionable formal one. We trust his example may in not a few cases be followed. This is but the bare enunciation of Mr. Heath's leading idea, which may be found suggested in looser form in all his earlier writings. But the l[illegible]s varied by the results of so much loving

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study and close observation in the course of many a ramble, that it forms delightful reading in that kind of nature-lore, which is, in fact, becoming as common in America as with us, if not even more so; and through the pens of Burroughs and Warner has done so much to add a new element to its literature. Such writers as Mr. Heath and Mr. Henry Bright are endeavouring to do for this country what these writers have done for theirs in the production of healthy, exhilarating, and delightful nature books, which are often like wine to those who must lead from day to day an artificial life in cities.

A Method of Teaching the Deaf and Dumb Speech, Lip-reading, and Language. With Illustrations and Exercises. By THOMAS ARNOLD. Smith, Elder, and Co.

Mr. Arnold has been one of the most successful teachers of the deaf and dumb in our time, and this volume shows how thoughtful, philosophical, and common-sense his methods have been. Mr. Arnold tells us that he has virtually had all to discover for himself, that in our language neither teachers nor books could be found by him, and he has published his work to aid other teachers, by putting them in possession of his methods, and telling their results. Mr. Arnold has had forty years experience; he was, he says, trained under an able master in the French method, but for the last twenty years he has, as the result of conviction, pursued the German method, at which he has independently arrived. One of his pupils has passed the Cambridge Local Examination with honours, and matriculated at the London University. After a historical introduction, concerning endeavours to instruct the deaf and dumb, Mr. Arnold expounds the different methods of teaching the deaf and dumb to speak, dealing physiologically with the organs of speech, and philosophically with appliances for instructing their use. A chapter on language is also added. We should require much more space than a short notice affords to enter upon the discussion of any of the points involved in Mr. Arnold's system. It must suffice to direct attention to his wise, philosophical, and unusually interesting book, which should be in the hands of all parents and teachers who have to deal with this pathetic disability of children. The results which are here tabulated are very marvellous, and are a large alleviation of an otherwise hopeless calamity.

Credulities Past and Present. By WILLIAM JONES, F.S.A. Chatto and Windus.

There are two sides on which such a subject as this can be treated: the high philosophical side, as it was by Mr. Lecky in one section of his 'Rationalism,' or the purely literary and amusing side, as it is by Mr. Jones in this volume; though it must be said he can lightly philosophize a little bit too. We are not sure that his arrangement is quite the best—more especially for his own interest. He does not, we think, quite put his best foot foremost. The l[illegible]s of the 'Sea and Seamen'

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with which the volume opens is not nearly so good or so new as some of the others, and besides, it must be said that he has fallen into more slight slips here than anywhere else. The chapter on 'Amulets and Talismans' is admirable, clear, comprehensive, full of quaint and interesting items; still more so, perhaps, the chapter dealing with the exorcising and blessing and trial of animals. It is scarcely credible that a pig should have been put upon its trial, so late as the middle of the fourteenth century; but this was really the case at Lausanne; and Mr. Jones has done well to give the details with a quaint, if not even a somewhat grotesque, drawing after a contemporary. The *motif* of much in these strange superstitions it is too easy to trace. The Church found in them a helpful influence; and the means taken to maintain them in some instances makes us wonder that Rome should so long have preserved so great an influence over the consciences of men and women. The chapters on birds, and the belief that the soul of the departed was carried off by birds, afford Mr. Jones great scope for research and for skill in narration. Birds, Eggs, and Luck, and so on, form the subjects of other chapters. On the whole, the book, though in some parts it might have been more condensed and better arranged, is an admirable repertory of amusing and instructive reading. It is well written and full of *esprit*. We cordially recommend it at once as a book of reference, for it is furnished with a good index, and as a volume to while away profitably an odd half-hour.

The Gun and its Development. With Notes on Shooting. By W. W. Greener. Illustrated. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

This is simply a profusely illustrated cyclopædia of gunnery, of which it is as impossible to give an account in a short notice as it is of a dictionary. It includes every kind of gun, from a cross-bow to Armstrong's 100-pounder. It tells its history, traces its developments, and explains its construction; diagrams and drawings on almost every page illustrate structure, improvements, and action. The author is a member of a well-known Birmingham firm of manufacturers, and naturally has a good deal to say on the claims of the metropolis of gunnery. But his estimates and descriptions are the result of wide reading, and are scrupulously fair.

He begins by noting points of invention and progress, such as the first European use of gunpowder, of small firearms, of firearms in battle, of rifled arms, of breechloaders, &c., but we might as well attempt an illustration of the sea by bringing a pailful of its water. The value of the work consists in the completeness of its plan and details, and in the blending of technical details for the expert, with popular history and description for the general reader. So far as we can judge, no single point connected with firearms, and their use for either fighting or sport, has escaped the author. Antiquarian forms and the latest scientific improvements are alike presented.

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In addition to descriptions of weapons, and directions for their use, notes on gun trials in England and America are given; and for sportsmen, shooting notes, sport at home and abroad, with lists of game, and countries in which they are found, together with hints as to their pursuits.

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It is a sumptuous octavo volume of nearly 700 pages. For soldiers and sportsmen it is as indispensable, as a handbook, as a dictionary is to a literary man. Of the accuracy of its details he would be a bold man who would presume to judge, save after long familiarity with it. But it bears all the marks of industrious research, scientific knowledge, and careful statement.

Vivisection Scientifically and Ethically considered, in Prize Essays. By James Macaulay, A.M., M.D., Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A., and Abiathar Wall. Marshall, Japp, and Co.

It is easier to lay down principles than to apply them. Concerning the general principles upon which the anti-vivisection agitation is based there can be no difference among humane men. How far they are violated by medical and biological physiologists is the question in dispute. The humane safeguards practically imposed upon medical men would seem to have but little force with pure scientific biologists. If we hesitate, however, in joining in the clamorous sentence of condemnation, it is only because of our doubtfulness about the facts. And further, we feel scarcely competent to draw the line beyond which physiological experiments may not even humanly go. Nothing is perhaps more unreasoning or unjust than a cry founded upon a moral sentiment. The full concession of the sentiment seems to justify every injustice in the application of it. And yet but for such sentiment how many of the atrocities of human conduct would have gone unredressed. If pecuniary advantage may not justify slavery, neither may scientific advantage justify cruelty. A prize of two hundred guineas was offered—we are not told by whom—for the best essay on 'Painful Experiments on Living Animals Scientifically and Ethically considered.' Seven medical men of good standing were appointed as judges. The result was curious. Of the three essays printed in this volume each obtained the suffrages of two of the judges. The seventh hesitated to give a casting vote. It was resolved therefore to print all the three papers. The common theme is 'Vivisection: is it scientifically useful, or morally valuable?' We will not undertake to pronounce where the judges have hesitated to do so. We will only say that Dr. Macaulay and Mr. Wall argue calmly and with most positive force, while Mr. Grant, after his manner, conducts his argument by a process of keen and sometimes scarcely fair cross-questioning. The volume, however, presents the case of the anti-vivisectionists clearly and strongly.

Plant Life. Popular Papers on the Phenomena of Botany. Marshall, Japp, and Co.

To be popularly useful, scientific knowledge must be translated into the forms of untrained mind. The President of the Lambeth Field Club—

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which, we suppose, exists for practical botanical study—does this admirably in this little volume. He gives us not so much a *hortus siccus* as the living physiology and function of plants. He uses his learning to make things simple, and has produced a handbook as interesting as it is instructive.

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Education, Scientific and Technical. By Robert Galloway. This volume contains a series of lectures on scientific education, in which the author, who speak with some degree of authority both as a scientist and an educationist, endeavours to set forth how the inductive sciences are taught, and how they ought to be taught. The lectures are interesting and sensible, but they do not seem to contain anything of striking originality. We all know that in technical education English workmen lag behind many continental workmen, and that if we are to keep our ground in industry and commerce they must make up lee way. Mr. Galloway discusses this and cognate topics with intelligence; but we fail to see that he has anything new to tell us about them.——*The Future of Palestine.* As a Problem of International Policy, and in Connection with the Requirements of Christianity and the Expectations of the Jews. By D. Walker. (James Nisbet and Co.) Mr. Walker takes occasion from the German colony at Haifa, of which he gives an interesting account, to speculate concerning the future of Palestine. He prepares for his vaticination by a summary of, first, the secular, and then the religious history of Palestine, with which he occupies two-thirds of the volume. Chapters on the Spiritual Rule of Christ, the Kingdom of God, and the Coming of Elijah follow, based upon the theory that the land of Palestine belongs to the Jews, and cannot without impiety be claimed by any other people. The Jews are to be restored to it, and Mr. Walker thinks that this might be effected by Christian powers putting a pressure upon the Porte, taking the land temporarily as trustees, and permitting the Jews to purchase it, or otherwise arranging for its possession. The prophecies which are supposed to foretell the possession of the land by the Jews are cited *en masse*, and in the usual uncritical and especially unchronological way. We cannot, of course, discuss the question, nor the unspiritual conceptions of the work of Christ upon which it rests. Great interest, however, attaches to the problem of the future of Palestine. Mr. Oliphant has raised it, but from a different point of view. He also thinks that Jews would be the most likely effectually to colonize the land.——*Industrial Curiosities.* Glances Here and There in the World of Labour. Written and Edited by Alexander Hay Japp, LL.D. (Marshall, Japp, and Co.) Dr. Japp has collected into a popular and elegant volume papers originally contributed to 'Good Words' and other journals. He treats of the most various matters—from Leather to Hop Gardens and the Service of the Post-office, Wool, Porcelain, Needles, Perfumes, Seal-skins, Clocks and Watches. Nothing comes to him amiss. With an industry and a descriptive power equal to those of Dr. Winter, he has higher

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literary claims and a more philosophical grasp. Among books of popular knowledge this deserves a high place.——*The Suburban Homes of London.* A Residential Guide to Favourite London Localities, their Societies, Celebrities, and Associations. (Chatto and Windus.) The design of this book is better than its execution. It compasses a much larger London than that of the Post-office. It describes the suburbs of the great city from Barnet and Waltham Abbey to Richmond and Beckenham. Perhaps the writer has included too much ; but the charm of such books as Howitt's 'Northern Heights of London' are wanting. The author lacks the literary instinct, the historical imagination, and perhaps the antiquarian knowledge, which peoples the past and gathers reminiscences. His book runs too much into the style of a Directory, with a special reference to building speculations. It will be useful chiefly for people house-hunting.

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BELLES LETTRES, POETRY, AND FICTION.

The Renaissance in Italy. Italian Literature. In Two Parts. By John Addington Symonds. Author of 'Sketches in Italy and Greece,' &c. Smith, Elder, and Co.

These two volumes form the fourth and fifth of Mr. Symonds's remarkable and every way monumental work on the 'Italian Renaissance ;' to to which he has devoted the best years of his life. It is not too much to say that, by this labour, he has raised himself to equal companionship with such writers as Hallam and Macaulay. His style, it is true, is not so refined as that of the former, nor is it so brilliant and antithetic as that of the latter ; but it has a pliancy and fulness, an ease, and a resonance which render it most readable ; and, what is more, now and then they combine to impart to it a rhythm and a music which cause the sentences to dwell upon the ear. The patient and close investigation, long continued, which has gone to produce this book, is likely to be somewhat lost sight of in the flow and what we may call the urgent dignity of the style ; but those who will most appreciate the one will not, we think, wholly lose sight of the other. And before passing from general considerations, we should not forget to say that Mr. Symonds's independence is as marked as is his careful research and lofty, insistent march of style. He does not deal in second-hand authorities, but brings the reader directly into contact with the literature itself, not failing occasionally to sum up the leading feature or *motif* in an incisive phrase or a sentence of surprising clearness and grace. Indeed, it must be admitted that if Mr. Symonds had in one or two special cases allowed himself to modify expressions in view of the opinions of former writers of distinction, he would have done well, and only added to his claims for calm and ripe judgment as well as for generosity toward those who have traversed the field before him.

Mr. Symonds begins his survey, and rightly, by indicating clearly the

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two great lines of influence which, meeting under favourable circumstances, mainly went to produce the Renaissance. The one was the Provençal poetry, the other was the ideal of chivalry. Of course much was due to political and social conditions; elements which Villari did not a little exhaustively to trace out, and which Mr. Symonds contents himself with here more generally indicating. But, briefly, they may be summed up in this, the transference of the point of interest in literature from an ideal that demanded mystical love allied with metaphysical refinements, and gained effect from an historical and natural realism, so uniting, as one might say, the mediæval and the modern world to an ideal that eschewed the mystical, sought to establish an imaginative realm for the treatment of real passion, and at the same time to set wholly outside of poetry the vein of historical and natural realism. In regarding the subject from this point of view, four names at once present themselves: first, Dante, who in his 'Vita Nuova' and his 'Divina Commedia' represented the earlier ideal, which may be called the mystical-scholastic of the middle ages, and brought it into direct relation with the world. Then comes Cino da Pistoja, who, on account of his rejection of mysticism proper, and his refinement if not delicacy of style, has been well called the 'connecting link between Dante and Petrarch; his poems to Selvaggia reflecting elements in the one that were to pass into the most perfect form in the other;' and of whom Mr. Symonds speak as follows: 'Two currents of verse, the one rising from the senses, the other from the brain, the one deriving force and fulness from the people, the other nourished by the schools, flowed apart in Guido Cavalcanti's poetry. They were combined in a single stream by Cino da Pistoja' (p. 65, vol. i.) Then comes Petrarch, whose imaginative intensity and almost feverish narrowness, no less than his complete renunciation of mysticism, enabled him to present in sonnets and canzone a real passion, sustained by what it fed on, and in which the chivalric ideal was so far set aside that no real sacrifice was demanded, since the merely imaginative sacrifice sufficed. Then comes Boccaccio, who honestly divorces chivalric sentiment from the love-passion altogether, returning on pure nature; often of the 'earth, earthy,' and in no way dissembling his complete satisfaction with the grosser play of human nature and human motive. It is quite true, as Mr. Symonds indicates, that the ideal of chivalry never laid complete hold on the common imagination in Italy as it did on that of most other European peoples; but it exerted its own influence, and even in Boccaccio we see the direct reaction against it. Through him humour and irony first find origin and scope. Chivalric elevation and severity had restrained them (as we see Chaucer regarded it): and now there arises a school of sensual satirists which must be regarded as finding in Pulci its most typical representative. When men cease to believe in the sincerity of passion they soon proceed to question the validity of what are sometimes held to be more important experiences; and hence we are not surprised to find Mr. Symonds saying, 'We need not go far afield to account for Pulci's profanity. The Italians of the age in which he lived were free-

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thinkers without ceasing to be Catholics' (p. 447, vol. i.) Petrarch's imaginative exercise in one mood now finds its imitators, and these are held as foils by a school of satirists. With Mr. Symonds's estimate of Dante we are, to a great extent, in sympathy, but hardly so much so with that of Petrarch. He is inclined to see in Petrarch too much of the 'sincerity' which has in recent days become a cant phrase. The fact is that Petrarch represented the purely artificial sentiment of love which survived in Italian literature, having the taint of *cicisbeism* throughout long periods; and this insincerity communicated even a touch of diffuseness and insincerity to the style, of which the second canzone might be taken as specimen. Devotion to the wider sense of 'society,' as conceived under the imperial emblem of Rome, robbed Petrarch to a very great extent of individuality and definiteness of conception in certain directions, and imparted a vague sameness of colour to his poetry, however varied in theme. On this point Villari may be listened to: 'It is certainly impossible to doubt the existence of sincere and pure passion; but this Canon, who proclaims his love to all the winds of heaven, publishes a sonnet for every sigh, confides to all the world how great is his despair if Laura will not look upon him, and all the time is making love to another woman, to whom he addresses no sonnets, but by whom he has several children. How can he make men believe that his passion is really, as he describes it, eternal, pure, and the sole ruler of his thoughts?' Petrarch was an intense realist on one side. Villari tells how he made an express journey to see for himself and to describe Maria of Pozzuoli, a woman of enormous strength, who lived always armed. The indefiniteness, inevitable under such division of experience and such affectation of reality and truth, is seen also in the form in which political conditions colour Petrarch's writings. Lord Macaulay has well said: 'Petrarch's native city—the fair and glorious Florence—the modern Athens, then in all the bloom and strength of its youth, could not obtain from the most distinguished of its citizens any portion of that passionate homage which he paid to the decrepitude of Rome.' And Mr. Symonds himself significantly writes: 'Petrarch is an Italian, while Dante remained merely a Florentine. Petrarch's connection with the Capitol was the outward sign that the age of the Commune was over, and *culture destined to be cosmopolitan.*'

Mr. Symonds celebrates the intense, sustaining individuality of Dante's *Commedia.* One qualification has to be made. There is one standpoint from which Dante must ever seem small, envious, malicious, and mean. If, as Villari has said, Dante still represented the middle ages by seeking eternity in another world, while the Renaissance sought eternity in this world, it cannot be denied that the future world of Dante did not disdain the importation of some feelings which, viewed from one side, are 'of the earth, earthy.' Here Dante touches the Renaissance and involves himself with it, causing violence to his own symbolism through apparent indifference to some points of the higher morality, and elevating love as a sentiment and a mystical ideal at the expense of charity and forgiveness.

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Even his symbolism did not in any way demand some of the more painful of his pictures. We could almost have wished that Mr. Symonds had given a little more verge to this side of the matter; it would have made his estimate yet more 'all round' and impartial. Mr. Symonds eloquently writes—

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'The essence of the *Commedia* is indestructible because of its humanity, because of the personality which animates it. Men change far less than the hypotheses of religion and philosophy, which take form from experience as shadows fly before the sun. However these may alter, man remains substantially the same; and Dante penetrated human nature as few have done, and was such a man as few have been. The unity and permanence of his poem are in himself. Never was a plan so vast and various permeated so completely by a single self' (p. 78, vol. i.)

We are glad to see that Mr. Symonds admits that Boccaccio did not a little to infect later Italian literature with the rhetorical *rombazzio* which has so long prevailed in it. He is careful also to discriminate and to do justice to the idyllic element in Boccaccio in this way: 'What has been called *la voluttà idillica*—the sensuous sensibility to beauty, finding fit expression in the idyl—formed a marked characteristic of Renaissance art and literature. Boccaccio developed this idyllic motive in all his works that dealt with the origins of society' (p. 196, vol. ii.)

There is one point of some importance which we are sorry to see that Mr. Symonds has not so completely treated as he might have done, particularly since he devotes so much space to Cardinal Bembo, who has been well called 'the Edgar Poe of the Petrarchans, though without that genius's morbid individuality and depth.' Dante in the 'Vita Nuova' admittedly presented puzzles to the men of his time, and was not disinclined to mere verbal by-plays, which, indeed, he indulges in his poetic correspondence with Cavalcanti and others. Even with such a rake as Cecco Angiolieri—who (though Mr. Symonds only incidentally names him) interpreted Dante on the sensual side, and with not a little ribaldry told him so, ending a sonnet with the mocking words:

'Ch' io son il pungiglione, e tu se' il bue'—

Dante could hold parley; and this indulgence created a whole school of artificial poets, who pelted each other with sonnets, not seldom using the same rhymes in reply as had been used in the sonnets addressed to them. Bembo had a whole circle of this kind—Moresina, Vittoria Colonna, Varcha, and Casa—Varcha being the only one of whom Mr. Symonds treats. Sonnet xv. of Bembo is a reply to one of Moresina's, beginning 'Quando mia sorte il verderti m' impetra,' and it most ingeniously follows the word-rhymes of the sonnet to which it replies. A most interesting short chapter might have been made on this subject, tracing the practice down through several periods, and contrasting the result with certain forms of artificial verse which have more recently obtained.

This we are the more justified in saying because Mr. Symonds shows so much art in tracing out the analogies and resemblances between early

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Italian literature and later productions, English and other;' as, for instance, Bandello's anticipation, in his 'Gerardo and Elena,' of points in Shakespeare's 'Romeo and Juliet,' and the indebtedness of Sir Philip Sydney to the 'Arcadia' of Sannazzaro.

These are but a few of the points which these masterly volumes suggest; more it is not possible for us to do in this place. We can only cordially recommend them to all true lovers of literature, who will find them interesting and full of charm, even if Italian may not be amongst their accomplishments; though it must be added that only a reader who knows Italian can fully appreciate the labour and the resource, the finished style and grace, that characterize them throughout.

Outcast Essays and Verse Translations. By SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, LL.D., Author of 'Time and Space,' &c. Longmans and Co.

The title of this volume seems to be fully justified by the facts; but its too literal appropriateness is surely to be regretted. The two essays on De Quincey strike us as very remarkable, full of delicate insight, clear judgment, and analytical tact. Not only does Dr. Hodgson justify his claim to have 'something to say,' but he says that something well, and, to our thinking, has done a service in showing the combination in De Quincey's genius of 'great emotional sensibility with great intellectual subtilty.' This seems no very original statement; but the way in which Dr. Hodgson exhaustively illustrates it is original in the highest sense, as he brings to his aid not only a full knowledge of the writings, but intimacy with the man and his family. Nevertheless, he is not a mere eulogist, but discriminates carefully the points of failure and incompleteness, declaring, therefore, that De Quincey had genius, but not strictly creative genius, and that thus he does not rise into the first rank. We regard Dr. Hodgson as absolutely successful, as against Mr. Stuart Mill, on one or two points in his second essay on 'De Quincey as a Political Economist.' It is inconceivable to us why review editors should have rejected this paper, for it is clear and luminous throughout, and deals with principles of which the men discussed merely supply the illustrations. 'The Supernatural in English Poetry' and 'English Verse' are full of knowledge and ingenuity, particularly the latter, in which Mr. Hodgson finds even the laureate napping over his rhythmical 'stresses' in more than one instance. Theologians may find much to interest them in the essay on 'The True Symbol of Christian Union.' The translations, chiefly from Horace and Homer, are careful and scholarly, and show the finest appreciation of the text.

We can cordially recommend this volume at once for its critical acumen, philosophical tone, and its fine sense of metrical correctness and true grace in poetry.

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Don Quixote: his Critics and Commentators. With a Brief Account of the Minor Works of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra, and a Statement of the Aim and End of the Greatest of them all. By A. J. Duffield. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

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Mr. Duffield is a persevering and enthusiastic student of Cervantes. Few men have shown at once so much inquiring patience and so much love of their author. He keeps his eye on the main road, and yet he adventures freely into the byways—the only secret of success with such an author as Cervantes. His translation of Don Quixote was a work which at once took a high place, doing not a little to supersede some of those which had before been regarded as final. In the present effort, however, we cannot regard him as having been quite so successful. For one thing, he has not marked out for himself so definite a purpose, and his book has more the aspect of bookmaking. Instead even of sticking closely to an account of the 'Critics and Commentators' of Don Quixote, he makes constant and perplexing incursions into other fields; he interjects long translations from his author to illustrate Cervantes' general view of certain points rather than any leading idea strictly implied in his main title; and sometimes he is conjectural, and at other times too self-assertive, and neglectful of recognition of others who have worked in the same field. In spite, however, of these drawbacks, the book is calculated to be useful to students of Don Quixote. It will often point the way to rich stores of disquisition, if such should be wanted; and it certainly has the merit of being readable, and of presenting the result of not a little loving labour. In fact, it must be regarded as a valuable summary and supplement, and, in a certain way, as an index to the literature of the great 'Spanish classic.'

