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THE

LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1881.

ART. I.—*The Life of Colin Campbell, Lord Clyde.* Illustrated by Extracts from his Diary and Correspondence. By LIEUT.-GENERAL SHADWELL, C.B. In Two Volumes. Portrait and Maps. Blackwood. 1881.

EVENTS move at such a rapid pace, and one interest so soon drives out another in this intense life of ours, that what happened five-and-twenty years ago is in danger of being forgotten as to its details, even when it is such an important affair as the Indian Mutiny. For one who reads Kaye, and cares to get a really intelligent notion of the course of affairs during that momentous struggle, there are many scores who are content with the general idea that the year 1857 was a crisis in our empire, and that we were saved from danger such as had never before threatened us in the East by a few providential men—the Lawrences, Hodson, of Hodson's Horse, Outram, Havelock, and Colin Campbell.

The recent campaigns in Afghanistan, however, have lately turned all minds eastward; and Lieut.-General Shadwell brings out his *Life of Lord Clyde* at a time when such a work is sure to be widely read. For Lord Clyde's life belongs in very great part to Indian history. Besides his work in the Mutiny, he took a prominent part in the Sikh war, of which the issue at one time seemed so doubtful; and he came in for part of the abuse so freely lavished on the different English generals by critics who contradicted one another.

There is another reason why we wish to bring Lord Clyde's life before our readers. Not only was he one great instrument in God's hands for suppressing the Mutiny, he was also, in an eminent degree, a type of the

English officer of the old school. Trained under Sir John Moore, in days when the army was widely different from what it is now, days which the men of progress are sometimes tempted to look back on with a sneer, but which form one of the heroic ages of our country, he was second to no commander whom England ever produced in strict adherence to the old traditions—implicit subordination, anxious care for human life, a personal interest in the rank and file of his command. These traits come out constantly in the volumes before us. The letter in which Colin Campbell congratulates General Wilson on the taking of Delhi emphatically praises him for not having made the attempt till he had troops enough to make success certain. The differences with Lord Dalhousie, which led to his resigning his Indian command in 1852, were due to what the Governor-General styled "over-cautious reluctance" in advancing against marauding hill tribes. Of that knowledge of his men which he held to be such an important part of an officer's duty, and which is in danger of being too lightly esteemed in these days of greater social bitterness, a touching instance is given at the end of General Shadwell's first volume. While Sir Colin was inspecting the depôt at Chichester, he noticed an old man, evidently an old soldier, though in plain clothes, apparently watching his movements. As he was leaving the barrack-yard, the man came forward, drew himself up, made the military salute, and with the usual respect, said: "Sir Colin, may I speak to you? Look at me, sir; do you recollect me?" "Yes, I do," was the reply. "What is my name?" It was given. "Yes, sir; and where did you last see me?" "In the breach of St. Sebastian, badly wounded, by my side." "Right, sir." "I can tell you something more. You were No. — in the front rank of my company." "Right, sir." Sir Colin was putting his hand in his pocket to give the old man a present, when he stepped forward, laid his hand on his chief's wrist, and said: "No, sir; that is not what I want; but you will be going to Shorncliffe to inspect there. My son, in the Inniskillings, is there; and if you will call him out and say that you knew his father, that is what I could wish." This anecdote proves much more than merely a retentive memory; it shows that its subject had taught his men to love him, and to feel that they could come to him in difficulties; and also that he had the rare gift of marking each individual in a crowd,

which is as essential in a good general as it is in a good shepherd. The *Times* was quite right, on the occasion of Lord Clyde's funeral, in insisting that such a life has a far higher value for Englishmen than more brilliant and less trustworthy careers. Our greatness as a nation is much more due to steady ability and true integrity than to the power of extraordinary and occasional genius. Herein lies the lesson of Colin Campbell's career. His early friendlessness has been exaggerated: it is altogether a mistake to suppose that his merit was unrecognised until quite late in life. The very reverse was the case; he gained powerful friends, because he deserved them. As General Eyre says in the preface, such a simple memoir of a true and simple life "cannot fail to afford a most encouraging example to all young soldiers, who will see in it to what the humblest and most friendless of them may aspire when animated by that noble sense of duty which influenced his every act."

For Colin Campbell was not born to greatness; he achieved it. His family, of repute in the Isle of Islay, had been ruined in the cause of the Pretender, and had removed to Glasgow, where his father, John Macliver, worked as a carpenter. His mother was one of the Islay Campbells; and his being called by her name instead of his father's, was, as those who can look back thirty years will remember, made the ground of innumerable stories. It originated, says his biographer, in a mistake. At ten years of age his maternal uncle, Colonel John Campbell, took charge of him, and, before he was sixteen, introduced him to the Duke of York, who had promised him a commission. "What, another of the clan?" said the Duke, at the same time entering him on the books of the 9th Regiment of Foot as Colin Campbell, by which name he was thenceforth known. After the interview, the boy protested; but his uncle assured him that Campbell was a better name to get on with than Macliver; so Campbell he became, and presumably persuaded the sister, Marjory Alicia, for whose welfare he was so tenderly anxious throughout life, to make the same change.

Of his early days General Shadwell has little to tell us. One of Colin Campbell's marked peculiarities was his shrinking from notoriety; and, owing to this, the record of his life is necessarily an imperfect one. In his will he charged his trustees if they should find it needful to publish a memoir, to take care that it be limited to "the modest recital of the

services of an old soldier." This limitation accounts for the delay of seventeen years, as well as for the paucity of details respecting what, in him, as in most men who have risen to eminence, would be a specially interesting time, because it would give us hints of the formation of a character so nobly developed in later life. Colin Campbell's cousin, Mr. P. S. Macliver, M.P., is responsible for the few facts given respecting his birth, parentage, and education. Colin was born in 1792; and his first schooling was received at the Glasgow High School, in the class-books of which he appears as Colin Macliver No. 1, to distinguish him from a cousin of the same name. His uncle kept him for some years at school at Gosport; and he got his commission in May, 1808.

Promotion was rapid in those days: five weeks after he entered the army he was made lieutenant, and in August of the same year he sailed for the Peninsula, and was present at the battle of Vimiera. Of the way he was first brought under fire he used in after life to speak in terms of deep gratitude. "He was with the rear company of his battalion, when his captain, an officer of years and experience, called the boy-lieutenant to his side, took him by the hand, and leading him by the flank of the battalion to its front, walked with him up and down the front of the leading company for several minutes, in full view of the enemy's artillery, which had begun to open fire. He then let go the lad's hand (Colin was not yet sixteen) and told him to join his company. The object was to give the youngster confidence; and it succeeded." The name of the officer who showed such thought for his young subaltern should have been put on record. It was true kindness; for, though to be under fire then was a very different thing from what it is now, a boy of sixteen could not help feeling nervous, until he had actually tested the danger.

After Vimiera, Colin's battalion, commanded by his friend Lieut.-Col. Cameron, was placed under Sir John Moore, and shared in the advance to Salamanca and the subsequent retreat to Corunna. In this retreat young Colin had his share of suffering; the soles of his boots were quite worn away; and from his never having been able to take them off, the uppers adhered so closely to his legs that, when he got on board ship, he had to steep them in hot water and cut them away in strips, a good deal of the skin coming off in the process. Several times

over, General Shadwell speaks of the good training which officers got under Sir John Moore, how it made them careful of their men, studious of their comfort, taking a personal interest in them individually. We may well believe that the sufferings of this retreat taught Colin that caution to which he owed the title of "Old Take-Care." He had seen Moore's advance checked and turned into a disastrous retreat through want of money and magazines; and he determined never to stir till his commissariat arrangements were in proper order.

He next served in the Isle of Walcheren, where (as everybody knows) Lord Chatham, instead of sailing up the Scheldt and destroying the French fleet off Antwerp, delayed so long at the siege of Flushing that his grand expedition effected nothing. Seven thousand men died out of 40,000; and the survivors carried away with them the seeds of that Walcheren fever which few were ever able to shake off.

We next find the young lieutenant at Barossa, where, all the other officers being wounded, the command of the two flank companies of his regiment devolved on him. Up to the decisive battle of Vittoria, in which he took part, he was almost constantly in the field; and his habit of journal-writing gives us some interesting hints of the progress of the campaign. It also shows how eagerly he took advantage of every opportunity that came in his way, learning French and Spanish from the Spanish families that sought the protection of the English lines; and also how, in spite of every temptation to run in debt, he formed and steadily kept the resolve to live on his pay. After Vittoria came the siege of San Sebastian. Colin's share in this deserves a detailed notice, which is easily given, though his record for the day contains only the word "Storm!" A letter to Sir John Cameron contains a full account of the assault. Colin headed the storming party, and was twice wounded. The attack failed, owing, Colin thinks, to its having been made in the dark; but none the less conspicuous was the gallantry of the young leader. Seven weeks afterwards the place was taken; and Colin was left in hospital. Hearing, however, of the fighting on the French frontier, he and a brother officer made off, and, by dint of crawling and an occasional lift from commissariat waggons, reached the army and were present in the action of Croix des

Bouquets. Here Colin Campbell commanded the leading company, and was again badly wounded, receiving at the same time a severe reprimand from Colonel Cameron for breach of discipline in leaving hospital before he was discharged.

Bringing to England the character of "a most gallant and meritorious young officer," he got a temporary pension of £100 a year, and was despatched to Nova Scotia, war having broken out with the United States. Here his wounds became so troublesome that he was sent home invalided. A course of baths in the South of France set him right; and he was able in 1819 to serve in the West Indies, spending two years in Barbadoes and five in Demerara, the good pay of the West Indian service making his position pecuniarily easy, though for the purchase of his majority he was indebted to the liberality of a Demerara friend. All this time he was sending his father nearly £40 a year, and he had lost his pension through neglecting to take steps for its renewal. A portrait of him, painted just after his return to England in 1826, shows a mass of curly brown hair, a well-shaped mouth, and a wide brow, already foreshadowing the deep lines which became so marked a feature in later years. His over-broad shoulders destroyed the symmetry of his well-knit and powerful frame; but he had what is styled "an agreeable presence," and his engaging manners made him popular both at the dinner-table and in the drawing-room. Wherever he went he made friends. His regiment (now the 21st) was quartered at Windsor; and he soon got to be a guest of Dr. Keane, the well-known head-master of Eton. Here as elsewhere he always checked undue familiarity. At dinner, some one asked him, "How did you feel at San Sebastian?" "Very much (was the cool reply) as if I should get my company, if I succeeded."

After six years of home service, he was able to buy a lieutenant-colonelcy, unattached. How the money was found, whether by a still kinder friend than the man who helped him to his majority, or from savings out of his Demerara pay, we are curious to know.

The next four years were spent in waiting on fortune. The half-pay lieutenant-colonel went to Belgium to watch the siege of Antwerp, in which the brave old Chassé and his raw Dutch recruits made such a fine defence against the French. With his usual industry he wrote an elaborate

account of the operations, and sent it in to the Horse Guards. He then travelled in Germany, inspecting the Rhine fortresses, and meeting Dr. Jacobson, the present Bishop of Chester, with whom he returned to England, and whom he soon after visited at Oxford. His diary during all this time is the record of disappointment after disappointment. He even applied for the Governorship of Sierra Leone; but, fortunately for himself and for the nation, Lord Fitzroy Somerset would not hear of his burying himself in a position where (as he told him) "stay as long as you will, you can neither gain credit for administration, nor forward your professional views." His patience was sorely tried by this long waiting, inevitable at a time when the close of a long war had thrown a large part of the army out of employment. One entry in his diary is amusing. He went to a London ball, and noticed "three Poles and some Frenchmen, all adventurers, undistinguished by talent, or even personal appearance, and all evidently in search of women with money." One of these a Polish general, at least fifty years old, was hoaxed into believing that a young lady of seventeen was an heiress. He accordingly made himself ridiculous, and Colin, who did not dance, "was highly entertained by following the movements of this wily and penniless adventurer," and at the same time not a little mortified "at this appetite of our countrywomen for patronising foreigners."

At last, Lord Fitzroy Somerset gave him the alternative of going out to India with his old regiment, the 9th, or exchanging for home service. He chose the latter, fearing his wounds and his Demerara fever would make his life miserable. In May, 1835, therefore, he was gazetted to a lieutenant-colonelcy in the 9th and transferred to the 98th, the depôt-captain of which was Captain Eyre, now the general who suggested to General Shadwell the work before us. Eyre, and after him Sir C. Napier, at once formed a very high opinion of Colin Campbell's ability. They felt he would develop, if he should ever be in higher command where tactical and strategical skill were required.

For the present he was quite content, now that he had got the command of a regiment, to carry out Sir John Moore's system, on which, by the way, the existing regulations of the army are founded. "There was no secret in his method. The officers were instructed and shared their duties with the soldiers; and, by the development of the

company system, under which the captains and subalterns were brought into intimate relations with the non-commissioned officers and privates, a knowledge of each other was obtained, and a feeling of confidence engendered between the several ranks. This, far from producing familiarity, had the effect of making the officer take an interest in the soldier, and of calling forth a responsive and willing obedience from the latter, who soon learned to look upon his officer as the protector of his interests and his best friend." That is General Shadwell's explanation of the system; and the man who carried it out, "stern in rebuke —for, with the temperament natural to his Highland blood, he was prone to anger when occasion stirred it—was, on the other hand, gentle and indulgent towards all such as manifested anxiety in the performance of their duties. Nor did he make any difference between ranks. Punctual and strict in his own duties, he made his officers imitate his example; and though there were occasions on which, from excess of zeal, he was apt sometimes to overstrain the machinery, yet he succeeded in establishing and maintaining an *esprit de corps*, and in making both officers and soldiers happy and proud of serving under his command."

Frugal from inclination as well as by habit, Colin Campbell laid great stress on economy in the officers' mess. He always dined there, regarding such intercourse as one of the principal levers of discipline, and making it a means of winning the love of his officers, by showing his sympathy with their pursuits. In fact, he was a model colonel; and if his horror of debt, for young subalterns as well as for himself, and his anxiety to keep down expense, were more widely felt by those in command, the complaint would not be so general that the army is too expensive for any but rich men's sons. And surely it is a national loss that such a complaint should be well founded. War is a necessity, and the profession of arms inevitable; therefore the efforts of all Christians should be directed towards making our army life more congenial to God-fearing men; and one certain way of doing this is to check that extravagance which is an incentive to sinful dissipation, as well as an index of it.

Marching from Portsmouth to Weedon, and thence by Manchester to Hull, was a much better way of testing the discipline of a regiment, and training it in endurance, than the present plan of going by rail. The 98th was re-

markable for sobriety, a rare virtue among soldiers in those days; "the fact was, Colin Campbell appealed to the reason and feelings of the men, and made it a point with them to be present and sober in their billets, at tattoo, and at morning parade for the march." How well the men were in hand is shown by the following incident. Sir C. Napier, returning from a tour of inspection, came into Newcastle on the coach at noon, and got down at the inn where the passengers dined, and where Campbell was billeted.

"Seeing a bugler of the 98th at the door, he inquired if the commanding officer was inside, and on being told he was, at once introduced himself. Looking at his watch, and remarking that the coach stopped so many minutes for dinner, 'Can you get the men under arms,' he asked, 'before it goes on again?' 'Yes,' was the unhesitating reply. 'The billets are pretty handy, and just now the officers will be visiting the men at their dinners.' So the 'assembly' was sounded; the men were collected and formed up in front of the inn, where Sir Charles, during dinner, cross-questioned the colonel on various points connected with the internal economy of the regiment. He then inspected the troops, and on finishing the last company, just as the horses were put to, he mounted the box, remarking: 'That's what I call inspecting a regiment.' Some officers might have called it sharp practice; but it was a satisfactory test of the discipline and order which Colin Campbell had perfected in those under his command."

The north of England at that time was full of troops, for the Chartists were giving trouble, and the depression of trade had thrown hundreds out of work. The whole correspondence between Campbell and Napier is interesting as showing how things have in forty years certainly got better. Trade was as bad two years ago as it was in 1839; but there was not the slightest fear of an outbreak, because the political situation was less strained, and the artisan class has come to recognise that both the great parties are alike anxious to promote their real welfare.

No wonder Napier, after such a success as the unlooked-for inspection, was loud in his praise of the colonel of the 98th. He speaks of "your beautiful regiment," and says, "I have sixteen under my command, and I wish every one was commanded by such a grumbler as you." And equally favourable was the testimony of the Newcastle-on-Tyne magistrates, who acknowledged that the peace of the town had been due to his vigilance and promptitude, and to the admirable conduct of the troops under his orders. Indeed,

Campbell became immensely popular; and when one thinks of "war-bred Sir Colin" (the phrase is Napier's), most of whose life had been passed in the hut and the barrack, one is astonished to hear of "his lively and agreeable conversation, as well as his conspicuously refined and delicate manners, especially towards women, making him a remarkable favourite," though it is easy to understand that "children were his especial delight," and were singularly fond of him.

This period is important in Campbell's career. The calmness that he showed in the midst of excitement augured well for his fitness for high command; and many thought what Napier expressed when he said: "It's no use for a man to have good men under him if he does not push to make them known." Campbell was well pushed at headquarters; and when in 1841 troops were wanted in China, the destination of the 98th was changed from Mauritius, and it was sent off to the scene of hostilities. Heat was here the worst enemy. The soldier s dress was in those days sadly ill-adapted to the fierce Chinese summer. Sunstroke was fatal to many; the colonel himself was struck down by it. Nor was the mortality lessened when the regiment went into quarters in Hong Kong, then terribly unhealthy. In eighteen months, out of 766 the deaths were 432. This led Campbell—always anxious to save his men—to get authority to change to the better climate of Chusan. There he spent some time, "saving a little money" (as he was always glad to do, though his ideas on Chinese loot were such as any Englishman may be proud of),* and nursing the health of the regiment by keeping them from drink and going in zealously for drill. His own health compelled him (he says in his journal) to dine early, and he could not take wine without suffering for it—two trials to one who had to dine often at mess and in society. With the Chinese he got on as well as he had done with the people at home. He at once put a stop to any attempt at encroachment; Chusan was his post, and he would allow no mandarin to interfere. But his true kindness and even-handed justice were thoroughly appreciated; and when he was going away, the Chinese Commissioners wrote him a

* Speaking of his colleagues who helped themselves so liberally to plunder at Chin-kiang-foo, he wrote: "I wished to stand right with my conscience, and to prevent the possibility of reproach from others while enforcing discipline; and therefore I did not take anything."

letter testifying in the strongest terms their satisfaction at the way in which he had acted during his command in Chusan.

All this time he was struggling against his old enemy, the Demerara ague, and his wounds gave him almost constant trouble. No wonder some of the journal entries show signs of depression. This, however, was only temporary. "I have only one thought and one wish left (he writes), and that is for repose; for my spirit has already been sufficiently broken by disappointment; and, as all I wished to please have sunk into the grave, success or miscarriage in professional struggles is an empty sound." This is strange language in one who was twelve years later to win a name among England's greatest captains, and to be in God's hands a chief instrument in saving our Indian Empire. There was, indeed, always in his nature a vein of melancholy; but he had strength of mind to combat it. Cheerfulness, therefore, alternates with gloom in the journal, the extracts from which are the most valuable part of General Shadwell's book—valuable as giving clear insight into a character that well deserves to be studied. Thus, about a month after the above entry, we have the following in Spanish, for, like Charles V., he seems to have thought Spanish a good language for praying in:—"This is my fifty-fifth birthday. I thank God most sincerely and devoutly for the favour He has been pleased to extend to me, and for enabling me to render assistance to those who had a right to expect it from me, when I had the means of affording them aid."

Peace was made with China; but the Sikhs were restless, and the 98th, on leaving Chusan, was landed at Calcutta, and went to Dinapore. Campbell must have regretted the capital field which the rough, hilly island afforded for skirmishing, sham fights, and other work which was "something more than the ordinary mechanical evolutions of the parade ground." He kept up the drill on board ship, and landed his men in such perfect order that, when they were inspected at Dinapore, even he was satisfied. The entry in the journal is:

"Men steady as rocks; moving by bugle-sound as correctly as by word of command. . . . Spoke to the regiment in the evening; complimented them on their conduct and intelligence at the inspection, after a march of six weeks following on a four months' voyage through the tropics—the same precision and

accuracy as if they had been daily at drill. Told them it was attributable to the original instruction of the soldiers being perfect; complimented them on their good conduct on the march. . . . Told the corps that there not having been a single defaulter from drunkenness or any other breach of rules the day before inspection was the strongest evidence of the high feeling existing among them. That this high feeling had its origin in the attention of the officers to their duty, in their looking after the wants of the men, in their care to procure for the soldier all to which he was entitled, and in sharing in every duty of every kind which the soldier was called on to perform. That the feeling was owing to this system of there being but one rule for officers and men in all and every circumstance. The men worked very cheerfully in helping the baggage over difficulties, the officer helping and being present in the rain and mud with the soldier. With this example of his officer there was no complaint—nothing but cheerfulness and good-humour; and so it will ever be under this system, from which so much advantage has been derived in the diminution of crime, and by the attachment and respect felt by the soldier for his officer under such circumstances."

This is Campbell's own account of what General Shadwell calls "Sir John Moore's system;" and it is noteworthy that these results had been obtained with a number of young officers in the regiment, who could not see the need of the pressure put upon them. "The same attention (he remarked in his speech at the mess) will always bring the same results; and as the officers do their duty, so will the non-commissioned officers do theirs."

This was his leave-taking; for Lord Hardinge had appointed him brigadier in command at Lahore, though he would have much preferred, for pecuniary reasons, to remain with his regiment. In parting, he apologised for his sometimes anxious and hasty temper, and begged all to forget the impatient manner of one who had had no other thought or object in life but to add to their honour and reputation, collectively and individually. Of this quickness of temper he was well aware; and was in the habit of taking himself to task in his journal for having forgotten himself. One entry runs: "Got very angry last night when speaking to Keiller about some officers who had been making remarks about quarters. I wish I had not allowed my temper to beat me; but I am too old, I fear, to change; and this heat of temper has always told against me."

At Lahore he displayed the same conscientious carefulness of his men. Thorough in everything, he was not

satisfied with riding round the works with Sir J. Littler: he felt he must go alone with the engineer, so as to understand the position of the troops for defence from interior as well as from exterior attack, and to fix his own quarters among the men, not separate from them. Had this last practice obtained among the officers at Cawnpore in 1857, the horrors which gave that place such a sad notoriety would have been impossible.

His old friend Napier, then at Kurrachee, fully agreed with him on this point. "I am delighted (he wrote) at all your precautions against surprise. In India, we who take these pains are reckoned cowards. English officers think it a fine, dashing thing to be surprised;" and he adds, in what events proved to be a prophetic spirit: "The Indian army wants great radical reforms; you are too good a soldier not to have seen this already."

While at Lahore, Campbell suffered a severe mortification. Lord Hardinge had promised that, if there were any active service, he should share in it; yet, when General Whish went to co-operate with Edwardes against the Moolraj at Mooltan, he was left behind, and had to comfort himself with the feeling that another Sikh war was imminent (the ill-success of Whish's expedition—far smaller than Campbell had thought necessary—made this inevitable), and that the defence of Lahore was the all-important matter.

During this time he completed his fortieth year of service; and several entries in his journal show how delighted he was to be free from money cares, and able to provide sufficiently for his sister. His remarks about debt, several times repeated, may well be taken to heart by young men in any walk of life. Thus he remarks: "The life of an honourable man deeply in debt is a life of thraldom, always of anxiety, never of comfort." His delight at being rid of the burden proved how his sensitive temperament had fretted under it. Debt in his case was, however, incurred always to improve his position in the army. The money borrowed went to buy promotion; and the extra pay thus gained was in large part devoted to the maintenance of his father and sister.

War did break out very soon, Shere Sing joining the rebels; and Campbell took part in much preliminary skirmishing (on which he remarks that Lord Gough frittered away his troops in isolated cavalry fights), and

afterwards personally directed the 61st at the desperate battle of Chillianwalla. He was twice badly wounded; a Sikh artilleryman defending his gun gave him a deep sword cut on the right arm, having struck him in the side with his matchlock. This shot was stopped by a pistol, which he happened to have in his waistcoat pocket. His journal gives the best account extant of this much criticised action, his share in which did not escape criticism, the Indian newspapers (which accused Brigadier Pennycuick of taking his men into action with unloaded muskets) roundly charging him with not having properly employed his artillery. The charge was untrue as far as he was concerned; but that the commander-in-chief did not make full use of this arm was undoubtedly the fact, and an entry in Campbell's journal deplores the circumstance, and shows how, on his own responsibility, he substituted, at Goojerat, artillery firing for an infantry charge he had been ordered to make, completely succeeding in the object in view, and having the satisfaction of doing so with no loss to his own men.

Goojerat ended a war which gave us as allies instead of enemies the finest race in India: we and they had learned to respect each other. The journal describing the surrender of the Sikh army is deeply interesting: "The gooroo (high priest) took the chair on our general's right, after laying down his arms, and said in a loud, firm voice: 'The injustice of the English drove me to take up arms. They confiscated my property. Starvation and the want of ammunition have forced me to surrender; but for these we should have fought again.' The manner of these men was neither cringing nor offensive. Most of them, as they laid their swords on the ground, said with deep feeling: 'Runjeet Singh has died to-day.' They are a fine, brave people."

In a letter home, Campbell remarks on the interest given to their recent battle-ground, from the fact of its having been the scene of Alexander's conflict. Some of us may remember the spirited song, which begins:

'Twas on the famed Hydaspes' banks,
Where flouriahed erst the good king Porus,
The Sikh artillery thinned our ranks,
And guns and batteries lay before us.
Sabres drawn and bayonets fixed;
Fight where fought great Alexander,
Paddy Gough's a cross betwixt
A bulldog and a salamander.

The very ford, Campbell remarks, at which Alexander crossed was crossed by his division after Goojerat, and, "like the Greeks of old, we were attended by natives with inflated skins, who saved such men and beasts as were carried down by the stream."

On his being made a K.C.B., he remarks, "I would much rather have got a year's *batta* (extra allowance to troops in India), so that I may be able to leave this country the sooner; the day that I do so will terminate my military career."

In spite of his anxiety to get away, and his growing dislike to the little annoyances of garrison command and to the endless official letter-writing, he was sent to Peshawur, and had to take part in raids against frontier tribes. During these, there was much destruction of villages, entailing the death of women and children left to perish in the winter. This sort of work was much against the grain; and Campbell is careful to prove that it was ordered by the political, and not by the military, "authority." There was always a danger of collision between these two powers, and it came soon after. Lord Dalhousie, though at first he acquiesced in Campbell's suggestions for effective defence, by-and-by ordered an attack on the Momunds, and an invasion of Swat. Sir Colin pointed out the unsuitableness of the season and the insufficient number of troops; and, finding himself in antagonism with the Government, and accused of "over-cautious reluctance" in moving against the marauders, he determined to resign. With his views of a soldier's duty, it seemed to him too much to authorise the Commissioner of the Board of Administration to send troops beyond the frontier without orders from the Commander-in-chief.

Returning to England, he was not long allowed to enjoy the rest to which he had been looking forward. The Crimean war broke out, and he was one of the first officers selected for command. He was appointed to the Highland brigade, and found the son of his old friend and patron, Sir John Cameron, of the 9th, in command of the 42nd. His work at the Alma and elsewhere is matter of history; and, as he kept no journal in the Crimea, we have no personal record beyond a few letters.