Poetry of Byron. Chosen and Arranged by Matthew Arnold. Macmillan and Co.

This is one of the 'Golden Treasury Series,' and is well worthy of the place in which it stands. It is clear that Mr. Arnold has done his work with great care, sparing no effort to make the book perfect. The Introductory Essay, which is very incisive and suggestive, is perhaps as much a revelation of the writer as of the subject, and has all the more value on that account. He is appreciative of Byron's great claims—his passion, his individuality, his excess of energy, and his irony. But he discriminates, and is especially interesting in describing Byron's salient defects—his lack of repose, his restless intensity, and defect of meditative calm; being altogether characteristically deficient in the elements in which Wordsworth from one side and Goethe from another were so strong. Perhaps he somewhat fails in justice and in critical truth through the over-emphasis of this, betraying some defect of sympathy. The selection is most tasteful and judicious. It is arranged under four headings—

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'Personal, Lyric, and Elegiac,' 'Descriptive and Narrative,' 'Dramatic' and 'Satiric.' In this way the poet is most efficiently made to paint himself; so that the volume is not only choice but critically valuable. It will no doubt have a large sale, and will be frequently referred to in future estimates of the poet.

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Madame de Sevigné. (Foreign Classics for English Readers.) By Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Richmond Ritchie). Wm. Blackwood and Sons.

It is hardly possible that the monogram on Madame de Sevigné for this series could have fallen into better hands. Miss Thackeray is not only delicate, but with a capacity to appreciate the *esprit* and charm of such a writer, she can sympathize with the deeper elements which gave tone and quality to Madame de Sevigné letters, and sufficed to raise her far above the common ranks of brilliant and gifted women, for which France at that period was so famous. If we were to compare her with Madame du Deffand, or even with Madame de Staël, our meaning would be apparent. For that we have not the space: we can only indulge ourselves with one suggestion, and it is that, if the reader is curious in such matters, he should glance over Dr. Stevens's 'Life of Madame de Staël,' particularly the latter chapters in the first volume, read Mr. Hayward's 'Essay on Madame du Deffand,' and then turn to Miss Thackeray's 'Essay on Madame de Sevigné.' That comparison, which can be satisfactorily made in the course of a few hours, will show him how graceful, how refined, how consistent in her own individuality Madame de Sevigné was, and how much the charm of treatment may add to the interest of even a charming personality.

Corneille and Racine. By H. Trollope. (Foreign Classics for English Readers.) William Blackwood and Sons.

If not one of the most striking, this is certainly one of the most useful of the present series. Most educated people presume that they are acquainted with French dramatic literature, but beyond a smattering of Molière's 'Tartuffe,' 'Sganarelle,' and the 'Précieuses,' or Voltaire's 'Zaïre' or 'L'Enfant Prodigue,' the rest remains for most part a neglected field. Critical study indeed of such an extensive literature is only for the few. The drama has flourished in France, and satire, early taking possession of it, did for it what satire could hardly in any other case have done, imparted to it an air of refinement and grace unknown to the lighter drama of most other countries. After Molière, to Corneille and Racine is due the main credit of this; and, viewed as an element in universal culture, this is the side of the French drama which is most influential. It is hardly in France as it is with us. Tragedy is a thing of rule, and French tragedy is as unlike as can be to the tragedy of Shakespeare. 'Cinna' in contrast with 'Julius Cæsar' would illustrate all that we mean. In Racine we have the perfection of French epigram, brilliant, keen, and full of colour; in Cor-

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neille we have dignity with all the French ease. Both reflect faithfully the life of their own time. Mr. Trollope, it may be, overestimates a little the value of the French drama for English people; but he does much to justify his estimate, and is distinctly ingenious in dealing with knotty points. The lives of both Corneille and Racine are interesting and are well treated. Corneille, poor, high-spirited, apt to take offence, rough in society, but with a true humility as well as a true self-appreciation, is an admirable subject, and Mr. Trollope has not failed in giving full effect to the main outlines. He is exceedingly happy in comparing him with Oliver Goldsmith. Racine is on the whole less likeable. There are positive points of meanness in him; but Mr. Trollope does frank justice both to his good and his bad qualities. His turning against his old tutors at Port Royal is one of the worst things in his life. Mr. Trollope has not only written a good book, he has directed his readers into a fresh and profitable field for study.

Garden Graith; or, Talks Among my Flowers. By SARAH F. SMILEY. Hodder and Stoughton.

This is a very charming series of meditations in a flower garden. As from a kind of lecture-room in her arbour, the authoress discourses delicately, suggestively, and brightly about her flowers and the suggestions of their culture and growth. They are a kind of religious moralizing about Sowing, Blossoming, Weeds, Fragrance, Pot-bound, &c., done with great skill and delicate tenderness of feeling, full of subtle meanings and wise suggestions. The authoress reminds us now and then of Thoreau, then again of the author of 'The Harvest of a Quiet Eye.' Everything about the book is as fresh and fragrant as the flowers themselves, and is—simply to be enjoyed.

Fashion in Deformity, as Illustrated by the Customs of Barbarous and Civilized Races. (Nature Series.) By WILLIAM HENRY FLOWER, LL.D. Illustrated. Macmillan and Co.

Dr. Flower reprints a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, which is very suggestive and full of wholesome application. The degree to which artificial distortion has been applied to differents parts of the human form is something astounding; the skull, waist, and feet have been absolutely transformed, made hideous, and, to a large extent, useless. Happily, English women have learned something respecting the treatment of the waist, although much remains yet to be learned. But the treatment of the feet is more absurd than ever; pointed-toed and high-heeled boots are preposterous perversions of nature. The diseases and disabilities they produce can be studied in Dr. Flower's timely lecture. We are not yet in a position to laugh either at Chinese ladies or at Bango savages.

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Wood Magic. By RICHARD JEFFERIES. Two Vols. Cassell, Petter, Galpin, and Co.

Mr. Jefferies has obtained the highest position as an observer and recorder of nature, and of what Thoreau calls the graceful *insouciance* of animals. He has patiently possessed himself of many of the secrets of both; and if sometimes his expressions of his experience have lacked subtlety, he has never failed to inspire his readers with a sense of his sincerity and insight. He has generally, too, imparted a touch of imagination to his more elevated descriptions; so that one who had read all his former books with keen appreciation and profit might well be excused in looking forward to a perusal of 'Wood Magic' with genuine enthusiasm. That was our case. But we must in all candour say that our expectations have not been fully realized. There can be no doubt that the magic of field and stream, and wood and wild, of flower and bird and whispering winds has been seized by Mr. Jefferies, and that he has managed to surround many of the common phenomena of nature with the glow of imagination; but in the present case his parable is too elaborate; it remains to the end too much of a parable and a puzzle, and is, like the books that profess merely to record, too much a thing of separate passages. Fancy or fantasy directed to the shaping of mere facts into symbols is hardly in Mr. Jefferies equal to his knowledge of facts; and here, almost in spite of himself, the one overbears the other. 'Wood Magic' is half a riddle, and will remain so after the utmost effort has been made to find a coherent idea under its parables. Though no demand is made for more than unity of an artistic kind, the meanings, as it would appear, are so varied, and so evasive, inadequate, and tantalizing, that one fails in imaginative sympathy long before one fails in merely intellectual interest. In a word, we are, and to the end remain, more concerned with Mr. Jefferies and his processes of getting at his facts than with the imaginative clothing he has in this instance been pleased to give to them. The description of the delightful Hampshire farm is simply perfect. We can see it: we can hear the murmur of the brook, scent the new-cut hay, or wander in the copse, or lie as he would have us quietly observant in the orchard; but when the various animals that frequent the place are transformed into ideal creatures, who can talk and urge reasons, and dissent and complain of each other, and pour their wisdom or their folly too willingly into the ear of Bevis, for whose benefit it would seem that they have all been created, we cannot follow with full sympathetic assent. And the moral element is the most distracting of all, as, for instance, when we learn that all the animals, the trees, the wind, and the grass had, by a general conspiracy, tricked into a gin the wicked weasel which had devoured the leveret of the mourning hare. Well, there is a solidarity in nature; but the winds, trees, &c., have their own business to attend to, and lose imaginatively by such a process as this. It must be said, however, that generally Mr. Jefferies keeps clear of temptations to such moralities as raise indeed all the ques-

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tions of pessimism that have ever been stirred, and settle nothing. The book, as we have said, is too elaborate and long-sustained for the strength of the dominating idea; but nevertheless it is a delightful book, full of nature-lore, and informed by a true poetic spirit and fine discernments.

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Messrs. Blackwood and Sons have published a Second Edition of Mr. William Minto's 'Manual of English Prose Literature,' an admirable handbook of literary information and criticism, full of wise discernment and complete although terse information. We spoke of it on its first appearance in terms of high praise; and more familiar acquaintance with it only enhances our sense of its almost unique character and excellence.

Messrs. Cassell and Co. have published the Twelfth Edition of Dr. Brewer's most useful 'Dictionary of Phrase and Fable,' an indispensable table-book for literary men, and an interesting and instructive miscellany for general readers, tracing the derivation of popular Phrases and Terms. This edition has added to it 'A Concise Bibliography of English Literature,' by Eric S. Robertson, M.A., and an alphabetical list of English authors with their works. This, however, is only a contribution; many names are omitted—Dr. Vaughan, formerly editor of this Review, Mr. Trevyllian, Isaac Taylor, jun, John Sterling, and others who have established their claim to a place in English literature.

RECENT POETRY.

The classical drama is not popular; but experiments are now and then made of an interesting kind: such is *The Death of Themistocles and other Poems*; by John Nichol, M.A., LL.D., Regius Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Glasgow (James Maclehose): in which Professor Nichol has given us not only a finished dialogue after the classic manner, but a fine study of mixed elements and motives in the leading character, which show how art has been to him an exacting mistress. For the subject is in itself, in some degree, alien to the style of treatment, which aims at great simplicity and clearness of outline. To a remarkable degree both have been attained; so that, while we have studied repose and grace of style, we have also much that is distinctly in keeping with the spirit of our modern poetry, which aims at subtlety, comprehensiveness, suggestion. A glance at the leading motive will make this clear. After signal services, Themistocles, through the uprise of factions and the opposition of Cimon, the son of Miltiades, is driven into exile at Argolis; and afterwards, having escaped from point to point, takes ship to Asia, and is welcomed by Artaxerxes, at whose court he lives for seventeen years. When the war arises through the Athenians assailing Cyprus, Themistocles is besought by Artaxerxes to take the command against Greece; and partly from anger with Athens, and partly from hatred to Cimon, he is inclined to do it, notwithstanding the dissuasions of his family. But

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just at the moment when he is about to set forth, a messenger arrives reporting that Cimon has fallen at Citium. This removes one of the motives for Themistocles's action, and now he feels repelled from fighting against his country. Rather than do so, and to save his honour, he takes poison and perishes. This is the theme of a piece which is remarkable for its care and scholarly finish, as also for the clearness here and there of its dramatic realization. The shorter poems show great love of nature; they are sometimes touched with a regret and pathos that are made more effective by dignified self-restraint; and in all cases they are finished and scholarly. Particularly is this true of the section of poems entitled, 'From the Old Home;' and of several of those under the heading of 'Pictures by the Way.' The first sonnet—'San Sebastien'—is to our mind simply exquisite. The sonnet to Thomas Carlyle is not so perfect as a whole; but it has fine lines, and the monody on Abraham Lincoln—one of the poems which, the author says in the Preface, at the time they were written, exposed me to 'social ostracism'—is very perfect and marked by a serene sincerity. There is a picturesque glow and a reserved tenderness in 'From Palermo,' which we read with admiration sometime ago in 'Good Words,' and which recalls some of the poems of the same class of Mr. Matthew Arnold. The following on 'Intervention' is so short and good that we must crave leave to quote it—

'There's always just something
Between me and light,
Some curtain of darkness
Some pine-coloured height.

There's ever a duty
Forbidding the Rest,
That retires like the gleam
Of the sun in the west.

Yet all must have respite
At last in the soil,
The wicked from troubling,
The weary from toil.

'Tis the way of the world
As it has been of old,
So it will be for ever
Till the tale is all told.'

——Than Mr. Gosse there is, we believe, hardly a man in England fitter for the performance of such a task as selecting the best odes that have been written. This he has done in *English Odes.* Selected by EDMUND W. GOSSE. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) To an extensive acquaintance with the wide field of English poetic literature he adds a very nice critical discrimination, which has been strengthened by large incursions into the domains of continental literature. His first duty was to make clear to himself the dis-

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tinguishing characteristics of the ode; and, setting aside the many definitions that have been given, he presents us with the following: 'We take as an ode any strain of enthusiastic and exalted lyrical verse, directed to a fixed purpose and dealing progressively with one dignified theme.' The specimens given admirably illustrate what is here laid down. He begins with Spenser, and carries his selection down to our own day, inserting specimens from Mr. Swinburne. Of Spenser, of course, he speaks highly as an ode writer, and is full of praise of the 'Epithalamium.' Ben Jonson, however, he says, was the proper importer of 'the ode into England;' and therefore some good specimens are given from him. Cowley, Akenside, and Gray have full justice done to them. On the whole, the selection is admirable, and we hardly need to add that in it the beautiful series to which it belongs has receive a very noticeable and valuable addition.——A very different book is *The Poems of Lord Herbert of Cherbury*. Edited, with an Introduction, by JOHN CHURTON COLLINS. (Chatto and Windus.) Lord Herbert of Cherbury is not often, or at first, thought of as a poet. His fame was won as a soldier, and re-asserted as a thinker. In both capacities he was at once bold and brilliant, with a certain solid English closeness and self-dependence which make him a most attractive figure both biographically and as a writer. His poems were merely the pastimes of a busy life; they were not published in his lifetime — not, in fact, till seventeen years after his death. It cannot, therefore, be said that we have his own estimate of these productions as likely to prove permanent additions to English literature. But they are remarkable not only as exhibiting an original and graceful fancy and a keen sense of beauty, but as having actually given the first hint of various forms of verse, which have since been used with marvellous effect—the measure of 'In Memoriam,' for example. As Lord Herbert was born in 1581, he was a contemporary of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. It is astonishing at such an early date to meet with the hint of so much that has come after and 'blossomed to perfection' of form and hue. Mr. Churton Collins has certainly done his author justice, and in his introduction has eloquently set forward the claims which Lord Herbert's poems have to be resuscitated and studied as examples, often *sui generis*. He says that no collection of English poets is complete which does not 'contain the poetical works of Lord Herbert of Cherbury,' and on certain grounds, though not on all grounds, this claim is well justified, and we trust may be responded to.——Mr. Aubertin sometime since presented us with a masterly translation of the Lusiad of Camoens, a work which we noticed at the time with the fullest appreciation. He has now given us *Seventy Sonnets of Camoens*. Portuguese Text and Translation, with Original Poems. By J. J. AUBERTIN. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) He has, in this case, followed precisely the same form as in that—presenting us with the original text alongside his translation—so that the volume is valuable for other and more permanent purposes than the passing of a 'pleasant hour of cultured leisure.' The only regret we have is that

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Mr. Aubertin, when he resolved to go so far, did not go further, and translate more of Camoens' minor poems; for all of them are charged with clear and subtle beauty, a mingled strain of graceful pensiveness, and refinement of form. If an equal number of the songs and *resondilhas* had been added, then indeed Mr. Aubertin had fully 'fulfilled his duty to Camoens,' and done a service to English literature. But these dues may yet be gratefully paid, to the advantage and the pleasure of all who take an interest in such matters. Mr. Aubertin has not only translated the sonnets, he has in a remarkably skilful manner reproduced rhythms and rhymes. Opinions may vary on the point whether Mr. Aubertin has in all instances selected the best specimens of Camoens' sonnets, to reflect his variety of range as well as his grace and delicacy; but this criticism will suggest itself to only a very few of the many English readers who will read and feel an unusual exhilaration and delight in these dainty reproductions. Mr. Aubertin's defence of his own choice in selection is, however, efficient. He says in effect that the very finest of these compositions are literally untranslatable. In all cases he has not only got close to the idea and intention of his author, but has penetrated to the soul, if we may speak so, and has transfused it into English. The sonnets are the result of a most devoted, loving, continuous communion with the mood of the author till it was appropriated and could be reproduced without effort—the secret of all happy and charming translation. We could have wished that Mr. Aubertin had made yet more prominent the noble and patriotic side of Camoens, which he embalmed in some of his sonnets: one or two more of this class might have been presented. There is even more skill shown in these than in the sonnets which deal with strictly individual moods. Of the original poems which Mr. Aubertin has added we cannot speak with quite the same unqualified praise. Here and there the rhythm is faulty; here and there a line unpolished. But the ideas and sentiments are always elevated and refined, the diction is forcible, if not always elegant; and Mr. Aubertin never fails in communicating a sense of individual experience, the point on which all poets, save the greatest, are so apt to fail.——It is a true relief and even an aid to come across such a waft of pure and invigorating air in the midst of the conventionality and pretence of present-day minor verse as we have in *Fo'c's'le Yarns* (Macmillan and Co.) It is composed of four stories, told with rare naturalness, dramatic force, and occasional *naïveté*. When the first of the four stories—'Betsey Lee'—was published, we spoke of it, as may be remembered, in the highest terms, and certainly we have no reason to qualify what we then said, but to extend it with additional praise to the other three tales now given. These are entitled, 'Captain Rose,' 'Captain Tom and Captain Hugh,' and 'Tommy Big-Eyes.' An old sailor, a Manxman, is the speaker—Tom Baynes, the hero of 'Betsey Lee'—as will be remembered. The topics are all Manx, and Manx—a most forcible and expressive dialect of English—is the medium used. Not to speak of the many evidences of sharp observation, of acute reflections on men and life, which we have here, the

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poems would be noticeable for their exceeding closeness to the dramatic situation. Tom Baynes's talk smells of sea-air, it is redolent of tar and rope. There is a smack of sincerity all through it, and the pathetic touches which come on us suddenly are made more searching by contrast with the rough flavour of the verse throughout. One of the great claims of these poems is that the picturesque seldom appears on its own account, but only as it were incidentally and without any pretence. There is nothing more difficult, nothing more trying, than in deference to dramatic truthfulness to restrain this tendency in a medium which is the reverse of literary, as is Tom Baynes, who can hardly read or write; and this is the more especially true if a wide circle of experience and emotion, of fun and sentiment is to be traversed. Here truly the circle is wide—to see how wide, the reader must go to the book itself; these he will see in the traits of the two rival captains, and of Tommy Big-Eyes especially. The volume seems to open up unbounded possibilities for the development of English verse, as showing how genius can transform commonplace; but alas! there are not many who will look at life so directly and yet so imaginatively as the author of these 'Fo'c's'le Yarns.'——We are sorry we cannot speak with unqualified enthusiasm of *Song Bloom*. By GEORGE BARLOW, Author of 'Love Songs,' &c. (Remington and Co.) Mr. Barlow is fluent, he sometimes hits out a fine image; but his poems fail to satisfy us wholly, and sometimes he is, to be quite frank, somewhat erratic and high-flown, entirely disregardful of that unity of note which is so essential to success in the style at which he aims. And when he attempts to become philosophical, we see all too easily whence he drew his first suggestions, and feel how far he is from being able to justify them in the way of improving on the original—'Modern Faith,' with Mr. Tennyson's 'Two Voices,' and so on and on. As we read we are persecuted with a sense of cross impression, and nothing surely could be more fatal in poetry. This, too, is the case in the ambitious 'Mortal and Immortal.' Such poems as 'A Hymn of Woman' and 'The Greater Woman' simply perplex us, and there is far too great a preponderance of these in the book. 'At a Theatre Door in Summer' should be pathetic; it fails just at the testing-point, and it is sad in such a case to fail. One or two of the poems headed 'Hymns' and 'Songs' we like, and could read over again with satisfaction; but this applies only to a few, and we must candidly add that the most ambitious portion of the book we regard as a portentous failure.——*Fulgentius, with other Poems Old and New*. By R. MONTGOMERIE RANKING. (Newman and Co.) Mr. Montgomerie Ranking has undoubtedly some of the endowments of the poet, but in no very pronounced degree; and he lacks or almost lacks others. He has some sense of melody, and he has fancy; but he is without discrimination, and he does not study condensation as he might do. Besides, he sometimes sets his poems to a key which has been too often used by others, and they read here and there like parodies. Notably is this the case in regard to a refrain which at once recalls Jean Ingelow in by no means one of her most successful

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pieces. Longfellow and Schiller are both similarly treated. The primary conception of the 'Pan of the Hills' is good; but it is overdone, and the form of the masque is run into sheer absurdity. 'Under the Dark Arches' and 'At the Back of an Opera Box' have touches of mingled realism and idealism which directly recall Robert Buchanan. 'Lethe Water' and 'Lilian in the Forest' are far better, showing more of an individual note. We deeply regret that the author did not wait and produce more such pieces as these instead of printing transparent imitations. He has the power to do so, as one of these poems abundantly shows, a poem which ought to have been put in the forefront of the volume. It contains not only fine lines, but is sustained and dignified, and is very free of the more obtrusive and irritating faults of some of the other pieces. 'Raw haste half-sister to delay' has done her own work here; let Mr. Ranking but exercise a judicious self-severity, and we are sure that criticism will have a less reluctant tribute of admiration to pay to his next volume of poems. Self-trust, to steer clear of imitation; self-distrust, to entice to continual pruning and careful emendation—these are the *desiderata*, for Mr. Ranking distinctly has original productive poetic power.——*A Pageant and other Poems.* By CHRISTINE G. ROSSETTI. (Macmillan and Co.) Miss Rossetti has here presented us with studies in verse, which represent in fuller current two streams of inspiration which have from the first strangely blended in her genius, and never, as one might say, have become properly one; if they had, she would have been regarded as a greater and more popular poet, as she deserves to be. 'Goblin Market' was held in contrast to much that accompanied it by its vein of quaint freshness, its pensively playful childlike fancy, and a kind of graceful sadness that well beseems the kind of composition to which it belongs. But together with it were poems that were almost pessimistic, or would have been so but for a subdued vein of religious and mystical unction which has sometimes been hardly in keeping with the initiatory *motif*, if one may be allowed the phrase here. It is the same in the present volume. The 'Pageant' is full of graceful fancifulness; there is a playful freshness in it; it abounds in delicate pictures, which claim for themselves a place apart in the imagination. The 'Masque of the Months,' which by the way Mr. Austin Dobson attempted, has not been rendered with more music and subtle rhythm and variety in English. But some of the lyrics and sonnets outdo in dark misgivings, and in suggestions of death, all that Miss Rossetti has heretofore written. These are 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;' and though Miss Rossetti can never cease to be the poet, she does incline in these cases to show us far too much of the processes of her thinking: we see the movement of the despairing intellect far too clearly through the thin veil of imagination and fantasy. 'Golden Stones' or 'Johnny,' read with, say, the sonnet beginning, 'This life of numbness and of balk,' suggest so decided a revulsion that the moods seem almost irreconcilable in one individuality—so much of brightness, sunshine, colour in one, and so much of monotone, grey despair, and helpless self-surrender

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in the other. Poetry, in fact, cannot sustain itself on negations; this is its peculiar pre-eminence. Under this necessity Miss Rossetti sometimes rises to a true key, but ever again she succumbs; she has consulted her sense of loss and her weakness too much, and the healthy imagination too little. One test is very conclusive with respect to her poems. Always when she is most sad and despairing, she writes most crampedly, and fails to command the musical flow and felicity which she uniformly does when in a more cheerful temper. The truth is, the primary dramatic rule holds: Shelley said that 'the secret of morals is a going out of self'—we had almost said that the secret of music is a going out of self also—at all events, to the extent of endeavouring to speak to the healthy and active nature of man, and not to weaken or to depress it. 'Songs of Death and of Corruption' are not so *likely* as 'Songs of Life, and Hope, and Love,' and for a very good critical reason.——Mrs. Webster's new volume, *A Book of Rhymes* (Macmillan and Co.) offers not a few points of contrast to that of Miss Rossetti. Though it is informed with that tender regret of which she has given so many touches in the songs scattered through her dramas, there is a genial brightness and dominating healthfulness of tone. Two of the pieces here given, 'The Oldest Inhabitant' and 'Disenchanted,' strike us as sufficient to claim for the writer a place among our first poets. The former is not only nobly conceived and artistically worked out, but has some lines of transcendent quality, as, for instance—

> 'Leisure and labour limitless,
> And always the joy of the earned success
> Crowned with the joy of the new endeavour.'

In the minor poems, too, we have some fine couplets, as in 'Waiting'—

> 'What are the days that are to be
> But part of the dear days long fled.'

For technical quality 'Poulain the Prisoner,' and the other sonnets scattered through the volume, no less than the poems at the end entitled 'Marjory,' should be particularly cited, while for more simple and unaffected lyrical pieces we should name 'Autumn Warnings,' 'A Summer Mood,' and 'The First Spring Day.' Several of the poems are songs reprinted from the dramas—'Disguises,' 'The Auspicious Day,' and 'Yu-Pe-Yas Lute,' and of these we took special notice when reviewing the dramas. Our space will only permit us to add that we have not for long read a volume of poetry with more of sincerity, thought, true inspiration, and that nameless tone and fidelity of expression which always distinguishes the true genius in the art from the merely intellectual person aiming at poetry.——A volume which contrasts very directly with either of the foregoing is *The Poems of Master Francis Villon of Paris.* Now first done into English Verse in the Original Forms. By JOHN PAYNE. (Reeves and Turner.) Mr. Payne printed for

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private circulation a small edition of a translation of the complete poems of Villon some three years ago, and now, as many requests are made to him for copies which cannot be supplied, he has published his translation, with some omissions and modifications. On the whole, the published edition is purified from the worst and most loathsome of the very fleshly utterances of Villon, which were many, and in this respect only thanks should be accorded to the translator for his consideration of English feelings. It is clear that with Mr. Payne his work has been a labour of love. We could almost have wished that his great pains and fine taste had been devoted to something more likely to edify, especially where, even in an emasculated edition, so much use has to be made of asterisks. Villon was the true Bohemian, restraint in all forms was hateful to him; and it is indeed surprising that he could bestow such patience in the polishing of his ballads, which are full of felicities of phrase. The Ballade that Villon made at the request of his mother, and the 'Ballade of Old-time Ladies,' are in *technique* almost perfect. Generally Mr. Payne fails where the movement is most decisive and rapid; he catches the idea, but not always the energy and action. We are not sure however that there is another verse-writer of our day who could have so completely followed the precise schemes of rhyme. Mr. Rossetti did not even attempt this; and when we spoke of Mr. Payne failing to transfer to English the energy of Villon in some cases, we should have added that by his plan he had almost taken away all chance of doing so. His translation is really a feat for closeness and spirit, and his biography of Villon is intensely interesting, and it is thoroughly well done. English literature, we hope, has now however received all of Villon that it will receive; for he is not the cleanliest of poets by any means.——In *Honey from the Weed* (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Mrs. Cowden Clarke has collected a number of occasional poems. They are all touched by fine sentiment, are now and then pathetic, and all are more or less unpretending in form. Some of the sonnets addressed to friends show not a little care in the execution; but this is not the strong point about the poems generally. Their claims rest rather on naturalness and sincerity of feeling. The poem beginning 'So dearly do I love thee, dear in sooth,' strikes us as about the best. The narrative poems, though they have evidently been written with great care, do not please us so much; they have more the marks of effort and labour. We do not quite see the appropriateness of the title; certainly we have the honey, but the weeds we do not find, either in the poems or in the experiences out of which they have been written. ——Russian literature is now becoming more and more familiar to Englishmen. Mr. Ralston and Mr. Sutherland Edwards, as also Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, have really unveiled Russian life and character to us. Their work will prove the preparation for much; one result of it is the translation of such a poem as this.——*Eugenie Onéquine.* A Romance of Russian Life. In Verse. By ALEXANDER PUSHKIN. Translated from the Russian by Lieut.-Colonel SPALDING. (Macmillan and Co.) Pushkin is perhaps the most original poet Russia has

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produced; and this poem is at once one of the sweetest in its idyllic portions, and one of the most powerful and stirring in its incident. All is told with a fervid energy and vigour; the love passages are tender, and, in spite of its occasional 'dark revealings,' it is imbued with elevated, sentiment such as we should hardly have expected. The glimpses of Russian life, especially of its peasant life, are most picturesque and clear. The little sketch of Pushkin's life is not only interesting but touching. He died ere he had completed his thirty-eighth year, after a series of very exceptional adventures. He was born in 1799, and in 1820 was attached to the *bureau* of Lieut.-General Nozoff, where he saw a good deal of life; a few years after he left this, and for a considerable time was engaged in excursions in the beautiful country on the Euxine, which he has done so much to paint. His pictures of Russian scenery were invariably drawn from reality, as his characters are drawn from the life. Olga the beauty, Tattiana, and Vladimir have many of the marks of faithful portraiture. We must not forget to do justice to the felicity of the metres used by the translator, and the easy and graceful style which he commands; this particularly applies to many passages in the second part—delicate strains and vigorous incident are alike rendered with force and faithfulness.——*Moods.* (Maclehose, Glasgow.) 'Moods' suggests a problem. This respects the limits of allowable use of certain poetic forms. The author has used the metre of 'In Memoriam' for a series of reflections of a pensive and mostly mildly melancholy kind, sometimes, indeed, passing into cynical regret, which occupy the first half of this pretty volume. Sonnets and other verses fill up the second part. The sonnets are good; but in few cases quite true in form—the law of octave and terzet being overlooked. 'Dear Little Rosebud' is, to our mind, the best and most natural bit in the volume. The 'In Memoriam' measure seems in itself exactly suited, and yet it dissatisfies us in recalling constantly supreme stanzas of Tennyson. And this is the more unfortunate that the suggestion and remembrance emphasize the inequality of the work we have here. A line or two is good; the next few lines are bad, without rhythm or the felicity which alone could justify such a bold experiment. The author is thoughtful, has literary facility in certain directions, and now and then shows a certain refinement; but it would have been better if more had been made of some of the metres of which we have specimens near the end.——Mr. Gerard Bendall, in '*Scenes and Songs*' (Barret), shows great inequality. He is uniformly best when least ambitious. The 'Assassination of Buckingham' is lacking in dramatic motive and discrimination. We like best the poem called 'A Garden,' and there is a little song beginning, 'When the meadows were greener,' which has the true *lilt*, as Scotch people say. 'Morning' shows that Mr. Bendall has the feeling for nature, and the 'Flight of Venus' that he has thought and fancy.——Mr. Wimsett Boulding, in his *Satan Bound* (Bemrose and Sons), is certainly bold. He seeks to emulate Goethe and Bailey in their own field. He is without art or the formative instinct: now and then we

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have a good line in the course of many bad and loose ones. This will not suffice to reconcile readers to a long dramatic poem of the class to which it belongs. Mr. Boulding deserves credit for patience and the self-sufficing ardour which alone could have sustained him in this work. ——Of Mr. James Giles's *Poems, Domestic and Miscellaneous* (Whittingham), we can only say that the good—and in one or two cases they are really good, and have a touch of true feeling—are in a great minority. Why Mr. Giles did not select better, or wait till he had been able to make up a volume worthy of himself we cannot understand? Such a didactic poem as 'All we Need,' is at least readable.——*Bellerophon*, by C. Leigh (C. Kegan Paul and Co.), forms a series of classical reproductions in a style which we do not generally approve. It is affected, and, what is worse, inefficient. The first poem and the last in the volume strike us as by far the best, but there is a prevailing thinness and vagueness which will debar them from ever securing even an ordinarily extensive reading. ——*Millicent*, by C. Byrne (C. Kegan Paul and Co.), is in respect of style better sustained, and had there only been more vigour of thought, it might have made its way, for the author knows the secret of rhythm and accent.——*The Sonnets of William Shakespeare.* Edited by Edward Dowden (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) The new volume of the Parchment Library, with an introduction and annotation by Mr. Dowden, is the result, he tells us, of many years gatherings, and of the gatherings all who have bestowed labour upon this tangled section of Shakespeare's works. All that can be done to elucidate the history and meaning of the sonnets is here done with due ingenuity, learning, and reverence.——Mr. J. Perceval Graves made himself a reputation in his 'Songs of Killarney' as the most successful lyrist of Irish sentiment, character, and humour in our day. In his *Irish Songs and Ballads* (Manchester: Alexander Ireland), he has given us a number of new Irish songs, together with a few which we had seen before. Some, if we mistake not, are after old Irish songs and ballads, and in one or two instances the strain of the ancient piece is very closely followed. But Mr. Graves has real humour, nay, individuality and freedom, and he mingles with these a rare and often unexpected sense of refinement and grace. 'Phillim Phlim' is one of the finest pieces of the kind we have seen for long. He knows Ireland and the Irish, and has set some of their most attractive and innocent characteristics effectively to music. We miss here, however, the element which in the former volume was represented by 'Sad Thrush' and 'Glad Thrush.——Mr. Henry Lowndes presents us with a book of a very different kind in *Poems and Translations.* (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) We like his long poems less than his short ones. He has some imagination, some power of quaint and occasionally felicitous expression; but he is diffuse, and when he enters on an ambitious enterprise, we feel that his wing has not power to sustain itself for the flight. He is, therefore, compelled to have recourse to artificial stimulus, usually found in suggestions from other poets. 'Roxana,' a poem after Byron's favourite manner, is in parts tame and ineffective. 'Ogygia,' in

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the same measure, is more successful, perhaps, because it was easier to get the stimulus required. Some of the songs and shorter pieces are sweet, natural, and polished, and augur for Mr. Lowndes a yet greater success than he has achieved here, if he will be content with simple, natural themes, and allow himself to treat them in a spontaneous and unambitious way.——*New Poems* (Newman and Co.) We are sorry to say that Mr. John Payne does not breathe a purer and serener air than when we met him last. It may be that he would not deem himself complimented even although we could regard ourselves as in a position to say truly that he did. His last poem was a tale of the Vampire, with such accessories and associations as did not by any means relieve the morbid horror of the theme; and the whole was treated with great metrical skill, and was fine and quaint in phrasing. The morbid and artificial hold him still and as strongly in these. He is in love with mediæval fancies, and delights to shed over them the glamour of weird, if not unhallowed, imaginings. And he is fond of that kind of abstract apostrophe which has recently been carried to such an excess by a certain French school, whose great aim is to demonstrate the possibility of art as art, sufficient unto itself. These poets idealize Love and Life and Despair, and even Lust—always, let it be understood, with a capital 'L.' Mr. Payne's great personification is Death. In that he believes; yet his muse is in no way sombre, but delights in delicate glowing colour. If, as Alexander Smith said, 'Death is a greater poet far than love,' then Mr. Payne should, by reflected influence, be a transcendent poet. And he is a true poet; but let him, if he would not weary his readers, choose, for a change, a thoroughly fresh and attractive theme, dependent entirely on the movement of common human motives and interests. It was well said that no man can be called a great poet till he had written one such poem; and then that having written it, almost anything could be allowed to him. But Mr. Payne's French affinities are not likely to help him to this. Art for art alone therefore should make him look elsewhere for a model. 'The Ballad of Isobel' and one or two others have beautiful things, but they are incomplete in respect of that something which no mere polish can ever give.——We cannot say much for *The Shakespeare Tapestry*, written in verse, by C. Hankey (Blackwood and Son). It is ambitious in theme, and it is not well executed. We doubt, indeed, whether the greatest art could have availed to achieve what is here attempted. But the author has little art. A fatally facile flow of metre, not always well chosen, complete indifference to rhythm sometimes, and a general diffuseness, are the prevailing characteristics. He goes through most of the plays susceptible of furnishing suitable incidents or points, and no doubt exhibits considerable knowledge. But the book is a failure; it lacks delicacy and art—such delicacy and art as a Leigh Hunt, say, would have given to it; and here and there, as in the 'Comedy of Errors' poem, and 'The Golden Armour,' there is a complete anti-climax and collapse. In fairness it must be added, however, that we could cite individual verses which are good; but individual verses do not make a connected poem.

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NOVELS OF THE QUARTER.

Reseda. By Mrs. RANDOLPH, Author of 'Gentianella.' (Hurst and Blackett.) 'Reseda' is ingenious, and is exceedingly good in parts, but as a whole it is unsatisfactory. For one thing, the author aims at needless complications, which are never completely resolved. Reseda herself is a good study, and when we meet with her at first she is attractive in her 'fearless freedom,' as she runs about in a fashion that Wordsworth would have approved. The introduction of a lover after the type of Edgar Barford we cannot consider the best expedient; but some skill is shown in the manner in which all obstacles to the union are finally smoothed away. For Reseda is motherless, and her father, on his way home from India, has fallen a victim to the wiles of a designing widow, who, after she has hooked him, does the most extraordinary things, even to conceal her real age! The author has spent no little pains on this character, and has involved her in such a maze of plot and intrigue as should make her very fascinating to certain readers. Improbabilities abound; but notwithstanding the story is decidedly clever, and full of points, showings that probably Mrs. Randolph has been studying more carefully what is 'likely to take,' than what is really artistic. Her flower titles must surely be exhausted soon.

Four Crotchets to a Bar. By the Author of the 'Gwilliams.' Three Vols. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) There is a distinct note of originality in this novel, but also a lack of elasticity and spontaneity. The author is quizzical, and likes, as it were, to peep at human nature from concealed corners. A sub-acid satirical vein is a little too pervading, and gives the effect of a bow always bent. Old-maid life is not often attractive, and certainly it is not so here. The Miss Crotchets, who smartly snub each other on the most delicate matters, and are not ashamed to reflect on the sister who has departed for not leaving a larger share of property, are limmed with decided power, bitten in, as it were, with acid. Miss Lilly, who is by far the best, is the most carefully rendered, and rightly, for she lives the longest. Bolton Crotchet, their brother, the vulgar, self-made colonial, who has re-made the money that his father had lost, and who returns to be the big man of the place, is freshly conceived and vigorously painted; while the element of love-making is very well represented in John Crotchet's passion for Miss Aylmer, and Dr. Lansdowne's love for Miss Augusta Crotchet, daughter of Bolton Crotchet. Dr. Rudge is certainly an original character and very well rendered. Child-life, in the shape of a family of Mortimers, supplies a very good relief, and shows that the author could do work of a different style from this if he chose. Even the most insignificant characters are very carefully done. The novel is clever, sparkling, full of the most incisive by-play and keen knowledge of human nature in some of its less familiar phases. We can cordially recommend it to those who wish something stronger and with more of the stuff of

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human nature in it than is to be found in the bulk of novels from the circulating library. Only we must not fail to emphasize the fact that in some respects it is not a pleasant novel, though it often raises a laugh.

John Inglesant. A Romance in Two Volumes. By J. H. Shorthouse. (Macmillan and Co.) This is a notable book. If it is accurately designated 'A Romance,' and it is somewhat difficult to define the designation, it is something more. Its interest lies in its descriptions rather than in its incidents. The author has set himself to delineate the phases of religious thought in the time immediately preceding and during the Commonwealth. The hero was one of the 'gentlemen' of Charles the First's court. His grandfather had had conferred upon him by Henry VIII. the priory of Westacre in Wiltshire. He himself was the younger of two motherless twin boys who curiously resembled each other. Nominally a Protestant, his father was secretly a Catholic, and his two sons were educated in the forms rather than in the spirit of Protestantism. The elder brother went early to court, and John was educated in a somewhat desultory but very effective way by the vicar of the parish. He was well read in Plato, and evinced qualities which led his father to commend him to the Jesuit father, Sancta St. Clare, whose influence over him, while yet, as he thought himself, a Protestant, became absolute. Indeed, it was part of St. Clare's policy that Inglesant should remain a Protestant. He was at the same time highly conscientious and deeply religious, he himself being the last to suspect the use that was made of him. The currents of feeling are admirably traced. The author has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the religious as well as with the political speculations of that excited time. The fault of the work, indeed, is that its disquisitions and descriptions run into excess. Inglesant is compromised by the well-known duplicity of Charles, in connection with the negotiation with the Duke of Ormond and the Irish Catholic rebels. He chivalrously disavows the king's commission, and is imprisoned by the leaders of the Commonwealth, who have recourse to every device to induce him to place the justification of their condemnation of the treacherous monarch in their hands. At length he is liberated, and the king is executed. He makes his way to Italy; to the religious and political state of which the second volume is devoted. He becomes acquainted with the Molinists, of whom he gives a full account. He had by this time become a Catholic, and was regarded as an accredited agent of the Jesuits, and as having rendered them great service in England, he has access to the best society and the best sources of information. The religious condition of Italy is fully mapped out, and its courses of speculation traced, now and then to tedious length. On the fall of the Molinists he escapes with his life and returns to England. The book is a careful historical study, and is full of insight and strength, and is worthy of being studied. The sympathies of the author are with the Anglican party. He has little but vituperation for the Puritans, and sees only anarchy and vulgar passions in the Commonwealth. Once we are introduced to Milton. It is a study of perplexing times compiled with great care and written with great ability.

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A Man's Mistake. By the Author of 'St. Olave's.' Three Vols. (Hurst and Blackett.) The author of 'St. Olave's' weaves her spell with very simple albeit very choice materials. They consist not so much in the incident, which is too slight for a three-volume novel, as in acute discernment, quiet characterization, thoughtful suggestion, gentle feeling, and refined literary skill. In addition to these characteristics, which this writer has in common with two or three of her sisterhood whose novels find favour with the public, notably with Holme Lee, she has in this story introduced a couple of characters, Mr. and Mrs. Martlet, which are of remarkable cleverness. They are old servants of Mr. Aubury and his family at Florey Castle, and, as a study of rural thinking and dialogue, and in their racy conversations about what is occurring, they are, in quaint apothegm and humour, worthy of Mrs. Poyser herself. They are, we think, far stronger and racier than anything that this writer has done before. The characters of the novel generally are very distinctly drawn; the admixture of qualities in each is subtle, harmonious, and able. The gentle reticence and passiveness of Mr. Aubury, with his strong underlying will and his fine sense of honour; the patience, strength, and self-sacrifice of Miss Alvisa, and the demure surface goodness of the calculating Mrs. Plummersleigh, are all done in a masterly way. Very vivid, too, is the character of Mrs. Polemont, the doctor's wife, who does not see far into a millstone, and of Mrs. Flowerdale, the vicar's wife. Indeed, when one thinks about the artistic quality of what one has read, one is constrained to say that both figure-painting, grouping, and development are of a high order. If not the best of the author's novels, it has a great charm, and may be cordially recommended to novel readers who care for a pure, refined, and effective story.

Clifford Gray. A Romance of Modern Life. By William M. Hardinge. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) There is an intensity and a realism in this story, combined with great depth of sentiment and romance. The writer manages to suggest where most novel-writers aim at directness and expansion; and in this respect he gains, and only gains. The representation of Clifford Gray's artistic sensibility and dreaminess, together with a certain clear and almost practical forecast of his own fate and failure, impart from the first an attractiveness and pathos which relieve what would otherwise be the great fault of the story, a lack of genuine surprises. We see from the first that the Countess Vera de Trekoff in no sense answers to Clifford's sentiment, as he fancies, that an empty heart and grief wait for him, and yet we are made to see that he is so constituted that he cannot lose all. The great art of the tale lies in this. And it shows not a little knowledge of the world. The Count de Trekoff, uncle of Vera, is rendered with power, as well as the Chestertons. In spite of its many merits, however, we should not like to prophesy for 'Clifford Gray' a great run. It is for this too concentrated on one interest, and lacks too much common atmosphere and relief. It is an artistic study, and by artists and critics it will be mostly read.

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Modern Wonders of the World; or, the New Sinbad. By WILLIAM GILBERT. (Strahan and Co.) Hassan, an Arabian who has visited England, supplies the place of a famous story-teller who is taken ill. He undertakes to surpass the wonders of Sinbad, and on successive evenings narrates the enchantments of modern science. The Post-office—the Telegraph—Ballooning—Gun Cotton—Diving—Photography—Chloroform, &c. He produces a tremendous excitement, his life is in danger. His story ends in his being banished from Bagdad, labelled 'The Greatest Liar in the World.' With Mr. Gilbert as the narrator, we scarcely need say how skilful and fascinating the story is.

The Heirs of Errington. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE. (James Clarke and Co.) Like all the stories of the author, this is well and sensibly written, and the plot fairly well constructed. Eleanor is a well-conceived and consistently developed character, and the same may be said of her father and her stepmother. The *dénouement* is of the 'poetical justice' kind, and is somewhat conventional, admirably as it solves all difficulties. The literary defect is, that the story is too much spun out, and that the religious moralizing is a little too obtrusively introduced. A little more artistic skill would insinuate it more subtly and more effectively. All Miss Worboise's stories are unexceptional in moral tone, and this may be commended as interesting and wholesome reading for young folk.

Guild Court. A London Story. By GEORGE MACDONALD. New Edition. (Sampson Low and Co.) We welcome a cheap edition of Mr. Macdonald's 'London Story.' He is not, we think, quite so much at home in London streets as on his native heather, but Mattie and Poppie are in his best and most original manner, and the severe processes by which they are civilized are well wrought out, so is the redemption of Tom's invertebrate character.