Much of his energy was devoted to the care of his men during that terrible winter when our troops suffered so much from want of everything. Large coppers for cooking

he got from Constantinople, through the good offices of the Turkish commander; and by great effort he managed to procure fuel from the commissariat when the country round grew bare of it. Though at last he was persuaded to move his baggage, which had been lying in Balaklava harbour, up to a small house near No. 4 battery, he still kept to his practice of sleeping in a tent close to the works, so as to be quite at hand in case of an alarm. He was nervously restless. A man coughing, a dog barking, a tent flapping in the wind, was enough to startle him, and he would be up several times in the night visiting the pickets and guards in the battery. When these weeks of watching were over, he was in such a state of tension that the officer who shared his rooms speaks of his jumping up in the middle of the night and shouting: "Stand to your arms!"* Such a man could not fail to win love and confidence; wherever he went he seemed to inspire the men with something of his own energy. General Shadwell, who was his aide-de-camp, says: "It was something more than a mere blind adherence to routine which roused them to vie with each other in striving to gain his approbation, which was readily and heartily bestowed wherever he thought it was deserved. Everything seemed to come under his observation, but his watchful energy was very different from that restless fussiness which is so often mistaken for it and made to take its place; and perhaps nothing marked this distinction more than the fact that his presence was always hailed with pleasure by the officers and men of the various nationalities of which his command was composed."

This winter he began that friendship with General Vinoy which lasted through the rest of his life. Nor was his genuine kindness confined to Europeans. He thought the Turks were put upon in carrying fascines and platforms to the front, and he often interfered with what he deemed

* An amusing instance of his thought for his men occurred when he heard that a ship laden with huts had arrived in Balaklava. He at once rode to head-quarters and applied for them. "No transport," was the answer. "If you can get transport, you may have them." Sir Colin at once returned to camp, turned out all his regiments on fatigue duty, and marched them to the harbour. The Highlanders made short work of conveying the huts, piece by piece, on their shoulders to the camp, captain and subaltern all sharing alike in the work with right good will. Thus the Highland brigade got hutted; and when the Commander-in-chief saw the arrangements, he remarked that they were far in advance of the rest of the army.

these unreasonable requisitions. Through his representations working pay was granted to such parties, and regularly given by one of his own staff, till the Turkish commandant refused it from an overstrained feeling of etiquette. His letters show how different that time of hardship was from the "hard fight on a sunshiny day" (as he phrases it), which was all our troops were prepared for.

At the end he was disappointed. He and Colonel Cameron had hoped the Highland brigade would be set to storm the Redan, and had laid their plans accordingly. With General Simpson he did not get on particularly well; and when, just before the assault, the General told him that Lord Panmure had offered him the Governorship of Malta, he looked on the offer as implying a wish to get rid of him, and returned to England as soon as Sebastopol had fallen. He was then, by virtue of his standing, second in command, and it was rumoured that General Simpson wished to retire; but he was angry, and it was only the gracious way in which the Queen and Prince Consort received him that induced him to go out again, emphasising his acquiescence with the words, "I would serve under a corporal if she wished it." Soon after his return to the Crimea, peace was made; and the reaction to quiet life told as usual on "war-bred Sir Colin's" spirits. In July, 1857, not long after Oxford had conferred on him that accommodating degree of D.C.L., which seems to suit alike the statesman, the warrior, the discoverer, and the man of letters, came news of the dreadful Mutiny. The command in India was at once offered to Colin Campbell; and he undertook the work under difficulties such as a commander has seldom had to face. Everything was out of gear; the chief factories, as well as the arsenals, were in the enemy's hands. Guns, gun-carriages, harness, tents, boots, flour, were either not forthcoming or deficient in quantity. "The whole is in a starved state," writes Sir Colin; and it was only by an immense effort that, before he went up to Allahabad, he infused a little vivacity into the Calcutta authorities.

At length Sir Colin left Calcutta and moved towards Cawnpore, narrowly escaping capture at the hands of one of the bands of Sepoy mutineers of which the country was full. The grand object now was the capture of Lucknow. The Residency there had at last been relieved by Havelock and Outram; but their strength was quite inadequate to an attack upon the city. Indeed, when Sir Colin

came to the rescue, Outram had less than a week's provisions.

There were two things to be accomplished, to save the Lucknow Residency—where a multitude of English women and children were blockaded by at least 60,000 men, occupying a wonderfully strong position, a line of palaces, which, by-and-by, we had to storm one after the other—and to protect Cawnpore, where Windham's entrenched camp, covering the bridge of boats over the Ganges, kept open our only line of retreat. Sir Colin's total force did not exceed 4,200 men: to divide it was impossible: if he waited till the Gwalior contingent chose to come on from Calpee, the Residency must fall. It was altogether opposed to military principles to leave a strong enemy in his rear, but it was the only chance; and so a dash was made at Lucknow; the Shah Nujif was, by a strange piece of good fortune, taken after the close of a desperate conflict; and, since the Residency could not be defended, its evacuation was carried out under cover of a grand attack on the city. All this time the danger to Cawnpore was ever present to Sir Colin's mind. This is more clearly brought out in Major-General Sir A. Alison's paper (*Blackwood*, Oct. 1858) than in General Shadwell's book. Sir Archibald was with Sir Colin as military secretary, and was wounded in the attack on the Shah Nujif.

Of the withdrawal of the garrison, and the women and children and sick and wounded by whom it had been encumbered, we need say nothing. Everybody knows the famous story, saddened only by the death of the noble Christian warrior who had been the first to bring relief. Havelock lies close by the Alum Bagh; he had finished his work, but had not yet tasted his reward, save that "the electric shock of a nation's gratitude" had told him what he had to look forward to. Everybody knows, too, how Outram was left with some 4,000 men to hold the Alum Bagh, and so neutralise the effect of the British retreat from Oudh, while the Commander-in-chief, with about 3,000, undertook to convey over 2,000 helpless human beings, as well as all the stores and treasure rescued from Lucknow, and, in spite of all these hindrances, to get to Cawnpore before the bridge of boats was broken down.

As soon as he reached Bunnee heavy firing began to be heard, and Windham's letters, dispatched by native messengers, began to come in. Things were evidently in a criti-

cal state in Cawnpore. Windham's attack on the advancing Sepoys had failed; Carthew had abandoned the Assembly Rooms, and so had put the bridge in the greatest jeopardy.

"Not a moment was to be lost. Had the boat bridge been destroyed a disaster terrible even to contemplate might have ensued. Early in the morning all the army was in motion and eagerly pressing on towards the scene of danger. At every step the sound of a distant cannonade became more distinct; but mile after mile was passed over, and no news could be obtained. The anxiety and impatience became extreme. Louder and louder grew the roar, faster and faster became the march, long and weary was the way, tired and footsore grew the infantry, death fell on the exhausted wounded with terrible rapidity, the travel-worn bearers could hardly stagger along under their loads, the sick men groaned and died; but still on, on, on was the cry. Salvoes of artillery were fired by the field battery of the advanced guard in hopes the sound might convey to the beleaguered garrison a promise of coming aid" (Alison; *Blackwood*, October, 1858).

At last Sir Colin could bear it no longer: leaving the cannons and heavy guns in charge of the infantry, with instructions to push on as fast as possible, he pressed forward with the cavalry and horse artillery. At sunset he left these to encamp on the plain of Mangalwar, and with his staff galloped on to Cawnpore. When near the bridge he was met by an officer, who reported "the garrison is at its last gasp." Angered by his desponding tone, Sir Colin spurred his horse and made straight for the entrenchments. "As the little party came close under the ramparts, the old man with grey hair riding at their head was recognised by one of the soldiers; the news spread like wildfire; the men, crowding upon the parapet, sent forth cheer after cheer. The enemy, surprised at the commotion, for a few minutes ceased their fire. The old man rode in through the gate. All felt then that the crisis was over—that the Residency relieved would not now be balanced by Cawnpore lost."

After a pause of a few days came the grand victory of Cawnpore, in which 25,000 men with forty guns were so wholly defeated by 5,000 that both the rebel divisions, the Gwalior contingent and the Nana's troops, became total wrecks.

"Seldom (says Sir A. Alison) has a battle been fought evincing more military genius in conception and more vigour in execution than this. The fixing of the enemy's attention upon their left

and centre, and the swift stroke by which their right was at once broken in front and turned in flank, the camp of the Gwalior contingent captured, and its line of retreat to Calpee seized, has seldom been equalled in war, and will bear a comparison with any of the masterpieces of Napoleon or Wellington; whilst the vigorous pursuit along the Calpee road of the broken right, and the movement on their only other line of retreat which necessitated the evacuation, with all the confusion and discouragement of a rout, of the strong city and environs of Cawnpore, . . . is worthy of all praise. It is not often that 25,000 men in a strong position, with forty guns, have been totally beaten by 5,000, with the loss of thirty-two guns and their dispersion along two eccentric lines of retreat, whilst the victors only sustained ninety-nine casualties of all ranks. And it was no mean enemy which was thus overcome; the Gwalior contingent, nearly 10,000 strong, was the most perfectly equipped and organised native force in India."

Next to care of his men, thoroughness in doing his work was one of Colin Campbell's chief characteristics. It has often been asked why he did not pursue the Gwalior contingent across the Jumna and thoroughly destroy it, instead of allowing it to escape while he was devoting himself to the complete re-establishment of British authority in the Doab (the country between the two rivers Ganges and Jumna) by opening up communications with Delhi and the Punjab. General Shadwell thinks that by taking any other course he would have been "playing the rebels' game;" and it is clear from the correspondence that in acting as he did Sir Colin had Lord Canning thoroughly with him. The letters between these two great men are full of interest. Lord Canning tells the Commander-in-chief: "Lady Canning had the first sight of your Lucknow despatches. When she came to the end of the second, I heard her say to herself: 'Well, that's workmanlike.'" To which Sir Colin replies: "Ah, my dear lord, what a happiness it is for a general thus to work with the head of a great Government. Your extraordinary personal kindness to me from the first moment of our intercourse can never be forgotten by me. *Its immense value no one can estimate but myself.* Pray tell Lady Canning I would rather have her *sotto voce* epithet than anything else that could be said." The sentence which we have underlined is noteworthy, as illustrating the character of the writer—easily depressed, subject to fits of melancholy, but singularly affected by kindness, and happy,

therefore, in having been met throughout a long career by more kindness than ordinarily falls to the lot of men.

Cawnpore now became the grand military, as Allahabad had, during the throes of the conflict, been the political, centre. Everything was collected there for the impending siege of Lucknow, for which Lord Canning was very eager; and thither the ladies from Agra were safely conveyed for fear communications with that place might be interrupted. Sir Colin's wisdom in insisting on concentrating his forces and securing his lines of communication was thoroughly appreciated in England; the Duke of Cambridge sent him a letter from the Queen (given in Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort*, Vol. IV.), in which, while she gives him his full meed of praise, Her Majesty says: "Sir Colin must bear one reproof from his Queen, and that is that he exposes himself too much; his life is most precious, and she entreats that he will neither put himself where his noble spirit would urge him to be, foremost in danger, nor fatigue himself so as to injure his health." To Lord Canning Her Majesty had written shortly before: "Say everything, pray, most kind and flattering to dear old Sir Colin on his success, which is such a blessing. I hope and trust he is not seriously hurt."

At the end of February, 1858, began the siege of Lucknow, Sir Colin having an effective force of 18,700 men, besides Franks's column, and eventually the Nepaul contingent, the waiting for which had so long delayed the advance. In all he had 31,000 men and 164 guns, to cooperate with Outram and his 4,000. Still, looking to the strength of the positions, we may say that few things in Eastern warfare are more brilliant than the rapid capture of the series of vast palaces, beginning with that of the Begum, and ending with the Imambarra and the Moosa Bagh.

The city, we must remember, was twenty miles in circumference; and the defenders, largely reinforced after the abandonment of the Residency, amounted to nearly 100,000. This great success was achieved at the cost of 146 killed (19 of them officers), 643 wounded, and 13 missing, exclusive of about 300 Goorkha casualties. That his loss was so trifling is accounted for by the care which Sir Colin took to employ his artillery, and to economise his men by making use of the engineer.

All this siege, and the subsequent Oudh campaign, with

its exciting episodes—such as the attack on the loopholed mud-wall of a little fort by which Walpole's column was stopped till the heavy guns came up, Adrian Hope, the leader of the Highland brigade, and two other officers being in the meanwhile shot down—most of us remember something about from Dr. Russell's *My Diary in India*. Sir Colin made terms with this new power, "our own correspondent." On condition that he would not mention in camp any information given to him, or let it be known in any way except in his letters to England, the Commander-in-chief engaged to take Dr. Russell into his confidence, and keep him supplied with authoritative intelligence. The doctor, who became attached to headquarters, and was made a member of the headquarters' staff mess, most honourably fulfilled his part of the contract. His *Diary* is a standard work, and may be read with much interest along with General Shadwell's simpler record. Both books contain many characteristic traits of Sir Colin. We see him joking with his men; asking the Highlander, who had a parrot on his shoulder: "Well, man; are you trying to teach your bird Gaelic?" saying to his combative body-surgeon: "Why, Mackinnon, didn't they make a soldier of you? There was a good soldier spoiled the day they made you a doctor;" astonishing the sticklers for decorum by transacting business in his shirt-sleeves, or talking to a visitor through his tent walls while taking his bath.

It was weary work; for the heat soon became intense; and no sooner was one body of rebels dispersed than another showed itself. Even the capture of Calpee, which had been made a grand arsenal with four cannon foundries, and the death of Koer Singh—perhaps the ablest of the Sepoy leaders, though he was a man advanced in life who had not been bred to military pursuits—did not bring the struggle to an end. Every now and then there was some little success against a detached body of our men—often owing to the desperate valour of some Ghazees (Mohammedan fanatics)—and this threw the country round into a ferment.

In our old province of Behar the fight went on, despite the roads which were made through the jungle. "The enemy eludes the grasp of the troops (writes Sir Colin to the Duke of Cambridge), moves in very small bodies, and keeps whole districts in alarm. . . . There is nothing left

to us but to form continuous chains of posts, which demand considerable numbers of men."

Sir Colin felt that the true way of restoring quiet was to proclaim an amnesty, and this he tells the Duke of Cambridge towards the end of July. "'We must cling together,' said a prisoner, 'for if we go home we are hunted down and hanged. We have no choice.' The unhappy man only spoke the truth."

During this harassing warfare, the soldier's welfare was by no means overlooked. Not his diet and comforts only, but his amusements were catered for. Care was taken to keep him constantly employed, idleness being in India the fruitful source of disease. Much encouragement was given to all ranks to study Hindostani, Sir Colin doubtless remembering how his ignorance of this language had hampered him when he first served in India.

One of the last acts of the East India Company was the grant of an income of £2,000 a year in support of his title —Lord Clyde—not of Lucknow, as had at first been suggested; for, as Sir Henry Havelock's baronetcy was distinguished in that way, he shrank from trenching on the title of his brother in arms.

Of the title he was singularly careless, never signing himself "Clyde" to his friends, but always C. C. or C. Campbell. Sir Hope Grant describes him as at first "quite restive at being put into such strange harness," and his own feelings are shown in the following letter:

"It is a great honour, this title, . . . but to you I must be known by my old name, which it would have been very grateful to me to have retained without further rank or distinction. I have neither wife nor child, and I deem myself rich, because I have no wants. . . . I should, therefore, have been very grateful to have been left without other rank than my professional one."

This was written in November, 1858; but Lord Clyde did not leave India till June, 1860. Stamping out the dying embers of the rebellion was troublesome work, and he was not the man to leave his task unfinished. The organisation of the Oudh police was largely due to him, and the army had been kept in such good condition that he was able to report "their health excellent; their marching most admirable, averaging twenty miles a day; the spirit that animates both officers and men most gratifying;" while Outram, than whom none was a better judge, says: "It

will be a marvel to future ages that British troops could have endured as they have done, under a tropical sun, without either destruction from the climate, or deterioration in discipline; and their exemption from these evils . . . is entirely due to your lordship." The total amount of work done may be measured by what was effected in Oudh alone. Here there were at least 150,000 armed rebels (35,000 of them old Sepoys). From these 150 guns were taken in fight; many more guns, and 350,000 arms of all kinds were collected; and 1,100 forts, in which 700 more guns were taken, were razed to the ground.

Before he left India, Lord Clyde was engaged in a dispute which threatened at one time to be quite serious. When the East India Company's power was transferred to the Queen, the Company's regiments were drafted into the regular army. Some of them objected; the men thought they ought to re-enlist and receive a bounty. Lord Clyde was for dealing generously with them; but the law authorities decided that the men had no case, despite the fact that in the regular army a man who enlists in one regiment cannot without his own consent be transferred to another. Lord Clyde's suggestion was that a bonus might be given by shortening their term of service. The affair, which at Meerut seemed likely to lead to a disastrous outbreak, made a deep impression on him, and convinced him of the danger of maintaining "a local European army, not undergoing the regular process of relief."

His work was now over; the threatened rupture with America about the *Trent* business caused him to be named for command in Canada; but war on that question was happily averted, and, till his death in 1863, Lord Clyde lived quietly amongst his old friends. With children, then as always, he was an especial favourite. His chief object in taking a house and giving up his Albany chambers was that General Eyre's children might be his guests. "Tell the dear children," he wrote, "I've had two nice little iron beds put up in the room above that destined for their father and mother." His biographer notices his singular openhandedness, remarking that "it is a subject on which he himself would have preferred silence to be maintained." Of money he spoke as "dross which I can't carry with me to the other world;" and his pleasure was in devising excuses for distributing it among those of his friends to whom, at the moment, he considered it would be most

acceptable. In 1861, his money presents, exclusive of the allowance to his sister, amounted to £6,792! No wonder he entered in his diary: "I find I must discontinue the indulgence of this pleasure for some time to come."

His diary contains so many proofs of true piety and simple trust in God, that we are not surprised to find him in his last illness constantly asking Mrs. Eyre to join with him in prayer, and to read to him portions of the Bible and pieces of sacred poetry. We have seen that he sometimes used to pray in Spanish; the Bible he preferred to have read in French, making his comments in that language. "Mind this, Eyre, I die at peace with all the world," he said, when he felt how his sickness was to end. He suffered from paroxysms of pain, after which he would sigh: "Oh, for the pure air of heaven, that I might be laid in rest and peace on the lap of the Almighty." Very touching was his interview with Miss Campbell; he had prayed for strength "to go down a few steps to meet the old sister when she comes, that I may embrace her before I die." Finding the comfort her presence gave him during his intervals of consciousness, she, though physically unable to help, remained with him to the last; and so, amid much suffering, but with a mind happy in the assurance of peace, he passed to his rest. His strong constitution had never been weakened by youthful follies. His solid abilities and mastery of details were far more valuable than mere brilliancy.

He was a man who, to lion-like courage, added resource, prudence, conscientious care of his men, and a firmness of purpose and clearness of head which have rarely been equalled. He is a type of English soldiers of the olden time—able in command, because ready to obey; firm in his own opinion, yet studiously deferential and full of manly courtesy towards others; kindly and considerate, and therefore apt at making and securing those valuable friendships which were such a help to him from the first; and as the crown of all, not only thoroughly moral in his life, but full of trust in God.

Such a life has many lessons; the industry which led him to make his trips abroad occasions for learning languages, and to choose really good books for his barrack library, is of a piece with his motto: "Durch die Geduld, Vernunft und Zeit, wird möglich die Unmöglichkeit."

General Shadwell has done his work fairly well; he is quite right in giving letters to, as well as from, the man whose character he is anxious to elucidate. His book is thoroughly unpretentious; but the lessons which it teaches are pretty plain. Simple-minded, unselfish, modest, and retiring, Colin Campbell stands before us as the embodiment of duty. We wish there had been a few more anecdotes, like that which tells how in 1861 he silenced a petitioner for his son's preferment on the ground of his having served in a position of much danger: "So he was in a position of danger, was he? I tell you what, sir, your son was very favoured and most fortunate to be placed in such a position. We soldiers consider it the best thing that can happen to us; and we value it as much as, if not more than, promotion." Surely there must still be stories going about the military clubs, among those who knew him at the Albany, where the old soldier would himself open the door to visitors, and might occasionally be caught in shirt-sleeves, cleaning his sword. Many Indian civilians could, doubtless, tell stories of "Old Kuberdar" ('take care'), which would be edifying as well as interesting. Perhaps General Shadwell thought a simpler record (delayed for seventeen years in deference to the scruples of the trustees as to whether any life ought to be published) more in accordance with the old warrior's unwillingness to have anything written about him except "the modest recital of the services of an old soldier."

We must be content with what we have; we think far too little of the educational as distinguished from the instructional value of biography, and this life is, we repeat it, a valuable one, full of lessons for those who are starting in no matter what career.

ART. II.—*Japanese Poems Addressed to His Imperial Majesty the Mikado.* Paraphrased by the AUTHOR of "Orion," with the assistance of HIS EXCELLENCY ZUSHIE WOOYENO KAGENORI.

IT is quite within the bounds of fact and practical demonstration that greater reforming and civilising changes have been effected in the empire of Japan during the reign of the present Mikado (*i.e.*, in ten or eleven years) than have ever been accomplished in any other country in the world during the progress of centuries. The wisdom, integrity, and energy of His Majesty's Ministers, chief counsellors, and high provincial magnates, must of course be thoroughly recognised in all that has been done; for without such full, firm, and constant supervision and co-operation, no one can believe that reforms so deep-searching and so far-sweeping, and institutions so entirely new, startling, and important, could possibly have been carried out with any prospect of real and permanent success. That there have been resistance and opposition in this or that island, province, or principality, and that these fermenting elements should have occasionally caused local tumults, insurrections, and even feudal rebellion, might have been certainly predicted. Howbeit, these fierce disturbances and armed resistances have been put down, and the empire of "a thousand isles" has settled to the vigorous and enlightened pursuit of political, social, and commercial progress,—the study of the best results of science, of philosophy, of art, and the refinements of high culture and civilisation.

Our attention was more especially drawn to the extraordinary changes taking place in the empire of Japan, by the following passage in one of the leading articles of a morning paper:

"Decidedly the Mikado of Japan is the most resolute throned Reformer of his day. He has just issued a decree by which the library of the ex-Tycoon, containing a hundred thousand volumes, is thrown open to the public, whether Japanese or foreigners."—*Daily News*, Sept. 5th, 1872.

Being deeply impressed by the foregoing statement, the present writer composed an "Ode to the Mikado," and placed a copy of the same in the hands of Sir Harry Parkes (who was then about to sail for Japan, as British Minister) with a view to its being translated into Japanese verse at some time or other. He subsequently presented a copy of the Ode, together with another volume, inscribed to H.I.M. the Mikado, which were transmitted to Japan by His Excellency the Minister of the Japanese Legation, now in London. In due time this was acknowledged in the following official letter, which was accompanied by two volumes of Japanese books, printed, illuminated, and bound with characteristic elegance and finish, and presented to the writer through the Legation. We beg the English reader's pardon for quoting personal compliments, which after all may perhaps be considered to apply to our literary contemporaries generally.

"Japanese Legation, London, January 2nd, 1878.

"DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by my Government to inform you that the Book of Poetry which you forwarded for the acceptance of His Imperial Majesty the Mikado has been graciously received by him, and I am to add that His Majesty is highly sensible to this attention on the part of so distinguished an Author.

"I am instructed further to request your acceptance of two volumes of Japanese poetry—entitled UMORÉGHI NO HANA—which I have now the pleasure to send to you.

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

"Your obedient, &c.,

"WOOYENO KAGENORI.

"R. H. HORNE, Esq."

Two or three words will explain the literal meaning of the title of these Japanese Poems; but their style, symbolic significance, and especial purport and aim, can only be elucidated through the medium of a few paraphrastic verses. The literal translation of *Umoréghi no Hana* may be rendered as "Blossoms" (*Hana*) from "Petrified Wood" (*Umoréghi*), which at first sight does not look very promising for poetical treatment, or even, perhaps, for satisfactory intelligibility; but the idea intended to be conveyed is said to be this:—Hermits, provincials, rustics, all those who live in ignorant seclusion and unprogressive hopelessness, if not utter stupidity, are

symbolised by petrified wood. By a bolder figure, partaking of Eastern romance and the powers of the genii and the magician, this stony substance may be made to return to its original arborescent nature, and put forth green leaves, flowers, and fruit. This being understood and accepted, the language and purport of the Poems are made clear. The sudden and unexpected appearance of the present Mikado, on his tour through the provinces, principalities, and the most stagnant and barren localities, to examine into their condition, and to institute, with the aid and full co-operation of his Ministers and high officers, all sorts of salutary reforms and bright changes of life and its objects, called forth new vitalities or resuscitated the old. We thus arrive at the meaning of the foregoing title, which might be varied synonymously by something like "Poems to the Sun, by Awaking Rustics," or to continue the figure, "Old Trees with New Roots;" or to associate it with a well-known line of one of our own great poets, "Sermons in Stones"—in short, the poetical reader will now be prepared to meet us cordially, and the prose reader and critic may not be indisposed to meet us half way.

In presenting paraphrases of these Japanese Poems, one more word may perhaps be permitted. At a luncheon on board the armour-plated war-ship, the *Foo-So*, during one of her early trial trips on our waters, the accomplished naval architect Mr. Reed, responding to a toast, concluded by saying that "if anything was found bad in her construction, he desired it might be attributed to himself; and everything that was found good, he wished to be attributed to the generosity and intelligence of the Japanese." In like manner, let us say, if any thing good is discovered in these Poems, let it be attributed to the Japanese spirit and fragrance that pervades them; and let everything that is considered of no value be set down to our failure in an attempt to give the English reader some impresion of a new style of poetical literature.

The following poems are a free yet fair rendering of translations, explanations, and interpretations, with which we were favoured by His Excellency Zushie Wooyeno Kagenori. They were communicated to us during a trip to the coast to visit the *Foo-So*. Some of them are confessedly paraphrastic, the linguistic and other difficulties (on both sides) being otherwise insurmountable:

ADDRESS TO THE EMPIRE.

"Land of the Rising Sun!
A new-soul'd Day hath burst through Dragon Clouds,
From Darkness won;
And new-eyed Men spring up, like flowers in crowds,
Which ne'er saw light before
On mount, vale, garden, shore;
Unlike the old Earth's story,
Their colours, fragrance, glory,
Received but now through Morning's golden door!"

It should be mentioned that while the Chinese designate their country as the *Celestial Empire*, the Japanese regard theirs as the *Land of the Rising Sun*, which is, no doubt, brilliantly characteristic of their movements at the present period of their history.

The following poem gives a picture, in a small compass, yet full of local truth and colour, of the great Inland Waterway (Seto-Uchi), which leads through beautiful scenery of many miles in length, revealing towns and villages on each side, up to the chief city. There are sometimes eighty or ninety ships, and other vessels—occasionally many more—under sail at the same time on the various divisions of these Inland Waters:

TO THE SETO-UCHI.

"The *Seto-Uchi* on each side displays
Prodigal life in best activity,
Call'd forth by the Mikado's parent rays;
And brain and hand—a Twin-Nativity—
The solar law obeys.
Islands with hills and rounded peaks,
Rich to the top in gardens, farms, and vines,
The truth in many a harvest speaks,—
Well answering His designs."

The Japanese "laureate," who has written the lines which suggested the above (and other poems in *Umoréghi no Hana*), has surely well deserved his annual chest of tea, his fan of honour, and his monetary stipend in *boo*, *tempo*, *cash*, and *kobang*, or whatever else may be the official currency. Nevertheless, be it understood, the Mikado has far more honourably earned this temporal idolatry than the whole line of Emperors who have preceded him. The literal truth of the picture of mountains and "rounded peaks" and rocky steeps being richly

cultivated up to their very summits, has been attested by Kœmpfer, Arthur Adams, and other more recent travellers in Japan. Certainly this speaks eloquent volumes for the energy, skill, and industry of the natives in agriculture. The coasts on each side of these great Inland Waterways are populated throughout, with few intermissions, on both sides; and on the rising grounds and hills are seen sun-smiling villages, castles,—that our Spenser might have built in his *Faery Queen*,—temples that might have been dedicated to Flora; and in numerous localities the eye disentangles from embowering foliage delicate bird-cage-like tea-booths that sometimes appear as if hanging in the air by festoons of leaves and flowers. On the way up to the capital you pass numbers of little islands: some of them were rocks, which were formerly barren and uninhabited, but which are now populated, and, for the most part, under cultivation. Even rocky peaks display vineyards and fruit-trees,—thus "stones and petrified wood" figuratively put forth blossoms.