A Boycotted Household. By LETITIA MCCLINTOCK. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) Miss McClintock has not only studied the Irish difficulty in many of its aspects, she has observed Irish character, and mastered it in several ways. Compared with Miss Jay, in 'The Priest's Blessing,' she lacks artistic inventiveness and force, but her story will perhaps be only the more effective, as bearing all the character of a 'plain, unvarnished tale.' She has constructed the piece well with this end in view, and has been careful to show the good traits as well as the bad points in the Irish peasant—his faithfulness, for example, as seen in old Ryan—whose portrait is so painted as to make us believe that he has a direct original somewhere. Her work is thus only more effective. The picture of the sufferings of Mr. Hamilton and his family towards the close, living as in a state of close siege, without a halfpenny, and almost entirely cut off from sources even of food supply, is intensely realistic, as it is intensely touching. The brave way in which all the members of the family demean themselves, after their agents have been threatened and leave, each sharing in the labour of the farm, and endeavouring to cheer each other, is rendered with great skill and evident faithfulness to life. The

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story fails in one respect, it dwells too long amid the common and conventional elements of good society talk and life, and it hardly succeeds in presenting a fair quota of Irish humour; but it is not impossible that the author may have felt that this would prove to be out of keeping with the main purpose of the story, and exercised self-restraint. As it is, the book is highly readable and interesting, and appearing at the present moment has a peculiar significance.

The Classics for the Million. Being an Epitome in English of the Works of the Principal Greek and Latin Authors. By HENRY GREY. (Griffith and Farran.) Mr. Grey's idea is a good one. He tells us a little about each author, and then summarizes his principal works. He compresses his information into small space, and has furnished the imperfectly educated with a convenient handbook of reference. It is the result of a good deal of labour and intelligence, and although by no means free from errors, it is carefully done. It is an epitome of classical literature which both the learned and the unlearned will find useful. Even good scholars are sometimes in need of a handy reference such as this book furnishes. Mr. Grey's style is easy, and his book is very pleasant reading.

Shakespeare. Certain Selected Plays abridged for the Use of the Young. By SAMUEL BRANDRAM, M.A., Oxon. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) The question of selections from a great author will always be an open one, although practically it is a necessity. The abridgment of what is selected is more open to objection, as it must more or less be mutilation. Mr. Brandram preserves the structure of each play, but prints only the more important passages, connecting them by short narratives of his own. For young people, for whom the volume is designed, this is an advantage in many ways. Not only are there nine plays brought within reasonable compass, but of course every objectionable expression or allusion is omitted—which is indispensable for little folk. The volume does not pretend to be more than this, not even a Bowdler. It is a well-adapted introduction to Shakespeare.

THEOLOGY, PHILOLOGY, AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Chief End of Revelation. By ALEXANDER BALMAIN BRUCE, D.D., Professor of Apologetics and New Testament Exegesis, Free Church College, Glasgow. Hodder and Stoughton.

Dr. Bruce thinks justly, that were more definite conceptions entertained of the *raison d'être* of the Scripture revelation, many of the assaults made upon it from without would be more easily disposed of. Hence he sets to work to inquire what the chief end of revelation is; what is its method; what the function of miracle and prophecy respect-

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ing it; and what its doctrinal significance? Without professing to give a *magnum opus*, he presents an able and scholarly discussion of the topics indicated. The treatment is discriminating and forcible, while it is temperate and decidedly liberal in tone. The author is specially successful in dealing with the arguments of sceptical writers, and the general argument as a whole is very satisfactorily handled.

On the one hand, Lessing, Reimarius, and Mr. Rathbone Gregg are selected as types of schools which conceive of the Bible as simply a *doctrinaire* theology; on the other hand, Spinoza, Kant, Fichte, and Mr. Matthew Arnold are types of diverse schools which maintain that the chief end of the Bible is ethical. As opposed to both, Dr. Bruce, with Mr. Newman Smyth, whom he often cites, maintains, as we think justly, that the main purpose of the Bible is a historical manifestation of God in the gradually developing purpose of Divine grace in Jesus Christ. This implies and necessitates both doctrine and ethics; but they are the effect, and the manifestation of grace in successive acts is the cause. Important consequences result from this standpoint, especially in the vindication of the Bible from sceptical objections. It determines the incidents of the Bible record and the order of their occurrence, and rules their manner of presentation. God's purpose is not a dogmatic system of theology, or a higher ethical inculcation, but a gradual revelation of a saving purpose and process, a revelation that consists mainly in deeds, and not in mere teachings. It is God manifesting Himself as a God of grace and salvation. This conception accords with the actual facts and phenomena of the Bible, a gradual unfolding of the Divine purpose until it was fully exhibited in Jesus Christ. Dr. Bruce, with most competent theologians, distinguishes between the revelation itself in the actual history of the world, and the Bible record of it which men God-inspired have written. While he strongly affirms the supernatural inspiration of the sacred writers, he is wisely careful to avoid theorizing about it. In fact, theories about Divine operations are impossible. Inspiration, together with regeneration, and every other form of Divine immanence, transcends all human comprehension as to their mode. They can be recognized only as facts. It follows this conception that miracles and prophecy are much more than mere supernatural attestations, as of credentials to an ambassador, or witnesses to a deed; they are part of the actual manifestation itself—God, Christ, God-inspired men acting as it were naturally in the doing of supernatural things. Evidence indeed of the highest kind, miracles are yet only a part of the actual manifestation of God in His purpose of grace. The miracle cannot therefore be separated from the doctrine; both are the manifestation of the living God, both parts of a great evidential whole. In how many ways this broadens, strengthens, and vitalizes the evidential argument need not be pointed out. The doctrine, both theological and anthropological, which underlies this manifestation of God, and is necessarily inferred from it, is fully brought out in a concluding chapter.

Professor Bruce seems to us to have placed the Bible upon true and

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irrefragable grounds. His contention for it, as in idea and purpose a historic manifestation of the salvation of God, turns the flank of many sceptical positions, while it gathers up in great evidential force all the elements of old theological defence. His very able book is a valuable contribution to the apologetic of the Bible. On some points we differ from Dr. Bruce. He accepts the idea of a Deutero-Isaiah, which, on grounds of exact criticism, is, to say the least, a mere hypothesis, and, we think, a gratuitous one. But, notwithstanding some tendencies of this kind, we very heartily commend this very able and in the highest sense conservative work.

Old Faiths in New Light. By NEWMAN SMYTH. Second Edition. New York: Charles Scribner and Sons.

Mr. Smyth's name is new to us and, we imagine, to English readers, but it should not be so long. He is in every respect a capable man. His book on 'The Religious Feeling,' to which he more than once refers, has not come under our notice. If it at all equals this, both should receive the prompt attention of English publishers and readers.

The present volume is one of those books which mark transition periods of theological thought. It is eminently conservative of orthodox thought concerning the Bible and the Christ, but is so by throwing aside many old modes, and presenting, if not in new yet in less familiar lights, their true character and claims. The truest conservatism must ever lie in more precise and scientific statements of the great problems of revealed religion. Advancing science, both theological and rationalistic, must of necessity modify modes of presentation. In the world of revealed truth, as of physical fact, the things dealt with are Divine and unchangeable; but both the theological and the scientific student must be ever advancing to a truer apprehension of them; and to this progress sceptical questioning eminently conduces. We are contented with easy and inaccurate beliefs until a scientific account of them is demanded. Hitherto every fresh assault has resulted in newer and more valid defences; and so it will be to the end. The work of God's witnesses is to advance with advancing science, to abandon defences that are untenable, and to construct such as larger knowledge enables; for the scientific advance that enables assault, itself enables stronger defence.

Mr. Newman Smyth restates the great problems of the Bible and the Christ. He takes substantially the ground taken by Professor Bruce, who more than once acknowledges his obligations to him. He conceives of the Bible that it is as a historic record of God's progressive revelation to man of his saving purpose in Jesus Christ; doctrine and ethics being historically rather than dogmatically taught, and miracles and prophecy being, evidential indeed in the highest degree, but formally modes of Divine working and development; evidential, that is, in the sense in which the doctrines and the ethics are evidential—in virtue of their entire appeal. On this part of the work we might make substantially the same remarks above made concerning Professor Bruce's work; the lines of

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argument are mainly the same, with, however, divergencies, subordinate illustrations, and an eloquence distinctly Mr. Smyth's own.

The treatment of the character and phenomena of the Christ is, however, much more full, and occupies more than half the volume. It is an argument for the historical reality and Divine character of the Christ constructed out of the uniqueness and congruity of the phenomena recorded in the New Testament; after the manner of Dr. Young's 'Christ of History,' or of the chapter on Christ's character in Dr. Bushnell's 'Nature and the Supernatural.' In acuteness, force, and eloquence it is fully equal to both, and in its cumulative power is, we think, simply unanswerable. Both sections of the work constitute one whole. The Christ is the culmination of the entire preceding historical revelation, and is in perfect historical congruity with it. From the very nature of the argument it does not admit of our selecting detail for comment. We can only say that we have been greatly interested in the discussion—in its vigorous grasp, its moral penetration, its completeness, and its eloquence. It is a putting of the claims of revelation which neutralizes a thousand cavils of captious historical or scientific critics. The claim of the Bible is to be a record of a great historical revelation, and depends upon neither the geology of Moses nor the chronology of the Books of Kings any more than ordinary history depends upon the minute infallibility of Thucydides or Macaulay. The argument for the supernatural inspiration of the Bible writers is, we think, resistlessly strong, but much is gained by true ways of putting it. Just as Butler constituted a new apologetic for the men of his day—an argument from analogy which neither modern sceptics or their fathers were able to gainsay—so men like Professor Bruce and Mr. Newman Smyth are contributing a new apologetic for our own time which, as in Butler's case, consists largely in a newer, broader, and more invulnerable way of putting the question.

Lectures in Defence of the Christian Faith. By Professor F. Godet. Translated by W. H. Lyttleton, M.A. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

We very heartily thank Mr. Lyttleton for giving to English readers another series of Professor Godet's very admirable lectures; who, as he says, 'combines in himself many of the most valuable characteristics of the best German, French, and English theologians.' The volume consists of lectures delivered in Neuchâtel, in reply to M. Reville. Their themes are the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, the Hypothesis of Visions (as an explanation of it), the Miracles of Jesus Christ, the Supernatural, the Perfect Holiness of Jesus Christ, and the Divinity of Jesus Christ; to which is added a paper on the Immutability of the Apostolic Gospel with reference to the Person of Christ, read at the Basle Conference of the Evangelical Alliance.

Their force and charm consist of the admirable blending of historical evidence with moral reasoning, after the manner of an accomplished

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advocate—scrupulously fair and courteous and generous. In dealing with the atonement, Professor Godet is not merely demonstrating a thesis, he is dealing with great principles of spiritual life. Seldom have the evidences for the resurrection been marshalled with more overwhelming force, or its great place in the redeeming work of Christ and in the spiritual life of men been more clearly demonstrated, or cogently urged. Learning, logic, metaphysic, philosophy, and all of a very high order, establish his conclusions, while the argument is clothed in a lucid and captivating style. The flimsiness of the rationalistic theories of M. Reville and his masters, Strauss and Baur, is ruthlessly exposed, evidence is accumulated, and argument is urged in a way that would, we think, compel the verdict of any impartial jury. We have seldom read a more masterly demonstration than the lecture on the Divinity of Jesus Christ, in which the proofs of the Divine claim are first gathered and arrayed in conclusive argument, and then the perfect and necessary humanity of the Incarnate Son affirmed and harmonized with it. As a proof of the perfect fairness of the lecturer, we may instance his repeated testimony to the logical force and candour of Keim, whose admissions concerning both the character of our Lord and the New Testament records of Him go far to neutralize his determined anti-supernaturalism. Professor Godet has furnished arguments which believing men will feel to be impregnable defences of their faith, and which, we think, those whom he controverts will find it impossible to refute; at any rate, they may be confidently left to essay fresh explanations and theories, such as fill their own camp with distractions and mutual contradictions, and if they can, to harmonize their differences in an accepted counter-theory which shall conclusively explain Christ and Christianity. The battle will be won, not only by the unanswerableness of the Christian arguments themselves, but by the exhaustion of experimental theories, propounded in rapid succession, only to be abandoned.

The Church Systems of England in the Nineteenth Century. The Sixth Congregational Union Lecture. By J. Guinness Rogers, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.

Mr. Rogers's Congregational Union Lecture will be remembered, quoted, and read long after the earlier volumes of the series are forgotten. For theological discussions such as those which have occupied his predecessors lose their interest when the particular phases of theological thought which suggested them have passed away. The enduring interest of the inquiry prosecuted in the lectures on 'The Superhuman Origin of the Bible,' the method followed by the lecturer, and the charm of his perfect style, may probably secure the first volume of the series from early oblivion; but the other lecturers cannot hope for many readers after the present generation has disappeared. Mr. Rogers may rely on a happier destiny. What would we not give to exchange such a volume as this on the ecclesiastical movements of Elizabeth's time for Bancroft's

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'Dangerous Positions'? And if instead of Edwards's 'Gangræna' a contemporary writer of Mr. Rogers's temper and knowledge had written a volume on the ecclesiastical movements of the reign of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, how immense would have been our gain! Two or three hundred years hence, historians who want to understand the vicissitudes of religious and ecclesiastical thought in the present century will turn, as a matter of course, to these lectures, and will quote Mr. Rogers as one of their principal and most valuable authorities. Even if the work is done over again within the next twenty years by another hand, the permanent work of the latest Congregational Union lecturer cannot be affected. For we are tolerably confident that there is no man who with equal knowledge or with equal intellectual vigour can give an account of recent ecclesiastical conflicts from the same point of view.

We do not, however, intend it to be understood that the principal value of this volume consists in the guidance which it will furnish to those who in future generations may want to study the ecclesiastical life of our own times. It is often said that the political history of which most educated men know least is the history of the last fifty years. There are many people who could give a very fair account of the civil war who would be 'plucked' if they were examined in the history of the Reform Bill of '32, and of the Liberal ministry which was in power for several years after the passing of the Act. And there is a similar vagueness and uncertainty in the minds of most people with regard to the ecclesiastical events which have happened during the last half century. The results of this ignorance are most disastrous. It is very desirable, no doubt, that we should be familiar with the history of the theological controversies which gave form to the Nicene Creed; but it is still more important that both individuals and churches should have a clear understanding of the growth and development of contemporary theological and ecclesiastical movements. Ignorance leads to the gravest practical mistakes.

Mr. Rogers does not merely tell the story of the Church Systems of England in the present century, he discusses with a masculine sagacity the principles and tendencies of which these systems are the expression. The affluence of his knowledge is not more remarkable than the keenness of his penetration and the soundness of his judgment. To those who know nothing of him except that he is the most conspicuous and powerful of the advocates of Disestablishment outside the walls of Parliament, the frankness and cordiality with which he recognizes every claim of the Church of England to affection, reverence, and gratitude will be surprising; but to those who know him well, his habitual generosity to ecclesiastical opponents has long constituted one of his chief titles to affection and esteem.

In astronomical observations it is necessary to allow for what has been called 'the personal equation.' In historical criticism, whether political or ecclesiastical, it is necessary to make a similar allowance. In reading Mrs. Hutchinson's account of the affairs of the Commonwealth we always remember that the husband of the brave and noble woman was no friend

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of Cromwell, and that she shared her husband's sympathies and antipathies. Before opening this volume, many readers might naturally imagine that the 'personal equation' of so resolute a Protestant and so resolute a Liberationist as Mr. Rogers would require a certain qualification of any adverse judgments he might pronounce on Churchmen, and especially on High Churchmen, and would justify a certain heightening of the colour of whatever he might say in their praise. But we are inclined to think that if any 'correction' is needed, it is in the opposite direction. Knowing the perils of controversy, and shrinking on the impulse of natural generosity from dealing unfairly with those from whom we differ, we think that Mr. Rogers has formed the habit of dwelling on all that is fairest and noblest in the men whose principles we oppose, and that some of their own friends will be disposed to think that he exaggerates rather than depreciates their excellences.

The greater part of the volume is devoted to the Church of England. The lecturer discusses in seven separate lectures, the Evangelical School, the Oxford School, the Broad School, the Tractarian Struggle, the Church and the Courts, the Ritualist Controversy, the Established Churches, and the Free Churches. The plan which he has adopted—and we do not know that he could have chosen a better—rendered it inevitable that in some of the later lectures he should apparently traverse the same ground which he had crossed earlier in the course; but there is less of even apparent repetition than might have been anticipated. That he should recur very frequently, and sometimes perhaps unnecessarily, to the burning question of Disestablishment was to be expected. He rarely misses an opportunity of affirming the principles of religious equality. Occasionally the reiteration lessens, we think, the dignity of the lecturer. What might be allowable in a pamphlet is hardly in place in a volume of this kind. But if the reiteration is a literary defect, it may have its practical value. The materials which have contributed to the lecturer's knowledge of his subject are infinitely various. Grave polemical treatises, ponderous biographies, bishops' charges, university sermons, fugitive pamphlets, articles in newspapers, have all helped him. He has read everything and forgotten nothing.

In the closing lectures he reviews the recent history and present position of the Plymouth Brethren, Methodism, Presbyterianism, and Congregationalism. On the principles and methods of the 'Brethren' Mr. Rogers writes with a severity which is hardly equalled in any part of the volume; but the lecture also contains very brotherly as well as very wise criticism.

We congratulate Mr. Rogers on having produced a book which seems to us to be rich in practical wisdom as well as rich in knowledge—a book which will be of great and substantial service to those who have the responsibility of guiding the ecclesiastical movements of our own time, and which will be read with interest and admiration when our present ecclesiastical controversies have been fought out, and when nearly all who took part in them have been forgotten.

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The Theistic Argument, as Affected by Recent Theories. By the late PROFESSOR DIMAN. London: Trübner and Co.

The contents of this volume consist of a series of able and thoughtful lectures that were delivered at the Lowell Institute in Boston. Their author was Professor Diman, of Brown University, who died after a short illness, and a comparatively brief public career, in the early part of the current year. Though they have not had the advantage of their author's supervision, we agree with the editor who has seen them through the press that they stand in no need of apology. Professor Diman was evidently a careful and competent student of philosophy, who kept himself well abreast of the higher thought and culture of his time, and devoted himself specially to the investigation of the problems which metaphysics and theology have in common, as these have been affected by the great advance in recent years in physical and natural science. In view of the excellent works that have been lately published in exposition and enforcement of the main lines of the theistic argument—works like those of Professor Flint and M. Janet, for example—absolute originality is hardly to be looked for. But a vigorously thoughtful mind will always be able to present these in a fresh light; and this is what is done in the volume before us. Professor Diman draws into the service of his argument the reasonings of writers who cannot, even in the loosest sense, be called theists. He finds his starting-point in the necessity of thought which compels writers like Mr. Herbert Spencer to assert the reality of the unknown and unknowable, the Absolute or Infinite, which we are forced to believe exists, though we can only construe it to thought under conditions. This compulsion of thought is to be distinguished from the intuition or direct apperception which the Transcendental school of thinkers formerly affirmed. It is so far negatively attained, as we can only realize it to ourselves as that which we are unable not to think; but we thereby obtain a foundation by a purely rational procedure upon which reason is justified in going on to build a superstructure. The successive steps by which that is reared are clearly traced in the lectures before us, which follow each other in logical sequence, and at each step we are provided with a fuller and richer *Inhalt* of knowledge, until we justify to our reason the idea of the Infinite who is also the Personal God. The highest generalizations of science in the conception of Cause and Force supply the elements that are first added to the negative notion, which we have seen we are forced by a rational compulsion to accept. They take us comparatively a little way, but they are indispensable steps in the intellectual process by which we build up our symmetrical structure. The 'Argument from Order' and 'The Argument from Design' are next made contributory, and supply a more positive content to our previously attenuated conceptions of the First Cause. It is common in these days, indeed, to be told that such arguments no longer apply; that they have had their day, and have ceased to be; and that in the light of the doctrine of Evolution there is

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an end to the anthropomorphic efforts of natural theology. So far from this being so, Professor Diman, in one of the most suggestive of his studies, dealing with 'Evolution and Final Cause,' shows that the idea in which science so greatly delights does in no way militate against the theistic argument. Science searches out the order and manner of the co-existence of phenomena, and in doing so it does not trench on the province of theology or give occasion for conflict between them. It reveals to us that the workings of the ultimate existence of which nature is the phenomenal expression are different from what they were formerly supposed to be, but the reality of the ultimate existence itself is in no way affected; we are only elevated to truer views of the mode in which it has operated. The advocates of all shades of Pantheism, in identifying God and Nature, must be differently dealt with, and in the lectures on 'Immanent Finality' we have a forcible and admirable exposure of the weakness of the pantheistic position, and a vindication from the ground of thought and analogy of the legitimacy, and indeed the necessity, of applying to our inferences regarding natural phenomena the same kind of reasoning which we apply in explanation of the expression of human thought and will in acts. Thereafter Professor Diman takes us up to a higher sphere, and in a discussion on, first, 'Conscience and a Moral Order,' and then on 'History and a Moral Purpose,' he vindicates the ways of God to man. The closing lectures on 'Personality and the Infinite,' 'The Alternative Theories,' and 'The Inferences from Theism,' are worthy of the best parts of the book. As the upshot the author has succeeded in making it clear that recent science impels us to a point where the necessity of admitting the existence of God is irresistible; that its most elevated conceptions and widest generalizations render it necessary to accept the presence and constant efficient energy of God as realities, and that the modes of operation which science discloses are in harmony with the fundamental principles and postulates of Christianity.

Mercy and Judgment. A Few Last Words on Christian Eschatology, with Reference to Dr. Pusey's 'What is of Faith?' By F. W. Farrar, D.D., F.R.S., Canon of Westminster. Macmillan and Co.

The Death of Death; or, a Study of God's Holiness in connection with the Existence of Evil, in so far as Intelligent and Responsible Beings are concerned. By an Orthodox Layman (John M. Patton). Revised Edition. Trübner and Co.

Books, pamphlets, and sermons on Christian eschatology come from the press in an almost incessant stream, which proves two things: (1) The radical revolt of the Christian consciousness from the popular—Canon Farrar's book, by its catena of authorities, forbids us to say from the traditional—theory of a physical Hell, and also, with perhaps less of con-

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fidence, from the theory of the literal unendingness of even moral perdition; and (2) the inability of Christian theologians to establish a counter-theory that carries the convictions and compels the acceptance of reverent men. The two do not necessarily go together. It does not follow from the latter that we are shut up to the acceptance of the former. The vague conceptions and imperfect knowledge of the life hereafter in which we are left, especially on the great questions of the ultimate doom of sinful souls, even by the Christian scriptures, may justify us in saying what according to our positive knowledge of God cannot be, even though we may not have knowledge enough to construct a theory of what shall be.

These two volumes maintain very much the same position, viz., that repentance and restoration are possible after death, that there is nothing in the terms and teachings of scripture to negative this possibility; while there is much to justify it, as well as much in the nature of moral being to necessitate the admission. Both agree that retribution will continue while sinfulness and impenitence continue; but Canon Farrar admits that there may be instances of reprobate souls who never will repent, and who, therefore, will suffer everlastingly; while Mr. Patton contends that the final issue must be the repentance and restoration of all; which, although he seems to repudiate the term, possibly on the grounds on which the theorists so called rest it, seems to us to be simply universalism. Canon Farrar contents himself with saying that the condition of sinful men after death is not one of hopeless impenitence, 'an endless hell, but an intermediate state of purification.' Mr. Patton contends that the purifying processes of sorrow, often so efficacious in this life, will be of enhanced efficacy in the life hereafter, which is the fundamental idea of purgatory, of course without the grotesque embodiments of the Romish doctrine. Both agree that the death of the soul will last so long as its willing sinfulness continues. Canon Farrar admits that 'man's destiny stops not at the grave, and that many who knew not Christ here will know Him hereafter,' that 'in the depths of the Divine compassion there may be opportunity to win faith in the future state.' Both hold to the doctrine of moral sequence, and repudiate the idea of arbitrary infliction; and, of course, both put emphasis upon what is called the intermediate state and its possibilities. The moral difficulties of the theory are admittedly great, but, as Mr. Patton justly argues, they are great on any theory, and we arrive at a moral probability only by circumstantial evidence. And both writers reverently and fully admit their imperfect knowledge.