The Mikado's Magic.

I.

"The fields were barren, and the gardens wild
With weeds and thorns that wounded man and child;
The hills and vales were savage as forlorn;
But Thou, Mikado, cam'st, and Nature smiled
With a new Morn.

"We laugh'd, through tears, at gush of silver springs,
While birds expanded new-grown rainbow wings—
Ecstatic creatures for the first time born,
And others, which a death-sleep had beguiled,
Thy presence brings!

"Hasten away to the hill-tops, yellow with corn!
That ye may gaze around on the sudden changes
Of lifeless rocks, and the lofty cedar ranges—
Of unparalleled fish that yesterday were spawn—
His magic arranges!

"How shall we hail his fatherly advance,
That wakes dark buried gems to radiance,
Causing e'en stones to blossom 'neath his wand!
Wedding reality to rich romance,
By Sunrise fann'd."

New species of birds being called into being, and the

hidden beauty (of gems) that was first brought to light, fall in with our previous explanations. As for the "unparalleled fish," independently of the figurative meaning, it is a well-known fact that the Japanese have a curious and remarkable power over the production of fish by some artificial means. Besides causing the propagation of unusual numbers, they can cause variety in forms as well as colours, even to the production of abnormal curiosities, such as fish spotted with black, brown, or red, as well as silver or golden streaks,—not to speak of fish with double tails. They also possess, in common with the Chinese, a method of producing dwarf trees, *i.e.*, trees with all the dignified character and apparent age of great trees of seventy years' growth, but of the height of no more than five or six inches; and, on the other hand, the Japanese gardeners can cause flowers—especially chrysanthemums—to grow to a gigantic height. It has also been said—but we take leave to doubt the authority—that they can cause certain flowers to exchange odours, a rose assuming the perfume of a lily, and a lily taking that of a rose.

In our northern climes readers will, no doubt, find some of the poetical eulogies bestowed on the Sovereign strongly savouring of Oriental hyperbole; nevertheless, such eulogies have substantial foundation in the wonderful changes and advances made in Japan during the last few years by the Mikado and his Ministers.

The Slate Rocks.

I.

"The hills of Tsu-Sima are nothing but slate;
They are rocks
Where wild flocks
Of swans—early and late,
In harsh chorus scream,
Or fly in long stream,—
Then return to the rugged stone slate.

II.

But the slate will be levelled, and burnish'd all o'er,
And engraved with designs,
Rare verses, and lines;
Till hermit, and shepherd, and sailor ashore,
Come to see—come to sing—
Come to love—come to read—
And this is Thy deed,
Wise, fatherly King!"

Not only have political, social, agricultural, and commercial improvements been effected to a surprising extent, but the whole theological, or rather mythological, creeds and other Pagan superstitions have already been, in a great measure, subverted. They are rapidly undergoing a total revision, and will be succeeded by the most beneficent systems of modern civilisation and rational ideas.

OLD AND NEW RELIGIONS.

"Wisdom was Thine to choose the wisest men
For Ministers, or Viceroy-citizen:
Metallic splendours from a bird's wing glancing,
The sight entrancing,
Symbol the change from egg, to soaring ken—
From darkness, to sky-piercing flocks!
Ever continue to cast down old gods!
The hideous idol-blocks,
Hewn from red cliffs and rocks,
Or shaped from tree-boles, fish-bones, or baked clods;
While Thou dost recognise, instead,
The *Kami*, smiling overhead,
Unseen, yet showering love unlimited."

The *Kami* appear to be a sort of beatified imaginary spirits; but in former times, and even in days not long gone, the worship of idols (*Sinto* and *Sinja*) was the prevailing religion; and many of these deities were, as usual, very ugly monsters—not so ingeniously frightful and preposterous as those of the Chinese, but quite bad enough for the worst kind of devotees. Some of them are still to be seen, though only in the lower order of rustic temples; but they are regarded by the educated classes as mere barbarous relics and curiosities of vulgar superstition. What orgies were celebrated by their priests we do not know, and perhaps no truthful records may be extant; but that the people, as well as the Government, were far more reasonable and tolerant, even in the early periods, than other more civilised nations, is obvious from the permission that was given to the Jesuits and other missionaries to settle among them and practise their own forms of religion, while their several "flocks" carried on commercial and general trade dealings. It seems that the missionaries were even permitted to make proselytes, enlightening and converting to their creeds (*Kiristando*) many of the native people.

But unhappily it turned out that the Jesuits—missionaries of a religion which denounced this world with all its "pomps and vanities" and temporal possessions, and called upon its followers to think only of the "Kingdom of Heaven"—were gradually making the most they could of the "Kingdom of Japan," and doing their best to obtain substantial wealth, as well as spiritual influence. This began to alarm the people; but eventually there was something more. It was discovered—or it was widely asserted, and, at any rate, believed to have been discovered—that the Jesuits and their followers were secretly undermining the social, commercial, and political systems of Japan under cover of a new religion which took no thought for earthly things; whereupon the people suddenly rose in great masses, and massacred the Jesuits with all their followers.

To these circumstances reference was made in the Ode to the Mikado, previously mentioned, and a quotation from it may be excusable in the present paper:

"There was a Dome, like midnight
Lit up by blood-red lightning!
And deep within
A demon din,—
With many a sight
Of ghastly horror, whitening
Faces and forms, e'en while the flames were brightening!
The screams of those wild massacres
Long echoed down the shuddering years;
And yet we know the self-same creed
For which those proselyting martyrs died,
Hath caus'd unnumbered victims thus to bleed
Before its idols deified!

"O Great Creative Spirit!
Can man inherit
Thine image, yet disgrace it—
Distort and half erase it,
Till Nature scarce can trace it,
While to such night-dreams, crowd on crowd—
Sheep, swine, and sages—
Pray secretly, or fierce and loud,
Blasting a land for ages!"

The massacre appears to have almost amounted to extermination, although there are various accounts of it; but

similar events have, in various parts of the world, sprung from similar causes.

The root-and-branch changes and reforms instituted by the present Mikado were not effected without armed resistance in various provinces and islands. Indeed, the whole movement was beset by the difficulties and dangers naturally accompanying so vast an undertaking. This is figured in the following poem. It should be mentioned that the rapids of the Ojingawa River, which separates the province of Surunga from that of Tootomi, are, at times, so powerful as to render the passage very perilous, and occasionally impossible:

OJINGAWA.

"Beware how you cross Ojingawa!
Grey rapids are there
In fierce life—then beware,
From Tootomi or Surunga,
How you venture to cross Ojingawa!

"Let not thirst, heat, or hunger
Urge you over when snows
Melt, or heavy rain flows
Down Tootomi hills,
And the river-bed fills,
And grows mad, from the steeps of Surunga.

"But a very wise head, and a very strong hand,
Knew how to cross over, and where best to land.
And when this was done,
New works were begun,
Well worthy the Land of the Rising Sun!"

The accomplishment of these arduous labours of civilisation is demonstrated by the present flourishing condition of Japan. The populations of the numerous islands are all in a condition of peaceful activity. Cities, towns, villages—agricultural, fishing, or manufacturing—large islands, small islands, and even little island-rocks—all are prospering; and while they are all industrial, they may be said to be equally ornamental—rich in flowers and trees of lovely form and foliage. The public roads and byways are made cheerful, cool, and healthy by springs, rivulets, and fountains, which cause them to be green with grasses and graceful flowering shrubs and plantations nearly the whole year. The prodigal wealth of flowers is, of course,

most conspicuous at certain seasons; and the greater part of these "earth-angels," as the Japanese poet Sugematsu Kenchio calls them, are as exquisite and varied in their perfumes as in the forms and colours of their "bosoms and wings."

The indulgent reader will have understood throughout this brief paper, that if it has been considered a difficult feat at English country fairs for a man to perform "a dance in fetters,"—the difficulty of singing in verse with the head entangled in odoriferous garlands, the tongue-perplexed mouth filled with unknown fruits, and the ear puzzled by strange music, must have been yet greater, however different in kind. But do not let the reader imagine, because the Japanese indulge to excess their craving for flowers and all manner of delicate floral ornaments and niceties of handicraft—not to particularise the wonderfully minute, realistic finish of some of their elegant paintings (the details of which we so often see reproduced by such masters as Millais and Alma Tadema), nor to dwell upon their unequalled skill in wood and ivory carvings, all sorts of minute cabinet work, fine skill in silk fabrics and intricate manufactures, from figured and tinted sword-blades down to horseshoes made of plaited straw—do not, we say, let the reader be "carried away" into forgetfulness of the more valuable gifts and energies which these people possess, and which are necessary to render a country soundly and permanently prosperous.

They are better judges of the relative value of things than they were some years ago. The news of the richness of the country in gold mines seems to have first found its way to the United States. A "'cute trader" immediately fitted out a vessel with various articles for sale or exchange; and, hearing that Japan was very deficient in silver, he took a considerable quantity of that metal with him, all brilliantly polished, for which he received in exchange an equal weight of gold—scales filled with gold for scales filled with silver. He was considered by his friends in New York to have done a tolerably smart thing.

Passing over the small circumstance of the Japanese having expended £60,000 on their contributions to the Great Exhibition in Paris, and the not more important (though more significant) fact that overtures having been privately made for the purchase of the ironclad war-ship *Foo-So* during a recent crisis,—the Japanese authorities politely

declined "at any price" to part with so admirably constructed and practically formidable a ship,—we will just present a few statistical figures bearing upon financial and commercial matters. Public revenue for 1876, £12,599,129; public expenditure for 1876, £12,593,770. The total debt of the Empire of Japan, which includes paper currency, £29,784,945. The total imports from foreign countries were £4,217,503; and of these the imports from the United Kingdom amounted to nearly one-half (in 1876), viz., £2,191,487. The total exports to the United Kingdom (for 1876) amounted to £657,145; but the total exports from Japan to foreign countries generally amounted, also for the year 1876, to no less a sum than £5,533,892. The statistical figures for 1879-80, as may be expected, present much larger amounts; but in most respects they will display the matchless progress of this wonderful group of three or four thousand little islands.

It will thus become apparent that while a few years ago the Islands of Japan were comparatively of little more value to themselves and the "world around" than if they had been rocks and "petrified wood," they have, under the present *régime*, put forth blossoms and fruits, to the great benefit of themselves and other nations.

[Of course, to the thoughtful reader, questions will suggest themselves of a deeper kind than any raised in this paper. The relations of Japan to the form of Christianity now being presented to her have yet to be determined. They are not to be inferred from her relations to that spurious form of it of which mention has been made above, nor yet from her present attitude of uninterested tolerance toward all forms of religion. Here, as elsewhere, the profoundest problems of human life will have to be encountered; and the more widely spread the intellectual culture and material prosperity springing from the recent revolution, the more imperatively will the consideration of these problems be forced on the attention of the people. The Renascence would never have created modern Europe, apart from the influence of the Reformation. Japan may be a natural paradise: without vital Christianity it will never become a moral one. May the twofold transformation advance with steady and equal pace, and this last candidate for the honours and advantages of Christian civilisation become one of the fairest gems in the Redeemer's crown.]

ART. III.—*Memorials and Times of Peter Philip Juriaan Quint Ondaatje, A.L.M., Ph.D., J.U.D., Utrecht and Leyden: formerly of the Island of Ceylon.* Compiled from Original Authorities. By Mrs. C. M. DAVIES, Author of "The History of Holland." Published under the auspices of the Historical Society of Utrecht, with an Introduction by G. W. Vreede, J.U.D., Professor of Laws. Utrecht: Kemink and Son. 1870.

THOUGH our knowledge of Oriental races has wonderfully increased in the present century, we cannot be said to know as much, in proportion, of individuals; and a biography of "the only Asiatic who figures in European politics" may be considered a curiosity of literature. As it could only be obtained in England through the representative of Ondaatje's family, its circulation has been limited, and even its existence little known. An outline of it, with historical side-lights from other writers, will be profitable, not only as exhibiting the career of a remarkable man, but as depicting the part played by a small but important country in the great drama of European history through the stormiest period of modern times. Professor Vreede, in his Introduction, says: "The present volume, though of foreign origin, having flowed from the pen of a gifted English lady, unites the advantages of a spirited and entertaining style, with a very unusual acquaintance with our history and social condition." Mrs. Davies thoroughly mastered her subject, visiting Holland and learning Dutch in order to study State papers and inspect archives. The *Memorials* are a monument of patient, conscientious toil, almost every sentence being verified by references to historical documents, English, French, or Dutch.*

The word "Ceylon" conjures up a fairy vision of light, warmth, and colour; of pearls and perfumes; of trees like giant flowers, and birds like flying gems; of groves of

* Mrs. Davies's *History of Holland* fills 2,000 pages with details of "the internal government, constitution, laws, and habits of the Dutch." She was writing a work on the first French Revolution when she died suddenly in 1863.

palm and satinwood, terraces covered with the delicate green or harvest gold of the rice plant, and plantations of white-blossomed coffee trees. But these scenes must not detain us, though they are not unconnected with our subject, for the spice-beds of Ceylon attracted the shrewd Dutch traders, and the conquest of Ceylon by the Dutch induced the family of Ondaatje to migrate to Holland. A more startling contrast can hardly be imagined than that between the Eastern paradise and the misty flats of Holland, whose every inch of soil was wrested from opposing nature by the persistent toil of man.

What influence the change of climate and country may have had upon the character of our Oriental emigrant we must leave physiologists to decide. In the meantime let us proceed to the task of tracing his career in the land of his adoption, only premising a few remarks upon his pedigree.

Amongst the native population of Ceylon, varying from high-caste Kandians to humble Cingalese, the Tamul race is the most capable of intellectual attainment, the most susceptible of ambition, the most active, enterprising, and sensitive. Their ancient home was in the southern extremity of India, extending from Cape Comorin to a little above Madras on the east coast, and to Trevandrum on the west. A thousand years before the Christian era this was the most powerful and highly-civilised kingdom of the South. In arts, mechanics, and manufactures its inhabitants are still pre-eminent. Literature is held in high esteem there. "The wandering Tamul poet," says the Rev. George Trevor, "like the troubadour of old, is sure of an intelligent audience and a hearty welcome in every village. The majority of Hindus in the Eastern Archipelago, and of emigrants to the West Indies, are Tamulians. They have been called the Greeks or Scotch of the East."*

The first Ondaatje of whom we have any details belonged to an ancient Tamul family, and was born at Arcot, in Southern India. He inherited from his father the office of physician to the King of Tanjou. Ceylon had then recently passed under Dutch rule, and the Governor, Adrian Van der Meyden, hearing of Michael Ondaatje's skill, sent for him to Colombo, the seat of Government, to attend his wife, who had long suffered from a mysterious

* *India, its Natives and Missions.*

disease. Ondaatje had the good fortune to effect a cure where the East India Company's surgeons and the native physicians had failed. The Governor made him physician to the town and hospital of Colombo, and gave him a grant of land. Renouncing the Hindu creed, Dr. Ondaatje became a convert to the Protestant religion, and married, first a beautiful Portuguese, named Magdalene de Croos, and secondly a native lady, both of whom left several children. John, the eldest son, was "Native Chief" at Colombo, and his great-grandson, William Juriaan Ondaatje, began his education at the Colombo Seminary, and completed it at Utrecht University, where he formed a lasting friendship with Iman William Falck, also born in Ceylon, of which in after life he became the popular and intelligent Governor.

In 1758, after his ordination, William Ondaatje married Hermina Quint, the daughter of an Amsterdam citizen, and, returning to Ceylon, officiated as minister in three languages—Portuguese, Dutch, and Tamul. The latter, his mother-tongue (whose name means *sweet*), was the first Indian language into which the Scriptures were translated; it is spoken by upwards of ten million people, and all laws relating to our Indian Empire are rendered into it. Philip de Melho, the first Ceylonese Christian minister, who was the most successful translator of the Bible into that tongue, and known as "Rabbi de Melho," and "the Great Labourer," married a sister of William Ondaatje. William also began a Tamul version of the Old Testament, but though accomplished as a linguist and writer, he was more appreciated as a preacher, and in 1769 he was made Rector of the Colombo Seminary—being the only native who ever filled that position.

The fortunate minister desired nothing better for his eldest son, born in 1758, than a similar career. In 1773, Peter Ondaatje left Ceylon for Holland, and after four years' attendance at the Amsterdam Latin and Greek schools, during which he lived with his maternal grandfather, Peter Quint, he went to Utrecht, at which point in his career Mrs. Davies thus opens her florid memoir:

"On September 20th, 1778, presented himself for admission at the gates of the University of Utrecht, a youth, already verging into manhood, whose animated countenance and full dark eye, if betraying somewhat of ardent passions and impetuous temperament, gave token of surpassing latent talent, courage, and

energy; while his black silken locks and deeply sun-browned complexion spoke of the sunny clime which gave him birth."

To that sunny clime, contrary to the hopes and expectations of his father, young Ondaatje showed no inclination to return. In Holland academical honours were showered upon him. At twenty-four he became Master of Arts and Doctor in Philosophy and the liberal sciences at Utrecht; a few years later he took a degree in civil and canon law at Leyden.

"His capacious intellect," says his enthusiastic biographer, "not restricting itself to the study of theology, comprehended within its grasp mathematics, natural philosophy, medicine and jurisprudence. His inaugural thesis treats of perception, of memory, of the connection between mind and matter, and the nature of the ideas conveyed to the mind by sensation; of the laws of gravity, the difference of the movement of the pendulum at the Equator and at the Poles, the motion of the heavenly bodies according to Kepler's law, *and various other subjects.*"*

The possessor of these acquirements might naturally be expected to grow into a Dutch Dryasdust—writing, thinking, breathing only in black letter. But it was not long before he threw away the pen for the sword. The turning-point in Ondaatje's destiny arrived when Utrecht, proud of her young Oriental student, bestowed the freedom of the city on him, rendering him eligible for all State offices and entitled to all privileges enjoyed by her own sons.

The troubles then agitating Holland deepened Ondaatje's sympathies, and instead of returning to the land of his birth to follow the peaceful profession of a minister of religion, he remained in that of his adoption to attain, after repeated reverses, the troubled dignity of a Minister of State.

Great changes had for some time been in progress. In 1747, distracted by war and anarchy, eager to shift the responsibility of Government on some one able to make better terms for them than they could for themselves, the Dutch, like the Israelites, clamoured for "a leader and ruler," and, like them, had bitterly to repent their choice. They reverted to the form of government held in abeyance since the childless death of our "Dutch William," and again made the offices of stadtholder, and captain-

* *Memorials*, p. 4. Extract from the Register of the University of Utrecht.

and admiral-general hereditary in the House of Orange. Thus, Mrs. Davies observes, "while they would have started back in terror from the *name* of a monarchy, they created a monarchical government of the most indefinite and irresponsible nature." In short, they played Frankenstein to a very unmanageable monster. To understand the state of Holland when Ondaatje first figured in her annals, a retrospect fuller than that given by his biographer is necessary.

In 1733, our George the Second announced to both Houses of Parliament the betrothal of his eldest daughter to the Prince of Orange. "A miserable match," says Lord Hervey, "both in point of man and fortune, his figure being almost a dwarf, and as much deformed as it was possible for a human creature to be, and his estates not clear £1,200 a year."* The bride elect was ambitious, and, like all her family, on very bad terms with the heir-apparent. Walpole says that when quite a child the Princess lamented to Queen Caroline that she had any brothers to stand between her and the throne, adding, "I would die to-morrow to be queen to-day!" She was accomplished in languages, painting, and music, in which last Handel was her master, "but the pride of her race and the violence of her passions had left but a scanty sphere for her judgment to exert itself."†

Nevertheless, the union once accomplished, the Princess made the best of her lot, and "behaved to her husband as if he had been an Adonis." After a brief interval of court ceremonies and visits to the English nobility, the young couple prepared for their voyage home. At that time the Dutch authorities were so jealous of the Prince of Orange's popularity that they desired him not to take his bride through the States; and Horace Walpole the elder, sent to negotiate a more dignified reception, only elicited permission for the Prince and Princess to land at Rotterdam and pass to Amsterdam with the utmost expedition and privacy, there to re-embark for Friesland, of which miniature province the Prince was Stadtholder. Walpole also obtained a promise that the Princess should be offered a guard of honour—"on condition that she would refuse it."

* *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.* By John Lord Hervey. Vol. I. p. 232, *et seq.*

† *Memoirs of the Reign of King George II.* By Horace Walpole. Vol. I. p. 207, *et seq.*

If Hervey can be trusted, the young lady did not deserve better treatment from her future subjects. When taking leave at Gravesend, he says, the Princess bade him "be sure to do his utmost to prevent a peace being made and to keep her mamma warm; because, if the war continued, the Prince of Orange was to join the Imperial army, and the Princess return to England." Moreover, if the war continued, Holland would be brought into it, and if Holland were brought into it a Stadtholder would be required. "So that both pleasure and ambition prompted her solicitude, that no end should be put to the murder, rapine, distress, and calamity that at present raged in Europe."* This is quite inconsistent with Horace Walpole's remark that the Princess "dashed all opportunities for the Prince's distinguishing himself from immoderate jealousy and fondness for his person"—a curious sequel to a reluctant marriage.

Such were the royal pair whom, when the French had made themselves masters of the Scheldt, the States raised to a position regal in all but name, by making William Hereditary Stadtholder of the Seven United Provinces and General of the Union. Coxe, in his *Memoirs of Walpole*, plainly attributes this act to the intrigues of the Prince and Princess. However brought about, the result was satisfactory. Peace with France was concluded under the Stadtholder's auspices, and his personal amiability induced lenient government. He was popular with his people and happy with his wife, and the birth of a son in 1748 seemed to promise continued prosperity to the House of Orange. Unhappily, this was followed three years later by the father's death, a heavy loss to his family and his country. Even Carlyle, who describes the Stadtholder as "a vivacious light gentleman, slightly crooked in the back," allows that he acted in "a valiant and judicious manner," and "did his best."

Now, it would appear, a wide field opened for the ambition attributed to the widowed Anne. "The Princess immediately took the oaths as *Gouvernante* to her son," says Lord Hervey, "and all orders of men submitted to her as quietly as to a monarchy of the most established duration." She entered on her duties with vigour, attending the assemblies of the States-General, and even delivering long and energetic addresses.

* Other contemporaries give a much more pleasing portrait of the Princess.

Anne's health, however, was failing when her husband died, and she only survived him eight years—expiring in January, 1759, after arranging her affairs and trying to regulate those of her children with a clear-headed courage worthy of a daughter of Queen Caroline.*

Prince Lewis, third son of the reigning Duke of Brunswick, was appointed guardian to the young Stadtholder. He was regarded by the Dutch as a foreigner, and suspected of a secret alliance with England. He had entire control of his young ward, and the two agreed to recognise no other authority, tacitly ignoring the States to whom, according to the Constitution, both were responsible.

The Prince is said to have fostered the natural indolence and indecision of his ward in order to retain the governing power, not only during but after William's minority. But it is only fair to admit testimony on the other side. Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, a close and shrewd observer, though an inveterate gossip, considered Lewis the young Stadtholder's best friend and adviser. Wraxall adds that Lewis was faithful to the House of Orange, and attributes his fall to the growth of the French faction, which alienated the princes from their friends, and then prompted the people to turn upon their princes. Lewis may not improbably have looked down with the pride of a German prince on those "Noble, Great, and Worthy Lords," the sturdy Dutch burghers; but it is open to doubt whether their collective wisdom, if he had paid it more deference, could have saved Holland from her impending troubles.

In 1766 William attained his majority (eighteen years), and to mark their satisfaction at his installation as Stadtholder, the States-General made him what the *Annual Register* for that year calls "a present" very characteristic of Dutch prudence and common sense—viz., a discharge for 700,000 florins borrowed from the province of Holland for the purchase of some estates by his mother. In the following year William was betrothed to the Princess Royal of Prussia, to the great satisfaction of his subjects, who were much in dread of their strong neighbour, the Great Frederick, and regarded his niece's hand as a pledge of peace. It was unfortunate that the imperious bride did not exert her influence in a manner conciliatory to her new

* *Annual Register* for 1759, p. 59, *et seq.*

subjects. But the autocracy of the Prussian Court had not prepared her to be content as wife of the "Chief Magistrate of Holland"—the position the burghers had begun to destine for their Stadtholder. Nor did her husband retain his popularity. Even in the first year of their marriage, Wraxall says, the Prince of Orange inspired neither public respect nor private regard. His undignified person, and shy, awkward manners unfitted him for his high station. He might have ruled creditably in times of prosperity, but was quite unequal to the difficulties awaiting him. The Princess is said to have been a woman "of far more elevated, correct, and manly character than her husband."*

The decadence of Holland, however brought about, was unquestionable. Her navy rotted in her ports; her army dwindled for want of recruits; sinecures abounded. Despised abroad and discontented at home, the Dutch laid their woes at the palace door, and declared the Stadtholder and his quondam guardian responsible for all. "They looked back to the days of a Barneveldt and a Heinsius, of a De Ruyter and Van Tromp, with bitter regret, but not with despair." Such days they fancied might again dawn, if they reverted to the first principles of their Constitution. The changes from which Dutch Liberals hoped most were the re-establishment of local self-government in the provinces, for which the *congé d'élire* of the Stadtholder had been substituted, and the reconstitution of the Burgher Guard, or Schutterij, which, though undrilled and unarmed, had still a nominal existence.

Such was the state of public feeling when a striking figure appeared on the crowded little stage whereon the drama of Dutch politics was enacted—the handsome, enthusiastic Oriental student, Peter Philip Juriaan Ondaatje. Young Ondaatje ardently espoused the popular projects. He spoke, he wrote, he worked both in private and public in their favour. He fearlessly ran every risk attaching to the part of an "agitator." He laid aside the scholarly pursuits most dear to him, and in which he had become distinguished, and devoted his life to the cause of the people. Zealously aided by men as enthusiastic as himself, perceptible progress was made. A requisition in favour of the Burgher Guard was signed by six hundred citizens: subscriptions were opened, and in a short time

* *Memoirs*, Vol. I. pp. 168, 169.

each of the eight *wyks* or wards into which the city is divided possessed an armed and equipped company of *Schutterij*. Ondaatje was appointed ensign of one of the first formed and best appointed, called the *Zwarte Knegten*, or "Black Boys," a name oddly appropriate to their young officer's tropical origin. Not content with this outlet for his military ardour, Ondaatje helped to form those burghers exempt by profession or purchase into a volunteer company, called the "Free Corps"—much encouraged by the municipal Government, though disapproved by the Stadtholder.

The success of the Liberal military movement stimulated the civil reformers to redoubled efforts. By the old constitution the Dutch Government was electoral, the Stadtholder being called upon merely to confirm the choice of burghers qualified to vote. But the custom since the restoration of the stadtholderate had been to request the reigning prince to recommend a candidate whose election became a foregone conclusion. This the awakened patriotism of Utrecht could no longer tolerate; and a petition was presented to the Council praying that nominations of the burgomasters and sheriffs, and appointments to municipal offices, should be made without appeal to the Stadtholder. Four councillors then waited on William V. to acquaint him with the purport of the petition, and he acknowledged that he did not consider the practice of referring to him his right, but only a mark of their good will.

A more important step was speedily taken by the Liberal party, the first vacancy in the Council itself being filled up without reference to the Court. This measure received warm popular applause, but drew forth an angry remonstrance from the Stadtholder, who now considered his legal privilege usurped. The Council proceeded to strengthen its position by an appeal to the citizens, who were urged to nominate sixteen "commissioners" to guard popular rights, present petitions, declare grievances, and supervise taxation. Ondaatje warmly supported this scheme, and presented a memorial in its favour from his *Zwarte Knegten*. Finding that this proposal was not adopted, Ondaatje headed a party of burghers who, taking the matter into their own hands, passed a so-called "Act of Qualification," appointing twenty-four persons—eight citizens, and an officer and sergeant from each company of *Schutterij*, Ondaatje repre-

senting the Black Boys—to be called "The Constituted," and to exercise similar functions.