Both books are written with the utmost reverence of feeling and of handling. The rhetoric which offended many, both in England and America, in Canon Farrar's 'Eternal Hope,' is entirely absent from his present book. We have read it with great interest, and feel the great weight of both his exegesis and his historical inquiry. Both insist upon the idea of limited period in the word 'æon' and its uses; both affirm that no word meaning unending is ever applied to the death of the wicked, and both attempt an exegesis of Scripture passages in harmony

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with these ideas. Canon Farrar does this the more thoroughly; and in addition supplies elaborate catena of ancient and modern theologians in favour of his views. His work is ostensibly a reply to Dr. Pusey's 'What is of Faith?' It is really an elucidation and defence of his former book. His differences with Dr. Pusey are very minute. They agree that the following notions are accretions, and not of the faith itself. (1) That there is a material hell; (2) that the majority of mankind must perish; (3) that no change will be possible in the conditions of the dead who may die in an impenitent frame of mind. They differ in this, that Canon Farrar thinks that the endless duration of hell for all who incur it is also an accretion. Dr. Pusey thinks that the endlessness is a matter of faith, the difference being a purely verbal one. Dr. Pusey limiting the term hell to endless punishment, while believing that there is hope for those not in hell. Without presuming to pronounce a dogmatic judgment, we can only say that both books are careful, reverent, and have very strong presumptions in their favour. Whether the solution of the awful mystery will be that here advocated, or that of the self-consumption of sin, we know not. We can only rest in the infinite love, in comparison with which our poor love is as nothing.

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The Relation of Science and Religion. By Professor Calderwood. Macmillan and Co.

Professor Calderwood republishes here the Morse Lectures of 1880, *de*livered by him in connection with the Union Theological Seminary, New York. The Morse Lectureship was established by a deed of trust, instituting the delivery of ten public lectures on the relation of the Bible to any of the special sciences, and the general vindication of revelation as contained in Holy Scripture against attacks on its authority. Instead of singling out any special science, such as geology, geography, history, or ethnology, and tracing the relations and bearings of its facts and results upon the truths of revelation, Dr. Calderwood has in these lectures essayed a wider flight. He has endeavoured to set forth the harmony that may be traced between the fundamental character of religious thought and recent advances in science, with a view of reconciling theologians and scientists, and uprooting or counteracting alleged apparent antagonisms between the two. This is done in a series of eight lectures, in which the results of scientific research in its more recent manifestations are skilfully elucidated. Evidently Dr. Calderwood has been a close student of science in its bearings upon the facts and laws of religion. He has shown himself this in previous works, and here he makes a specific contribution to a science of religious apologetics as dealing with the phenomena and conclusions of modern science. In his work on the 'Relations of Mind and Brain,' Dr. Calderwood proved himself a careful student of the intricate and complex subject of the interconnection of material organism and mental function. He showed how, without sacrificing any of the results of science, we might yet hold fast by our spiritual creed and

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belief in the divinity of Christianity. He performs similar work in this volume, but ranges—as was necessary perhaps in apologetic lectures—through a vaguer if wider region. He examines the fundamental facts and laws that are brought to our knowledge in the inorganic elements of the universe, in organic existence, in the phenomena of life, and in the distinguishing and distinctive characteristics that give to man his proper place in the world, as an animal on the one side, but as spirit on the other. Having set forth the facts and laws furnished by science, he proceeds to show that there can be no antagonism between these and religion and morality. For science is but the arrangement of atoms and elements in their causal connections. It never does and cannot transcend the mechanical sphere. It deals, in treating of the world, with the phenomena of matter and force; but when it has ended its researches, it only brings us to the border of religion. For the latter has to do with questions of origin, and end or final purpose, and these directly appeal to the supernatural where science has no place and never can have any. It is thus possible to vindicate for religion a place in the governance of the universe by reason, but it is outside the lines on which science moves. Consequently we have miracles as the sign and seal of the moral government of the world and men. There is nothing new in all this. Professor Calderwood is not an original thinker. His little book nevertheless is an able and valuable work, which will be read with general acceptance.

The Creed of Science, Religious, Moral, and Social. By William Graham, M.A. Kegan Paul and Co.

The *raison d'être*, or first intention, of the 'Creed of Science' is to present in a popular and acceptable form the results that may be arrived at in regard to the principal problems and questions that excite the wonder and curiosity of thinking men in view of the most recent discoveries and generalizations of natural science. In this work of inquiry and investigation, it is but fair to say that the author shows himself throughout altogether impartial. He has not started on his journey in any special dogmatic interest, nor with predetermined purpose to make the facts with which he has to deal conform to any preconceived theory he may have formed for his own guidance or satisfaction. So far as it is possible to judge from the contents of this volume, the writer has set himself to note and tabulate the conclusions which the scientific generalizations of modern science enable us to reach regarding the fundamental problems of philosophy and religion, with singleness of heart—bent only upon attaining the results to which he may be conducted by the 'white light' of truth. Yet while this is so, there is at the same time in his inquiries no trace of the purely sceptical spirit as a tendency to the adoption of merely suspensive and provisional doctrines. Mr. Graham believes that the human reason is competent to attain satisfactory results regarding the ultimate problems which in all times, and never more than now, have exercised the thoughts and feelings of men. 'God, Freedom,

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and Immortality,' which to Kant constituted the centre and justification of all metaphysics, are the topics that most attract his attention, and which in his view evidently justify the efforts that have been made to reach positive solutions. While holding them to be the deepest and largest interests with which human reason can cope, and while without apparent doubt as to the competency of reason to reach more or less satisfactory conclusions in regard to them, the speciality of his point of view is that he is willing to accept the deliverances of natural or physical science as supplying the materials which more or less adequately guide us in threading our way through the mazes of investigation. But while we acknowledge the absence of preconceived dogmatic interest regarding the final problems of morals and religion, which is the most gratifying characteristic of the standpoint of the writer of this work, we must also add that there is in the processes of his reasoning a subordination of the purely metaphysical or philosophical elements of the problems, which leads to the disturbance, if not the destruction, of the fair balance of reason on the subjects under treatment. In accepting as auxiliary the *conclusions* of physical science regarding questions of origin and end or final purpose, there is too much tendency to eliminate the elements supplied by thought, or which depend, as in the nature of the case they must, on introspection. Thus, for example, when in regard to the vexed question of free will, we find Mr. Graham adopting the deliverances of science upon the subject of motives, as acting forces determining both the character of the individual and the volitions which depend on the character, we cannot but *feel that* there is an undue narrowing of the field of view. Admitting the full value of the contributions of science to the settlement of the question, it is yet surely clear that science does not, and cannot, cover the whole field, as that there are facts and laws revealed in the subjective consciousness, both of the individual and the race, which are left out of account, or pushed aside, when it is decided that free will as a power of initiation, a capacity of making new beginnings in the series of *connecting* causes and effects, has no reality whatever. The 'creed of science' on such a point must remain misleading, just because there are facts and elements of which in this sphere mere science takes no account. This objection does not apply in the same degree to the writer's conclusions regarding the origin of the universe, and the power and purpose that must be accepted as lying behind phenomena, and of which a merely phenomenal science can give no account. He so far at this point separates from science—*as* science is commonly accepted—when he sets forth a theory of a vast noumenal reality, which, whether as the World of Schelling, or the Substance of Spinoza, or the Unknowable of Spencer, must be received as the fount and final source of the universe, and of all it contains. No 'creed of science,' as merely physical and mechanical, could attain to this idea, which is purely philosophical or metaphysical, though on its religious side it enters into practical life, and becomes an important factor in spiritual experience. At this point, as at some others, Mr. Graham, it seems to us, has allowed to science a predominance and an authority

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which are not to be justified by reason. To what unhappy results this partiality in determining philosophical problems by physical methods will conduct is seen in his reflections on the doctrine of the immortality of the soul. Here we have a problem which lies beyond the scope of science in its own accepted walk, because there it is nothing but the exponent of the correlations of external facts. The existence and the immortality of the soul transcend the region of observation and mechanical correlations. And we cannot in dealing with this problem leave aside or put out of account the light to be thrown upon it by the nature and character of God in His moral laws and observances, and in His revelation of Himself.

It is at this point that we see clearly what the fundamental error of this work is. The author has produced an able, thoughtful, and, in literary respects, a wholly admirable volume. He tabulates for us the results and bearings of physical science upon the great truths of morality and religion. Important light is thereby won in regard to many vital questions, and a beginning is made in the cultivation of a field which must more and more be accepted as furnishing the materials with and on which philosophy as an objective science must work. But all this admitted, it remains true at the last that 'The Creed of Science' is unsatisfactory and untrustworthy, because science is incompetent to attain a 'creed' at all. It cultivates one-half of the field, and eliminates the other half. Its conclusions regarding morals and religion are only half-truths, because it only supplies some of the materials, and wholly ignores others which are essential to the attainment of any adequate conclusions at all. Mr. Graham is scarcely quite faithful to his philosophical training.

Science and Religion. By Alexander Winchell, LL.D. Strahan and Co.

Dr. Winchell has made an able contribution to a great subject. He has so thoroughly gone over the wide field, and has brought to it such vigorous and independent thought, that he may be said to have found several new links of reconciliation between religion and science. In the first place, he recognizes clearly that religion is an essential element of human nature, and that the facts relating to it are as real as any facts in the realm of natural science, demonstrating by a wide and careful survey that they are not to be set aside or ignored or refined away in any effort whatever to get at a consistent theory of the universe. In truth, it is one of the most valuable elements in his demonstration (which, in spite of some literary looseness, is more philosophically close and satisfactory than even he claims it to be), that he finds the objective expression of this religious sentiment at many points thrusting itself within the realm of physical science. Another important point is that whilst he admits the validity of the theory of evolution, he is compelled to recognize the presence of something beyond it, and his demonstration of this is at all events original and ingenious: 'Evolution is one of the strongest possible attestations of the dominion of thought in the universe, and of

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the contrary. Evolution is *only a method* of effectuation. It implies, 1st, a Designer of the method; 2nd, an Operator of the method. Evolution possesses no efficiency. He who contents himself with discovering this method in nature contributes nothing to the philosophy of causality. He leads us along the rills of phenomena, but only tantalizes the innate thirst to drink from the fountain of truth.' On the subject of cause Dr. Winchell makes many good points. For example, in dealing with Mr. Herbert Spencer and heredity, he says that 'the forces of heredity are physiological; but the concepts which Spencer places at interest in their custody are ideas of the reason.' He has equally forcible remarks on points in the schemes of Darwin and Haeckel and Huxley and the rest, recognizing the truth that is laid hold on by the materialists, but indicating also the vast depth which they do not fathom, and which, indeed, they deny, but without which it were impossible that their vessels could float so safely. His discussion of the religions of the world is clear and succinct; and his mode of presenting the essential elements that are to be found at the base of each, as a testimony to the validity and universality of the religious nature, very thorough and ingenious. 'Man is created for religion, adapted for religion, predisposed to religion; and *this* is the key to the religious phenomena of the race. It is futile to ignore the evidences or resist the religious law of our being.' Though he admits that at present the world is 'witnessing another ebb tide of religious sentiment,' he has full faith that new methods will be found of harmonizing faith with knowledge, as they have always been found in the past. The phenomena of present-day doubt are not essentially new; they are but repetitions in new forms of the same phenomena as have been witnessed in nearly every stage of the world's history, and notably in the period of intellectualism and scepticism and recklessness which preceded the French Revolution. We could sometimes wish Dr. Winchell's style had been more condensed and crisp; but we are generally in sympathy with him in the end he has in view, and the means he takes to make for it. We recommend his volume as one which it would be well to see added to every philosophical library.

The Mosaic Era. A Series of Lectures on Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy. By JOHN MONRO GIBSON, M.A., D.D. Hodder and Stoughton.

In this volume we have a series of able expositions of the history of the Israelitish nation under Moses. In form they belong to that class of discourse which used to be known as the 'Scotch Lecture,' a combination of expositional and practical treatment. We have not space here to discuss them at length, and this is the less necessary that, in the main, they are based upon the generally accepted law of analogy between the history of ancient Israel and the experience of the New Testament Church. The value of the book is not that it opens up new fields for critical study, although the author himself is evidently thoroughly conversant with

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existing criticism; it is rather that it sets forth in terse and forcible language the great lessons to be learned from the story. Thus such chapters, or sermons, as those entitled 'Pharaoh Subdued,' and 'Israel Saved,' form the channel for lessons concerning the danger of compromise and of hardness of heart as suggested by the fate of the Egyptian king, and the manner of spiritual deliverance as shadowed in the escape of Israel from Egypt. We must say that we do not think the title 'The Mosaic Era,' the best which might have been selected; it may attract—and disappoint—those who are interested in Pentateuchal studies of that historico-critical kind which do not enter much into the plan of this work; it may deter, from the same impression as to its contents, others who would find great pleasure and profit in reading it as a valuable series of studies on the spiritual life.

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The Faith of Islám. By the Rev. Edward Sell, Fellow of the University of Madras. Trübner and Co.

One of the results of our occupation of India will be a more intimate and accurate acquaintance with Islamism, in its practical developments, than the world has hitherto had an opportunity of acquiring. Our ascendancy enables this as reverse conditions could not. Mr. Sell has devoted his fifteen years' residence in India to the study of Islám and its practical working, and he has in this work embodied his conclusions. His chapters are devoted to the Foundations of Islám; the Exegesis of the Qurán and the Traditions; the Sects of Islám; the Creed of Islám; the Practical Duties of Islám; the Feasts and Fasts of Islám. Under each he gives us, chiefly, a simple exposition of requirements and practices, from which, however, important deductions can be made as to the effects of Islamism upon individual character and social and national life. One thing is that the Qurán and the Sunnat or Tradition are bound as an inexorable law upon Mohammedan nations; they cannot, without renouncing their religion, deliver themselves from it—a terrible factor in the Eastern Question. Islamism again is a vital thing, as potent practically where it is received as at any previous period of its history. Mr. Sell's conclusions as to the effects of Mohammedanism upon those who profess it are very unfavourable, although many Muslims, he says, are better than their creed. It is curious that the wave of scepticism has not left Islám unaffected; while both in India and elsewhere the influence of other races and creeds is powerfully felt. Mr. Sell speaks highly of many Indian Mussulmans. They would seem, however, to be defective in energy. The Hindus surpass them in the upper ranks of the uncovenanted civil service in an increasing ratio. Thus, in Bengal, in 1871, the proportion was seventy-seven Mussulmans to 341 Hindus. In 1880 the proportion was fifty-three to 451. Mr. Sell has supplied us with a very valuable and interesting handbook, enabling us to understand what Mohammedanism in India really is.

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Loci e Libro Veritatum. Passages selected from Gascoigne's Theological Dictionary, illustrating the Condition of Church and State 1403–1458. With an Introduction by JAMES E. THOROLD ROGERS, M.P. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

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This so-called Theological Dictionary is the production of an English divine who lived in the first half of the fifteenth century. Gascoigne was a Yorkshireman by birth and received his education at Oxford, where he was several times chancellor of the University, and where he resided almost continually to the time of his death. Under such headings as 'Absolucio,' 'Deus,' 'Ecclesia,' 'Episcopus,' 'Poenitencia,' 'Reges,' 'Venatio,' &c., we have a series of criticisms and statements which are of very considerable value as illustrations of the moral, intellectual, and religious views, feelings, and practices of the fifteenth century. It is especially useful as showing the points in relation to which Reginald Pecock, Gascoigne's celebrated contemporary, in his 'Repressor of over-much Blaming of the Clergy,' came in conflict with what were regarded as the orthodox notions of the time. Pecock, with his heterodox opinions, as Professor Rogers rightly observes, stands in Gascoigne's view convicted of conceit, and is frequently the object of his attack. This was the fifteenth-century view of speculative and unauthorized doctrines; they were the offspring of ill-regulated intellectual training. 'What Gascoigne loves,' observes his editor, 'is piety and charity, a holy life, a good example, a clear conscience, and in the parochial clergy, frequent preaching, open hospitality, and a desire to extend education.' And these are very praiseworthy and moderate acquirements. His ideal ought not to have been incapable of fair realization, and yet as a general rule it was only an ideal in those days. There is considerable justice in the editor's observation that in order to read between the lines of these valuable fragments one 'must know the concentrations of English life in the fifteenth century from its highest and widest manifestations in Parliament.' His valuable introduction will, however, render this far more easy; and students of our mediæval history will have cause to thank him for so intelligible and accessible a collection, of which neither Anthony Wood nor Hearne, though familiar with the MSS., recognized the real importance. The editor has done his work with the care, thoroughness, and ability which characterize all his productions. Only the student of such documents can adequately comprehend the greatness and difficulty of the service rendered.

The Bible and Science. By T. LAUDER BRUNTON, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S. Macmillan and Co.

Here we have one more book about evolution, its special purpose—indeed its *raison d'être*—being to give, in popular form, the evidences of evolution, and 'to show that instead of being atheistic it is the very reverse, and is no more opposed to the Biblical account of the creation than those

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geological doctrines regarding the structure and formation of the earth's crust, which were once regarded as heretical and dangerous, but are now to be found in every classbook, and are taught in every school.' Dr. Brunton has succeeded very well in the negative part of his contention, viz., in showing that the doctrine is not necessarily *atheistic;* whether he is equally happy in his endeavour to show that the most enlarged scheme of evolution contains in it a special argument for the omnipotence and omnipresence of the Creator is more doubtful. Certainly this part of the argument is striking and ingenious; but is it not a fact that the extreme evolutionism which breaks down the partition between organic and inorganic, and traces all existence back to a lifeless atom or germ, naturally involves a system of the universe in which God has had no power to act since He set it in motion? If so, then His omnipotence practically ceased when His creative plan began to be executed, to be resumed only when this gigantic 'clockwork' 'runs down.' We feel bound, therefore, to add our query to the more positive side of Dr. Brunton's contention. The main interest of the book, however, lies probably in its facts and data, rather than in its argument. Till evolution has been clearly proved, indeed, we are more anxious for data than for means of reconciliation between Bible story and what is as yet only a hypothesis.

Dr. Brunton writes of the facts in the most fascinating style; and we doubt not that his book will make the subject of the structure of plants and animals, and of natural history generally, more familiar and interesting to many readers han it could have been before. Writing evidently from a profound knowledge of his subject, he writes with the utmost simplicity. The story is indeed not new to us in these times, for the names in the 'chain of life' are becoming to us, through many books, familiar as household words: the charm lies in the telling.

Dr. Brunton prefixes to the book some chapters upon 'Bible Lands' and upon 'The Exodus,' which may strike some as destroying the unity and symmetry of his work; for ourselves, we are glad of them, because of the eminently able manner in which he sets himself to the task of enabling the modern reader to *realize* these portions of Scripture story. We do not always indeed accept his readings of that story. He is more anxious than is, to our mind, necessary to explain its more remarkable incidents according to natural principles; but we pay a willing tribute to the reverence with which he always handles Scripture, as well as to his profound acquaintance with its teaching. We can only add here that the work is rendered alike more beautiful and more useful by the excellence of its illustrations.

Links and Clues. By VITA. Macmillan and Co.

This is a very remarkable book, full of spiritual insight and intensity, perhaps of what Emerson would call 'oversoul.' In form it is a book of fragmentary thoughts concerning truths and things of the Christian life, sometimes extended enough for the outline of a sermon, sometimes limited to a paragraph; never pretending to completeness either of thought

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or of expression, but brim full of thought and of soul. Sometimes the thought verges upon the paradoxical, and the spirituality upon the mystical, and occasionally we demur to the views and conclusions reached. But it is throughout bathed in the spirit of an intense religious life, and is full of the suggestiveness of the highest realizations of spiritual faith. The book is of the class of Tauler's 'Theologia Germanica,' and we mean very high praise when we say that it is worthy to stand by its side.

The Truth of Scripture in connection with Revelation, Inspiration, and the Canon. By JOHN JAMES GIVEN, Ph.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Dr. Given maintains the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, meaning that the *ipsissima verba* of every scriptural book was supernaturally dictated or determined. The theory is in hopeless contradiction to the most unquestionable facts, and involves the defenders of the Bible in a dilemma from which there is no escape. It is, moreover, as unnecessary and as derogatory to the Divine record as it is untenable, just as the material and mechanical are below the spiritual. Dr. Given has no difficulty in answering many of the objections and cavils of assailants of the Bible; but his theory demands that there shall be no single case of established objection to it. He, of course, selects his own instances and illustrations, but has necessarily left untouched large sections of Scripture, and crucial difficulties. The common sense of men who try to deal honestly with facts revolts against both the assumption and the special pleading which the theory demands.

Dr. Given has been more successful in dealing with the proofs of a Divine revelation, but he has dealt very inadequately with the difficult question of canonicity, as, for example, Westcott and others, whose works he utilizes, have dealt with it. Due weight is, of course, to be given to the claims of the sacred writers themselves, but for many of the books of Scripture such claims cannot be demonstrated, and there are questions of historical fact that also demand consideration. On the general questions of the necessity and possibility of a revelation Dr. Given occupies the old ground, and leaves nothing to be desired in the maintenance of it. His apologetic on the Four Gospels is also very able and conclusive.

Dr. Given uses his material well, his work thoughout is thoughtful and vigorous, and much in it is conclusive and vigorous; but we cannot think that he justifies his positions. We do not yield to him in our hearty acceptance of the Divine authority of the Scriptures; but it is not, we think, to be established in this way by theories of verbal inspiration even when, as here, dynomically conceived.

The Liturgy and Ritual of the Celtic Church. By F. E. WARREN, B.D. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Mr. Warren has endeavoured to gather up the scant and scattered notices of the liturgical service of the Celtic Church, about which, he tells

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us, very little was known until latterly. Liturgiologists, even so late as 1888, had to dismiss it with, for the most part, a confession of ignorance. Since Palmer's 'Origines Liturgicæ' was published, some liturgical fragments have been discovered, and important Celtic MSS. have been printed, while architectural and other remains have been examined. With these additional helps, not, we think, amounting to much, Mr. Warren has investigated the entire field of evidence, and brought together all that could warrant a conclusion. Fifth-century writers have been examined; incidental notices and liturgical fragments have been brought together; illuminations and architectural remains have been examined—and the result is given in this volume.