So far, the reformers met with unmixed success, and Utrecht, the most advanced of the States, became a little republic. With equal rapidity one of the evils of republican government was developed. The patriotic party split into sections, differing as to the extent and nature of necessary reforms. Ondaatje headed the section which demanded the most radical change of all—that each citizen should have a voice in municipal elections.

An opportunity soon arose for a trial of strength between the parties. On the death of Senator Van Godin, the "Constituted" required that a pronounced reformer should take his place; but the Municipal Council, asserting its right of free choice, elected by a large majority a well-known partisan of the House of Orange. The "Constituted" and a subsidiary body representing the *Schutterij* alone, and called the "Commissioned" reformers, solicited an audience of the Council, at which Ondaatje was spokesman: his address occupies eight closely-printed pages of the *Memorials*. His much-praised eloquence must suffer more than usual from translation, or from an altered standard of taste, for the English version is inflated, involved, and wordy. The following passage is a fair example:

"It has seemed good to the majority of your Noble Great Worships, on the occasion of filling up the late vacancy in the Senate, to vote for the individual Jonathan Sichterman; a person of whom we are obliged, with the greatest sorrow, to testify that he is not one of the objects on which are fixed the esteem, confidence, and affection of the people—of that people which has offered itself to restore at any price your worships to a position more suitable to your merits; a position reflecting more honour on your offices as free representatives of the people, in proportion as the people are less subservient to the commands of any other masters than those laws, of which the origin is within our own bosom, and of which the object is our prosperity, greatness and constant contentment. A portion of the people, Noble, Great, and Worthy Lords! the first and principal motives of whose patriotic deeds have been to assure your independence, and to raise our civic liberty on that foundation as on the only security for its permanent stability; and herein to serve as an example to our surrounding neighbours, who begin to be impatient of the chains, the breaking of which is near at hand. . . . A portion of the people, Noble, Great, and Worthy Lords! to whom you, in the

first place, owe your independence; we, ere long, shall owe to you our freedom, in spite of all who have, in the commencement, opposed themselves to you and to us, or who, in the sequel, shall be bold enough to continue their opposition. . . . This portion of the people, we repeat with emotion, refuses to fix its united esteem, confidence, and affection on the person of Jonathan Sichterman."

The Council, after the manner of such bodies, dismissed the deputation with a promise to consider this address, and subsequently confirmed the election of the obnoxious Sichterman, though deferring the administration of the oaths. Then the citizens demanded to be heard, and they also made Ondaatje their mouthpiece. By this time the general public had become interested in the contest, and an immense crowd collected round the door of the Town Hall. Gradually the mob penetrated to the principal antechamber of the Town Hall, where Ondaatje harangued them. "This," he said, "was the crisis of affairs, which must decide whether the people's voice should be heard, and whether they were to succeed in their just demands, or be denied. In which latter case, not only the town and province, but the whole Republic would be imperilled." Adding that the people's eyes were now opened, and that they would assert and maintain their rights, not as "men of '48"—alluding to the establishment of the hereditary stadtholderate—but as men of '85.

Secretary Van Voorst reported Ondaatje's observations to the Council; a resolution was instantly passed annulling the election of Sichterman—"to prevent dreadful consequences and evils"—and the secretary was directed to inform this Jonah of the Dutch ship of state that the Council had been "forced to abandon the choice which had legally fallen on him." When Ondaatje learnt the result of his interference, he thanked the "Noble, Great, and Worthy Lords" for their "condescendence," and said to the excited multitude: "Go quietly and cheerfully to your homes; tell to your wives and children, and impress on your children's children, that harmony between such honest governors and citizens can accomplish anything."

This apparent triumph, however, led to the total disruption of the Liberal party. Nineteen members of the Senate at once resigned, declining to form part of a Government "coerced by a mob of misled citizens." The

"Constituted" and "Commissioned" grew alarmed at the consequences of their own acts. Ondaatje tried to reassure them, but it was too late; for a time the tide had turned. The aristocratic party joined the provincial States in animadverting on the conduct of "some persons calling themselves the 'Constituted' of 1,215 citizens, and the 'Commissioned' of the *Schutterij*—conduct converting the free Council Chamber of the rulers of the State into a scene of violence and tyranny." They rescinded the acts of the 11th March, and declared Sichterman duly elected.*

The nineteen seceding members then resumed their seats, and Ondaatje was tacitly chosen as scapegoat. He was objected to as a stranger, only two years a burgher, and a hot-headed, restless innovator; the late seceders adding that they would not submit to the dictatorship of "an East India merchant." Apprehending that animosity against himself would injure the people's cause, and irritated by the lukewarmness of his colleagues, Ondaatje quitted the "Constituted," and gave up his command in the *Schutterij*. In the course of his farewell address, which was fervid and impressive, he said:

"Henceforward I shall maintain silence, since the peace of the city is to be even at this price secured. My retirement from the College will at length restore me to that position wherein I, as an individual member of society, may, so long as I choose, rest satisfied with all that the Government commands. So long as I choose, I say; for wherever I find true liberty—if, indeed, it is to be found anywhere—there I can find my Fatherland. . . . Such, Noble Sirs! are frankly my sentiments. I feel myself too weak to be able to interfere with advantage in the just cause of Utrecht's burghers. God rules! For you, be not overcome, but remain steadfast. To both I confidently commit the care of restoring civil liberty. I choose to remain quiet, to live as a forgotten citizen, and not to grudge my enemies the satisfaction of now being able sharply to deride, as they before mercilessly attacked me."

This complete withdrawal from official life should have contented Ondaatje's adversaries. But within a few days of his resignation the Count of Athlone, High Bailiff, applied for a warrant to seize him on grounds enumerated in "Articles of Accusation," covering in effect his whole conduct since the formation of the *Schutterij*, and asserting

* He prudently refused to serve.

that his acts of open rebellion against the magistrates of the city ought to be "visited with corporal punishment." This prosecution of Ondaatje was a signal error. It made him a hero and martyr, suffering in his single person for his whole party—the "Constituted" and "Commissioned," the *Schutterij* and the burghers whom they represented; eighteen hundred, that is to say, of the most notable and patriotic citizens of Utrecht, whose offence was that they had declared in favour of a moderate democracy on a constitutional basis.

Meanwhile, the movement, whose first struggles Ondaatje had so largely aided, was becoming national. In most of the chief towns the Burgher Guard had been restored and free corps instituted, and municipal councils had resumed the right of electing their members. Utrecht was divided into aristocrats and democrats. The deputies of the *Schutterij* and free corps of Utrecht, Holland, Guelderland, and Overijssel bound themselves in solemn confederation to sustain and defend all who were molested for adherence to the Constitutional Party—thus making the cause of Ondaatje their own. The case against him made but slow progress, and the States of the province requested the High Bailiff to defer the prosecution till a committee could report on the best means of ensuring impartial justice. This caused a delay of six weeks, during which Ondaatje's enemies declared that he was a secret emissary of the Stadtholderal party. He repelled the accusation in a paper called "Thoughts communicated to a certain company by P. Philip Juriaan Ondaatje." The States of Utrecht retaliated by endeavouring to check all expressions of public opinion, which had now set in strongly against them; and issued a proclamation declaring that all who framed, signed, or circulated petitions should be summarily punished as seditious breakers of the public peace—a measure unprecedented in a republic.

The contest of the Popular or Democratic party with that of the Stadtholder (mainly clergy and nobles), between whom the Council of the City oscillated like a pendulum, was carried on with Dutch moderation. "Riots and excesses" were spoken of, but the only act of violence recorded is the tearing of "one burgomaster's cloak." On December 20th, 1786, when the Council was suspected of intending to pass resolutions obnoxious to the people, they assembled by thousands in the streets, unarmed, orderly,

and silent; and sending a deputation to the Senate House to explain their wishes, simply refused to listen to a negative.

"It was now eight o'clock," say the *Memorials*. "The short, light of winter had given place to the glare of torches; the cold was intense; the people had stood there from early morning, but not until a solemn promise had been given that the Council would meet next day and come to a final decision, could they be induced to separate. . . . When the Council met early next morning they found the people already stationed in the streets leading to the Town Hall."

The populace did not maltreat those councillors who, from time to time, presented themselves with unpalatable answers. They merely

"Wedged themselves so closely together that it was impossible for the smallest object to pass between; and said that not a single member of the Council should be permitted to leave the Town Hall till the burghers had received full satisfaction in every particular. The idea of wearing out the patience of the besiegers was hopeless. There they stood. They would neither move nor commit any act of disorder which might render them amenable to the law."

Nor would they suffer themselves to be irritated by such impertinent suggestions as that "the majesty of the people would catch cold." Under these circumstances the Council declared that they had no alternative but to yield to the wishes of the requisitionists.

Of course, the Court party did not recognise as legal concessions so obtained, and the States of the province threatened to remove their sittings from a spot "ruled by a seditious multitude" to the neighbouring city of Amersfoort, where the Stadtholder's troops protected the municipal deliberations. In Utrecht the people continued their blockade, now demanding that the councillors should take the oath to administer the "New Regulation," reverting to the old Republican constitution of Holland. This the councillors protested that they could not do till formally released from their adhesion to the Regulation of 1674. Finally, the Council consented to allow such of their body as chose to take the oath to the New Regulation, while the burghers promised not to enforce it from others till the annual change of the Senate, provided they

enjoyed the benefits of the New Regulation meantime. The burghers then congratulated each other on their escape from Stadtholderal tyranny, and struck a medal representing the Maid of Utrecht holding the "New Regulation" in her hand.

In the brief respite from civil contention which followed, Ondaatje again became a candidate for academical honours, and obtained the degree of Doctor of Civil and Canon Law at Leyden University. But in such unsettled times he could not long rest content in studious retirement, and he suffered himself to be made captain of his "Black Boys;" paying the penalty of his popularity in repeated attacks from Government organs, which satirised him as "the renowned people's friend Ondaatje," and "a stranger blown over from the East."

The members of Council who had refused allegiance to the "New Regulation" removed to Amersfoort; and Utrecht being virtually left in the hands of the reformers, a resolution was passed formally releasing Ondaatje from the prosecution commenced more than a year before. Divisions had now reached such a pitch between the Stadtholder and the burghers that a resort to arms became inevitable. Holland was "a house divided against itself," some of the States actually appealing to the Stadtholder for troops to defend them against the people.

William was himself distracted with doubt and anxiety. The English Ambassador, who endeavoured to prop the tottering throne, and infuse something like coherence into the conflicting counsels of the Prince's advisers, had a miserable time of it. Sir James Harris had been sent to the Hague, says his grandson,

. "By Mr. Fox, in the hope that he would banish the harsh feelings retained by the Republic towards England after the severe lessons we had taught her during the war . . . and recover from the Patriots and French faction the ascendency England had lost. The Bourbons were playing the blind and desperate game against us in Holland which had succeeded in America, and encouraged the Dutch democrats with money and promises to establish a pure republic, hoping thus to render the States a French province."*

This coquetting with revolution abroad, on the part of Louis XVI. and his Ministers, was soon to change into a

* *Letters of the first Earl of Malmesbury.*, Vol. II. p. 66

deadly struggle with it at home. "History affords no instance," says Lord Malmesbury, "of a political retribution so rapid and so crushing."

The Princess of Orange was Sir James Harris's most valuable ally, though her natural leaning to Prussia put some obstacles in his way. The Stadtholder, unwilling either to alienate his people or to oppose his wife, met with the usual reward of temporising amiability, and displeased both.

The Princess of Orange was tasting the cup of which the Queen of France had to drink the dregs. Friendless in the land of her adoption, and forsaken by that of her birth, she neither could rouse her husband to action nor conciliate his unruly subjects. Her own powerful family held out no hand to help her; no entreaties could prevail on Frederick the Great to interfere in the affairs of Holland. He was old, in ill health, tired of the battle of life as of all other battles; and he counselled his niece to "resignation:" advice which, she said, "broke her heart."

Through all troubles, personal and political, the Princess stood unflinchingly by her vacillating husband. Though an ambitious woman, a devoted mother, and neither a loving nor a happy wife, she never could be persuaded to sever her interests from those of the Prince. In the autumn of 1785 the Stadtholder went to Buda, attended by several officers, and the Princess took her children to Friesland.

Sir James Harris remained at the Hague, working hard for the Stadtholder in, as he honestly believed, the best interests of Holland.

"My life is a perpetual canvass," he wrote in 1786, "and my house like the 'Adam and Eve,' or 'George and Vulture' inn at a Middlesex meeting. Could we rally our votes and form a party I should go on cheerfully, but to hear three-fourths of the Republic tell me they wish well to the cause, and proceed with a list of reasons why they dare not publicly espouse it, provokes me beyond patience. I am every day more confirmed in my opinion that *trade narrows the mind*, and that a nation which is nothing but commercial must end like this, in becoming despicable, enervated, and woebegone."—P. 166.

Shortly before leaving the "House in the Wood," the Stadtholder addressed a long and forcible letter to the States-General, justifying his course of conduct from 1776

till the day on which he wrote, recapitulating every remarkable event, and ending with a plan of defence for the inland provinces. This document was received by the States of Holland with contemptuous indifference, and the Stadtholder said he expected at the hands of the Patriots the fate of his ancestor, Charles I. of England. There seemed some grounds for his forebodings. He was deprived of the command of the garrison at the Hague, and his office of Captain-General of Holland; troops were disbanded and officers promoted without reference to him; the arms of the nation replaced those of the House of Orange on the standard, and the "Stadtholder's Gate" at the Hague was thrown open to the States Deputies. This last act, however, was unpopular, and when the States assembled, so threatening a mob collected on the drawbridge that no deputy ventured to enter the sacred gate. When the Assembly broke up, M. de Gyselaar, Pensionary of Dort, ordered his coachman to drive through. The enraged people threatened to push the equipage over the bridge into the canal; but a body of soldiers rescued the Pensionary, and seized the leader of the mob,—a hairdresser, who was tried for "high treason," condemned to death, and only reprieved when actually on the scaffold. Sir James Harris says the Hague was at this time "more like a besieged town than an open village. The guards were doubled during the day, and the streets covered with patrols."

In the spring of 1787 Frederick the Great had quitted the scene of all his triumphs, and the Princess of Orange looked for aid from her brother, the new king of Prussia. There were some sharp encounters between the Burgher Guard and the Stadtholder's troops in the neighbourhood of Utrecht, in which Ondaatje distinguished himself on the side of the Patriots, afterwards, like Körner of *The Lyre and Sword*, celebrating the successes of his brothers-in-arms in song. The States of Amersfoort became uneasy, and begged the Stadtholder to take the command in person; and the Burgher troops retaliated by making the Rhingrave of Salm General-in-Chief. "A soldier without fame, and a politician without morality," says Count Segur, "who only fought against the Prince of Orange in the hope of succeeding him."* He was eloquent and crafty,

* *Décade Historique, ou Tableau Politique de l'Europe* (1786—1796).

however, and the burghers unreservedly placed their fate in his hands. When the Rhingrave reorganised the Burgher troops, Ondaatje was made major of the First Regiment, and captain of another corps; while the States of Holland appointed him Adjutant-General of the *Woardgelders.*

A new embarrassment now arose for the Patriots. The peace-and-plenty-loving burghers of Utrecht began to tire of the penalties inseparable from war. Workmen were out of employment, inns were closed at dusk, games of chance were forbidden—patriotism became unpopular. In vain Ondaatje and his brother officers tried to rally the citizens by meetings and harangues. In vain they shouted, "No surrender!" and declared that in the last extremity they would rather fire the city than yield it to the enemy. The defence of Utrecht slackened, and frequent communications passed between the foe without and their partisans within the walls. Nor was this all against which the Patriots had to contend. The campaign began to change its character under the auspices of the Rhingrave, and a succession of reverses befell the Burgher troops.

Nevertheless, matters did not look much brighter for the Stadtholder. Deprived of his offices, and consequently of nearly all his revenues, by the disaffected States, he began to doubt his ability to cope with the widespread mutiny. At this juncture the Princess took a step described by her partisans as an heroic attempt to aid her husband, and by her opponents as a trick to betray the Patriots into such conduct as would necessitate her brother's intervention.*

While the burghers looked for the commercial Utopia of a pure republic, the peasants retained a feudal fidelity to their Princes. They refused to serve under the Patriots, and in every village from Zutphen to Dordt assembled in large numbers, wearing the Orange cockade. This feeling was particularly strong in and near the Hague, and as negotiations were still pending between the States and the Stadtholder, the Princess hoped to influence them by exciting a display of public feeling in favour of her family. Accordingly she set out from Nimeguen in June, 1787, armed with letters from her husband to the States-General

* The author of the *Memorials of Ondaatje* assumes that the Princess acted by the advice or, at all events, with the knowledge of Sir James Harris; but the published records of his correspondence and interviews with her seem to prove the contrary.

and the States of Holland (who were then quarrelling over details of government), and empowered to act or negotiate for him as circumstances might suggest. She was attended only by a maid of honour and three officers, and she ordered relays of horses on the road, and apartments to be prepared for her in the *Maison du Bois*. Considering the state of public affairs and popular feeling, this was certainly a brave though an ill-judged attempt. At Haestricht the Princess was stopped by a regiment of the Free Corps of Gonda, appointed by the Commission of Five to prevent all "suspected persons" from entering the Province of Holland. They detained her in a farm-house for some time, and then, at her request, conveyed her under a strong guard to Schoonhoven, whence she wrote very spirited letters to the Grand Pensionary and the Greffier Fagel, declaring that her sole motive in visiting the Hague was to promote reconciliation, and expressing her conviction that the States would at once disavow any intention of interrupting her journey. They, on the contrary, approved the act of the Commission, and informed the Princess that they could not decide on her letter without taking the sense of the towns they represented. On the arrival of this message, Sir James Harris and others of the Princess's friends advised her immediate return to Nimeguen, especially as the Rhingrave was hard by with a troop of horse, and would doubtless have seized her had she attempted to proceed. Her retreat was not intercepted; but this harsh measure increased the ill-will between the disputants.

Thorough-going Republicans had from the first deprecated the establishment of hereditary rule in Holland, however guarded by constitutional limitations. They now triumphantly pointed to the discontents and divisions prevailing throughout the country as a justification of their forebodings. The troubles of Holland, they declared, had always arisen from the encroachments of potentates allied to royal houses, who were certain to support the Stadtholder against his people. Such had been the result of William the Second's marriage to the daughter of Charles the First; of William the Third's marriage to the daughter of James the Second; of William the Fourth's marriage to the daughter of George the Second—all English princesses. Such, finally, was now seen to be the result of William the Fifth's marriage to the Prussian Princess

Royal. The temptation to humiliate her was too strong to be resisted. The detention of the Princess was, however, a blunder as well as an affront. If her journey was only designed to push matters to an extremity, their high mightinesses were foolish to fall into the trap. If, on the other hand, her temporary return to the Hague would have occasioned "sedition and tumult," the cause of the Orange party must have been strong indeed.

Mrs. Davies, in her *Memorials of Ondaatje*, speaks of the States as "sovereign," and the House of Orange as "rebels;" and discusses the arrest of the Princess as "a domestic matter between the States of Holland and their subject," with which the King of Prussia had no claim to interfere, were she "twenty times" his sister. It would appear that this was Frederick William's own view; for great difficulty was experienced in rousing him to a sense of her injuries. True to his chivalrous declaration, "qu'il ne voulait pas déranger ses propres affaires pour arranger celles d'autrui," he contented himself with indignant remonstrances; while the States retaliated by childish decrees which prohibited their subjects, under penalty of imprisonment, from singing or whistling tunes composed in honour of the House of Orange.

At last the King of Prussia was moved to demand reparation for the affront to his sister, and, receiving no satisfactory reply, sent 25,000 Prussian troops, under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, to aid her cause. They entered Holland July 21st, 1787. It was obviously impossible for the Patriots to contend against such numbers. Even then terms might have been made with the Stadtholder and his powerful ally, but the States depended on the promised aid of France. The Prussian army marched into Guelderland in three divisions, two of which entered the Province of Utrecht; for although the dykes were cut and the sluices opened, the season was too dry to make these defences effective. In the city of Utrecht centred all the hopes of the Patriots. They called it the key to the Province of Holland—the stronghold of liberty; and their dismay may be imagined when the Rhingrave of Salm announced that he had been ordered by the Commission to abandon it. At first the citizens refused to give credence to his story; but on September 15th the troops left for Amsterdam, Ondaatje, as Director General of Secret Correspondence at headquarters, reluctantly

accompanying them. Before midnight the city was nearly empty, the Burgher troops and citizens having poured through the gates in every kind of vehicle, while boats, filled almost to sinking, covered the river and canals. Before daylight Utrecht resembled a sacked town, though not a shot had been fired nor a drop of blood shed. The actual surrender, however, was made by a girl. A soldier in a detachment of the Prince of Orange's Grenadiers, coming in the morning from the camp at Zeist, saw a maidservant at a window in the house of Van den Brink, the town printer, and called to her, "We are come to release your master." "Is that so?" she replied. "Then *vivat Oraange!*" and hung out an Orange flag. Within half an hour every individual in the town wore Orange colours.

The secret departure of the Rhingrave from Amsterdam gave rise to ugly rumours, but it was probably due to private information that the French Government was unable to send the promised aid. Ondaatje wrote as good a defence of the Rhingrave's conduct as circumstances permitted, but the point was never satisfactorily cleared up. The success of the Prussian troops was complete. The Stadtholder was reinstated in all his offices; the Patriot members of the Government were displaced; the *Schutterij* were disbanded. Ondaatje obeyed a secret warning, and departed for Brussels, being specially excluded from the amnesty of 1787; and sentence was pronounced against him, Lidth de Jeude, and Liebeherr, as guilty of "the crime of Lese-Majesty," and therefore "infamous and incapable of any office; and further banished from the city and its liberty . . . and declared to have forfeited all property, and without prejudice to further corporal punishment in case they should fall into the hands of justice."

Flanders being the centre of a Democratic party anxious for release from the yoke of Austria, Ondaatje removed thither in 1799, taking up his abode with Frederic von Liebeherr in the Castle of Groeningewald. On the night of June 10th a body of armed men surrounded the castle, and carried Ondaatje and Liebeherr prisoners to the Dominican Convent in Ghent, charged with being actively concerned in the plots of the Democratic party. After three days they were released and reconducted under military escort to Groeninengen.

Ondaatje next went to France, and became partner in a fishery and rope-making establishment at Gravelines. Thence he removed to Dunkirk. Here he bought Van Schelle's printing press, from which issued many earnest appeals to the French nation on behalf of the Dutch fugitives, to whom a scanty subsistence was grudgingly doled out by its officials. The most important of Ondaatje's works, a *History of the Revolution of* 1787, appeared about this time. In 1792 he joined the "Foreign Legion" of Dumouriez, which consisted chiefly of Batavian emigrants. In 1793 the French Convention declared war against England, and the Stadtholder as her dependent, not the States—a piece of astute diplomacy, inasmuch as it not only left the Batavian emigrants free to fight for France without any dereliction of patriotic principles, but secured the sympathy of the still unsatisfied Liberal party. In his proclamation to the "People of the United Provinces," Dumouriez recapitulated the sins of the Stadtholder, urging the people to send back to Germany the ambitious family who sacrificed the country to their pride, and pledging himself to fight for Dutch independence and the integrity of the Republic. This manifesto created great excitement, and Dumouriez advanced his small army, in which Ondaatje was Captain of the Foreign Legion and "Captain Adjoint" to the Adjutant General. Their capture of Breda—where Ondaatje was the first to enter the city—was celebrated with very French sentiment. A tree of liberty, adorned with the tricolor, being planted in the market-place, the victors, led by Dumouriez, danced round it hand-in-hand, while the spectators chanted the *Marseillaise*. A few other captures were made, and then the tide turned. English forces by sea and land aided the Stadtholder to repel the invaders; the French abandoned Breda, and the Batavian Legion again quitted its native land. Sir Henry Calvert saw the garrisons, which were allowed to retire into France, marching through Antwerp with colours flying, drums beating, bayonets fixed, and matches lighted. "Here are the French and ourselves," he says, "marching up the two sides of the Scheldt—the one army to attack, the other to defend the frontiers of France."*

Ondaatje remained in the Republican army, and after assisting in the capture of certain fortified Austrian

* *Journals and Correspondence of General Sir Henry Calvert.*

villages, repaired to Dunkirk, just before it was besieged by the Duke of York. Perceiving at last that Dutch patriots had little to hope from the French Republic, Ondaatje quitted its service in 1793, and again undertook the management of a printing office, editing, amongst other things, a daily paper called the *Courier de Calais*. One of the many Dutch emigrants who had chosen Calais for their residence was a beautiful and fascinating widow, Christina Hesse, the daughter of a citizen of Utrecht who had suffered much for the Patriots. Ondaatje fell deeply in love with her, and during a peaceful interval in his adventurous life they were married, when the bridegroom added to his already numerous names his mother's surname, Quint.

Unfortunately for Holland, the majority of the Liberal party did not share Ondaatje's distrust of France. They not only made secret preparations for a second more general rising, but memorialised the representatives of the Convention present with the French army at Brussels, praying that they would again enter the United Provinces "in support of liberty." Madame Roland's dying words should have warned them against the misuse of that sacred name. Rarely has a country achieved freedom by aid of foreign bayonets.

The Stadtholderal Government becoming aware that Pichegru was about to enter Holland, called on the people to arm in defence of religion, freedom, and fatherland. But their orders were evaded, frontier posts were left unprotected, and the Stadtholder had to rely on half-hearted allies. Prussia, unable to fulfil her promises, or meet her liabilities, was negotiating a separate peace with France. Austria deserted Holland in order to settle her own Polish difficulties; and the English troops still in the country were disorganised and inefficient. Against all these disadvantages the Stadtholderal party made head. They heard of depôts of arms concealed at Amsterdam, and of "reading societies," which were really gatherings of the disaffected; and the Prince of Orange and Duke of York suddenly entered the city and quartered a garrison there. This prompt action compelled the Patriots to modify their plans. Moreover, there was a natural barrier which they could not overcome. Heavy rains had swollen the rivers and canals, and filled the Stadtholder's defensive dykes, so that the interior of the country was inaccessible. "The

Orangeists with a feeling of security, the Patriots with despair, gazed on the waste of waters which girded them round about."

During this period of suspense propositions for peace were discussed; but before they could be settled frost set in, and the vast sheets of water which had been Holland's best defence now offered a safe and speedy road into her towns. The Patriots rejoiced; Pichegru's "army of the Rhine" pressed forward; and Utrecht capitulated in January, 1795. The Orange family embarked for England; and the Ambassadors quitted the Hague, into which Pichegru and Moreau made a triumphal entry.

The hour so long plotted, schemed, and longed for had at last arrived. French ideas, French fashions, and French troops dominated Holland; the Stadtholder was an exile; Pensionary Van der Spiegel was superseded by Peter Paulus; arms were restored to the *Schutterij*; voting by head was substituted for voting by towns; the States were declared annihilated; the "College of Commissioned" was replaced by a "Committee of General Welfare;" the style was changed to the "First Year of Batavian Liberty;" public documents were headed "Liberty, fraternity, and equality:" and in three months the majority of the Dutch people were heartily ashamed of and disgusted at the change they had brought about.

The principle of the "rights of man," enunciated by French eloquence, and the system of government enforced by French Ministers, were in perpetual conflict. One great feature of the new *régime* was an "Assembly of Provincial Representatives," which, having replaced the States of Holland, appointed Secretary Wiselius bailiff of Naarden and Weesp. But the inhabitants logically urged that, in accordance with the "rights of man," they ought to have had a voice in the matter. Popular elections followed; and, as all diversities of opinion were represented, sundry Orange partisans were returned, to the great perplexity of the new Government. Risings occurred at Utrecht, Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and the Hague. The air was darkened with plots and counterplots.

The Patriots were bitterly mortified. Their promised independence had been shattered by the iron hand of France; French officers seized the arsenals and stores; French soldiers were quartered in the poorest houses; even widows and orphans, themselves objects of charity,

were not exempt. A private letter to the Hon. Eleanor Eden (the only love of William Pitt) says:

"The Hague! Alas, you would not know it again. It is a degraded place—all the comforts of society are blasted. . . . The new rulers of this unhappy country cannot conceal their perplexity. There is a spirit of dissension between them and the French—between the French and the *Bataves*. The *Bataves* quarrel with them both, and the clubs aspire to an ascendency over them all. You cannot form any idea of what it is to live under such a Government. It is a tragical farce. When their journals surprise me sometimes into a fit of laughter I correct myself, and think I grow delirious, to laugh in such times and at such odious objects."

The writer adds that the garrison has at least secured public tranquillity at the Hague, but at Amsterdam

"Acts of 'patriotic' cruelty are daily committed, and many innocent persons have been desperately wounded, some killed, by the club gentry. . . . They have been less bloody, though not less enraged, in Friesland, where they have shattered the tombs of the Orange family, dug up their bodies, and made of them a *feu de joie*, which heroic deed the Club of Leewarden applauded with a pompous eulogy, and rewarded with a few florins."*

The States-General tried to release themselves from the heavy burden of this national misery (increased by the introduction of paper money), and asked from France a formal recognition of the Independent Batavian Republic. The French Committee of Public Safety said an indemnity must first be paid, and fixed it at a hundred million guilders, a loan to the same amount, and the cession of the whole country to the left of the Rhine, Meuse, and Waal! This was more than even Dutch phlegm could tolerate. The help of the most despotic power in Europe might have been purchased at such a price. It was rather too much to give for the brotherly love and aid of their tutors in republicanism!

The Dutch plenipotentiaries declared that no earthly power should constrain them to consent to the dismemberment of their country; and Siéyes, on behalf of the French Government, repaired to the Hague, and signed a treaty which acknowledged the Republic of the United Nether-

* *Journals and Correspondence of William Lord Auckland*, Vol. III. pp. 311—314.

lands in return for the pecuniary indemnity and the cession of Dutch Flanders, for which the States-General were to receive a territorial equivalent, on the conclusion of a general peace.

After this arrangement with Siéyes, Ondaatje, who had not long returned from Calais, was made Under-Secretary of the War Department. His duties were onerous. The army and navy retained their loyalty to the House of Orange. Officers applied for their discharge, and soldiers deserted to the troops at Osnabruck, commanded by Prince Frederic.* Both services were in arrears of pay, and the finances of the Confederation were exhausted. Reforms and reductions were planned, urged, and, as far as possible, effected by the zealous Under-Secretary. But the reconstruction of the army on French principles, and the maintenance of 25,000 French auxiliaries, must have sorely tried his patriotism. While anxieties thus pressed upon Ondaatje in the land of his adoption, that of his birth passed through a change which filled him with mortification and regret.

When the Stadtholder and his family arrived in England, they were received with the greatest sympathy and deference. As the fishing-boat in which they escaped from Scheveling approached Harwich, "the population carried him on their shoulders from the boat through the floating ice, and drew his carriage through the streets to the house where he was to stop. The Prince, though grateful for the attentions shown him, is deeply affected by his situation."† In February, 1795, Lord Auckland wrote: "I have repeatedly seen the Orange family. . . . Their present residence is at Kew, but in a few days they settle at Hampton Court. Meantime they have concerts, cards, dinners, &c., at St. James's, the Queen's house, the Prince of Wales's. They are treated as princes and princesses of the blood royal."‡ Madame D'Arblay often alludes to the kindness shown by George III. and his good-natured family to their unhappy relatives, on whom Princess Augusta favoured her with some shrewd comments. Liberal grants were made by the English Government to the Prince and

* Second son of the Stadtholder. He entered the Austrian service after his father's flight from Holland, and died at Venice in 1799, of a fever caught while visiting his disabled soldiers.

† *Annual Register* for 1795. Vol. XXXVII. p. 142.

‡ *Journals and Correspondence of Lord Auckland*, Vol. III. p. 283.

Princess in recognition of their losses, which had been augmented by their fidelity to the English alliance. But in the midst of all this family affection and national generosity, advantage was taken of the state of Holland to transfer Ceylon from Dutch to English rule.

"England," says Ondaatje's biographer, "had proved to the United Provinces a domineering and selfish ally. . . . Now, when altered circumstances had placed the two countries in hostility, she delayed a formal declaration of war in order that, while seizing Dutch ships in her ports as an enemy, she might, under the guise of a friend, gain possession of the magnificent colonies of Holland. . . . From the Prince of Orange, a fugitive in their power, the English Government obtained within a few weeks of his arrival a letter commanding the Governors of the Dutch Colonies to admit the ships of England into their ports and receive her troops."*

Mrs. Davies adds that the Stadtholder never had any right to dispose of the colonies without the concurrence of the States-General, and that, having abdicated his offices, he could issue no commands. But the States and the country having risen against the Stadtholder, and allied themselves with his enemies, it would have been difficult strictly to define *who* had authority over the colonies; and Mrs. Davies overlooks the fact that the action of England was at all events ostensibly consistent. Her reprisals were on the rebellious Dutch nation; her shelter and support were given to the Stadtholder.

"Ceylon was feebly protected," says Adolphus; "its Governor, attached to the Stadtholder, and hopeless, after the recent change, of obtaining large sums which he had advanced, entered into a negotiation, with the sanction of the Prince of Orange, for surrendering the portion of the island under his command to Great Britain. . . . It was understood to be retained *in trust for the Prince of Orange;* but in 1799, when all hope of re-establishing him had ceased, the territory was transferred to the Crown of England."†

It must also be remembered that at this time the French Convention threatened to plant the *tricolor* on the ruins of London; to destroy the marine and commerce of Great Britain, and to seize her colonies. And though this ambi-

* *Memorials*, p. 167.

† *History of England from the Accession to the Death of George III.* By John Adolphus. Vol. VI. p. 316.

tious programme was not likely to be carried out in its entirety, France, favoured by her success in Holland, would assuredly have laid a grasp on Ceylon, which the enfeebled and humiliated Dutch nation could not have shaken off. Those were days when the rights of nations seemed about to give place to

> "The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That he shall take who has the power,
> And he shall keep who can."

In 1796, Ondaatje resigned his Under-Secretaryship of the War Department, and became a Director of the Dutch East India Company, then in a most unsatisfactory condition. Its debts amounted to a hundred and twelve million guilders, and its dissolution seemed inevitable. As a last chance, the National Assembly formed a commission of inquiry called the "Asiatic Council," and as a member of this body, Ondaatje went to St. Ubes, Portugal, to protect the East India return ships, which had put in there, from falling into the hands of the English. In this mission he was successful, and he returned to Amsterdam during the following year. Here matters were by no means in the condition in which he had hoped and expected to find them. The Constitution proposed by the Assembly satisfied no one. The admirers of French centralisation wished to combine all administrations in one body; the Unitarists considered that too many diversities of opinion were represented; and many deputies (amongst them the celebrated Schimmelpenninck) refused to re-enter the National Assembly, on the ground that its functions were too restricted. But in spite of internal dissensions the Dutch had collected a fleet of a hundred sail, and two squadrons were stationed in the Texel, for the purpose of co-operating in a French descent on Ireland. This plan was abandoned, and the fleet remained in harbour, blockaded by Admiral Duncan. When at last they stood out to sea, their Admiral was taken in the battle of Camperdown, which shattered all hope of naval distinction for the Dutch.

A proposed levy of eight per cent. on the income of all inhabitants of the United Provinces, in order to replace the sunk and captured fleet, brought matters to a crisis in Holland. Some of the provincial governments would not submit to the tax, and therefore provincial government was doomed. The Unitarists, prompted by La Croix, the

French Ambassador, took possession of the Chamber of Assembly, on January 22, 1798; installed a new president; arrested, excluded, or expelled all dissidents, and proclaimed the "One and Indivisible Batavian Republic." Instead of the provinces, *arrondissements*, or circles, were named, as in France, from the rivers flowing through them. Two Chambers of Representatives replaced the Provincial Sovereignties, and "Purifiers" were appointed, to expunge all dissentients from the lists of voters. The manner of the change was repugnant even to those citizens who did not altogether disapprove the new mode of government; and when a festival was appointed in honour of the triumph of democracy, the people silently refused to rejoice. Splendid pageants were presented to them, at which they looked with contempt or indifference; music sounded, but they would not dance; and shouts of applause were raised, in which they would not join.

In the face of popular resentment the newly-constituted assembly found it difficult to consolidate a Government. Ondaatje took office as "Agent of Justice," or "Secretary of Internal Police and Home Correspondence;" but many of his old colleagues hung back, and a decree was passed imposing penal obligations on public appointments. This led to a counter revolution, presenting, we are told, "the singular spectacle of a Government overthrown at the instigation of its own Ministers!" Severe frosts, followed by floods which laid three hundred towns and villages under water, added want and suffering to political failures; and the Stadtholder's allies thought it would be easy to replace him in his weakened and distracted country. Accordingly, while twenty-five thousand men assembled on the Kentish coast, under Sir Ralph Abercromby and the Duke of York, Captain Popham went to Revel to superintend the embarkation of seventeen thousand Russian auxiliaries. On August 20th, 1799, the English fleet, numbering nearly two hundred vessels, appeared off the island of the Texel, and Admiral Duncan, the victor of Camperdown, called on the Dutch Admiral to surrender. He refused; but in the meantime Abercromby landed a large body of English troops near the Helder, defeated General Daendels, and hoisted the Orange flag. The Dutch sailors mutinied in every vessel, the republican flag was hauled down, and the Dutch fleet passed into English hands without a shot being fired. Shortly afterwards the

hereditary Prince of Orange, with the Dukes of York and Gloucester, and a force of about 20,000 men, landed at the Helder. The Batavian army, supported by only 7,000 of their French allies, was greatly inferior in numbers, but had the advantage of acquaintance with the dreary waste of sand hillocks and meadows, intersected by innumerable dykes, which formed the battle-ground. The defence of Holland was a brilliant achievement; she forgot her internal quarrels in time of danger; no trace of the much talked-of "Orange rising" was to be found, except among the few sailors. The Dutch fleet was sent to England, and the Duke of York gradually withdrew his army.

But domestic strife, hydra-headed, sprang up as soon as the foreign foe disappeared; and Ondaatje, hopeless of anything like harmonious government, quitted office, and resumed his seat as an East India Director, till the appointment of a Colonial Council set him free to practise as an advocate in the Hague, being made Solicitor to the Marine in 1801.*

On the Peace of Amiens (1802) the Dutch strove to obtain the recall of the French troops, and gave notice that they would no longer be paid or maintained. In reply, First Consul Bonaparte ordered them to prepare to receive fresh detachments, and announced that he had appointed General Victor commander of the Batavian army. In vain the Council remonstrated; the appointment was confirmed, and in 1803 the French began to make preparations, chiefly on the shores of Holland, for a descent upon England—subjecting their unfortunate ally to innumerable exactions, and compelling Dutch ship-builders to turn from constructing the fishing-boats and merchantmen, in which their souls delighted, to the building of gun-boats and fitting out of men-of-war, which, after all, were left to rot in the ports.

Soon after Napoleon's coronation he summoned Schimmelpenninck from his retirement at Overyssel, invested him with the Legion of Honour, and invited him to take the head of the Dutch Government, under the familiar title of Grand Pensionary. No one can doubt the honest and patriotic intentions with which the dazzling offer was accepted, though it is unintelligible that Schimmelpenninck

* He had studied law long and closely. His second Latin thesis, written when he took his J.U.D. degree, was considered a masterpiece of erudition.

could have hoped to play any other part than that of a French viceroy. He consulted the Council of State, and with their ready acquiescence presented himself at the Hague in 1805. His administration promised well, but Napoleon never intended it to succeed. Had the Grand Pensionary gone on healing the dissensions of his country, uniting her factions and improving her condition, she would have become settled, satisfied, and, in time, independent. So the Dutch Ambassadors were told that Schimmelpenninck had grown too great, and that Holland must be either a republic or a monarchy: and how dared Holland declare for a republic, when France, her guide and exemplar, had become an empire?

The Ambassadors knew what was expected of them. They offered the crown the Emperor was resolved to take, and the ruler *pro tem.* was put down by the hand which had set him up. Fifteen months after his installation the Grand Pensionary resigned his important office, and returned to Overyssel. In reading the wonderfully plausible account of his dealings with Holland which Napoleon dictated to Count Montholon at St. Helena, one speculates as to whether he deceived himself, or was only preparing to deceive posterity—till the following naïve passage gives a clue to the tangled web:—"The Batavian Republic was obliged to pay an annual subsidy of 25,000,000 francs, and to maintain an army of 25,000 French soldiers on a war footing.... The French regiments were all sent successively to Holland to be clothed, mounted, and fed.... This led to the greatest abuses, but *all in favour of France.*"*

The next puppet set up in Holland by Napoleon was his brother Louis, who tried to escape his fate by pleading the probable injury to his health. "It is better," replied the Emperor, grandiloquently, "to die a king than to live a prince." And a really good and wise king Louis would have made if that had been his brother's will. But to what end had Schimmelpenninck been deposed if not to secure a more complaisant agent? After a series of futile struggles with the tyranny of the Emperor, his brother, having afforded "an example of all that a good man could suffer upon an usurped throne,"† resigned that throne, and

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* *History of the Captivity of Napoleon.* By Count Montholon. Vol. I. pp. 399, 400.

† Bourrienne, *Life of Napoleon*, Vol. III. p. 398.

Holland was annexed to France. During these changes Ondaatje cannot be said to have suffered. Louis had made him member of the Council of Finance and President of the Council of Imposts; the Duke of Placentia, Napoleon's representative after the abdication of Louis, made him Councillor of the "Imperial Council of Prizes;" and he retained this office till the overthrow of the Empire, residing in Paris to fulfil its duties.

The news of the battle of Leipsic, and the retreat of the French army from Germany, created intense excitement in Holland, where only six thousand French troops and two German regiments remained. When the allies approached, these were concentrated at Utrecht, and their removal was the signal for a general revolt. The inhabitants of Rotterdam, Amsterdam, Leyden, and all the chief towns, hoisted the Orange flag, with cries of "*Orange boven*" and joyous demonstrations. The prospect of release from the intolerable French yoke roused even the steady-going Dutchmen to wild enthusiasm, but there were neither riots nor bloodshed. They were temperate in triumph, as they had been patient under oppression.

The Provisional Government formed to await the arrival of the Hereditary Prince of Orange * issued a proclamation, the spirit of which is indicated by the following passage:

"*Orange boven!* Holland is free. The Allies advance on Utrecht, the English have been invited, the French are flying on all sides. The sea is opened—commerce revives! The spirit of party has ceased. What we have suffered is forgiven. Able and intelligent men have been called to the helm of Government, who have invited the Prince to resume the national sovereignty. We join our forces to those of the Allies to compel the enemy to make peace. . . . Every species of pillage or excess is absolutely forbidden. Every one returns thanks to God. Old times have returned. *Orange boven!*"

A deputation from Holland waited on the Prince Regent and the Prince of Orange in London, and the latter, embarking in an English line-of-battle ship, proceeded to the Hague. Scarcely any opposition was offered to his return. After one encounter with a body of Cossacks, the advanced guard of the allies, the French troops withdrew, and the Prince of Orange entered Amsterdam.

* Son of the Stadtholder, who died in Germany in 1806.

By the treaty of Chaumont (1814) the allied powers agreed that Holland should be formed into a kingdom for the Prince of Orange, who caused a constitutional code to be drawn up, which he presented to a public assembly in the new church of Amsterdam. It was accepted by an immense majority. Next year the old seventeen provinces of the Netherlands and Holland were reunited, William Frederic taking the title of King of the Netherlands and Grand Duke of Luxembourg, and England restoring to the new kingdom the noble island of Java. "The dominions thus acquired by the House of Orange," says Alison, "embraced some of the richest and most flourishing provinces in Europe, containing in all 5,424,000 inhabitants." * Holland did well in exchanging the selfish exactions of France for the steady friendship of England, and the restless rule of her burghers for the settled government of an enlightened king. Ondaatje's republicanism had been subjected to so many shocks that he seems to have come to the same conclusion, and hastened to offer his services to the new monarch. Their interview took place in Paris, and is thus recorded in the inedited French MS. by Ondaatje's eldest son, to which we shall have further occasion to refer:

"Mon père se fit présenter au Prince pour lui demander de pouvoir retourner à la Hollande, et d'y être placé; auparavant de lui répondre, le Prince lui demanda s'il n'avait pas eu un frère en 1789. Sa mère Wilhelmina était dans ce tems-là entre les mains des Patriottes, mais fut sauvé par les Prussiens. Mon père, zélé patriotte, était dans ce complot. Il répondit franchement que, *Non, c'etait lui-même.* Le Prince, retrouva cette réponse ferme, *Nous avons entendu cela plus tard;* et lui dit—*Retournez en Hollande, et je vous placera.*"

Ondaatje accordingly returned to the Hague in 1814. He did not, however, find all his coadjutors as generous as their sovereign. It became apparent that there would be embarrassment, perhaps danger, in resuming office; and in the following year he obtained a high civil appointment in the East Indies. Some delay arose in the departure of the ships which were to convey the party of officials to their destination, and the King of Holland presented Dr. Quint Ondaatje, as we now find him called, with 700 florins,

* *History of Europe*, Vol. XIII. p. 547.

and an allowance of 100 florins per month till he embarked, in March, 1816, on board the *Nassau* at Middleburgh.

The French MS. before mentioned, entrusted to us by one of Ondaatje's descendants, gives an interesting account of his last days. After explaining that his family attributed the obstacles placed in the way of his settling in Holland to the lasting displeasure of the widowed Princess of Orange (mother of the reigning monarch), the writer proceeds:

"It was September when we landed at Batavia. My father had been very well till one night, when nearly at the end of the voyage he fell out of bed in an apoplectic fit. He then lost his memory—a sad affliction to his family because of his great talent—and in that fatal condition he arrived in the East Indies. It was impossible to appoint him President of the High Court of Justice, but he was immediately made one of its members, with a salary of 1,000 florins per month. But alas, he continued ill and unable to work, though his friend Baron Van Der Capellen, the Governor-General, kept him in office. Nothing availed to restore his health or memory, though painfully conscious of his deplorable situation. . . . He was a man of high spirit, and but for my mother would not have taken his salary, because he said, 'I can do nothing, and therefore I do not wish to receive my pay.' Some days before his death he said to me, from the bed where he was lying, 'My son, draw back the window curtains for me, that I may admire Nature once more.' And on the morning of his death I was by his bedside with a pipe of tobacco, and he said, 'Give me also a pipe, I wish to smoke.' I took it to him lighted. He raised himself painfully with our help, made one movement, fell back on his pillow, and ceased to breathe. Our anguish may be imagined. He was buried, like my mother, without show or pomp.* In 1863 I searched for, but could not find, the spot where they were interred. There was no monument over their graves. But what matters that to the good Christian? We know we shall find *them* again, themselves, in eternity, which is much to be preferred to monuments which can be destroyed by time. Amen."

This simple narrative (dated "La Haye, ce 5 Novembre, 1868") gives a touching glimpse of the private life of one whose public career was so strangely diversified—soldier, poet, lawyer, statesman, printer, orator; distinguished in

* Ondaatje died on April 30th, 1818. His wife only survived him three months.

each capacity, and remarkable both for successes and misfortunes. Ondaatje has been called the "Hampden of Holland;" and though we may not be quite disposed to accord him that title, no one can question his devotion to his adopted country. He always defended, with sword and pen, what he conscientiously believed her best interests. No doubt he made mistakes, as enthusiasts do; but they were never selfish ones. Such men are rare in all ages; it is sometimes feared that they may become extinct in our own. We cannot, then, afford to lose sight of one instance of disinterested patriotism, and should not refuse to honour the memory of Quint Ondaatje.

ART. IV.—*Degeneration, a Chapter in Darwinism.* By PROFESSOR E. RAY LANKESTER, F.R.S. London: Macmillan and Co.

THIS little work is a very suggestive one. The popular idea of the theory of evolution is, that it asserts a necessary law of progress reigning throughout the universe. According to this conception, or misconception, it is supposed that a better state of things keeps continually supplanting a less excellent state, and that the whole world is ever moving to some goal of indefinite perfection. Our author alleges that many naturalists have forgotten the retrogressive phases of things, and practically shared in the popular error concerning an intrinsic and necessary law of development. "In attempting to reconstruct the pedigree of the animal kingdom, and so to exhibit correctly the genetic relationships of all existing forms of animals, naturalists have hitherto assumed that the process of natural selection and survival of the fittest has invariably acted so as either to improve or elaborate the structure of *all* the organisms subject to it, or else has left them unchanged, exactly fitted to their conditions, maintained as it were in a state of *balance*. It has been held that there have been some six or seven great lines of descent—main branches of the pedigree—such as that of the Vertebrates, that of the Molluscs, that of the Insects, that of the Starfish, and so on; and that along each of these lines there has been always and continuously a progress—a change in the direction of greater elaboration." "Owing, as it seems, to the predisposing influence of the systems of classification in ascending series proceeding steadily upwards from the 'lower' or simplest forms to the 'higher' or more complex forms—systems which were prevalent before the doctrine of transformism had taken firm root in the minds of naturalists—there has been, up to the present day, an endeavour to explain every existing form of life, on the hypothesis that it has been maintained for long ages in a state of balance; or else on the hypothesis that it has been elaborated, and is an advance, an improvement, upon its ancestors."

In fact, the Darwinian theory asserts no necessary law of progress as prevailing throughout the universe, but implies a complicated backward and forward movement; Mr. Spencer asserting as one of the leading theorems of the doctrine of evolution the endlessly irregular alternation of progress and retrogression. Professor Lankester writes:

"It is clearly enough possible for a set of forces such as we sum up under the head 'natural selection,' to so act on the structure of an organism as to produce one of three results, namely these: to keep it *in statu quo;* to increase the complexity of its structure; or lastly, to diminish the complexity of its structure. We have, as possibilities, either BALANCE, or ELABORATION, or DEGENERATION."

The Professor devotes his pages to the illustration of the last-named possibility, believing that the hypothesis of Degeneration will be found to render most valuable service in pointing out the true relationships of animals which are a puzzle and a mystery, when we use only and exclusively the hypothesis of Balance, or the hypothesis of Elaboration.

Some interesting examples are then given of what the Professor considers undeniably degenerate animals. "First, I may call to mind the very remarkable series of lizard-like animals which exist in the south of Europe, and in other countries, which exhibit in closely related genera a gradual loss of the limbs—a local or limited Degeneration. We have the common Lizard (*Lacerta*), with five toes on each of its well-grown fore and hind limbs; then we have, side by side with this, a lizard-like creature, *Seps*, in which both pairs of limbs have become ridiculously small, and are evidently ceasing to be useful in the way in which those of *Lacerta* are useful; and lastly, we have *Bipes*, in which the anterior pair of limbs has altogether vanished, and only a pair of stumps, representing the hinder limbs, remain. No naturalist doubts that *Seps* and *Bipes* represent two stages of Degeneration, or atrophy of the limbs; that they have, in fact, been derived from the five-toed four-legged form, and have *lost* the locomotor organs once possessed by their ancestors." Another example is found in a number of shrimp-like animals, the free-living shrimp growing more and more elaborate, whilst the parasites degenerate into comparative simple bodies; this being true

of their internal structure as well as of their external appearance. "The most utterly reduced of these parasites is the curious *Sacculina* which infests Hermit-crabs, and is a mere sack filled with eggs, and absorbing nourishment from the juices of its host by root-like processes." "*Lernæocera*, again, which in the adult condition is found attached to the gills of fishes, has lost the well-developed legs of its Nauplius childhood, and become an elongated worm-like creature, fitted only to suck in nourishment and carry eggs." "The egg of the Barnacle gives rise to an actively swimming Nauplius, the history of which is very astonishing. After swimming about for a time the Barnacle's Nauplius fixes its head against a piece of wood, and takes to a perfectly fixed, immobile state of life. Its organs of touch and of sight atrophy, its legs lose their locomotor function, and are simply used for bringing floating particles to the orifice of the stomach; so that an eminent naturalist has compared one of these animals to a man standing on his head and kicking his food into his mouth." A further example of parasitic organisms, which exhibit extreme degeneration, is found in a different direction, *i.e.*, degenerate spiders—"the mites, leading to still more degenerate forms, the *Linguatulæ*." He gives figures of two of these. "The one, as compared with a spider, is still seen to possess the eight walking legs, small, it is true, whilst the palpæ and daggers of the spider have dwindled to a beak projecting from the front of the globular, unjointed body. In the other, the eight legs have become mere stumps, and the body is elongated, like that of a worm." Certain marine animals, the Ascidians, or sea-squirts, are then dealt with, his object being to show that the structure and life-history of these Ascidians may be best explained on the hypothesis that they are instances of degeneration; that they are the modified descendants of animals of higher, that is, more elaborate structure, and, in fact, are degenerate Vertebrata, standing in the same relation to fishes, frogs, and men, as do the barnacles to shrimps, crabs, and lobsters. "The Ascidian loses, by a process of atrophy and destruction, a powerful locomotive organ, a highly-developed eye, a relatively large nervous system." And the Professor concludes by stating that it is quite possible that other groups of animals besides parasites, Barnacles, and Ascidians, are degenerate. "It is quite possible that animals with considerable com-

plexity of structure, at least as complex as the Ascidians, may have been produced by degeneration from still more highly organised ancestors."

The Professor contends, then, that degenerative evolution should be fully and practically recognised by scientists, suggesting that phenomena often remain unexplained because the scientist fails to apply the hypothesis of degeneration. It is no longer to be regarded as a barren admission of the Darwinian creed that retrogression may have a place in the world's action, but it must be regarded as a fundamental article of the creed; and the working naturalist must be as willing to use the doctrine of degeneration in the solution of the problems which present themselves to him, as to apply the doctrine of balance or development. It will be observed, also, that this work contends for the extension of the theory of degeneration to all departments of nature and life. The doctrine must be regarded as applicable to all animal forms. "With regard to parasites, naturalists have long recognised what is called *retrogressive metamorphosis;* and parasitic animals are, as a rule, admitted to be instances of degeneration. It is the more remarkable, whilst the possibility of a degeneration—a loss of organisation making the descendant far *simpler* or *lower* in structure than its ancestor—has been admitted for a few exceptional animals, that the same hypothesis should not have been applied to the explanation of other simple forms of animals." The hypothesis must now be freely used in deciding the relationships of all animals whatsoever. But it must not be restricted to the zoological world. "Though we may establish the hypothesis most satisfactorily by the study of animal organisation and development, it is abundantly clear that degenerative evolution is by no means limited in its application to the field of zoology. It clearly offers an explanation of many vegetable phenomena, and is already admitted by botanists as the explanation of the curious facts connected with the reproductive process in the higher plants. . . . In other fields, wherever, in fact, the great principle of evolution has been recognised, degeneration plays an important part. In tracing the development of languages, philologists have long made use of the hypothesis of degeneration. . . . The traditional history of mankind furnishes us with notable examples of degeneration. High states of civilisation have decayed and given place to low and

degenerate states." Professor Lankester also contends for a very real thoroughgoing demoralisation. He points out cases of "arrested progress" as occurring; cases in which there is no modification of an adult structure, but simple arrest, and retention of the larval structure in all its completeness. But this dead stop in a progressive course is not the Professor's idea of degeneration. He affirms an immense degradation of the adult structure. "The Ascidian loses, by a process of atrophy and destruction, a powerful locomotive organ, a highly-developed eye, a relatively large nervous system."

It is impossible to read this treatise without being reminded afresh of the correspondence between Scriptural theology and the order of the world. Science cannot interpret the world about us without a doctrine of genuine sheer extreme degeneration, and the largest scope is demanded for the doctrine. The Scriptural doctrine of the corruption and decline of the race cannot then appear either impossible or improbable to the scientific mind. With all his clear argument for degeneration our author objects to the hypothesis as explaining the existence of savage races in general.