An introductory chapter gives us some account of the Celtic Church in its extent, duration, character, and relations to other Churches. Here a detailed account of Churches and Church services is given, so far as they can be ascertained or fairly conjectured. The third chapter consists of liturgical fragments, Cornish, Welsh, Scottish, and Irish. It is, however, remarkable that no trace of a vernacular liturgy has been found. To the liturgiologist the book is curious if not valuable.

Outlines in the Life of Christ. A Guide to the Study of the Chronology, Harmony, and Purpose of the Gospels. By Eustace R. Conder, M.A. The Religious Tract Society.

The value of Mr. Conder's thoughtful and learned little book is of inverse ratio to the size. Availing himself of all the results of recent scholarship, he has in this outline life of our Lord tried to fix the chronology, historical relations, and real character of each incident. The whole is arranged in parts and sections, and each topic is succinctly and clearly placed in its true position and light. The results reached, and the methods indicated, involve a large amount of careful reading and a large degree of acute judgment. Much more than a mere map of our Lord's history, much less than a detailed narrative, it is sufficient to give readers a clear conception of the incidents as they occurred. It would be difficult to find so much that is valuable in so small a compass.

The Double Collapse of Charles Bradlaugh, M.P. for Northampton. In two debates with the Rev. T. Lawson, of West Hartlepool, on the questions—'Has Man a Soul?' and 'Is Atheism the True Doctrine of the Universe?' Simpkin and Marshall.

It ought not to be a very difficult task to discredit the contention of Mr. Bradlaugh on these cardinal facts of human nature and relations. And Mr. Lawson has with great skill, and we think with perfect success, shown the utter untenableness of Mr. Bradlaugh's materialistic Atheism. We cannot, of course, touch the points of the argument—which very wisely was conducted in writing; we can only call attention to an able and timely debate.

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Clark's Foreign Theological Library. New Series. Vols. III. IV., V., and VI.

A History of Christian Doctrine. By the late Dr. R. R. HAGENBACH. Translated from the Fifth and last German Edition. With an Introduction by E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D. Vol. II. *A System of Christian Doctrine.* By Dr. J. A. DORNER. Vols. I. and II. Translated by Rev. ALFRED CAVE, B.A. *Godet on St Paul's Epistle to the Romans.* Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

A translation of Dorner's *chef d'œuvre* will be a boon to non-German reading theologians, and even to such as are acquainted only slightly with German; for in Dr. Dorner all the excellences of a profound German thinker are combined with all the obscurities and abominations of style of the worst types of his countrymen. Surely the 'how to say it' is of importance as well as what is said. Mr. Cave has done much to make Dorner intelligible; but even his skilful translation will not relieve the reader from a tough study, if he would master the work. In an able introduction, Mr. Cave points out the important place in modern theological science which this great work occupies; it is a masterly evangelical development of Schleiermacher's great principle of faith, or God-consciousness. To the development of this principle, which he calls Pisteology, Dorner first addresses himself, showing that faith is not a new application of ordinary intellect to the truths of theology, but a divinely given faculty of the soul itself, whereby spiritual things are apprehended and dealt with. No disciple of Schleiermacher has carried the logical development of this principle so far as Dorner has done in the present work. Next he proceeds to the Doctrine of God, proposing to construct a proof for the God of Christianity by a process of reasoning very like the hitherto inconclusive *a priori* argument. He contends that the very nature of thought necessitates the idea of an absolute being, and that the necessary idea of causality makes him the originator of all things. Then a succession of inferences establishes his moral qualities. The three divisions of this bold argument are (1) The Doctrine of the Godhead; (2) The Doctrine of God as the essentially triune, or the Doctrine of the Internal Self-Revelation of God; (3) The Doctrine of God as the Revealer of Himself in a world, or the Doctrine of the Economic Trinity. He then treats of man as a creature; of the unity of God and man, involving Religion and Revelation, and introduces Part II., of which only the first section, Sin, is treated in the present volume. However far Dr. Dorner's argument may carry conviction, there can be no question concerning the profound and even abstruse thinking of this great work.

Of Dr. Hagenbach's work we have already spoken, also of Godet's very able Commentary on the Romans. We need simply record the completion of both works.

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A History of the New Testament Times. By Dr. A. Hausrath. The Time of Jesus, Vol. II. Translated by Charles T. Poynting, B.A., and Philip Terenger. Williams and Norgate.

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Commentary on the Psalms. By the Late Dr. G. Heinrich A. v. Ewald. Translated by the Rev. E. Johnson, M.A. Vol. II.

Hausrath's second volume includes an account of Herod, of the ministry of the Baptist, and of the ministry of Jesus down to the eve of His crucifixion. The history is characterized by much keen insight, and by much literary beauty; the grouping and the analyses are done in a masterly manner. The fundamental vice is the rationalistic standpoint of the author: everything is conceived and accounted for in an anti-supernatural way. Jesus is simply a great religious genius, receiving the first prophetic impulse from the Baptist, early awakening to the consciousness that he was the embodiment of the Jewish ideas of the Messiah, and in lofty spiritual ways seeking to realize them by establishing the kingdom of God. His miracles are great moral, perhaps mesmeric, effects. His history is of course 'an Idyll.' His inspiration in the lake-storm is the consciousness of a mission that cannot be ignominiously ended by a leaky boat, the parallel to which is the anecdote about Cæsar and his fortunes. His presentiments of His death and its effects are simply those of genius. The supernatural is not violently assailed, it is counteracted by quiet insinuation and rationalistic colouring. To those who can use it the work is full of suggestions and spiritual insights. The history of crucifixion is not attempted, and of course the resurrection is silently passed over.

Ewald on the Psalms is completed, and the fifth volume on the Prophets is to follow. The two volumes being fresh issues of the Theological Translation Fund Library.

Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures. By Henry M. Harman, D.D., Professor of Greek and Hebrew in Dickinson College. Third Edition Revised. New York: Phillips and Hunt.

This is the first volume of a new series of theological works to be entitled 'The Library of Theological and Biblical Literature,' under the general editorship of Dr. George R. Crooks and Dr. John F. Hurst. It is intended to furnish a series of works for the use of Biblical students. The first volume before us is by Dr. Harman, and others are to follow. Dr. Bannister on Biblical Hermeneutics; Drs. Bennett and Whitney on Biblical and Christian Archæology; Bishop Foster on Systematic Theology; the Editors on Theological Encyclopædia and Methodology; Dr. Ridgaway on the Evidences of Christianity; Dr. Winchell on Christian Theism and Modern Science; Dr. Crooks on the History of Christian

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Doctrine; and Bishop Hurst on the History of the Christian Church. The scheme originates with the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States, and will be in accord with its standpoint in theology and ecclesiastics. It seems to aim not so much at original treatises as at a cyclopædic character, a gathering up in each treatise of the latest results of scholarship, with somewhat less of original authorship, and more of editorial function than in ordinary treatises. Completeness of apparatus seems also to be aimed at, for on some of the subjects we possess ample and high authorities. Dr. Harman's book is a pledge of a valuable series. He summarizes very ably the chief topics of Biblical introductions; such, for instance, as find more ample treatment in Horne's Introduction. Into this one portly volume of seven hundred pages he has compressed all necessary information concerning the Inspiration of the Bible, the Canon, the Sacred Languages, the Text, the Versions, the Pentateuch—the questions connected with which receive ample treatment—and then, seriatim, the different books of the Old and New Testament.

It would be preposterous in a short notice like this to attempt detailed criticism; general characterization must suffice. So far as we have been able to test the volume, it seems to us to be written with adequate scholarship and care, and in an impartial spirit of candid and liberal appreciation. The latest theories are familiar to Dr. Harman: those of Baur, Hilgenfeld Ewald, Keim, Strauss, Renan, &c., for example. Some names, however, we miss: Kuenen, Hausrath, Fleidener, and others whose speculations have attracted attention, and demanded notice. We are surprised, too, that the authors have ignored Westcott's important work on the Canon. But no important school of criticism is unnoticed. If the subsequent volumes of the series are equal to this, it will be a valuable addition to the library of ministers generally.

The Holy Bible. With an Explanatory and Critical Commentary and a Revision of the Translation. By Bishops and other Clergy of the Anglican Church. Edited by F. C. Cook, M.A., Canon of Exeter. New Testament. Vol. III.: Romans to Philemon. John Murray.

This bulky volume—the third of the Speaker's Commentary on the New Testament—does not include, as was announced, the Epistle to the Hebrews. How with any attempt at sufficiency this could have been contemplated we do not see. The authorship, too, varies a little from the advertised programme. We miss the contribution of Canon Westcott, and receive the unannounced contribution of Mr. Wace.

We feel, in looking through the volume, the disadvantage under which the Revised Version places the writers. It seems a pity to have to deal with a text which has almost at every verse to be revised, and which generally is revised in substantial agreement with the conclusions of the company of revisers. And it is curious to note the few divergences, in which the individual scholar thinks imperative a rendering which after

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all the revisers have not adapted—*e.g.* the contention of Canon Evans, that in 1 Cor. xiii. the rendering of ἀγάπη must be 'charity,' not 'love.' The present volume contributes no such distinctive addition to New Testament literature as the very able general introduction to the Gospels by the Archbishop of York, in the first volume, and the equally able introduction to the Gospel of John by Canon Westcott, in the second volume. The most important of the introductions in this volume are (1) that to the Epistle to the Romans by Dr. Gifford, which extends to forty pages. It treats the usual topics of an introduction with intelligence, breadth, and vigour, but it lacks the organic structure, the completeness, and the suggestiveness of the essays to which we have referred; and (2) the Introduction to the Pastoral Epistles by Professor Wace, which is of a higher order, and takes a vigorous and comprehensive grasp of what he thinks the transition period of ecclesiastical development. We may admit the accuracy of the designation; development there was; but the evidence seems to us conclusive, that it was not until Constantine that anything like diocesan Episcopacy was established. Canon Evans contributes a somewhat meagre Introduction to the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and the Rev. Joseph Waite another scarcely less so to the Second Epistle. Dean Howson's treatment of the Epistle to the Galatians, both Introduction and Notes, is able. Prebendary Meyrick is responsible for the Epistle to the Ephesians; the Dean of Raphoe for that to the Philippians; the Bishop of Derry for those to the Colossians, Thessalonians, and Philemon; the Bishop of London for the Commentary to the Pastoral Epistles. It is impossible to comment on the scores of points treated and suggested. We must content ourselves with saying, after a somewhat careful looking through the volume, that the notes, according to the plan of the commentary, are almost entirely exegetical and explanatory, for reference therefore chiefly; and that, exclusively Anglican as the work is, we have been struck by the manifest fairness of spirit and candour of claim and of concession with which most of the questions raised are treated. It is needless to say that the work is scholarly, but it may be said that it is very valuable.

Critical and Exegetical Handbook to the Epistle to the Ephesians and the Epistle to Philemon. By Heinrich A. W. Meyer, Th.D. Translated from the Fourth Edition of the German by Rev. Maurice J. Evans, B.A.

The Epistle to the Thessalonians. By Dr. Gottlieb Lünemann. Translated from the Third Edition of the German by Rev. Paton J. Gloag, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Only the former of these volumes was written by Meyer himself. Lünemann's work forms part of the 'Meyer Series.' The Pastoral and Catholic Epistles, and the Epistle to the Hebrews—the former by Huther, the latter by Lünemann—remain to be translated to complete the Meyer ex-

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position of the New Testament. These volumes the publishers purpose to supply. They may fairly congratulate themselves upon having so successfully placed this greatest of the commentaries of the New Testament in the hands of English students.

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A New Commentary on the Gospel according to St. Matthew. By EDWARD BYRON NICHOLSON, M.A. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. Nicholson's commentary has some unique features. First, it is doctrinally colourless. He has strictly guarded himself against any indication of theological bias, his object being simply to bring out the meanings of the text. Next, he has brought to bear upon the illustration of his author a large amount of Talmudic literature, and with some curious results. We all remember the excitement caused by Deutsche's article on the Talmud, in which he shows that some of our Lord's sayings are quotations from Jewish Rabbis. Mr. Nicholson affirms this of the Parables, ch. xiii. 24; xviii. 23; xxii. 2. But he also shows that many of our Lord's sayings were employed by subsequent Rabbis, especially Eliezer the Great, and perpetuated in Jewish traditions. Mr. Nicholson says he has gone very little to commentaries, to none on the Gospels except Alford's and the Speaker's. His exegesis, therefore, is his own, and for illustrations he has gone to literary sources of various kinds. Comparing his corrected readings with those of the Revised Version, he has found no reason to alter in substance any one of his renderings; but he expresses a wish, in which very many will share, that the revisers will regard the first edition of their work as only provisional.

Mr. Nicholson's work, therefore, is purely exegetical. He points out readings and renderings, and illustrates them by necessary information. It would be presumptuous to pronounce a verdict on such a work from a cursory examination of it. Mr. Nicholson is, perhaps, a little bolder than the revisers. For instance, in the Lord's Prayer, he adopts the reading which they have relegated to the margin, 'Give us our morrow's bread to-day.' On other points he coincides with their rendering of the prayer. The notes are a repertory of the conclusions of modern scholarship, and are clearly the result of large and careful investigation. A kind of enlarged marginal readings, they often flash unexpected lights upon dark places.

A Popular Commentary on the New Testament. By D. D. WHEDON, D.D., of the American Episcopal Methodist Church. Vol. V. Titus—Revelation. Hodder and Stoughton.

This volume completes this really excellent commentary, which from time to time we have commended to our readers. It has been a labour of some quarter of a century. The first portion of it was published some

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fifteen years ago. It is essentially popular, belonging to the school of Albert Barnes rather than to that of Meyer. Dr. Whedon has aimed to put general readers in possession of the conclusions of the most recent scholarship, in clear and condensed annotations. While, therefore, theological students will go to works of another class, teachers and households will find in Dr. Whedon's work all that they need for an intelligent understanding of the New Testament. The spirit is candid and liberal, while the conclusions are thoroughly Evangelical.

The Authorship of Ecclesiastes. Macmillan and Co.

It is not too much to say that from the time of Grotius to the present day the most competent Biblical scholars have denied the Solomonic authorship of Ecclesiastes. What led Grotius to this was the patent fact that the book abounds in words and expressions which are found elsewhere only in such post-exilic writings as Daniel, Ezra, and the Chaldee Targums. These expressions are not few and far between, but occur in almost every verse, and enter into the very texture of the work. To such an extent is this the case that we venture to affirm that no one, after reading the first nine chapters of Proverbs and the Song of Solomon, can pass on to Ecclesiastes without perceiving that there is an essential differance not simply in sentiment but also in style. From the foreign words, idioms, and influences which permeate this book one seems shut up to the conclusion that it is by an author from whom we have nothing else in the Old Testament. The supposition put forth by some, that in the composition of this work Solomon used the Aramaic terms and expressions current in th philosophies of his age, is entirely groundless and void of any scientific value. Supposing it could be satisfactorily proved that all the unusual expressions employed by the author of Ecclesiastes are found, with different forms and meaning, scattered here and there over the pages of the Old Testament Scriptures, surely this could never account for the fact that they are here crowded together within such a small compass, and form the foreign texture of the book. We therefore regard the arguments derived from the post-exilic complexion of Ecclesiastes so formidable and conclusive as to be well-nigh incontrovertible. If we add to the above the minor and subsidiary proofs against its Solomonic authorship, such as, for example, that the book contains various historical statements and allusions which are very difficult to reconcile with the supposition that Solomon is the real author, they acquire such cumulative force that it is no discredit to the author of the present volume if we express our opinion that he has not succeeded in his attempt to establish its Solomonic authorship.

The chapter on the linguistic peculiarities is the most important as regards the question, but the least satisfactory in results. The author is compelled to admit the uniqueness of expressions and style, but endeavours to disprove that they establish lateness of composition. The reference to Job in support of this position is decidedly unfortunate. The

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chapter on the identical expressions in Proverbs, Song of Solomon, and Ecclesiastes is very elaborate in detail, but cannot have very great influence upon the issue before us; for, apart from the authorship of Canticles being disputed, general identity of expressions only prove a community of subject, and, as a natural result, community of expressions, but not necessarily identity of authorship. The same applies to his examination of common grammatical structure. No amount of general resemblances can neutralize the specific differences mentioned above. A glance at the list of words common in the three books bearing the name of Solomon will suffice to show how large is the number of words which are peculiar to Ecclesiastes. But it is not so much the peculiar words as the peculiar use of them, and not individual terms so much as phrases or combination of terms, and still more than both, the peculiar tone and movement of the whole discourse, that carries with it an irresistible conviction that it has a distinct origin. This the author has failed to perceive in its completeness, and has consequently devoted his strength mainly to words and phrases.

While fully recognizing the author's industry and research, and sympathizing with his aim, we regret the theological bias and conservatism which characterizes at times the spirit and method of inquiry. This has warped his judgment and interfered with the fairness of his statements. It is unfair to represent the denial of the Solomonic authorship of Ecclesiastes as being peculiar to the school of higher criticism, when all the most eminent Biblical scholars hold this opinion. Indeed, to such an extent is this the case that Dr. Ginsburg is perfectly correct in saying that on the continent the attempt to prove that Solomon was not the author of Ecclesiastes would be viewed in the same light as adducing facts to prove that the earth does not stand still. Many of those included in this number are the most formidable opponents of that school. Equally to be regretted is the statement that 'a critic is at once commended as a literary hero if he deny that Solomon wrote Ecclesiastes, or Moses Deuteronomy, or Isaiah the last twenty-seven chapters of the book that bears his name.' This does not apply to the estimate of those qualified to judge in such matters. The author has committed a serious mistake in associating the authenticity of the above-mentioned documents, which is doubted on grounds so entirely different and by critics of entirely different schools. He also, in common with others, lays too much stress on the date and authorship of Old Testament writings. It will be a happy day when we arrive at the conclusion that the Divine character and authority of the sacred books do not depend on these external details; that these effect only the interpretation, but not the essential character of revealed truth. The author's aim is worthy of our warmest sympathy, viz., to restore to minds distracted by the discussions and discordant assertions of different schools genuine faith and reverence for the Bible. The writer approaches all difficulties in criticism and exegesis with a mind loyally attached to the authority and inspiration of Scripture. He deals honestly and ably with these vexed questions, and presents that solution of them which he regards in accordance with strict Biblical science. There

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are many points so fully treated in this volume that no one who studies the question can afford to pass it over.

A Supplement to Tischendorf's Reliquiæ ex Incendio Ereptæ Codicis celeberrimi Cottoniani, contained in his Monumenta Sacra Inedita. Nova Collectio. Tomus II. Together with a Synopsis of the Index. Edited by FRED. WILLIAM GOTCH, M.D., LL.D., President of the Baptist College, Bristol. Williams and Norgate.

A century ago the library, pictures, coins, and other curiosities of Dr. Andrew Gifford, pastor of a Baptist church, Wyld Street, London, and assistant librarian in the MSS. department of the British Museum, came into the possession of the Baptist College, Bristol. Among the curiosities were some fragments in Greek characters, which, in 1834, Dr. Gotch identified as fragments of the celebrated Codex Cottonianus of the Septuagint, preserved from the fire which in 1731 destroyed a large portion of the Cottonian Library. Other fragments were preserved, but these were regarded as lost, and one would like to know their history until they came into Dr. Gifford's hands. Tischendorf, in his Prolegomena, collated and deciphered most of the other fragments, but he seems to have been strangely indifferent to these, although aware of their existence. Dr. Gotch undertook to transcribe and print the Bristol fragments, which he speaks of as a much more laborious process than he had anticipated, especially as Tischendorf's numbering of the fragments had got into confusion. This volume is the result. It does not reproduce Tischendorf's collations of the MS., but supplies its deficiencies by the Bristol fragments. The fragments are reproduced in facsimile, and are numbered. They will be interesting to the antiquarian and the Biblical scholar. A synopsis of the entire Codex is prepared, enabling a reference to particular readings in the MS.

Kant and his English Critics. A Comparison of Critical and Empirical Philosophy. By JOHN WATSON, M.A., LL.D. Glasgow: James Maclehose.

Here is another big volume about Kant, and in spite of much ability, laborious and patient inquiry and investigation, and literary gifts of no mean order, we are constrained to pronounce it only another huge cairn of misapplied industry. There is a sense and way in which the revival of interest in, and the multiplication of astute champions of, the critical philosophy is to be regarded with sympathy and approval. It signalizes a revulsion from the injustice that was early done to the Kantian thought when interest in it was supplanted by a too onesided and exclusive devotion to the later Transcendentalists, who came after the sage of Königsberg. And there was so much in Kant that was honest and of good report, and so alien from the visionary schemes and metaphysical day-

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dreams of his successors, that a return to the study of the three great *Kritiken* is like a plunge into a wholesome bath after breathing a fetid and fevered atmosphere. Nevertheless it seems to us that the labour of interpretation is to a large extent supererogatory and to no small degree positively misleading. It is an old reproach against Metaphysic that her course is circular, and that one student following after another paces the self-same weary round, with the self-same results at the end; so that her service is without substantial reward. The reproach receives reasonable colour from the results of the philosophical labours of the English school of thought in sympathy with German idealism. Instead of taking up the problem of philosophy as it has been left by those who have carried the speculative torch farthest, there has been a strong impulse of late years to fall back upon mere historical criticism, and to elaborate and interpret what sundry thinkers of just repute have achieved in the work of speculative science. We are not forgetful, while we say this, that in the works of some of the writers to whom we refer, there has been a consistent and not wholly unsuccessful attempt to make the historical criticism they engage in subsidiary to the study of the essential problems of philosophy. This is conspicuously the case with Professor Green's great book on Hume, and, though to a lesser degree, with Principal Caird's eloquent 'Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion,' which grapples with the root-questions of ontology from Hegelian standpoints. But there are other works of what we may call the same series as to which it is different; and we fear we must pronounce this volume by Professor Watson—otherwise well deserving of eulogy and in some sense admiration—one of them. The author tells us in his preface that his general point of view is like that of Professor Edward Caird in his 'Critical Account of the Philosophy of Kant,' and that without that his (Professor Watson's) work could not have been written. Now, Professor Caird's book on Kant, in spite of its learning and thinking, is just one of those books which we most complain of. It is an elaborate statement and criticism of Kant's philosophy which leaves us very much in doubt when we have done with it whether we have been brought at all into contact with the actual thoughts of the great thinker. Though laboriously expository, its expositions are not stamped with the impress of reality. We are under the uneasy suspicion somehow that, to adopt a phrase of the late Professor Ferrier, we have not been looking on the honest 'flesh and blood' face of genuine philosophical problems, but only gazing on a series of phantasmal shadows of portentous and sometimes alarming proportions. Kant's vast edifice of subtly-refined abstractions looms large and ominously upon our horizon, but we cannot get 'into grips' with them, and they remain little better than ghosts to the end. Professor Watson in dealing with the critical theory of knowledge in another way has yet exposed himself to the same objection. He has endeavoured to expound and interpret Kant by examining recent criticisms and attacks to which he has been exposed, chiefly in England. While, therefore, he sets forth the main principles of the 'Kritik of the Pure Reason,' he dwells mainly

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upon those of the Kantian doctrines that have of late years been most strongly objected to. In bringing into contrast the empirical philosophy of our own countrymen, and the critical idealism of the author of the Kritiken, Professor Watson chiefly directs his energies to combating Mr. Herbert Spencer and the late Mr. George Henry Lewes. Much space is given to the examination of the principles of substance and causality and the metaphysic of nature in its relations to Mr. Spencer's First Principles; and the predominant purpose of the author throughout is to expound and maintain the fundamental Kantian views in opposition to the chief positions of empiricism. Of another order are the vindications of the critical philosophy against the criticisms of Mr. Balfour and Dr. Hutchison Stirling. Into these we cannot, within the limits here at disposal, even attempt to enter. It must suffice to have indicated, by naming, them.