"At one time it was a favourite doctrine that the savage races of mankind were degenerate descendants of the higher and civilised races. This general and sweeping application of the doctrine of degeneration has been proved to be erroneous by careful study of the habits, arts, and belief of savages; at the same time there is no doubt that many savage races as we at present see them are actually degenerate, and are descended from ancestors possessed of a relatively elaborate civilisation. As such we may cite some of the Indians of Central America, the modern Egyptians, and even the heirs of the great Oriental monarchies of præ-Christian times. Whilst the hypothesis of universal degeneration as an explanation of savage races has been justly discarded, it yet appears that degeneration has a very large share in the explanation of the condition of the most barbarous races, such as the Fuegians, the Bushmen, and even the Australians. They exhibit evidence of being descended from ancestors more cultivated than themselves"—P. 59.

We cannot but think that Mr. Lankester is here placed between the two horns of a dilemma, the theory which regards the race as having a bestial origin contradicting the plain facts of science and history. And this is, of course, a feature of the school of naturalists represented

by Professor Lankester. Contending that man has arisen out of the ape, that civilisation has been slowly evolved from a primitive barbarism, they are constrained not to give too large play to the doctrine of degeneration. Mr. Darwin, whilst insisting on the existence of this law of retrogression, and allowing that many nations have fallen away in civilisation, yet doubts their falling into utter barbarism. And we see our author, whilst establishing the existence of this law, and illustrating its wide and energetic action, yet deprecating any general and sweeping application of the doctrine. We are to believe in degeneration, but not to believe in it so far as to accept the orthodox position that savage races of mankind are descended from a gifted and noble ancestry.

Let us recall the admissions of modern science on this question of physical decline. Professor Lankester has fully distinguished between "arrested progress" and degeneration, and shown how full nature is of examples of the latter. Then there is such a thing as partial degeneration, which, however, does not represent the position of our naturalists. In most snakes, we are told, only one lung is fully developed as a rule, the companion organ being rudimentary and degenerate. In birds, the egg-producing organs are similarly developed on one side only. This partial degeneration is also exemplified in animals which lack limbs and organs possessed by their ancestors. All this by no means, however, exhausts the thoroughgoing demoralisation for which Professor Lankester contends. Thus he writes:

"No naturalist doubts that Seps and Bipes represent two stages of degeneration, or atrophy of the limbs; that they have, in fact, been derived from the five-toed four-legged form, and have *lost* the locomotor organs once possessed by their ancestors. This very partial or local atrophy is not, however, that to which I refer when using the word degeneration. Let us imagine this atrophy to extend to a variety of important organs, so that not only the legs, but the organs of sense, the nervous system, and even the mouth and digestive organs are obliterated—then we shall have pictured a thorough going instance of degeneration."

The degeneration for which our scientists contend is also very frequently entirely uncompensated for and final. Dr. Andrew Wilson, in an instructive article on this subject in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for April of the current year, after commenting on degeneration and retrogression as

stern realities of existence, proceeds to remark that degeneration yet possesses a favourable aspect in relation to progress and evolution.

"There is a kind of evolution and progress inseparable even from degeneration itself. For the retrogression may in itself lead to variety and change, and in due time such variety may be the starting-point of new and higher developments. So, likewise, we are reminded that reduction and degeneration of some parts may proceed contemporaneously with the higher development of others, with the total result of perfecting the organism, and of evolving a higher type of structure.... Even in the great work of evolving higher races out of the lower, to degeneration much is owing for its aid in repressing larval characters and the structures which belong to lower existences. Whilst progressive evolution develops the great tree of life, extends each branch, clothes it with verdure, and expands each blossom, it is degeneration which lops the worn and aged stems, prunes the weakly foliage, trims the budding growths, and so directs and moulds the outlines of the organic whole."

Our scientists, after demonstrating dark and terrible phases of nature and life, frequently conclude their argument, as here, with poetic and gracious words: they show that we must all in various ways suffer the extreme penalties of the law; but we are dismissed to doom as softly as possible, like Earl Ferrars of the last century, who was executed for a certain outrage, but whose nobility and feelings were so far consulted that he was hung with a silk rope. But these poetic words cannot be accepted in the matter under review. Professor Lankester shows that nature abounds with instances of unqualified, radical and final demoralisation: it is not a matter of deformation or contortion merely, but of degeneration; the creature is unborn again, losing all its superior characters, and descending to quite a debased, ignoble level of existence—a "mere sac, absorbing nourishment and laying eggs." Professor Lankester shows us degeneration not lopping aged stems, pruning weakly foliage, trimming budding growths, but sapping the strength of the most glorious trees, and leaving them to rot from generation to generation. And science regards this degenerative phase of things as normal—not accidental and temporary, but general and abiding. As Dr. Wilson writes: "Degeneration is an invariable concomitant of life. So far from being in any way an abnormal phase of living action, it is seen to be as natural

a process for living beings to retrogress—wholly, as we have seen in some cases, or partly in others—as it is for them to develop and advance."

Science supposes that man and all his interests come within the action of this same law of degeneration. Our bodies, as well as the bodies of animals generally, furnish illustrations of its action, and it may be as clearly traced in our social as our physiological history. It reaches the species as well as the individual, and nothing is hid from its fatal power. However chary Darwin may be in admitting the general and extreme debasement of races of men, other scientists make large admissions. Professor Lankester writes: "There is no doubt that many savage races, as we at present see them, are actually degenerate, and are descended from ancestors possessed of a relatively elaborate civilisation." St. George Mivart* represents Mr. Herbert Spencer as making still franker admissions on this matter. "Probably most of them (savages), *if not all of them*, had ancestors in higher states; and among their beliefs remain some which were evolved during those higher states. While the degradation theory, as currently held, is untenable, the theory of progression, taken in its unqualified form, seems to me untenable also. If, on the one hand, the notion that savagery is caused by lapse from civilisation is irreconcilable with the evidence; there is, on the other hand, inadequate warrant for the notion that the lowest savagery has always been as low as it is now. It is quite possible, and, I believe, highly probable, that retrogression has been as frequent as progression."†

Who, then, after this, can pretend to set anything like definite limits to the action of degeneration? Who can say with confidence that no extensive or predominant retrogression has taken place among savage races? Who can maintain with any authority that the favourite doctrine that the ancestors of savage races were highly civilised is untrue? What is there in science to forbid a general and sweeping application of the doctrine of degeneration to the race? When Mr. Spencer holds "it highly probable that retrogression has been as frequent as progression," how can he with any consistency maintain that "the degradation theory, as currently held, is untenable?" Of course,

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* *Lessons from Nature*, p. 153.
† *Principles of Sociology*, Vol. I. p. 106.

if a careful study of the habits, arts, and beliefs of savages disproves a sweeping application of the hypothesis of racial decay, well and good; but that is the only way in which it can be disproved; there is no established principle of science to contradict it. The naturalist finds in the universe he examines positive degeneration, finds it in extreme and striking forms, finds it prevailing everywhere, and, except as desirous to save some preconceived theory, can pretend to assign no limit to the action of the demoralising principle. St. George Mivart writes: "It is physical science, not theology, which inclines me to assign a greater scope to degeneration than that assigned to it by Messrs. Taylor and Lubbock." So far, then, we see one of the great dogmas of the Church reflected in nature, and corroborated by the latest science. The triumph of eloquence, it has been said, is to enter with your opponent at his door, and bring him out at yours; on the doctrine of the deep and wide corruption of the race the theologian may enter with the scientist at his door, and the scientist come out with the theologian at the door of the Church.

It is instructive also to find science discrediting so directly and emphatically any necessary law of progress. This law does not exist either in nature or society. The necessary self-development of the world, of which so much has been heard of late years, is now, we are told, an unverified, nay, a disproved hypothesis. This being so, how can some of our philosophers prophesy so optimistically about modern civilisation, declaring so confidently its security and promise? Professor Huxley, lecturing in Manchester on "William Harvey," after speaking of the great men who arose in this country in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, continued: "I know not any period of our history—I doubt if there be any period of the history of any nation—which has precisely such a record as this to show for a hundred years. But I do not recall these facts to your recollection for a mere vainglorious purpose. I myself am of opinion that the memory of the great men of a nation is one of its most precious possessions—not because we have any right to plume ourselves upon their having existed as a matter of national vanity, but because we have a just and rational ground of expectation that the race which has brought forth such products as these may, in good time and under fortunate circumstances, produce the like again. I am one of those people

who do not believe in the natural decay of nations. I believe, to speak frankly, that the whole theory is a speculation invented by cowards to excuse knaves." But surely all this is far more rhetorical than scientific. The grounds for such an unqualified confidence are to be found neither in nature nor in the history of mankind. Professor Lankester is much more sober and scientific:

"With regard to ourselves, the white races of Europe, the possibility of degeneration seems to be worth some consideration. In accordance with a tacit assumption of universal progress—an unreasoning optimism—we are accustomed to regard ourselves as necessarily progressing; as necessarily having arrived at a higher and more elaborated condition than that which our ancestors reached, and as destined to progress still farther. On the other hand, it is well to remember that we are subject to the general laws of evolution, and are as likely to degenerate as to progress. As compared with the immediate forefathers of our civilisation—the ancient Greeks—we do not appear to have improved so far as our bodily structure is concerned, nor assuredly so far as some of our mental capacities are concerned. Our powers of perceiving and expressing beauty of form have certainly *not* increased since the days of the Parthenon and Aphrodite of Melos. In matters of the reason, in the development of intellect, we may seriously inquire how the case stands. Does the reason of the average man of civilised Europe stand out clearly as an evidence of progress when compared with that of the men of bygone ages? Are all the inventions and figments of human superstition and folly, the self-inflicted torturing of mind, the reiterated substitution of wrong for right, and of falsehood for truth, which disfigure our modern civilisation—are these evidences of progress? In such respects we have at least reason to fear that we may be degenerate. Possibly we are all drifting, tending to the condition of intellectual Barnacles or Ascidians."—P. 60.

Professor Lankester's misgivings as to the security of our modern civilisation are more rational than Professor Huxley's self-complacency. An overweening confidence in the stability of our English stock and commonwealth is rebuked by this scientific theory, which insists that the wheels of the world go backward as well as forward, and that they work as easily in the one direction as the other. Such confidence is also rebuked by the scientific historians, who assert that there is in human affairs a strange degenerative tendency that all civilisation is in continual peril of a return to barbarism. "Civilisation may revert towards

barbarism upon the least provocation." "In the most civilised country upon earth, the civilisation is but skin deep." "However smooth the surface may be, there are dangerous under-currents even in modern civilisation."* We have also a political philosopher declaring the best ordered community to be only three weeks from revolution. Any such assurance is also contradicted by the ruins of past great empires with which the whole earth is strewn. Professor Lankester reminds us that "possibly we are all drifting, tending to the condition of intellectual barnacles;" possibly it may be to the condition of barnacles without the intellect. With facts like these before him a patriot may not be able to contemplate the condition and future of his nation with a jaunty air, and be neither knave nor fool for his anxiety. The political seismograph is constantly indicating the wild and fiery elements which seethe beneath the surface of society, and a rosy confidence in the stability and progress of any community is as unscientific as it is impolitic. The enlightened British patriot remembers that certain moral principles and religious truths, far more than any material or intellectual factors, have resisted the action of the law of degeneration and death, and enabled his country to achieve a civilisation comprehensive and rich beyond compare, and he is justly solicitous that these truths and principles should be firmly held and sedulously cultivated, lest the empire should yield to the disintegrating forces, and sink back again into the barbarism out of which it emerged. Science lends itself to pessimism as readily as to optimism, and enforces on nations no less than on individuals the ancient admonition: "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

The causes which Professor Lankester assigns for degenerative evolution are exceedingly instructive to the philanthropist and theologian. 1. Parasitism is a very general cause of degeneration.

"Any new set of conditions occurring to an animal which render its food and safety very easily attained, seem to lead as a rule to Degeneration. . . . The habit of parasitism clearly acts upon animal organisation in this way. Let the parasitic life once be secured, and away go legs, jaws, eyes, and ears; the active, highly-gifted crab, insect, or annelid may become a mere sac, absorbing nourishment and laying eggs."—P. 33.

* Pike's *History of Crime*, Vol. II. p. 380, &c.

2. Fixity or immobility is another reason, as we see in the case of the Barnacle. 3. Another cause of the degeneration of animal forms is distinguished as *vegetative nutrition.*

"Let us suppose a race of animals fitted and accustomed to catch their food, and having a variety of organs to help them in this chase—suppose such animals suddenly to acquire the power of feeding on the carbonic acid dissolved in the water around them, just as green plants do. This would lead to a degeneration; they would cease to hunt their food, and would bask in the sunlight, taking food in by the whole surface, as plants do by their leaves. Certain small flat worms, by name Convoluta, of a bright green colour, appear to be in this condition. Their green colour is known to be the same substance as leaf-green; and Mr. Patrick Geddes has recently shown that by the aid of this green substance they feed on carbonic acid, making starch from it as plants do. As a consequence we find that their stomachs and intestines as well as their locomotive organs become simplified, since they are but little wanted."—P. 50.

4. Another possible cause of degradation appears to be the indirect one of minute size. The whole of this is very suggestive. Let creatures which have been exposed become secure; let food that was scarce become abundant, or food that was difficult to reach become easily accessible; let the need for intense activity cease; and forthwith degradation ensues. Has not this been the course in all the civilisations of the past? A severe environment creates a noble people: the noble people fashion for themselves a more benign environment: then the benign environment destroys the noble people! This is the vicious circle that science postulates for society, and historian and archæologist are constrained to acknowledge how often nations have performed this disheartening gyration. A nation struggles long with harsh and bitter conditions, and after centuries of heroism attains to freedom, wealth, and leisure, then forthwith succumbs to its own prosperity. Of this species of development history furnishes a host of terrible examples.

What, then, is the hope for modern civilisation? This question Professor Lankester essays to answer, but without much success:

"There is only one means of estimating our position, only one means of so shaping our conduct that we may with certainty

avoid degeneration and keep an onward course. We are, as a race, more fortunate than our ruined cousins, the degenerate Ascidians. For us it is possible to ascertain what will conduce to our higher development, what will favour our degeneration. To us has been given the power to *know the causes of things*, and by the use of this power it is possible for us to control our destinies. It is for us by ceaseless and ever-hopeful labour to try to gain a knowledge of man's place in the order of nature. When we have gained this fully and minutely, we shall be able by the light of the past to guide ourselves in the future. In proportion as the whole of the past evolution of civilised man, of which we at present perceive the outlines, is assigned to its causes, we and our successors on the globe may expect to be able duly to estimate that which makes for and that which makes against the progress of the race. The full and earnest cultivation of science —the knowledge of causes—is that to which we have to look for the protection of our race, even of this English branch of it, from relapse and degradation"—P. 62.

Some of our philosophers teach that in the lower stages of mental development we were necessarily dominated by nature, and were hopelessly subject to her methods and movements, so many of which we are assured are most blind and cruel; but now we have reached the higher stages of mental development, and our lot lies, to a much larger extent, within the reach of our own conscious action. "That which nature, or mechanical contrivance, has effected for collective mankind in the unreflecting stage of their existence," says Mr. Sully, "they may afterwards effect for themselves by conscious thought and effort." And, as Mr. Sully teaches, effect much better. Professor Lankester seems to entertain a similar view: our superior knowledge is to prove our salvation and felicity. This assumption that we are no longer mentally children, under those natural tutors and governors whose rule is so stupid and tyrannical, but have attained intellectual manhood and maturity, is very flattering to our vanity; yet we must not forget that knowledge alone does not constitute us masters of the situation. How will our knowledge of causes help us in the matter under debate? The world has long known how nations grow into strength and supremacy—likewise how they lapse into decay and oblivion. But has this knowledge brought with it the means of securing such supremacy, or of warding off such decay? "We are, as a race, more fortunate than our ruined

cousins—the degenerate Ascidians," because we know what makes for our progress or decay. But suppose our "ruined cousins" had possessed such knowledge, would it have saved them? When their enemies dropped away and left them in a state of safety, would they have sought a position of new danger? When food became abundant and easily accessible, would they have turned away to seek some situation of bitter scarcity? When the necessity for exertion was reduced to a minimum, would they have multiplied voluntary fatigues? Hardly, and we should have laughed at our "cousins" if they had. When our civilisation lessens the need for vigilance, activity, and endurance, how are we to resist the demoralising influence of leisure, security, freedom, and plenty? A larger and more accurate knowledge of our relation to our environment is, of course, valuable; but we require something more than this knowledge to save us: we need power to resist those causes of degeneration which experience and science have discovered. The better knowledge of things is not power; we are not masters of the situation because we comprehend it. Where then is the source of strength by which a nation is to transcend the special dangers of that milder environment which it naturally seeks to create for itself? We believe that this source of strength is found in our alliance with the supernatural. As we embrace the truths and facts made known by revelation; as we study ideals that transcend those of wealth, ambition, or mere intellectual culture; as we comprehend a joy above the senses; as we make this life a discipline for a life far richer, nobler, and more enduring; so, and so only can we become proof to the enervating influence of a brilliant civilisation, and develop that civilisation to yet grander issues. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

ART. V.—1. *Mediaeval Missions.* By THOMAS SMITH, D.D. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1880.

2. *Annales Cambriae.* Edited by the REV. JOHN WILLIAMS AB ITHEL, M.A. Record Publications.

3. *Chapters of Early English Church History.* By WILLIAM BRIGHT, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Oxford. Clarendon Press. 1878.

4. *Etudes d'Archéologie Celtique.* Par HENRI MARTIN. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1872.

5. *Scotland in Early Christian Times.* By JOSEPH ANDERSON. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1881.

THE seventh century witnessed two attempts at the evangelisation of Northumbria, which differed alike in their origin, in their method, and in their results. The one was undertaken by a couple of the Italian missionaries who had established themselves in Kent; the other by a band of monks from the famous monastery of Iona. Almost the only means used by the former was that of enthusiastic preaching, whilst the latter won the hearts of the people rather by personal influence, and then subdued their thoughts by a carefully-devised system of instruction. Immediate and marvellous success appears to have crowned the labours of the one, followed under the first stroke of national disaster by as universal and marvellous apostasy. On the other hand, the mission from Iona does not seem to have succeeded so quickly, or, indeed, to have aimed at or permitted the conversion of multitudes *en bloc:* but the work it did was all the more thoroughly done, and it left traces upon the discipline and organisation of the Northumbrian Church which resisted all Wilfrid's efforts to destroy them, and which constituted for centuries the characteristic features of the Anglo-Saxon in contrast with the Continental Churches.

To understand rightly the operation of the Italian mission, it is necessary to recall a few events that happened in the quarter of a century that preceded it. Ælle, the founder of the kingdom of Deira, died in the year 588,

leaving behind him two children known in history, a son Edwin (strictly Eadwine), and a daughter Acha. Edwin, who was but three years old at his father's death, was soon driven from his inheritance by Æthelfrith, king of Bernicia, and the brother and sister were separated for years. Acha was retained in the court of Æthelfrith, who afterwards, about the year 603, married her. Edwin was obliged to flee from the kingdom, and he commenced a long series of wanderings which brought him now and again into contact with Christianity. At first Cadvan, king of Gwynedd, received him, and there, until the age of manhood, he was brought up under the care of the British clergy. But in 607, Cadvan, having allied himself with Brocmail, king of Powis, with the object of restoring Edwin to the throne of Deira, was defeated by Æthelfrith at the battle of Chester, and Edwin was compelled to seek another place of refuge from the pursuit of his brother-in-law. For the next ten years it is impossible to trace his wanderings, the single event of his life during that period which is recoverable being that he married Cwenburga, "the daughter of Ceorl, king of Mercia" (*Bede*, ii. 14).

In 617, however, he was residing in East Anglia, under the protection of its king, the fourth Bretwalda, Redwald by name; and there again he would find some faint signs of Christianity. For Redwald, during a visit he had paid to Kent in the time of Ethelbert, had declared himself a convert, received baptism at the hands of some of Augustine's missionaries, and invited them to his court. But upon his return home, his wife and the East Anglian priests resisted his attempt to change the national religion; and the consequence was that he tried to combine the two worships in a manner which reminded Bede of the practice of those Samaritans who "feared the Lord and served their own gods." In the same temple in which Odin was adored he built an altar to Christ, much as, in the days of Leo the Great, Mithra and Jesus were held of equal eminence, and the worshippers of the latter, while ascending the steps of St. Peter's, were wont to turn for a moment and make their obeisance to the sun. Twice, at least, Æthelfrith had tempted the Bretwalda with bribes to surrender Edwin, or to slay him; and twice Redwald had proved faithful to his guest. At length a third message came from the Northumbrian king offering larger gifts upon compliance, and threatening war in case of refusal;

and either covetousness or fear prevailed with Redwald. But Bede must be allowed to tell himself (ii. 12) what happened thereupon. At nightfall, when Edwin was preparing to retire, a friend called him out of his chamber, told him of Redwald's intentions, and offered to conduct him at once to a safer asylum. Honour and hopelessness led Edwin to decline. "I cannot," he said, "be the first to break my compact with a king who has done me no ill. If I am to die, let his rather than a less noble hand kill me. Whither can I flee, when I have wandered so long through all the provinces of Britain?" His friend left him, and he seated himself upon a stone near the gate of the king's house, wrapped in melancholy thought, knowing neither what to do nor whither to go. At length a stranger approached him, unfamiliar in face and dress, and asked him why he was sitting there, lonely and sad, when others were at rest. Checking Edwin's indignation at his interference, he continued, "Think not that I am unacquainted with the cause of your vigil. But say, what will you give the man, if such there be, who will free you from your peril?" "All I can," replied Edwin: when the stranger added, "What if he could assure you that you will soon become a mightier king than any of your forefathers, than all who have hitherto reigned over the Angles?" Edwin promised again unlimited gratitude, and the stranger resumed the conversation: "If he, who predicted these things, were able, when they came to pass, to give you better counsel for your life than any of your kinsmen ever heard of, would you obey him, and follow his advice?" Edwin pledged himself to absolute compliance, and the stranger placed his hand on the prince's head with the words, "When this sign is repeated, remember this hour, and delay not to fulfil your promise," and immediately and mysteriously disappeared. In a very few minutes Edwin's friend returned to him with the news that Redwald had yielded to the entreaty of his wife, and resolved to protect his guest in spite of all Æthelfrith's gifts and threatenings. That beautiful little legend, if legend it be, needs to be remembered, because of its intimate connection with Edwin's conversion, of the explanation of which it is an essential part. Nor need it be left in the uncertainty that breathes through the sentence which Freeman appends to his narration of it: "Each man must settle for himself whether the marvellous part

of the tale was a real miracle, or a dream, or a mere remarkable coincidence, or the misconception or invention of some one afterwards" (*Old-English History*, p. 50, Note 3). The connection of Redwald with Canterbury, and his leaning towards the Christian faith, make it very probable that his court would be occasionally visited by some of the Italian missionaries, who would keep themselves well informed of all the transactions there. And the conversation of the stranger is so completely in accord with everything that is known about Paulinus' method of preaching and about his habit of accepting temporal success as an evidence of the truth of Christianity, as to point to the conclusion that it was he who accosted Edwin at the king's gate, and hazarded the prediction in hope, perhaps in faith, that the future would justify him. Such an explanation is not only rendered likely by the relationships between East Anglia and Kent; it also accounts completely for the acquaintance with the incident that Paulinus afterwards displayed at York.

Now that Redwald had chosen war with Æthelfrith rather than the surrender of Edwin, it was necessary for him to take immediate measures for its success. He resolved to anticipate Æthelfrith's attack, and at once marched northwards with a large and well-appointed army. Æthelfrith hurriedly gathered together what forces he could, and the two kings met on the east bank of the river Idle, in Nottinghamshire, near Retford, in April, 617. Victory remained with Redwald, and the body of Æthelfrith, who, after defeating one division of the Bretwalda's army, was overwhelmed with numbers, was found amongst the slain. Edwin became at once the sovereign of the whole of Northumbria, the young sons of his brother-in-law taking refuge from him amongst the Scots and the Britons in Strathclyde. For the next eight years Edwin was engaged in consolidating and extending his sovereignty. He found a pretext for subduing Cerdic, king of Elmete, and annexing his little kingdom to Deira. All the Anglo-Saxon chieftains outside of Kent acknowledged his Bretwaldaship, and even the British states were in some doubtful degree subject to him. But he does not enter again into the ecclesiastical history of the period until the year 625.

In the early spring of that year envoys from him appeared at the court of Eadbald, king of Kent, seeking

for their master the hand of Ethelberht's daughter, by name Ethelburga, or Tata, as her more intimate friends fondly called her. But flattering as the application must have been to Eadbald, he refused it at once, on the ground that it was "not lawful that a Christian virgin should be given in marriage to a pagan" (*Bede*, ii. 15). As the result, however, of further communications, the marriage was permitted under similar conditions to those of the marriage between Ethelberht and Bertha, that the princess and her attendants should have full liberty of worship; to which Edwin added that, should her religion be found, upon examination, holier and worthier than his own, he would himself embrace it. And just as Bishop Liudhard had been appointed to attend Bertha in the court of her husband, Paulinus was consecrated to the episcopacy by Justus of Canterbury, and sent with Ethelburga to York, commissioned, as Bede says, "by daily exhortation and the celebration of the heavenly sacraments to confirm her and her attendants, that they might not be polluted by the society of pagans." It is almost the first appearance of Paulinus in history. Beyond the fact that he was one of the four whom Gregory sent, in 601, to strengthen his little company of missionaries in Kent, nothing is known about him. It may yet be confidently conjectured that before coming to England he had lived in the monastery of St. Andrew, at Rome; and reasons have been given for supposing that he had been employed occasionally on missions to the court of East Anglia. With him there settled in Northumbria seemingly but one Christian colleague, James, the Deacon, whose duties would be to assist in the right celebration of worship, particularly in the administration of the sacraments, and to wait generally upon the person of the bishop. For eleven months or more, Paulinus and James, though they do not appear to have been in any way deficient in zeal or activity, entirely failed to make any impression upon the hearts of the Northumbrians. The queen and her Jutish suite were preserved from apostasy, but no single Angle offered himself as a convert for baptism.

Three events occurred in the year after the marriage which bore upon the success of Paulinus' work, one tending probably to retard it, and the others to promote it. In the spring of 626, letters and presents for Edwin and his queen arrived from Boniface V. Both letters and presents

were in bad taste, and were perhaps resented. Ethelburga is reminded of what Scripture says concerning the "unbelieving husband;" and Edwin has to listen to condescending assurances of his own superiority to the idols that his subjects had made. A shirt of proof with a single golden ornament and a camp-cloak of stout cloth were selected as suitable indications of the Pope's complacency for the king, with a silver looking-glass and a gilt ivory comb for the queen. Paulinus cannot have been greatly aided by such communications from Boniface. But on Easter-eve, April 19th, 626, there happened two incidents that accelerated the conversion of Edwin. Cwichelm, King of Wessex, had sent an envoy, Eomer, to the Northumbrian court, charged ostensibly with a loyal message to the Bretwalda. But when audience was granted him, Eomer attacked Edwin with a poisoned dagger, and wounded him through the body of the thane, Lilla, who saved his master's life at the expense of his own. The same evening Ethelburga gave birth to a daughter; and when Paulinus overheard the king thanking his gods, he assured Edwin that it was to his (the bishop's) prayers that the queen owed her safe delivery. Edwin, well pleased, replied, "I am going forth to battle against Cwichelm. If I return in peace, I will believe in thy God, and worship Him. Yea, and the babe that the queen hath borne unto me, thou mayest baptise her as thou and her mother are baptised." Accordingly, on Whitsunday, Paulinus baptised the babe, with twelve other members of the royal household; and first upon the roll of converts to the Italian mission stands the name of Eanflæd, who afterwards amply repaid the devotion of Rome to Northumbria.