It is with regret that in briefly noticing a work of such laborious thoughtfulness and ability as the volume before us we feel compelled to write of it with disparagement. It is not that we fail to appreciate Professor Watson's philosophical capacity, or that we doubt in any degree his powers of exposition; for in this latter respect, and in purely literary qualities, we esteem him higher than Professor Caird whom he acknowledges his master. But in the higher interest of philosophy itself we are constrained to more than doubt the value of the book. For we find in it the predominating influences and determining principles of what, though a better foundation is laboriously sought for it, falls back after all into mere subjective idealism. Kant's magnificent edifice of pure reason, so organically complete, and distributed into so vast a system of schemata and categories, was a grand construction; but it was only a splendid dream. And all attempts to bring back the dream and set it up as a transcript of the reality which it is the business of philosophy to account for and interpret must continue to fail. Therefore it is that we regard with serious regret the repeated attempts of competent metaphysical thinkers among ourselves to restore the critical philosophy to a place of authority which it has finally lost. Kant imagined that he had by means of his complex system of *a priori* mental laws and judgments explained the objective reality of the world of sense which as merely *a posteriori* must ever remain contingent. As Copernicus, when he found that no satisfactory explanation of the movements of the heavens was possible, while assuming that the stars revolved round the spectator, changed his point of view, and set himself to explain it by supposing that the spectator was in motion and the stars at rest, so Kant, instead of accepting experience, ready-made for perception, sought to show how perception imposed its own forms and laws upon experience. The object having to adapt itself to the conditions, there are, he concluded, *a priori* elements; but these are not in the outer world of sensation at all, but are contributed by the inward world of mind or thought—the laws of activity of the self-conscious Ego. Sensation, or the elements in our experience which impose themselves upon us, is present, but it has no element of necessity in it. It might be quite otherwise than it is. But these elements are woven

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into a system of experience in which we are compelled, by the transcendental principles of Kant, to admit necessity which, as being both necessary and universal, could never be derived from experience at all. In applying this fundamental idea, then, Kant elaborated for himself a system of necessity within us by means of which sensations that were purely subjective came to be representable and represented as objective. 'That system,' in the words of Dr. Hutchison Stirling, whose criticism of Kant's main principles in 'The Journal of Speculative Philosophy' is final, 'was the furnishing of self-consciousness with twelve different functions of unity, to whose action on special sensation in the elements of time and space, the whole ruled and regulated content of experience was to be attributed.' Now, as we hold with Dr. Stirling that all this, and all the categories to boot, were mere ingenious inventions which really explain nothing—for the objective and necessary is external to us as well as the subjective and contingent—we cannot regard the critical philosophy as other than a splendid dream, and for philosophy to revert to it, as Professor Watson and his friends wish to do, is to take a step backwards instead of forwards. And in their understanding and mode of presenting the Kantian principles we can find nothing really more firm and stable in foundation than subjective idealism. The reality in the world revealed to us in our own experience is composed equally of both sides of the one thing which Kant laboriously sets apart from each other, laying the subjective here and the objective there, making the one *a posteriori* and contingent and the other *a priori* and necessary. There is no explanation of the actual by setting them thus apart from each other, and every attempt to so explain them, like every effort of subjective idealism in the past, must fail. So looking upon the philosophical achievements of the great Kant, we cannot in the interest of philosophy bid hearty welcome to works like this of Professor Watson, or the other members of the series to which we have seen that it belongs.

History of Materialism, and Criticism of its Present Importance. By the late Professor Lange. In Three Vols. Vols. II. and III. London: Trübner and Co.

After a considerable delay, which was due to circumstances that could not be prevented, we now have the translation of the second and third volumes of the late Professor Lange's great work on 'Materialism.' For a great work it is, whatever may be the opinion formed regarding the special contributions which it makes to the history of philosophical culture, and whatever may be thought of the results to which these must ultimately lead. It is a great work in two senses—first, as a history of the course and development of the materialistic conceptions of God, Nature, and Man; and next, as a most able and candid criticism of the main positions to which Materialism in its higher phases leads, and which in these days are very largely and influentially held. It may be objected in regard to the former of these, indeed, that Professor Lange

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has spread his historical net so widely that he has swept into it, as powerful contributors to the development of Materialism, philosophers and philosophical systems that can in no proper sense or manner be fairly accounted Materialist. We give up to him, of course, as properly belonging to his subject, the 'Materialists before Kant,' particularly those French and German inquirers of the eighteenth century who were identified with the school of the 'System of Nature.' But when we find the section of 'Modern Philosophy' mainly devoted to Kant, and that 'Kant and Materialism' and 'Materialism since Kant' almost monopolize between them the entire course of modern thought, we must demur to the reasonableness of the method. Yet, while insinuating this preliminary protest, we cannot help acknowledging the debt of gratitude which the student of philosophy must bear to Lange for the earnest, and on the whole sympathetic, spirit in which he interprets and comments upon the 'Critical Philosophy' and the effects of the work done by the sage of Königsberg. The history of modern thought without Kant would, indeed, be worse than the play of Hamlet without the part of the lordly Dane, and Lange was too appreciative of the immense services which the Critical Philosophy rendered to allow him to omit full consideration of the thinker who more than any other has moulded the thought of the nineteenth century, and determined the grooves in which it has run. Nevertheless, we must ever remember that so far from Kant being in any way sympathetic with Materialism, the main motive force of all his work and studies was to deliver man from the scepticism which Materialism must engender. It was, it may even be said, in essentially a dogmatic interest, so far as religion and morality are concerned, that he excogitated his vast system, now as to large sections of it overgrown and antiquated, but which must ever remain the land-mark of modern metaphysics. 'God, Freedom, and Immortality' were the precious possessions which Kant sought to vindicate for humanity; and 'God, Freedom, and Immortality' are discarded by Materialism. 'Kant's minimum,' says Lange, referring to the trio, 'may indeed be dispensed with;' and 'all these doctrines may on principle be dispensed with, in so far that it cannot be shown from the universal characteristics of man, or from some other reason, that a society without these doctrines must necessarily fall into immorality.' Is it, then, true, it will be asked, that Lange rejects and throws over all religion, or that he denies that religion has been one of the main factors in ennobling and educating the human family? To these questions it is easy in one sense, and yet not easy in another, to answer. Lange himself would have given a decided negative to both. He goes far in some parts of his work—particularly in the collection of essays expository of Materialism and its relations to thought and culture, that occupy the third volume of his *magnum opus*—to vindicate a high place and power for what are essentially Christian ideas. He admits that the efforts of this century to transform the face of society in favour of the down-trodden masses 'are very intimately connected with the New Testament ideas, although the champions of these efforts feel themselves

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bound in other respects to oppose what is nowadays called Christianity.' Elsewhere he says that a survey of the whole course of history leaves it scarcely doubtful 'that we may in great part attribute to the quiet but continual operation of Christian ideas, not merely our moral, but even our intellectual progress.' Yet while he is forced to admit the beneficent power of Christian thought, he would altogether deny its truth. And here we may catch a glimpse of what we conceive to be characteristic of Lange. He tries to be a faithful historian of ideas. And in doing this work he endeavours, with often conspicuous success, to do justice even to those elements in faith and knowledge with which he is himself least in sympathy. He is thus so far conservative; but he is revolutionary in his judgments on the inherent value and truthfulness of these same ideas. He is a veritable iconoclast of all dogmatic conceptions, and is specially thrown into antagonism to the ecclesiastical and hierarchical systems that were the framework and body through which the Christian and nearly all religious conceptions have come to exercise their full power. Even when he seems to talk most tolerantly of religion, it is not religion in the sense in which common practice and common sense interpret the term. 'Religion stands to him on the same level with the product of the artistic faculty; and the faculty in man which seeks expression for religious impulses would be nurtured and developed by him as still fitted to play a high part in the history of the race. But, as with Tyndall and other scientific lights among ourselves, the religion he speaks of is merely the tendency to idealize, and is almost identified with the impulse that finds food and satisfaction for itself in poetry, music, and art. The narrow and inadequate life of man, it is freely acknowledged, stands greatly in need of being exalted to loftier hopes of our destiny, but the faculty which is to shape these is, as with Tyndall, imagination. Our imaginings are not indeed to be allowed to come into conflict with obvious facts; but so long as they do not thus transgress we are exhorted to give way to the inclination to linger in thought upon the brighter side of the present and the future, and through an involuntary idealization of life to try to think more favourably of the government of the universe, and of our future condition after death, 'than the very slender probability would permit.' But the satisfaction of this impulse leads directly to the creation of those myth-worlds which science rejects. Lange saw this, and in what we presume were his last written words—the 'Preface to the Second Book (as Postscript)'—while admitting the danger, asserts the relative greater importance of finding satisfaction for our ideal tendencies than rejoicing in the truth. For what else can be the meaning of the following sad sentence, which, besides, may be taken as the key of his whole book: 'It is more important that we shall rise to the recognition that it is the same necessity, the same transcendental root of our nature, which supplies us through the senses with the idea of the world of reality, and which leads us in the highest function of nature and creative synthesis to fashion a world of the ideal in which to take refuge from the limitation of the senses, and in which to find again the true home of our spirit.'? And is this,

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then, to be the end of all our efforts and all our researches? We have complained of the vagueness of Professor Lange's use of the term 'Materialism,' which is identified by him with philosophy; and his own philosophical expositions in the series of studies he has here given us are essays in metaphysics, which in their results often come into direct contradiction with Materialism as heretofore known. Professor Lange is led by means of his inquiries to adopt positions of an almost exclusively idealistic order, as when he identifies the laws of nature with the laws of thought. The whole of our higher scientific constructions are the issue of the workings of the laws of thought, and in art and religion we try to reconcile with these the world of the ideal in which we are anxious to find a refuge. Is there, then, no possibility of getting out of ourselves? Are we chained down to this narrow world-creating Ego, with its restless attempts to create ideal syntheses and to comfort itself with delusions? That the upshot of the 'History of Materialism' should be to suggest such a question is surely the most wonderful irony from a Materialist point of view. Yet it is in the midst of such contradictions that Lange must have lived, and moved, and had his being.

He is too honest an inquirer to shirk difficulties, or to claim for Materialism more than it has accomplished. He feels compelled in the midst of his most systematic glorifications of Evolutionism to suggest the reality of the existence of a law of internal development as being quite as essential as the external conditions that are said to determine the development. He is forced to allow as highly probable that 'from the beginning of life there was a great number of germs not completely alike, and not equally capable of development;' that is, to accept the probability of internal differences at the very point where arrogant science claims to have run everything back to a common identity of origin. In the same way he dare not claim that the origin of life is accounted for by material conditions, or that the internality of sensation and thought can be possibly conceived as having been developed out of the pure externality of molecular particles. It is this transparent honesty which is the great charm of Lange, even when we least agree with him. As for results, however, the finale is the extinction of religion, the overthrow of any intelligible basis for morality, and a dreary conception of life which would render only too simple the answer to the question, 'Is life worth living?'

The Metaphysics of the School. By Thomas Harper, S.J. Vol. II. Macmillan and Co.

We have nothing to add to or retract from what we said regarding this work in noticing the first volume, now that we have the second before us. There is the same laborious trifling—as we cannot help deeming it—which was characteristic of the vast and refined constructions of the Scholastics, the same subtlety of thought shading away in innumerable verbal distinctions which have no substantive reality and no discernible

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relation to real life, and the same dogmatic interest which supplied motive to the work of most of the Schoolmen, though less apparent perhaps in this volume than in its predecessor. The terminology, too, is as repellent as ever, and it is impossible to avoid a feeling of pain that the evidently subtle metaphysical capabilities of the writer should be wasted on problems that are not only insoluble, but the solutions of which if achieved would bring no benefit to thought and philosophy. Our regret at all this, moreover, is intensified when we observe the apt and acute criticisms by the author, of recent metaphysical theories. His criticism of Sir William Hamilton's treatment of the (logical) principle of identity, and still more his searching inquiry into Kant's theory of synthetical judgments *a priori*, prove that Mr. Harper is richly endowed with metaphysical acumen. His fundamental objections to the Kantian philosophy as incapable of accounting for reality, and as landing us in mere subjective idealism, are such as we can heartily adopt and re-echo. All the more, however, since we find the author thus competent and metaphysically equipped, must we regret his misapplied industry in the vain attempt to rebuild the shattered edifice of the 'Metaphysics of the School' which have for ever passed away. The main purpose of the writer in this volume is to expound the Principles and Causes of Being. He professes to be able to account for the genesis and constitution of material substances; but the treatment here is incomplete, as there is no consideration given to the efficient cause. That is promised as the principal part of the next volume; and in the chapter devoted to it in this we are led to expect valuable materials designed to bring to light the harmony that exists between the metaphysics of the school and the latest physical discoveries. We hope, therefore, we may there find something of more general interest than is set forth in the greater portion of the volume before us, though we cannot look for real philosophical instruction. For the rest, these learned lucubrations on 'Primordial Matter,' 'Primordial Subjects of Substantial Changes,' 'Principiants and Principiates,' and a host of similar abstractions, are the veriest hieroglyphics of abstract reasoning, the key to which in actual thinking and understanding not even the laborious and persevering industry of Mr. Harper will be able to recover for us. We find glimpses of meaning occasionally, as in the identification of 'Primordial Matter' with 'Pure Potentiality,' but we are soon lost again in wandering mazes from which we can find no outlet.

We have three more volumes to notice of the excellent series of 'English Philosophers' in course of publication by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. Taking them in their chronological order, though not in the order of their issue, these are—

I. *Bacon.* By THOMAS FOWLER, Professor of Logic in the University of Oxford, who has already written with conspicuous ability on Bacon's philosophical work in an edition of the 'Novum Organum,' issued by the Clarendon Press. The present little volume will be found to contain in a

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popular form a sketch of the life, character, and work of Bacon, which, though it cannot to the student be a substitute for systematic study of the writings of the founder of the inductive philosophy, will be read with interest by philosophical students, and will be found to supply all that is required for a merely general view of Bacon.

II. *Adam Smith.* By J. A. Farrar, Author of 'Primitive Manners and Customs.' Amongst philosophers Adam Smith is not merely or chiefly the Author of the 'Wealth of Nations.' He was a student of the moral sentiments long before he gave his energies to the discussion of economical problems, and his writings on such subjects contain a theory of ethics of a distinctive and independent order. For estimating that and the man who produced it, readers will find sufficient materials in this little volume, which has been very carefully prepared by a competent writer.

III. *Hartley and James Mill.* By George S. Bower. Of course Hartley and Mill are to be reckoned among the philosophers, since they must ever be regarded as the founders in this country of the association and ultilitarian theories. Their views have been largely supplemented since by other thinkers who have followed in their footsteps, and have contributed to enlarge the borders of their philosophy. Readers will find lucid sketches of the men and their leading thoughts in Mr. Bower's volume.

The New Phrynichus. Being a Revised Text of the Ecloga of the Grammarian Phrynichus. With Introduction and Commentary by W. G. Rutherford, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford, Assistant Master at St. Paul's. Macmillan and Co.

The title chosen for this work is not, we think, very appropriate; first, because it contains the old Phrynichus in a new dress only; secondly, because it too closely resembles the well-known 'New Cratylus' of the late Dr. Donaldson. The book is, however, a useful one, for it records many careful observations on Attic usage, especially in the verbs, of the true forms of which Dr. Veitch's well-known manual had already given an accurate and exhaustive scheme. Phrynichus, living in an age (the second century A.D.) when the language of the best Attic writers was becoming mixed and deteriorated, wrote as a 'purist' in defence of the older and, as he considered, exclusively legitimate forms. Perhaps his merits are somewhat over-rated when he is described as one who 'regarded Attic Greek from a truer standpoint than more recent grammarians,' and the author speaks somewhat too severely of modern students being 'subjected since Hermann's time to the thraldom of minute psychological annotation,' whatever that may mean.

If a grammarian of the second century had a truer conception of Greek than modern scholars have, with all their resources of comparative philology, it is discouraging to think how little progress can really have been made in the study of Greek. But is it so? We turn over the

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concise rules of Phrynichus, which consist entirely of brief warnings against solecisms, but we find little that is not perfectly familiar to every good scholar at the present day. For instance (Ecl. 343), we are told not to use *ἐκλείψας* but *ἐκλιπών*; in 381 that *ῥᾷον* is correct, and not *ῥᾴστερον*; in 124, *ἦσθα*, and not *ἦς*, and so on. So between *ᾔδης* and *ᾔδησθα* the question has nothing new for scholars, and nothing more than has long been known can be established from existing MSS.

Again, to *assume* 'innumerable and gross corruptions,' as 'necessarily entailed' by centuries of transcription, is to play into the hands of that school of emendators who exercise their wits on making the wildest and most improbable guesses. And by what law are we to exempt from this wholesale and 'necessary' corruption the New Testament, the 'Revision' of which has recently attracted so much interest and attention; and on which so many years of labour have been spent?

Still more sweeping is the somewhat confident assertion of 'the enormous mass of corrupt forms which disfigure all the texts of Attic writers.' If they have not been sufficiently purged of error by this time, there is small hope that they ever will be. Madvig and Cobet are justly praised, but it is a mistake to suppose that even the greater part of their critical *tentamina* find universal acceptance. In p. 315 Mr. Rutherford speaks of 'the imaginary *διδῶ*' (*διδόω*), apparently forgetful of *διδοῖ*, *dat*, in Æsch. Suppl. 987, and the many passages in the Iliad in which this form of the verb occurs. And what does he mean by telling us that the Attics had no infinitive *ἔρχεσθαι*? It occurs in Æsch. Agam. 890, *παρ' ἄλλων χρὴ τόδ' ἔρχεσθαι γέρας*, and elsewhere. On the other hand, such forms as *ἐλευσοίσθην*, *ἐληλύθητον*, *εἰληλυθέτην*, and a good many others given on p. 105, are forms which Phrynichus himself would probably have disallowed. It is an old and still unexploded error to assume the existence of a number of inflexions, solely because they are formed regularly. Is *periendinus* (in p. 125) a misprint, or a *lapsus calami* for 'perendinus'?

There seems to us a little tendency to dogmatize, as when a verb formed from *τεύτλανον*, 'beet-root,' acknowledged as defensible by many of the best scholars, is pronounced 'a formation altogether impossible.' There is ample analogy for *τέυτλανον* (comparo *λάχανον*), although the noun known to us is *τετλον* or *τευτλίον*. In p. 352 the rendering of *λάμυρος* by *improbus* shows little appreciation of its etymology. Properly signifying 'wide-mouthed' (compare *Lemures* and *Lamia*), it came to mean both 'gluttonous' and 'smiling,' as *χαροπὸς* (compare *Charon* and *Charybdis*) was used by late writers for 'bright-eyed,' from a false derivation from *χαίρειν* and *ὄψις*.

The House of Atreus. Being the Agamemnon, Libation-bearers, and Furies of Æschylus. Translated into English Verse by E. D. A. Morshead, M.A., late Fellow of New College, Oxford, &c. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Mr. Morshead has given a new and not particularly appropriate name to the trilogy of Æschylus, commonly known as the 'Orestea,' and rightly

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so called by Aristophanes ('Frogs,' 1124, where, however, some think that the 'Choephori' alone is meant), since in two of the three plays Orestes is the main character of the action. 'Furies' is also an indifferent title for the 'Eumenides,' the point of the play so called being the converting of the vengeful *Erinyes* into 'Well-wishers' and benign goddesses.

After giving in the preface (pp. xi.–xiii.) a somewhat slight sketch of the plot of the three continuous plays, Mr. Morshead adds, 'It will be obvious, even from a compendium like the foregoing, that the trilogy as a whole cannot properly be called a tragedy at all.' If the murder of a husband by a wife in revenge, and that of a mother by the hand of a son in righteous retribution for his father's fate, be not truly a tragedy, it is hard to say what is. Nor ought we to bring our modern notions about 'tragedy' to the refutation of a title which always has been given to these fine and powerful dramas. The remark, too, that 'we may discern a special propriety in the poet's recorded saying, that his dramas were "scraps from the lordly feast of Homer,"' as it strikes us, is somewhat feeble, when we consider that not a single verse in any of the extant plays can be shown to have been taken from the Iliad or the Odyssey. The simple fact is that the Agememnon can be proved to have been founded on epic poems, which Æschylus, no doubt, regarded as 'Homeric,' but which much later ages discriminated as 'Cyclic.' There is not much that is new in the preface, and indeed the literary merits and points of the plays have been so often criticized and discussed that hardly anything original is left to be said about them. It might be added that so many verse translations already exist—the best of them, perhaps, Miss A. Swanwick's, has just been reprinted—that there is little scope for important improvements. Mr. Browning's attempt to versify the Agamemnon after his own peculiar style was criticized, as not altogether successful, in a former number of this review. Mr. Morshead seems to us, while he often shows real poetic power, to incline to the same kind of quaintness, and to make too much effort to impart an Æschylean character to the English words he employs. Thus the lacerating the face and tearing the garments in grief is rendered—

> 'Rings on my smitten breast the smiting hand,
> And all my cheek is rent and red,
> Fresh-furrowed by my nails, and all my soul,
> This many a day, doth feed on cries of dole.
> And trailing tatters of my vest,
> In looped and windowed raggedness forlorn,
> Hang round about my breast.'

Here the Greek is simply 'thread-spoiling tearings of garments,' for which 'windowed raggedness' is a very far-fetched substitute indeed. The following is from the opening chorus of the Agamemnon, describing the portent of an eagle killing a hare, which was thought to signify the destruction of Troy—

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'*Go forth to Troy*, the eagles seemed to cry—
And the sea-kings obeyed the sky-kings' word,
When on the right, they soared across the sky,
And one was black, one bore a white tail barred.
And high above the palace-roof they bore,
A wonder and a sign! and rent and tare,
Far from the fields that she should range no more,
Big with her unborn brood, a mother hare.

And one beheld, the soldier-prophet true,
And the two chiefs, unlike of soul and will,
In the twy-coloured eagles straight he knew,
And spake the omen forth, for good or ill!'

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Sanskrit and its Kindred Literatures. Studies in Comparative Mythology. By Laura Elizabeth Poor. C. Kegan Paul and Co.