As soon as Edwin was recovered of his wound he descended upon Wessex, and defeated Cwichelm in a battle in which no less than five sub-kings of the West Saxons were slain. But still he hesitated, notwithstanding his success, to fulfil his promise to Paulinus. For a time he appears to have lived in great uncertainty, abstaining from the worship of his idols, unwilling to commit himself prematurely to Christianity. "For hours," says Bede (ii. 9 and 12), "he used to sit alone and in silence," pondering no doubt the great mysteries of life. His own eventful career, and the travels of his unfortunate youth, would supply him with abundant food for meditation. He had met with Christian doctrine or practice in Wales, at

Redwald's court, and in his own household. But between the three systems there were many divergencies, and the advocates of two of them were almost more bitter in their hatred of one another than in their opposition to the common foe of paganism. On the other hand, all the traditions of his ancestry and race were in favour of Woden, whilst on the side of prudence it was impossible to say what agitations in his kingdom would follow his adoption of Christianity. He may well have found it difficult to choose the proper path, and to a man of his reticent habit and abundant caution Paulinus' pleas of temporal benefit cannot have been much more than wasted words. At length, the bishop resolved to avail himself of means which he may have scrupled to employ before. Catching the king in one of his thoughtful moods, he placed his hand upon his head, and by that sign claimed quick compliance with his counsel. Edwin, saturated for forty years with the fullest belief in sorcery and witchcraft, could hold out no longer; and one of Paulinus' objects was accomplished.

But Paulinus wanted to effect more than the mere conversion of the king. He wanted to see again in Northumbria the scene he had witnessed in Kent, when practically the whole nation embraced Christianity. But he could have no assurance that Edwin by his sole influence could bring his people with him. For the Northumbrian, like every other Saxon monarchy, was a limited monarchy, and, even in comparison with similar constitutional types of the present day, a very limited monarchy. At one time the custom had been to elect kings solely for the purposes of war, at the termination of which the king was expected to lay aside his power; and when the circumstances of the tribes were such as to require a permanent head, the right of election remained for long in the hands of the chiefs or "witena," who were, however, as a rule confined in their choice to the family of the deceased chieftain by the necessity that the king-elect should be able to trace his descent from Woden. Nor did the limitations of the king's power cease upon his appointment; but the consent of the chiefs in their gemot "continued to be necessary to the more important acts of his authority" (*Sh. Turner*, i. 208). Accordingly, Edwin and Paulinus arranged for an assembly of the Witan, at which the question of the adoption of Christianity by the whole nation

should be discussed in hope that something like national action might be taken in the matter.

At the close of the year 626, or early the following year, the Witan met near Godmundingaham, in the East Riding of Yorkshire; and Bede, in a narrative which Dr. Hook calls "the earliest report in existence of a parliamentary debate" (*Archb.*, i. 105), describes at some length its proceedings. First of all, the king called upon his wise men to express one by one their opinions of the new faith which was professed by their queen and Paulinus. At once rose Coifi, the high priest of Woden, and said: "Tell us, O king, what this new law is; for this one thing I know, that these gods whom we have so long worshipped profit a man not at all. For of a truth there is no man in thy land hath served our gods more than I have, yet there be many who are richer and greater than I, and to whom thou showest more favour. Wherefore I trow that our gods have no might nor power, for, if they had, they would have made me greater and richer than all other men. Wherefore let us hearken to what these men say, and learn what their law is; and if we find it to be better than our own, let us serve their God and worship him" (Freeman's version of Bede in *Old-Eng. Hist.*, p. 57). Next rose one of the king's thanes, whose speech has been as well rendered by Wordsworth as Coifi's has by Freeman:

> "Man's life is like a sparrow, mighty king,
> That, stealing in while by the fire you sit
> Housed with rejoicing friends, is seen to flit
> Safe from the storm, in comfort tarrying.
> Here did it enter; there on hasty wing
> Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold.
> But whence it came we know not, nor behold
> Whither it goes. Even such that transient thing,
> The human soul; not utterly unknown
> While in the body lodged, her warm abode;
> But from what world she came, what woe or weal
> On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown.
> This mystery if the stranger can reveal,
> His be a welcome cordially bestowed."

Whether there were any further utterances, Bede does not say. The two speeches seem to represent the state of mind of all present—some like Coifi regarding the new faith as on a level with any other religious system, and

worthy trial simply as a matter of temporal advantage; and others like the thane yearning for any gospel that would throw light upon the profound mysteries of the whence and the whither of human life. Without any further debate, the chief priest appears to have risen again and proposed that Paulinus should be called in and heard. All agreeing therewith, the Italian missionary entered, and once more Christianity and paganism stood face to face. The contrast between the bishop and his audience in form, mien, culture, and habit, was about as complete as could be. The tall form, slightly bent, the dark eye, black hair tinged with grey around the tonsured crown, the aquiline nose and meagre countenance of Paulinus, who would place himself upon some spot such that all could see and hear him; and before him, the Bretwalda and his Witan, as distinctively Teutonic as the missionary was Italian, with flaxen locks flowing down to the shoulder, weather-beaten faces and robust forms: if no artist has painted that picture, it is not because it lacks consummate interest or infinite pliability to artistic treatment and imagination. The speech of Paulinus has not been preserved; but whatever he said, his foreign accent would help to fix the attention of the thanes, and would give piquancy to his words. When he had finished, Coifi spoke again: "I have long known," he said, "that those things we were wont to worship were nought. But now say I openly that in that which this man preacheth I see plainly the truth. Wherefore my counsel is that we do at once destroy those temples and altars which we have hallowed, and yet have got no good thereby." And the task which Coifi recommended he was willing to undertake. Mounted upon a horse, and armed with sword and spear, contrary to the express law of the Angles which forbade priests the use of weapons or of any steed except a mare, he rode up to the venerated temple of Godmundingaham, hurled his spear against it, and with the help of others burned it and its sacred precincts with fire. Thus was the wish of Paulinus attained, and Northumbria by the act of its Witan and king became Christian.

The subsequent incidents of the mission may be traced more briefly. Edwin's first care was to provide Paulinus with a suitable central establishment for worship, and for the propagation of the faith. And immediately after the dispersion of the Witan a little wooden chapel was erected

at York upon part of the site of the present Minster, where the king, after he had undergone some little instruction as a catechumen, was baptised on Easter-day, April 12th, 627. But concerning this matter of Edwin's baptism, there is a remarkable divergence between the Saxon and the British traditions. Bede (ii. 12—14) attributes it and all the preparatory influence upon the king's mind solely to Paulinus; but the statement in the "Appendix" to Nennius is as distinct upon the other side, "Eadguin vero in sequenti Pascha baptismum suscepit, et xii. millia hominum baptizati sunt cum eo. . . . Si quis scire voluerit quis eos baptizavit, Rum map Urbgen baptizavit eos, et per xl. dies non cessavit baptizare omne genus Ambronum, et per prædicationem illius multi crediderunt in Christo," and is repeated in the *Cambrian Annals*. Whilst the relationship of Paulinus to the queen would give him special influence over the king, and makes it very improbable that any other bishop would be selected or permitted to preside at the baptismal rite, the Celtic notices cannot be entirely explained away. They point distinctly to the fact that, however unwilling the British Church was to engage in evangelical work amongst the Saxons of the South, it did not wholly neglect the Angles of the North. Bede is probably correct in attributing the baptism of Edwin to the queen's chaplain; and the British traditions, though they err in the one matter of the celebrant, are probably no less correct in attributing wide missionary work in Northumbria to the Celtic Church.

For six years, from April, 627, to October, 633, Paulinus remained in the north, teaching and toiling with a diligence hardly to be surpassed. Thanes and the people flocked to him for baptism. Cuenberga's sons, Osfrid and Eadfrid, and the famous daughter of Hereric, led the way. Whenever the king moved from one of his estates to another, to receive and consume his revenues in kind, as a rule he took the bishop in his train; and Paulinus was as much pressed with the care of souls as Edwin was with the duties of his government. At Yevering, for example, under the Cheviots, thirty-six days did not more than suffice to instruct the people who came from villages far and near, and to baptise them in the river Derwent (*Bede*, ii. 14). And the water of the Swale, near Catterick, in Deira, seems to have been in even greater request than that of the Bernician Derwent. If local traditions are to be

received, many other sites of Paulinus' ministry can be identified. Dewsbury and Easingwold point confidently to their crosses, and Pallinsburn to the etymology of its name, whilst Tanfield and Doncaster present rival claims to be the "Campodonum" (*ibid.*), in the neighbourhood of which Paulinus built the only wooden church that was constructed outside of York during his residence in Northumbria. The purely conjectural character of most of the information concerning these places visited by Paulinus is sufficiently explained by the fact that with the above exceptions he left no durable memorials behind him. Twice Bede writes (ii. 14 and iii. 2) to the effect that "there was no sign of the Christian faith, no church, no altar erected throughout all the nation," until Oswald "set up the cross as he was going to give battle to his barbarous enemy."

But Paulinus did not confine himself within the province of Northumbria. It is certain that he visited Lindsey, and preached at Southwell, and at Lincoln, where he consecrated Honorius, Archbishop of Canterbury. And it is possible that he visited Southern Cumbria, although the evidence of the crosses at Whalley and Burnley is not of much weight, and indeed appears to point to another conclusion. For these crosses are said to be like that which Camden heard of as once existing at Dewsbury. And because the Dewsbury cross was reported to have borne the inscription, "*Hic Paulinus praedicavit et celebravit*," all three have been held to commemorate the missionary visits of Paulinus. Not only is the argument somewhat meagre in itself and founded obviously upon the unsatisfactory basis of tradition, but both architectural and historical circumstances are against it. The inscription, if inscription there ever was, may well have been open, considering the hieroglyphical character of inscriptions of any antiquity, to several renderings. But crosses of the shape and construction of these are confined strictly in their geographical distribution within fixed limits, and those limits mark the prevalence of the allied British and Iro-Scotish churches in the seventh century. Moreover, though there is no more difficult task in early English history than that of determining the exact boundaries of the various kingdoms, Deira does not appear, in Edwin's reign, to have extended farther westwards than the range of hills that now separates Lancashire and Yorkshire. For the battle of Chester did not result in the permanent addi-

tion of Cheshire and Lancashire to Northumbria, but those counties seem to have been quickly recovered by the British. And whatever submission there was on the part of the Britons to Edwin's Bretwaldaship was unwilling, and cast off as soon as ever their own king Cædwalla summoned them to arms. Indeed, not until Cædwalla fell at Hefenfeld (635), after fighting "fourteen pitched battles and sixty encounters" (*Lappenberg*, i. 157) with the Saxons, did the Britons lose the crown of the north, and Northumbria reach from sea to sea. Still further, if Paulinus had ever attempted to cross the western limits of Deira, he would have found a people to whom he would have been doubly unwelcome. For whilst his connection with Edwin would ensure him perhaps a careful treatment, it would certainly be a treatment of avoidance and suspicion; and as a member of the Augustinian mission, the enmity of the British clergy would naturally pursue him, hinder his success, and drive him quickly back to minister to an Anglo-Saxon population. If, as the authorities emphatically insist, these crosses cannot be of a later date than the seventh century, they can hardly have been erected by any admirer of Paulinus, after the radical differences between his Church and that of the Britons and Scots had been healed. And there is no evident reason why the deduction from their distribution should not be accepted. It, confirmed by the mode of ornamentation (abundant spirals and wickerwork, with great ingenuity in lines), which is akin to that of the almost contemporaneous Irish and British manuscripts, connects them directly with the mission from Ky in Oswald's reign, and makes them memorials of the work of Aidan, or of some of his colleagues or immediate successors.

In 633, the work of Paulinus in Northumbria was interrupted and terminated. For Penda "the Strenuous," king of Mercia, allied himself with Cædwalla, king of Gwynedd, and a kind of Bretwalda amongst the Welsh kings, the former to release himself from Edwin's overlordship, and the latter to recover the lands of which his father had been despoiled. The battle was fought on the 12th of October, at Haethfeld, or Hatfield, in the south-east of Yorkshire, when Edwin and one of his sons were slain, and all his army slaughtered or dispersed. Then followed that terrible devastation of Northumbria, by Penda and Cædwalla, which was seemingly but little less thorough than the fire and

sword of William the Conqueror. It is true that such was the respect paid to the royal races of the Anglo-Saxons (*Lapp.* i. 156), that neither Penda nor the king of Gwynedd attempted to annex the conquered state. But before they permitted Edwin's kinsmen, Osric and Eanfrith, to share it between them, they ravaged the country from south to north, shrinking from no cruelty, and listening to no plea. The one was a pagan, and the other, Bede says (ii. 20), "so ruthless in disposition that he spared neither women nor children, but savagely tortured his victims, and resolved to cut off all the race of the English within the bounds of Britain. Nor did he pay any respect to the Christian religion, it being to this day the custom of the Britons to disregard the faith of the English, and to hold no more correspondence with them than with pagans." And even when Penda and Cædwalla withdrew, for a time, southwards and westwards, the Northumbrian Church enjoyed but brief peace. For one of the first acts of the new kings, Osric and Eanfrith, the former of whom was one of Paulinus' converts, whilst the latter had professed Christianity during his exile among the Scots of Galloway, was to apostatise, an example which appears to have been loyally followed by the bulk of the nation. The consequence was that almost the whole of Paulinus' work was undone in a moment; and being opposed by king and people, and "not ambitious of martyrdom" (*Hook*, i. 115), it was not long before he began to entertain the thought of flight. Like the rest of the Italian missionaries, he does not seem to have been able to face persecution and the prospect of a violent death. But his conviction of a Divine mission fluctuated according to the measure of his success. For a time, whilst the novelty of his doctrine lasted, and the thanes were upon his side, he had laboured, preached, and baptised with an enthusiasm that knew few intervals of weariness. But when the tide of opinion changed, and a pagan reaction set in, affecting all in the land, from king Osric downwards, the heart of Paulinus fell in proportion as the effects of his mission were swept away, and, despairing of any results, he longed for the quiet cloisters of Canterbury. For some weeks he could not make up his mind either to stay or to go. The apostasy was so general, and the rage against English Christians so bitter, that timidity suggested to him, just as to his colleagues in Kent and Essex, that it was a fair case for retreat from

persecution. But, on the other hand, he had no clergy to leave behind him, and, if he fled, the little church of the faithful would have no pastor left save the deacon. Yet, again, he was the queen's chaplain as well as the Bishop of York, and her safety required that she should be escorted without delay to her kinsmen in Kent. The result was that Paulinus soon set sail, taking with him Ethelburga and two of her children, together with a golden cross and chalice, which Edwin had dedicated to the use of the altar, and which were long preserved in the church of Canterbury. And thus ended ignominiously and in failure the mission of Paulinus. He had lived in all integrity and laboured with much zeal for six years. He had seen Christianity established as the faith of the kingdom by the act of its Witan. And he had witnessed, too, the falling away of a whole people, who had been bound to Christianity by imitation rather than by conviction, and whose first feelings of curiosity and admiration had not been preserved and deepened by the instruction of an organised and efficiently managed Church. The subsequent careers of Paulinus and Ethelburga belong to the history of Kent rather than to that of Northumbria. The widowed queen founded a convent near Lyminge, where she ruled as abbess, and spent the rest of her life. Paulinus (*Bede*, ii. 20) was placed in the vacant see of Rochester, with the tranquil duties of which he occupied himself in peace and dignity until he died.

But although the English Church in Northumbria was deserted by its ruler, and persecuted alike by Cædwalla and by Osric, it was not entirely exterminated. James the Deacon, a bolder man and more loyal than his bishop, remained in Northumbria in spite of all opposition, and, making the neighbourhood of Catterick the centre of his work, kept alive the relics of Christianity, or, as Bede puts it, "rescued much prey from the power of the old enemy of mankind." At last a better day began to dawn for Northumbria. Osric and Eanfrith had both fallen by the hand of Cædwalla, the one in battle before York, and the other by treachery when suing for peace. Oswald, a younger son of Æthelfrith, who had lived during Edwin's reign in exile among the Scots, and had embraced Christianity under the instruction of the monks of Hy, placed himself at the head of a small force, and at Hefenfeld, near Hexham, in the early part of 595, inflicted upon the

British the greatest defeat they had yet suffered, and at once established himself upon the throne of Northumbria. Few names have been invested with greater charm than that of him who was long celebrated far and wide as St. Oswald. He was about twenty-nine years of age when he won the battle of Hefenfeld (*Bede*, iii. 9), and afterwards proved as firm a ruler as he was devout a Christian. Acknowledged quickly as Bretwalda amongst the Saxons, he extended that indefinite supremacy farther than it had reached in the palmiest days of his uncle's reign. And, on the other hand, so holy was he deemed in life that Bede delights to tell how his palms were kept instinctively turned upwards as though he were always praying: and when he died, the legends concerning miracles that were wrought by the aid of his bones and of the earth of the spot on which he fell, are almost without number.

Oswald's first care was to re-establish Christianity. But instead of recalling Paulinus, he very naturally applied to the head-quarters of the Celtic Church, which had been his home during his exile, to the monastery at Hy, which Columba had founded about the year 563, and which was for two centuries the most fertile source of evangelising influence in the northern countries of Europe. The abbot of Hy was practically the primate of the Iro-Scotish Church (*Bede*, iii. 4), and exercised supreme jurisdiction over the whole province within which Hy was situated, not so much by right of his official position as in virtue of his natural kinship with Columba. In accordance with Oswald's request, a monk, whose name is unknown, but is supposed by Boëthius (*lib.* ix. c. 20) to have been Corman, was sent by Seghine, fifth abbot of Hy, to Northumbria. Corman quickly returned in disgust. He does not appear to have been deficient in zeal, but his austerity rendered his preaching ineffectual and alienated from him the hearts of the Angles. The monks at Hy were disappointed at his failure, and soon met together to receive his report and decide upon the further steps to be taken. Corman attributed his want of success to the "stubborn and barbarous disposition" of the people amongst whom he had been sent. A long debate ensued, some urging Corman's opinion that it was useless to attempt the conversion of such a folk, and others being unwilling to desist without further trial. At length Aidan's voice unexpectedly interposed. "It seems to me, dear brother," he said, "that

you went to work with your ignorant hearers too severely, and did not give them first, as the Apostle commanded, the milk of easy doctrine, till they were gradually nourished by God's Word, and strengthened for the reception of more perfect teaching, and for the practice of God's higher precepts." All eyes were turned to Aidan, and all concluded that he was "endued with singular discretion, which is the mother of virtues" (*Bede*, iii. 5), and the right man for Northumbria. Accordingly they "ordained him, and sent him to their friend, King Oswald." It was the summer, or early autumn of the year 535, and the first step in what has proved the permanent conversion of the Northumbrians to Christianity.

The ordination of Aidan has been a subject of much difficulty to Church historians, inasmuch as the consecration of a bishop by an abbot and his monks, who were at the most simple presbyters, would be altogether unusual and irregular. But there is no need to suppose that Aidan was consecrated by the direct act of Seghine and his brethren. It is quite possible that the aid of one of the bishops who acknowledged the authority of Hy—perhaps the bishop of Kingarth, in Bute, which was an offshoot from Hy—was called in. Or there may have been, according to a not uncommon usage in the Western Church, a bishop resident at Hy, beneath the abbot in monastic precedence and rank, but to whom the exercise of episcopal functions within the monastery was reserved. Such an arrangement clearly prevailed in St. Brigida's monastery at Kildare (cf. *Vita St. Brig.*). Or the abbot may have been himself an ordained bishop, as indeed seems to have been the case with the fourth abbot, Fergna Brit, at Hy itself (*Adamn.* 340, 341). It is evident that the conclusion that Aidan's ordination was irregular is but one of several possible inferences from the circumstances, as Bede reports them, and is, indeed, inconsistent with the respect with which afterwards Bede speaks both of him and of his office.

Nothing of interest is known of Aidan's previous life, beyond the fact that he was of royal Irish lineage, being a son of Lugair, and of the same kin as St. Brigida (*Forbes, Kal.*, p. 269). At the time of his ordination, he was of the full canonical age of thirty. His first object on reaching Northumbria was to find a suitable place for settling down in the kingdom, as though he had made up his mind to

remain there. He chose Lindisfarne, near the royal seat of Bamborough, as being at once convenient for the purpose of the ascetic seclusion in which the Celtic Church delighted, and not too far removed from the population for the efficient administration of his diocese. And there he proceeded without delay to erect some small imitation of the monastery of Hy, for the accommodation of himself and of the monks who attended him, which presented a very different appearance from that of the pretentious buildings that were afterwards called by the same name. For the science of architecture was very little cultivated in the ancient Celtic Church, and stone was rarely used before the time of Benedict Biscop. Till then a cathedral would boast no better walls than could be roughly made of oak-trunks, whilst a roof of reeds was generally deemed sufficient; and if sheets of lead were laid over roof and sides, it was an improvement so unusual as to be worthy notice in the Church history of the period (cf. *Bede*, iii. 25). The monastery at Lindisfarne was of the same rude construction, a cluster of wattle-huts surrounding a court which was enclosed by a circular rampart and fosse, outside of which were the sheds and stables, with the shops of such craftsmen as depended upon the monastery for employment. At a short distance, upon an eminence, stood the wooden house of the founder, which contained one special room around whose walls hung in leathern wallets the codices belonging to the foundation, and where the scribe's cumbrous apparatus was kept. Such for fifteen years was the home of Aidan, whence he travelled on long journeys to all places between the Humber and the Forth, and whither he returned with an increasing love for its quiet cells, and for the few pious men who shared with him its solitude.

Bede has no more interesting chapters than those he devotes to the character and work of Aidan. His admiration for the bishop, notwithstanding the latter's heterodoxy in the matter of Easter observance, is even enthusiastic. And indeed, rich as the Iro-Scotish Church is in heroes, no son of hers has swayed a more important influence or left traces of a sincerer and more judicious and all-subduing spirit than Aidan. "A man of singular meekness, piety, and moderation," is the description with which Bede introduces him (iii. 3); continuing in another place (iii. 5), "it was the highest commendation of his doctrine that he

taught no otherwise than he and his followers lived, for he neither sought nor loved anything of this world, but delighted in distributing immediately among the poor whatever was given him by the king or the rich." When Oswald invited him to his table, as soon as he had taken "a small repast, he made haste to be gone to read or write." When on the other hand a thane visited him at Lindisfarne, he was hospitably entertained, but no attempt was made to secure his interest by bribes, according to the unfortunate habit of the Eastern Church. So avaricious was he over his moments that he would not beguile the long hours of travel with easy conversation, but compelled all who attended him, whether lay brethren or tonsured, to read the Scriptures as they walked, or to commit psalms to memory. Almost all his journeys were made on foot, for the convenience of inviting those he met to embrace the Christian faith: and Wordsworth's words apply to him perhaps even more fully than to Cuthbert:

> "Happy are the eyes that meet
> The apparition; evil thoughts are stayed
> At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat
> A benediction from his voice or hand;
> Whence grace, through which the heart can understand,
> And vows, that bind the will, in silence made."

Indeed, it is evident from Bede that Aidan prevailed by his personal influence, and won men's hearts by the charm of his spirit and life, rather than by his preaching. He did preach, and with as much effect as Paulinus. But he possessed that art of retaining men, and organising them into a body, and daily deepening the fervour of their attachment, of which Paulinus was almost wholly destitute. Moreover, Aidan set himself strenuously to rear and to train successors and assistants in his work. When he first entered Northumbria he was ignorant of the speech of the Angles, and was accompanied of necessity by an interpreter, often by King Oswald himself, who delighted to serve in that capacity. But so earnestly did Aidan apply himself to the acquisition of the language that in a few months he could dispense with the aid of an interpreter. And at once he began to instruct the youth of the land. He redeemed boys from slavery with the set purpose of using them afterwards, when duly equipped, as evangelists. The clergy he brought with him from Hy were probably

followed by many others. And the consequence was that not only was the impression Aidan himself made upon the people stronger and more convincing than that of Paulinus, but the former systematically watched over the men whom he gathered as converts, while the latter left them to fall back into paganism, and raised no skilful barrier in their hearts against the influences of their previous habits and of their idolatrous neighbours.

For the feature which pre-eminently distinguishes the mission of Aidan from the previous one is the resolute combination of pioneer work with the vigilant and unremitting care of the converts in monasteries, or under the system of monasteries, such as those of Hy and Lindisfarne. Before Aidan had been many years in Northumbria, the movement commenced that gradually covered it with religious houses, which served the double purpose of sheltering their inmates from paganism, and of preparing and superintending the labours of indomitable evangelists. Previously, as Bede reports (iii. 8), there had been a constant tide of emigrants flowing from the Christian Saxon kingdoms to the monasteries of Gaul, especially to Brie, Chelles, and Andelys. The royal family of East Anglia, for example, appears again and again in the persons of its daughters, first in Columban establishments on the Continent, and then as foundresses and chiefs of nunneries within their English possessions. The same process can be traced in Northumbria, although the policy of Aidan quickly obviated the necessity of retiring to the Continent by the ample provision of retreats at home. Oswald's sister, Ebba, founded a monastery at Ebchester, and another at Coldingham, within a few years of her brother's death. But the first of all the Northumbrian ladies to take the veil was Heiu, who established at Hartlepool (*Bede*, iv. 23) the great monastery over which afterwards the famous St. Hilda presided or a time. And these religious houses are by no means to be confounded with the monasteries which spread from Egypt northwards until Southern Europe was covered with them. In the latter the predominant motive of the men and women who filled them was to attain to the sanctity which was supposed possible only as the result of much self-inflicted mortification, and of complete seclusion from the world; and the service of God became quickly a joyless and ineffectual torture. But the Celtic monasteries were founded with

another object, and used for a totally different purpose. For it was too often impossible to maintain a Christian character and life in the pagan homes of the North against the pressure of the rude superstitions of the Druids and of the worshippers of Woden. There was sometimes but one alternative presented to the converts Patrick made in Ireland and Aidan in Northumbria, either gradually to fall back into idolatry amid the ceaseless temptations of their heathen homes, or to leave their homes and attach themselves to the Christian communities which both Patrick and Aidan were politic enough to establish and to encourage. The Celtic monastery in their days was more like the Christian villages that have sprung up in India and the South Sea Islands (J. Smith, *Mediæval Missions*, p. 48) during the present century, than the places of seclusion and obedience that began to rise after the death of Constantine throughout the Roman empire. A Saxon lady, proposing to live a Christian life, was well-nigh compelled in the seventh century to associate herself with others similarly disposed. For the instruction of the sisterhood and of the labourers who were necessary to cultivate the estate, clergy and monks were required; and hence arose those large double monasteries, over the whole of which the lady of the manor presided as abbess, sometimes mere lay associations undistinguished by the monastic dress and unconfined by the stricter religious vows, but which served at once as schools for the youth of the neighbourhood, centres of quiet industry, and sources whence evangelists issued who gradually subdued the whole land to Christ. Abuses appeared in later years, when the need for the institution had ceased. But it is indubitable that, during the episcopacy of Aidan and of his immediate successors, such establishments tended more than any other agency to secure the permanency of the Christian work, and to knit the people to the Church.

In 642, Aidan lost his earliest patron. For whilst Christianity was occupying all the kingdoms around him, and even beginning to affect his own family, Penda, king of the Mercians, remained a pagan. Either that he feared a coalition of the Christian kings against him, or that his envy was awakened by the increasing power of Oswald, or that he sought to reconquer Lindsey, which had been added to Northumbria, he readily involved himself in war with Oswald. The forces of the two kings met on the 5th

of August at Maserfeld, a place which has been doubtfully identified with Makerfield, near Warrington, and with Mirfield in Yorkshire, but is now generally supposed to have been near Oswestry. Oswald was beset by the Mercians, and slain; and upon his dead body Penda inflicted indignities that have rarely been exceeded. Dismembering it, he ordered its limbs to be exposed upon stakes; and it was not until the following year that they were recovered by Oswald's brother. The feet and hands were placed in a silver box and retained amongst the relics in St. Peter's Church at Bamborough; and the head was buried by Aidan at Lindisfarne, and in 875 removed within the coffin of St. Cuthbert to Durham. And such was the love the people bore to their king, and the reputation for piety that survived him, that many miracles were said to have been wrought where he fell, and a loyal church has canonised him. "His Christian merits and his martyrdom," writes Lappenberg (i. 161), "made him a hero of the Christian world."