Considering the subject handled, this is a small book in more senses than one. Its materials are drawn chiefly from the best modern English writers on the subject, as Max Müller, Whitney, Cox, Lecky, Monier Williams, &c., and they are frequently somewhat clumsily and illogically put together. It contains a great deal of small talk, many minor inaccuracies, and occasionally absurd remarks; *e.g.*, the History of the Anglo-Saxon Church by the Venerable Bede is pronounced a 'really first-class book.' Its aim is twofold—'first, so to interest people in the new discoveries in literature as to enable them to study for themselves; and secondly, to put all literature upon that new basis which has been created by the new sciences of comparative philology and comparative mythology.' We are not very confident that it will accomplish the first—if it does the writer will have abundant reason for being satisfied—but we are pretty certain that it will not accomplish the latter. Besides, we thought that literature had for a considerable period been resting upon some such basis as the writer has in view. Will writers ever grow tired, or rather grow out of the conceit that they are laying new foundations?

Studies in Life. The Human Body and its Functions. Health Studies. By H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) Dr. Paterson is, we believe, a Presbyterian minister, who here turns his medical education to good religious account. These three volumes consist of three courses of lectures delivered to the members of the Young Men's Christian Association of London. They are full of excellent good sense, useful information, and invaluable inculcations concerning the religious uses of the body. In every way they are admirable. The Young Men's Christian Association deserves all praise for providing such lectures for its members.——*Modern Anglican Theology.* Third Edition Revised; to which is prefixed a Memoir of Canon Kingsley. By the Rev. J. H. Rigg,

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D.D. (Wesleyan Conference Office.) The first edition of Dr. Rigg's vigorous work was published twenty-five years ago, and contained some searching criticism on the theological speculations of Coleridge, Hare, Maurice, Kingsley, and Jowett. To the present edition the memoir of Kingsley is added, which is both interesting and admirable, especially for its criticism of Kingsley's theological position, and for its high and tender tribute to his Christian worth. Dr. Rigg's sympathy with Kingsley's contributions to general literature is not so appreciative as ours; but his study of a remarkable man is remarkably well done.——*Good Thoughts in Bad Times, and other Poems.* By THOMAS FULLER, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) An elegant reprint of the 'Good Thoughts in Bad Times,' 'Good Thoughts in Worse Times,' 'Mixt Contemplations in Better Times,' 'The Cause and Cure of a Wounded Conscience.' There are no critical or editorial remarks, only the author's text is given. The thick wire-wove paper, type, &c., are all of the highest excellence. Many will be glad to possess in this dainty form the wise and weighty meditations of the quaint old Church historian.——*Latter Day Teachers.* Six Lectures. By R. A. ARMSTRONG. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) These lectures are very far from being exhaustive, but they take up and discuss some of the leading points in the philosophy of John Stuart Mill, Matthew Arnold, Theodore Parker, and Professor Tyndall, closing with some strictures—not quite of so much value as the rest—on Canon Farrar's 'Life of Christ' and 'Life and Work of St. Paul.' The peculiar change which was brought into Mill's philosophy through the discipline of bereavement is ably brought out, and Mr. Arnold's inconsistency and fallacy in resolving God into a 'stream of tendency' is effectively exposed. Professor Tyndall is convicted of illogical reasoning, and justice is done to the edifying nature of Parker's mission compared on the whole with that of the sceptics. The little book—which is fitted only for an aid to those who have not time to study these writers exhaustively—is full of suggestive and fine thought, and is marked throughout by great considerateness and intellectual sincerity. We can even imagine those who have given time and thought to the study of these authors enjoying this book; for Mr. Armstrong, while he discloses the true point of view for contemplating his subject, takes care to qualify carefully in his acceptance of results.——*Some Sceptical Fallacies of Certain Modern Writers Examined.* By W. J. HALL, M.A. (Rivingtons.) Mr. Hall deals vigorously and effectively with some of the popular objectors and objections to revealed religion. His chapters treat of Man as a Moral Being, of the Existence of God, the Divine Personality, Attributes, Goodness, the Immortality of the Soul, God's Moral and Providential Government, Evolution, Miracles, Prayer; and concerning each he has something to say that may well give pause to sceptical theorists. We cannot pretend to touch any of the points of discussion; we can only strongly commend the book to those who are interested in the open conflict between materialism and spiritualism, which is once more being waged; and, as we venture to think, with the customary result; so long as men are men, they will believe in God, in religion,

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and in Christ.——*The Gentle Heart.* By ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton.) This is a second series of 'Talking to the Children,' as the title-page duly advertises. It is in all respects a worthy companion to that valuable volume; indeed, in one point at least, it is better. Dr. Macleod has made this one a little encyclopædia of anecdotes, set in such a framework, however, as he alone, perhaps, of present day preachers could have commanded. He writes a style at once elevated and simple; he is full of unction, but restrains expression, and so enforces it; he has the feeling for child-nature, and combines tenderness with great sobriety and reserve and manliness. The book, like all true children's books, is thus quite a book for adults; and we are not sure but some points will be more fully appreciated by adults than by the children. To sum up the character of the volume in a word, it is refined, elevating, marked by a serene and unaffected beauty such as should command for it a ready entrance to many homes and many hearts.

SERMONS.

Church and Chapel. Sermons on the Church of England and Dissent. Edited by the Rev. R. H. HADDEN, Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. With an Introduction by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Dean of Westminster. (Smith, Elder, and Co.) This little volume is a gratifying, refreshing, and hopeful sign of the times. It is a noble vindication by at least one of the schools into which the Established Church is—we were going to say radically and hopelessly—divided, of the essential Christianity and catholicity of all true Churches and disciples of Christ. Of course the preachers, all being clergymen of the Established Church, have their natural and justifiable preferences for their own episcopal communion, but we scarcely meet with an expression that does not fully and generously recognize the equal validity of other Churches, and that does not do justice to their general Christian service and to their distinctive Christian excellence. Could these Catholic-hearted clergymen but imbue their own ecclesiastical brethren with their own noble spirit, the true unity of English Christianity, the only unity worth contending for or practicable, would be virtually accomplished. From each of the sermons sentences might be cited—and which nothing else in them contradicts—of most Christian and catholic and generous recognition. Here and there we differ from judgments pronounced, but these are mainly the result of imperfect acquaintance, and do not militate against the admirable spirit of the general recognition. Dean Stanley's Introduction is a reprint, with the omission and addition here and there of a few sentences, of an article on 'The Church and Dissent,' written as a review of Mr. Curteis' Bampton Lecture, which appeared in 'The Edinburgh Review' in January, 1873. And this, by the way, should, we think, have been indicated. No more catholic or noble-hearted man than Dean Stanley has lived in this generation, or has practically done more to advance the catholic spirit which pervades these sermons; but his almost passionate contention for a State-

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Established Church into which, with the fullest concession of freedom for their respective organizations and doctrines, he would have gathered all denominations, sometimes makes him oblivious of the way in which they are promoting his catholic aims, and sometimes elicits from him statements and expressions which are positively unjust to them. Thus, many of us have deeply felt the injustice of the statement in the article here reproduced, that 'almost the only life which we [Free Churchmen] consent to acknowledge in the English Church is that of John Henry Newman and the Oxford school,' ignoring men like Arnold, Whately, Milman, Robertson, and Maurice, Cecil, Venn, and Simeon, and that simply because of the antipathy of the former to Erastianism and Establishments. Dean Stanley's memory is yet too tender, and the admiration and love that we feel for him too great, for us to say much in demur to such an utterly mistaken representation. Not even in Dean Stanley's own section of the Episcopal Church are the men he supposes to be ignored more honoured and revered than by Congregationalists. No stouter opponents of Newman and the Oxford School are to be found in Christendom. Every distinctive theological and ecclesiastical principle we hold is utterly inimical to the latter. Our formal contention, the spirit that imbues our entire preaching and Church life, are an all-pervading and uncompromising protest against it. We can admire and reverence the genius and religious goodness of men like Newman and Keble, and we are necessarily *quoad hoc* in agreement with men of all schools, High Anglican or infidel, who oppose Erastianism and Establishments; but it is an unmerited and ungenerous wrong to represent as a general sympathy that which is palpably and notoriously limited to this one point. We do not speak even of 'the unlawfulness of a national Church,' nor of 'the sinfulness of endowments,' for many of our own churches are endowed. We speak of the inexpediency of both, in the interests of both the Church and society, and of the wrong of both when, as in England just now, the establishment and the endowment of one Church are at the social and pecuniary cost of all other Churches. Surely the distinction is broad enough to be recognized, and reasonable enough to be argued. We do not insist on the exclusive validity of Congregationalism, or of any other form of Church government. We contend for the equal validity and rights of any form of Church government that does not invade the natural rights of any other form. And if we contend for the universality of the voluntary system, it is only in the sense in which we contend for the universality of voluntary households, or of voluntary business organizations, viz., because any exception involves a wrong to the rest. Nor have we the remotest desire to destroy or injure anything in the Church established but the Establishment, which necessarily does assume prerogatives over other Churches of the nation. But we have no heart to controvert even such positions of one so lately lost to us, and so greatly revered. Does Mr. Lambert really mean that adult baptism was originated by the *καθαροι*? Were not the disciples whom John and Christ baptized adults? He justly says that the Church of Christ is 'the whole congregation of Christian people dispersed through-

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out the whole world;' but wherein does English Episcopacy stand related to this large conception other than Congregationalists? What better representation of corporate life does it give? Is not the corporate life of the Church of Christ as fully realized by the fellowship of Congregational Churches as by the episcopacy of this little realm of England? Actual organization must have its limit somewhere. In relation to Christendom is the difference appreciable? Again, when Mr. Hadden speaks, and speaks truly, of the inconsistent persecution of Quakers and others by the New England Puritans, he fails to distinguish between the pilgrims of the *Mayflower*, who were Independents, and never persecuted, and the Puritan emigrants of Laud's time who followed them, and who were not Independents, and did persecute. He pays a just and noble tribute to the Independents of the Commonwealth when he says, 'Never was England greater, never was its moral tone higher, never were its clergy more devoted, never were its laity more religious, than in the time of the Commonwealth under the Independent system of government.' And this is but a specimen of the large-minded and Christian-hearted sermons of this volume. Our warmest thanks are due to their bold and generous preachers.

Temple Sermons. By C. J. VAUGHAN, D.D., Master of the Temple and Dean of Llandaff. (Macmillan and Co.) Only two or three numbers past we had to recommend Dr. Vaughan's 'Family Prayer and Sermon Book,' containing some hundred and fifty sermons. Here are fifty more. We suppose that the excellent Dean, when a sermon is preached, deems it of no further use but to be published. He speaks, however, of the present volume as containing only a few sermons out of many preached in the Temple Church during the last twelve years. Where, then, did the contents of the long list of published volumes come from? Next to Mr. Spurgeon, if indeed inferior to him, no one, we imagine, has published so many sermons as Dean Vaughan. And yet, like Mr. Spurgeon's—although very different in character from his—they maintain the excellency of their qualities. It is always pleasant to read them; their simplicity, godliness, and practical earnestness have a great charm; and as a kind of extended preaching, in which light Dr. Vaughan regards them, they are calculated to be useful. They have, in fact, a good deal of the attractiveness and of the ephemeral character also of pulpit addresses. They are 'as one that playeth upon a very pleasant instrument;' and while Dr. Vaughan continues so to preach multitudes will be glad to listen.

Sermons, Addresses, and Pastoral Letters. By BENJAMIN GREGORY, President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, 1879. (Wesleyan Conference Office.) The precedent of a presidential volume having been duly set by Dr. Rigg, it seems likely to be faithfully followed. To Dr. Pope's volume now succeeds Mr. Gregory's. The three men are all men of culture, and these volumes are additions to homiletical literature valuable for their own sake. Here are eight sermons—fresh, strong, and pungent—all alive with the yearnings of an urgent spirit, and lit up by penetrating remarks and happy allusions and quotations. For the sake of them we will forgive the somewhat insidious generalization suggested by Mr.

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Gregory's allusion to what he has heard in one or two well-known—may we not say notorious?—Nonconformist pulpits. Mr. Gregory should know how Nonconformists have risen up as one man in repudiation of the teachings to which he refers. The rest of the volume consists of Educational Addresses, Pastoral Letters, &c., necessarily more relevant to Wesleyans than to general readers.

Individualism: its Growth and Tendencies. With some Suggestions as to the Remedy for its Evil. Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge in November, 1880. By the Right Rev. A. N. LITTLEJOHN, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Long Island. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, and Co.) Three thoughtful and able academic sermons, dealing with what the preacher deems the prevailing and probable exaggerations of individualism in different departments of life—the State, the Church, literature, art, &c. That the tendency of modern life is in the direction indicated, that there has been a revolt of individualism against organized authority, and that characteristic evils are developing out of this cannot be questioned; but the Bishop forgets that organized authority has had its evils also, and that these have wrought more terrible disaster to the race than any likely to be wrought by individualism. An organized force always works greater issues than the conflicting forces of innumerable individualisms. Next, he seems to us to exaggerate the evils he deprecates; as, for example, when he speaks scornfully of the mediocre art and literature of the age. The prerogative of a general culture in art and literature is not to subdivide inspirations and gifts, to divide the estate, as the Bishop assumes, or to produce a level of mediocrity more or less elevated, but to generate a higher inspiration. Admitting the larger extent of the commonplace, can we deny the exceptional genius in both art and literature of the present century. Great geniuses have not been numerous in any age; our own need not be ashamed of its proportion. Nor in theology has the scepticism of our age of individualism exceeded or equalled that of former ages of authority. Never, perhaps, had faith so large a hold upon men. Nor does the Bishop propose the true restraint and remedy for the evil tendencies that must be recognized. He reasserts the prerogatives of what he calls the Catholic Church, which, save in the spiritual sense, has never yet existed, and, we may safely say, never will. And in defiance of the clearest historical demonstration, he claims for his Anglican and other episcopal Churches a divinely appointed and authoritative organization. Hardly will the evils of individualism be so corrected, unless at the cost of still far greater evils, such as those of the past. We are not alarmed at the tendency; as in all things the resolution of forces will be the line of truth. The only possible remedy for all evils is religious sentiment constituting a power of moral restraint and correction. The sermons are, however, able and interesting.

The Spirit of the Christian Life. Sermons preached on Various Occasions. By the Rev. STOPFORD A. BROOKE, M.A. Second Edition. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Mr. Brooke tells us that these sermons

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have been in print for nearly a year; meanwhile he has left the Church of England on the ground of his inability to believe in the miraculous foundation of Christianity. Of course such repudiation has been unconsciously or consciously working to its issue for a long time, probably from the beginning of his ministry, for such tendencies in his thinking have from the first been attributed to him. He has manifestly, carefully, and conscientiously pursued his course, and when his convictions were matured, with high honour and noble fidelity he accepted the practical consequences. Mr. Brooke's theology is not ours, but we sincerely respect him for his manly conscientiousness, which ought to go without saying, if it were not in such emphatic contrast with the practical course of many in the Church of England belonging to each of its sections. These sermons are not polemical, but of course they are imbued with the sentiments of the preacher. This borne in mind, we may say of them that they are full of human sympathy and penetration. They speak directly to human hearts, not by any means all that we could wish them to speak, but with the truth and force of a tender and helpful human love. Mr. Brooke is one of those men who are more than their creed, and pay unconscious homage to much that they logically deny.

Sermons Preached in a College Chapel. With an Appendix. By J. R. Illingworth, M.A., Tutor of Keble College, Oxford. (Macmillan and Co.) These sermons have about them a slight tone of academical restraint and propriety, that is, they lack the oratorical fire of popular oratory, but they are sermons of very distinctive conception and force. The only conventional note about them is one that always seems to us both weakening and unreal, viz., the preaching phrase, 'My brethren,' which destroys the illusion of real practical personal speech. In conception the sermons are not only fresh and strong, but they are full of intensity. Mr. Illingworth thinks deeply about the root-thoughts and facts of life, and most of his sermons deal with such. Their impressions is not, as with Dr. Mozley's sermons, for instance, of predominant intellectual force and common sense, but of intense practical grappling with the spiritual facts of life. And this produces intellectual force. That of Mr. Illingworth is of no common order. He does not go out of his way to avoid commonplace things, nor, indeed, anything. He never seems to be *seeking* to say anything. He deals simply with what comes in the line of his thought, but in a way that gives an air of originality and a feeling of intensity to the most ordinary things. For students, to whom these sermons were addressed, the impression made by their reality, intensity, and practicalness must have been very great.

Non-Miraculous Christianity, and other Sermons. Preached in the Chapel of Trinity Chapel, Dublin. By George Salmon, D.D. (Macmillan and Co.) These sermons, preached by the Chancellor of St. Patrick's Cathedral and the Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Dublin, are also academical. They are calmly and clearly reasoned discourses, appealing both to the intellectual reason and the moral sense. Thus the first ser-

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mon, which gives its title to the volume, demonstrates from our Lord's reply to John's disciples the estimate which he puts upon his miracles, and the absurdity of a non-miraculous Christianity as a contradiction of all the facts which establish it. Several of the sermons deal with the antichristian theories of the day, and with a very strong hand. Dr. Salmon is a clear and forcible preacher, and his sermons will specially commend themselves to thoughtful readers. The sermon on Evolution is a striking demonstration of progression and silent growth as the characteristic of all God's works. Several of the sermons have a direct bearing upon practical religion, and are cogent and faithful.

God's Book for Man's Life. A Series of Lectures. By JOHN BROWN, B.A., Minister of the Bunyan Church, Bedford. (Hodder and Stoughton.) A dozen lectures on the characteristics of the Bible, literary and spiritual, prepared with an adequate knowledge of the vexed questions and conflicting theories about the Bible that so engage men's thoughts. Mr. Brown deals with the composition and inspiration of the Bible, its doctrines in their relation to scientific thought and to the religious life, and its poetical uses. The lectures are popular and interesting, with an underlying basis of large knowledge and acute thought. They may be strongly commended to thoughtful readers as a valuable *vade mecum* for the times. —— *The Word was Made Flesh.* Second Series. Short Family Readings on the Epistles for each Sunday of the Christian Year. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.) The characteristics of devout feeling, keen insight, and intellectual vigour which we noted in the first volume are equally prominent in the second. Very quietly, but with guarded strong thought, the ideas of the sacred writers are developed. The writer is intensely spiritual, and almost unctuously orthodox; but it is a spirituality of strong life and an orthodoxy of broad conceptions and sympathies. The volume is a remarkable one.——*A Year's Meditations.* By Mrs. AUGUSTUS CRAVEN. Translated from the French. (C. Kegan Paul and Co.) Mrs. Craven's paper resemble those that we have just mentioned, in that they were written for private use; a process of self-discipline, she tells us, to counteract the worldly tendencies of daily life. They are really short sermons or homilies, only preached to herself, and are full of fine feeling and unrestrained confidence. Her strong churchy tendencies appear here and there, but they are full of fresh thought and individual feeling. Its pious feeling has the tender grace and intensity that arrest us so much in Madame Swetchine.—— *Voices from Calvary.* A Course of Homilies. By CHARLES STANFORD, D.D. (Religious Tract Society.) As the title indicates, these are sermons on our Lord's Passion. Selected from a large series, their descriptive grace, now and then rising to dramatic representation, spiritual insight, and practical cogency give them a great charm. Dr. Stanford is skilled in the great art of making things simple without making them little. The little book is full of pictures of the greatest drama of history, and of pictures full of spiritual meaning. It is a book of exquisite charm.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Several of the following have been received too late for review in this number.

Ewald's Prophets of the Old Testament. Vol. V. Williams and Norgate.
Lethbridge's Short Manual of the History of India. Macmillan and Co.
Kantian Ethics. By J. Gould Schurman. Williams and Norgate.
The Legions and Theories of the Buddhists. By R. Spence Hardy. Fred. Norgate.
Buddha and Early Buddhism. By Arthur Lillie. Trübner and Co.
The New Testament in the Original Greek. Vol. II. Introduction and Appendices. By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., and F. J. A. Hort, D.D. Macmillan and Co.
The Art of Decoration. By Mrs. H. R. Haweis. Chatto and Windus.
Gardens and Woodlands. By the late Frances Jane Hope. Edited by Anne J. Hope Johnstone. Macmillan and Co.
The Biblical Museum. Old Testament. Vol. X. Daniel and the Minor Prophets. Elliot Stock.
The New Plutarch Series. Sir Richard Whittington. By Walter Besant and James Rice. Marcus Ward and Co.
Thomas Carlyle. Ein Lebensbild und Goldkörner aus seinen Werken. Dargestellt, ausgewählt, übertragen durch Eugen Oswald. Leipsic.
Little Fifine and other Tales. By Katharine S. Macquoid. Three Vols. Hurst and Blackett.
Peter Trawl. By W. H. G. Kingston. Hodder and Stoughton.
A Handbook of English and Foreign Copyright. By Sidney Jerrold. Chatto and Windus.
Life of Oliver Cromwell. By F. W. Cornish. Rivingtons.
History of the British Empire. By Edgar Sanderson, M.A. Blackie and Son.
A New Analogy. By Cellarius. Macmillan and Co.
Freedom of the Will. By the Rev. William Taylor. Hamilton, Adams, and Co.
Where to find Ferns. By Francis George Heath. Sampson Low and Co.
Conversations on the Creation. Chapters on Genesis and Evolution. Sunday School Union.
Half-Hours with Teachers. By Alfred Rowland, LL.B. Sunday School Union.
Elements of Quarternions. By A. S. Hardy, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn, Heath, and Co.
Footprints. By Sarah Tytler. Marshall, Japp, and Co.
The Villa by the Sea, and other Poems. By James Hedderwick, LL.D. Glasgow: James Maclehose.
Waifs. Essays and Sketches. By William Tait Ross. Glasgow: James Maclehose.
Household Horticulture. By Tom and Jane Jerrold. Chatto and Windus.
Margaret the Moonbeam. By Cecilia Lenlington. Marshall, Japp, and Co.
Health Haunts on the Riviera. By Robert H. Story, D.D. Paisley: A. Gardiner.
The Three Frights and the Three Beauties. Stories of Girls' Lives. By Sarah Tytler. Marshall, Japp, and Co.
Among the Brigands. By C. E. Bowen. Fourth Thousand. Griffith and Farran.
The Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D. A Memorial Sermon. By Thomas M'Cullagh. Wesleyan Conference Office.
Winmore and Co. A Tale of the Great Bank Failure. Marshall, Japp, and Co.
Rhymes in Council. By S. C. Hall. Griffith and Farran.
The May-Fair Library. Quips and Quiddities. Edited by W. Davenport Adams. Chatto and Windus.
Half-hour Handbooks. Dorking; Kingston-on-Thames; Round Reigate. Marshall, Japp, and Co.
Turkish Life in War Time. By Henry O'Dwight. W. H. Allen and Co.
Footprints. Sermons on Scripture Characters. By the Rev. H. Carmichael, B.A. Williams and Norgate.
Our New Testament. By E. B. Nicholson. Rivingtons.
Companion to the Englishman's Bible. By Thos. Newberry. Eyre and Spottiswoode.

Educational Books.

Clarendon Press Series. Æschylus, Agamemnon. With Introduction and Notes. By A. Sidgwick, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
Standards of Teaching of Foreign Codes, relating to Elementary Education. By A. Sonnenschein. W. Swan Sonnenschein and Allen.
A Grammar of the old Friesic Language. By Adley H. Cummins, A.M. Trübner and Co.

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