Upon the death of Oswald, his kingdom was disrupted. His brother Oswy succeeded to Bernicia, but failed to establish his authority over Deira, which two years later acknowledged the rule of Oswine, a cousin of Edwin. But Penda did not at once retire to Mercia, when he had gained the battle of Maserfield. He appears instead to have marched northwards through Northumbria, wasting the country as he went, until he reached the royal citadel of Bamborough. Bamborough was too strongly fortified by nature and by art to yield readily to such means of besieging it as Penda possessed. And when he found he could not capture it by storm, or starve it into submission, he piled against its landward walls the wattle and thatch and rough beams with which the neighbouring huts supplied him, and set it all on fire. Then Bede draws a fine picture (iii. 16). To his island home at Farne Aidan has retired to pray without disturbance. Suddenly, looking towards the mainland, he sees dense clouds of smoke rising above the city wall, and threatening to wrap the fortress in flames. Raising his clasped hands, he cries, "Behold, O Lord, how great mischief Penda is doing;" and at once the wind veers round, and begins to drive back the flames upon those who had kindled them, "so that they forebore any further attempts against the city, which they perceived was protected by God."

When Northumbria was delivered from Penda, its two kings, Oswy and Oswine soon began to quarrel with one another, occasions of jealousy frequently occurring. The latter appears to have been of more comely presence and winning manners than the former. And Bede (iii. 14) relates a story of his intercourse with Aidan, which clearly exhibits the character of both king and bishop. Oswine had presented Aidan with "an extraordinarily fine horse," which Aidan had forthwith bestowed upon the first man who had asked him for alms. The king, somewhat incensed, expostulated with Aidan when he next saw him, and received the reply, "What say you, O king? Is that son of a mare more in your eyes than that son of God?" Oswine humbly entreated pardon, and in a spirit for which Bede has nothing but praise undertook never again to interfere with Aidan's alms, to whatever extent he carried them. The bishop in turn began to feel that Oswine was too humble and good to live long, and turning to one of his priests, predicted in Gaelic that the king would soon be snatched away from a nation that was not worthy of him. On the 20th of August, 651, the prophecy was fulfilled. A civil war, the origin of which is unknown, broke out between the two kings. But on the eve of battle Oswine learnt that Oswy's forces were greatly superior to his own, and withdrew for concealment to the house of his gesith, Hunwald. The gesith betrayed his guest to Oswy, by whose orders he was put to death. It was a crime for which Oswy quickly tried to atone by founding a monastery at Gilling, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, on the spot where it had been perpetrated, that "prayers might be offered there day by day for the souls of the slain man and of him who had commanded him to be slain" (*Bede*, iii. 14).

Twelve days later Aidan's busy life reached its close. He was staying at one of the king's country seats, a favourite place with him, because of its convenient situation as a centre for preaching tours. Sudden illness seized him one day as he was walking near the church, so severe that he could not be carried into his bedroom, but was propped up against a buttress that strengthened the west wall of the church. Over him his attendants quickly erected a tent, but by nightfall the bishop had breathed his last. The generation that followed delighted to tell how the wooden buttress against which the dying man had leaned had escaped two fires uncharred, and the water in which its

chips were soaked was a sovereign remedy against many diseases; and how young Cuthbert, on the night of the bishop's death saw, as he tended his sheep on the hillside, a great company of angels descend from heaven, and take back with them a soul of exceeding brightness. Aidan's body was buried beside the altar in St. Peter's church, at Lindisfarne: but when, after the Synod of Whitby, the Italian usages prevailed, and the Scotic priests had no alternative save to comply or to retire, they reverently raised the coffin of their father, and carried his bones back with them to the monastery of Hy, the fittest resting-place for one of the purest and most zealous of her sons.

Upon Aidan's death, Finan was sent from Hy to succeed him in the episcopate. Outside of Northumbria the new bishop won two great victories for Christianity. Penda, king of Mercia, and Sigebert, king of the East Angles, were baptised by him, and their kingdoms supplied with priests and missionaries from Northumbria. Indeed, it was during Finan's episcopacy that Anglo-Saxon paganism finally fell before Christianity, never to lift its head again. For Penda, insatiate of war, and inflamed by the greatness of Oswy with a jealousy which the Northumbrian king could not subdue, either with hostages or with gifts, invaded Northumbria in 655, with the determination to annihilate it, or, according to Bede (iii. 24), "to extirpate the whole people from the highest to the lowest." With thirty well-appointed legions, he marched northwards, whilst Oswy's smaller force was further reduced by the desertion of Ethelwald almost upon the eve of the battle. The armies met on the banks of the little river Winwaed (or Went, in Yorkshire) in the swollen waters of which more of Penda's host are said to have perished than by the swords of Oswy's followers. Penda himself was slain, and nearly all the tributary kings who helped him. And since that day, Nov. 15th, 655, no battle has had to be fought in Britain for the maintenance of Christianity against a power that openly disowned and assailed it.

But the episcopacy of Finan, if it witnessed the final establishment of the faith in Northumbria, was disturbed by the recommencement of that wrangle between the Italian and the Celtic Churches, which resulted afterwards in the diffusion of the Italian usages throughout Britain. Aidan appears to have lived and died without finding it necessary to defend the practice of his own Church. He

was concerned too exclusively with the task of introducing Christianity, to make or to meet with many opportunities for the discussion of Christian differences; and though he adhered with a tenacity, which alone of all his qualities Bede protests against, to the Scotic observance of Easter, and Jacob at Catterick clung no less firmly to the Italian observance, the two appear to have overlooked their disagreement in the strenuousness of their effort to bring Northumbria to Christ. But circumstances changed soon after the accession of Finan to the see of Lindisfarne. The Church was assuming some form of organisation, and, as the need of aggression grew less pressing, the disposition to discuss internal questions of Church order and use was awakened and spread. Moreover, Oswy had married, towards the middle of the seventh century, Edwin's daughter, Eanfleda (or Eanflaed), who had been surrounded with Italian influences from her cradle. Paulinus had baptised her. When her father died she had gone with her mother to Kent, and been nursed and trained by priests who gloried in their connection with Gregory and Augustine, and were unwilling to depart a tittle from the traditions of their see. And when she returned to her native province as the bride of its king, she brought with her a clever priest, Ronan, who exerted himself and directed all the influence of the Court for the adoption of the Italian usages. The days of Finan must have been agitated by this growing chasm between the Court and Lindisfarne, by the ever-increasing unwillingness to comply with the methods and rules that were dear to the hearts of the monks from Hy. The various stages of that controversy cannot now be traced. It culminated during the episcopacy of Finan's successor, Colman, at the Synod of Whitby, in 664, at which the king and the majority were influenced by the pleading of Wilfrid, and pronounced decisively in favour of the Roman observances and usages. Colman thereupon resigned his bishopric and abbacy of Lindisfarne, and taking with him his Scotish monks and some thirty of the Northumbrians, settled ultimately in the distant island of Inisboffin (*Bede*, iv. 4), off the coast of Mayo, where he died in 676.

In recalling thus summarily the incidents of the reintroduction of Christianity into Northumbria after the settlement of the Angles, no features are much more prominent than the absence of ruthless persecution, and

the speed with which the work was done, fruitlessly done in the case of Paulinus, but effectually in that of Aidan. And no explanation is adequate which does not admit the looseness of the hold that the idolatry of Woden had upon the Anglo-Saxons, in and even before the seventh century. Coifi's speech at the Witan of Godmundingaham exhibits an amount of previous insincerity, in connection with his priestly functions and instructions, such as was hardly surpassed in the worst days of Pharisaism; and the thane who followed him testifies no less clearly to the existence of a wide-spread consciousness of the hollowness of his faith and longing for some better gospel. And many remarks of the Anglo-Saxons in conversation, preserved by Bartholin and others (cf. Sh. Turner's *Hist. of Anglo-Sax.*, i. 231, note 64, 4th ed.), might be quoted in confirmation of the same point. "I am neither Christian nor heathen," replied Gaukathor to a question as to his religion; "neither I nor my companions have any other religion than to trust to ourselves and to our good fortune, which seem to be quite sufficient for us." Another Saxon chooses a middle path of safety, and says, "I do not wish to revile the gods, but Freya seems to me of no importance; neither she nor Odin is anything to us." And yet another, more boastfully: "I have travelled over many places, and have met giants and monsters, but they never conquered me, and therefore I have hitherto trusted to my own strength and courage." It is obvious that Anglo-Saxon mythology, intensely as it was believed in at first, had by the seventh century ceased to be generally regarded as a satisfactory solution of the relation of gods to men, and that the minds of many were in a transition state, clinging to the old faith for the sake of its associations, but dimly conscious of its insufficiency. That process of alienation had indeed probably proceeded farther with the Saxons than it has with the Hindoos of to-day. And their tolerating treatment of the Christian missionaries, rarely persecuting them even when they did not adopt their tenets, would be largely due to the condition of suspense in which they found themselves, unwilling either to apostatise from the worship of their fathers, or to reject a creed which seemed truer and more real than their own.

The consequence was that upon the hands of a good missionary, as full of tact as of zeal, converts rapidly multiplied. According to Bede, Paulinus baptised thou-

sands; and though his rule evidently was to catechise and instruct before he baptised, that rule seems to have been honoured chiefly in its breach; and indeed the multitude who applied to him must have rendered it impossible for him, almost single-handed as he was, to instruct adequately. As a preacher, it may be that he surpassed Aidan in stirring the hearts of his hearers, and swaying them under rapid impulses. But Paulinus does not appear to have been anything more than a preacher, and his work, when tried in the fire of Penda's invasion, proved to be temporary and fruitless generally of lasting conviction. Aidan, on the other hand, though he possessed the great advantage over Paulinus of a body of assistants and colleagues, possessed also several disadvantages. He had the king's support, it is true; but that support was not supplemented by the decree of the national Witan. And when he commenced to preach, he had as his hearers, not pagans dissatisfied with their paganism, but apostates whose previous experience would not make them eager to listen to him and to comply with his exhortations. It was his winning manner, and the stainlessness of his spirit, that gradually overcame their prejudices, and his systematic instruction of the young, and pastoral care of the people, that enabled him to deepen the impressions, beyond which Paulinus had failed to carry his work, into unconquerable convictions. Both were untiring evangelists; but either their methods or their circumstances, or both, so differed, that the one lived constantly in the grateful atmosphere of successful preaching, and the other amid the anxious and heavy responsibilities of unsleeping Christian nurture. Both have had their representatives in more modern times; and if in some points the work of the one amongst the Angles corresponds with that of Xavier amongst the Paravas, the other belongs to a type which the labours of John Wesley have made familiar to almost the whole Christian world.

ART. VI.—1. *History of British India.* By JAMES MILL, Esq., with Notes and Continuation by H. H. WILSON, F.R.S., Boden Professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford. Nine Volumes. 1840—1848.

2. *History of Sanskrit Literature.* By PROFESSOR MAX MULLER.

3. *Hindu Law of Marriage and Stridhan.* By GOOROODASS BANERJEE, M.A.D.L.

4. *Indian Finance.* By H. FAWCETT, M.P., Her Majesty's Postmaster-General.

5. *The Light of Asia.* By EDWIN ARNOLD.

6. *Modern India.* By PROFESSOR MONIER WILLIAMS.

7. *Village Communities in the East and West.* By SIR H. S. MAINE.

8. *India in* 1880. By SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, late Governor of Bombay, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal and Finance Minister of India.

COMPETENT and sufficient trustworthy witnesses testify that Indian life presents almost every form of the conjugal relation, from the grossest polyandry, verging on promiscuity, to the purest and most rational form of monogamy. Several authors, of no mean repute, have dwelt upon existing Indian usages as typical of earlier institutions, and as exhibiting indications from which a history of customary law may be obtained. To our mind such indications of the past form a ground for considering whether, indeed, they ought not to become things of the past, and whether there is not a rational hope that the efforts of the Legislative Council of India, and of others, to raise the outcasts and the degraded to a higher form of family life may not eventuate in success; and make the future of the millions, entrusted to their care, more prosperous and happy, and more conducive to the power and honour of the English name, and the integrity of our empire.

It is a truism that where a certain number of males and females unite, and so constitute the marriage obtaining amongst the Nairs of Malabar, or one woman and several men, related or not, constitute the marriage prevailing in Thibet and Ceylon, the paternity of a child must be doubt-

ful, and the father's interest in its life, education, and advancement will be divided, lessened, and weakened. Natural instinct might wish to exert itself, but the intellect will not admit the occasion. In the social scale, polygamy is far above such unions; the father may doubt whether the voice be Jacob's voice, or the hands be the hands of Esau, but he cannot doubt as to the duty which binds him to his offspring.

An eminent writer upon morals and political philosophy has observed that

"Polygamy not only violates the constitution of nature, and the apparent design of the Deity, but produces to the parties themselves and the public the following bad effects: contests and jealousies amongst the wives of the same husband, or distracted affections or the loss of all affection in the husband; a voluptuousness in the rich which dissolves the vigour of their intellectual as well as active faculties, producing that indolence and imbecility both of mind and body which have long characterised the nations of the East; the abasement of one half of the human species who, in countries where polygamy obtains, are degraded into mere instruments of physical pleasure to the other half, neglect of children, and the manifold and sometimes unnatural mischiefs which arise from a scarcity of women. To compensate for these evils, polygamy does not offer a single advantage."

Indian married life is indeed an important topic with the historian, the philanthropist, the statesman, the lawyer, and the legislator; but the subject is so extensive that we will merely mention marriage for a definite term, or determinable by the will of the parties, which is not unusual among the Mohammedans, and confine ourselves to the Hindoos, whose numbers amount to more than three-fourths of a population exceeding one hundred and ninety-one millions.

The Suttees, or widow burnings, are doubtless within the recollection of some of our readers. The Government has abolished this species of combined murder and self-immolation. But the sacerdotalism of the Brahmans, still frowning upon marriages of widows with a second husband, and curtailing to the utmost the Hindoo women's rights over property, keeps its female devotees ever ignorant and without a wholesome influence on society,—degraded themselves, and less able to train and educate their progeny in the ways of physical and moral goodness and

uprightness. It is beyond the scope of the present paper to describe the eight forms of Hindoo marriage, but lest our remarks respecting the Nairs and the inhabitants of Ceylon should bring Hindoo marriages generally into too great disrepute, we will recite the Hymn to Love which the bridegroom, for some thousands of years, has recited, and still recites in the higher forms of marriage, when he accepts the bride, formally given by her father, or other guardian:

"Who gave her? To whom did he give her? Love gave her. To love he gave her. Love was the giver. Love was the taker. Love has pervaded the dream. With love I accept her. Love, O may this be thine."

It has been eloquently remarked:

"Rude as the notions of our ancestors must have been on many subjects in the Vedic times, the hymn to love shows that their ideas on the subject of matrimony were perhaps as refined as the most enlightened views of the present day. Parental love to secure the future happiness of the daughter gives her to a fit bridegroom, and conjugal love accepts her; there is nothing sordid or sensual in this notion of marriage."

There is weight in this opinion, and the inferiority of the Greek and Roman ideals must be evident to the readers of Euripides, Plautus, and Terence.

Many a *locus classicus* in Homer's earlier and later poems proves that in ancient times the Greeks, like the Jewish patriarchs of a more remote antiquity, bought their wives. With the progress of civilisation the Greek custom changed, and became more like that which obtains in our own day in Europe. The father now pays, or covenants to pay, or otherwise settles money or other property on his daughter and husband, and their expected children. Such an alteration, Paley remarks, and no one can successfully dispute his proposition, has been of no small advantage to the female sex; for their importance in point of fortune procures to them, in modern times, that assiduity and respect which are wanted to compensate for the inferiority of their strength, but which their personal attraction would not always secure. There is coarse truth in this: nevertheless the modern moralist, though Christian in name, forgets the Divine principle enunciated in the old Hindoo love song.

The sarcasm pronounced by Burke, that if the English were then to withdraw from India they would leave behind them no great architectural works to commemorate their rule, no beneficial legislation to evince their moral superiority, but the tiger and the jungle would occupy their place, is losing its sting. In his day it might be true. The chicanery and tyranny of Warren Hastings might enrich his countrymen, and consolidate, under British rule, an empire similar to that of Charlemagne, but it did little for the natives. Now, though the condition of British India contains many elements of danger, yet, as a nation, we are seeking to improve the morals and social position of the millions subject to our rule. We fear that the time is far distant when we can delegate large political powers to the inhabitants of Bengal, Benares, the Madras, and the Mysore. Representative institutions are suitable to our American, Australian, and other dominions over which it is our boast the sun never sets. The gentle and affectionate yet over-subtle and suspicious Hindoo is likely to gain more from the equal administration of justice, and from well-considered reforms of his laws and varying customs by a paternal government, than from the introduction of maxims so dear, and properly dear, to an Englishman.

The character of the Hindoo laws has thus been sketched in a work of authority in America as well as Europe and Asia:

"The laws of the Hindoos which apply to property, and which regulate sales or purchases, loans, transfers, and deposit of goods, though they are founded on the principles of justice, are frequently rude or loosely expressed, and such as along with a corrupt judicature must leave everything to the discretion of the judge. The law fixes the price of commodities, &c."

The laws of inheritance form an important branch of the Hindoo Code, though it is justly remarked that the slavery to which the rights of father and husband subject the female, "abolishes at once all suits of dowries, divorces, jointures, and settlements."

On the death of the father his property is divided among his children, who frequently live together with the elder brother as their head.

The gross and cruel superstition of the Hindoos subverts the principles of justice, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, or

those affected with leprosy, or any other incurable disease being deprived of their shares of the paternal inheritance. Children of different castes inherit according to the rank of the mother, and those of concubines receive only half the share of legitimate children.

The existing gross and universal ignorance, while it is the parent of crime, exposes the Hindoos to all the artifices of priestcraft, and of every charlatan, and is dangerous to the public peace. In every nation the condition of the female sex affords a sure index to the state of manners and the progress of civilisation. Amongst savages, women are ill-treated, because they are weak and helpless, and there is no moral restraint on the tyranny of men. In Hindostan, as over all the East, where polygamy prevails, they are a degraded caste, shut up in the harem or the seraglio, and not, as in Europe, the seat of a purer faith and more refined system of manners, the friends, the advisers, and the equal companions of their husbands. And both the laws and the manners of the East lead to this unhappy effects whilst marriage is enjoined as a religious duty, not to be neglected except for the higher duty of becoming a devotee The character of women is described in the Hindoo books of law as stained with almost every vice: pride, anger, envy, violence, deceit, falsehood, immoderate desires, infidelity to their husbands, and idleness, are pointed out as their ruling passions, and the treatment they meet with corresponds with those ideas. They are, or were, wholly uneducated, excluded from the sacred books, and from all knowledge of expiatory texts, and they are held unworthy to eat with their husbands. They are the slaves of their domestic tyrants, and often receive the most barbarous treatment, being beaten and otherwise illused, but they are not allowed to leave them; whilst the husband, on the other hand, may semi-divorce or desert his wife upon any plausible pretence.

These conclusions have been suggested to us not by a review of the question touching a scientific frontier or Imperial Durbar, though strengthened thereby, but by a consideration of some of the cases on marriage law, brought on appeal to the Privy Council a distance of many thousands of miles by orphans, widows, and others who claim our protection, and appeal to us to answer their complaint.

Different religions, for example, the Hindoo and Roman

Catholic, look upon marriage as a sacrament. The civil laws of England, France, and other countries, hold it to be a contract. But so important a contract is it, that the preliminaries, the mode of contracting, and the evidence thereof, are defined, observed, and guarded with scrupulous care; and its effect upon the duties and persons of the parties contracting, upon their property and their issue, is the subject of so many legal provisions, that the most elementary principle of contracts, *modus et conventio vincunt legem*—"the form of agreement and the convention of parties overrule the law"*—is inapplicable; and it has come, to use the words of an eminent American jurist, rather to be deemed an institution of society founded upon the consent and contract of the parties. It is this institutional character of marriage that renders a legal decision affecting it so important in its tendency to elevate or degrade. The decision of the Privy Council to which we have alluded, concisely stated, is, that the daughter of a Hindoo, no less than his wife, is incapable of transmitting to her heirs, direct or collateral, any property inherited from her father, husband, or brother. This is hard upon the unfortunate women and injurious to their children, but the grounds of the decision are worse. By ancient custom Hindoo women admittedly could transmit such property. We contend that in many parts of India that ancient custom is still the law, and is so laid down in the Mitakshara, whose authority is recognised in every part of Hindostan except Bengal. We on our side admit that the Brahmans have sought to supersede this ancient custom on the ground that women are incapable of making certain idolatrous offerings which Brahmanism requires to be made by males. In the reigns of the Tudors, when the dark ages had come to their close, Parliament abolished superstitious uses which affected only certain designated properties. Not many months have elapsed since the Privy Council has indissolubly attached idolatrous and superstitious uses (compared with which those of the Roman Catholic period of English History shine as light amid the darkness), to every parcel of land in India which the status of the Hindoo male or female has to do with.

A great orator, in speaking of India, once said:

"There is no act of violence which merely as an act of violence

* 2 Lord Coke's Rep. 73.

may not in some sort be borne; because an act of violence infers no principle; it infers nothing but a momentary impulse of a bad mind proceeding without law or justice to the execution of its object. For at the same time that it pays no regard to law it does not debauch it, it does not wrest it to its purposes. The law, disregarded, still exists, and hope still exists in the sufferer that when law shall be resorted to violence will cease and wrongs will be redressed; but whenever the law itself is debauched, and enters into a corrupt coalition with violence, robbery, and wrong, then all hope is gone, and then it is not only private persons that suffer, but the law itself, when so corrupted, is often perverted to the worst instrument of fraud and violence. It then becomes most odious to mankind, and an infinite aggravation of every injury they suffer."

Of course we do not impute in this conflict of legal principle any but the best motives. But it is often the duty of a judge to administer a law which it becomes the duty of the legislator to immediately amend. Well might the Indian penal law Commissioners remark:—"The condition of the women of this country is unhappily very different from that of the women of England and France. They are married while still children. They are often neglected for other wives while still young. They share the attentions of a husband with several rivals." And accordingly they refused to make laws for punishing the inconstancy of the wife, while refusing to forbid the husband to fill his zenana with her many rivals. It is time, we think, not only to abstain from punishing her, but to restore to her her ancient customary rights over property. Her personal rights have been somewhat improved by the Indian Legislature. Thus the Indian Widows' Marriage Act has legalised their second marriages. But the habits of society are still such that sacerdotalism prevails and restrains these marriages. Yet the climate, or other causes, in secret prevail over this sacerdotalism; illicit intercourse takes place, a false shame supersedes the mother's instincts, and infanticide is fearfully common. The evidence as to the ancient customary rights of Hindoo women is conclusive. No mean authority, Sir Henry Sumner Maine, observes:

"The bodies of Indian customs are all marked by the same general features, but differ in details. There are also some remarkable differences between the written and unwritten law in their construction of the rights of widows. That the oppressive

disability of widows found in modern Hindoo law, and especially in the prohibition of remarriage, has no authority from ancient records, has often been noticed. The remarriage of widows is not a subject on which unwritten usages can be expected to throw much light, for the Brahminical law has generally prevailed in respect of personal family relations; but the unwritten law of property, which largely differs from the written, undoubtedly gives colour to the notion that the extraordinary harshness of the Hindoo text writer to widows is of sacerdotal origin. A custom of which there are many traces in the ancient law of the Aryan races, and gives to the widow the government of the family, and consequently the control of the property during minority of children, or for her life upon failure of direct male descendants, sometimes even in the last contingency absolutely. Priests make her life a self-immolation, a self-denial, a humiliation. Partly by calling in the distinction between separate and undivided property, and partly by the help of the distinction between movable and immovable property, they have greatly cut down the widows' rights, not only reducing them for the most part (where they arise) to a life-interest, but abridging this interest by a variety of restrictions to little more than a trusteeship. Here again I am assured that any practice corresponding to this doctrine is very rarely found in the unwritten usage under which not only does the widow tend to become a true proprietress for life, but approaches here and there to the condition of an absolute owner.

"Unwritten usages, probably older and purer than the Brahminical law, are now having their authority acknowledged even by the Indian Courts, once the jealous conservators of the sacerdotal system. The materials are partly to be met with in that large and miscellaneous official literature which has grown out of the labours of the functionaries who adjust the share of the profits of cultivation claimed by the British Government as supreme landlord."

We entirely agree with the foregoing retrospect of Indian customary law. We are also of opinion that the Hindoo law books of authority support the same conclusion. Before the proper tribunal, we should argue this last point at length. The Mitakshara* shows that the Hindoo woman can transmit certain property to her descendants; it enumerates many species, and professes to include others. The terms used are extensive enough to include, and do

* The Mitakshara is the weightiest of the authorities which settle the law in the south and west of India. In Bengal alone it is to a certain extent superseded by the Daya Bhaga. It belongs to the division of law called Smutri.—See *London Quarterly*, No. XCIX. p. 40.

include, property coming from the husband or father. But it is the meaning of the terms which is controverted, and a verbal quibble is the ground of this most disastrous judgment.

Though a discussion of the Sanskrit institutes and the commentaries thereon would in these pages be inappropriate, we may call attention to the so-called reasons of the decision of our own Privy Council, with a view, we hope, to their being reconsidered. In delivering judgment it was said: "In two elaborate judgments discussing at length the authorities, their predecessors had decided that under the law of the Mitakshara a widow's estate, inherited from her husband, is a limited and restricted estate only." "The reasons are for the most part applicable to the case of a daughter." Their lordships thought "that after the series of decisions which had occurred in Bengal and Madras, it would be unsafe to open them by giving effect to arguments founded on a different interpretation of old and obscure texts, and they agree in the observations which are to be found at the end of the judgment of the High Court, that courts ought not to unsettle a rule of inheritance affirmed by a long course of decisions, unless it is indeed manifestly opposed to law and reason. They do not think this rule opposed to the spirit and principles of the law of the Mitakshara; on the contrary, it appears to them to be in accordance therewith."

The mention of these two judgments is certainly in point, but the description of their effect is misleading. In the first judgment movable property was excepted from the operation of the rule the case is cited to establish, and no less a name than that of Earl Cairns is an authority for the exception. Be he a great authority or not, the judgment is to a great extent opposed to the inference and construction made by the Privy Council. This will be seen when we state the two decisions, one after the other, in the first of the following observations upon the judgment from which we have quoted.

I. In the first decision we are told that by the Hindoo law, as laid down in the Benares or Western schools, although a widow may have power of disposing of movable property inherited from her husband, which she has not under the law of Bengal, yet she is by both laws restricted from alienating any unmovable property which she has so inherited. To this Earl Cairns agreed. In the second

decision we are told that, by the Hindoo law prevailing in Benares, no part of the husband's estate, movable or immovable, forms portion of his widow's stridhan, and she has no power to alienate the estate inherited from her husband to the prejudice of his heirs, which at her death devolves on them.* II. We observe that the series of cases in Bengal and Madras are in themselves not conclusive; and if they are definite and in point, are in conflict with those of Bombay. III. The alleged ambiguity of the text is capable of an intelligible explanation consistent with the customs of the country, whose validity the charters of the Courts of Justice in Bengal, Madras, and Bombay compel the Justices to recognise. IV. No Court is bound by an erroneous decision of an inferior or co-ordinate Court, or of itself.

II. Let us for a moment or two consider the second observation.

According to Chief Justice Couch and Mr. Justice Ainslie, judges of the High Court of Calcutta, the earliest authority on the subject was Mussamut Gyan Koorwur *v.* Dookharn Singh, 4 Sel. Reports, 330, in which case the decision was based on the opinion of the Hindoo law officers; that is, in case of the widow, the property goes on her decease not to her heirs, but to the nearest heirs of her husband who may be then living. The same rule is to be observed, *à fortiori*, as regards the daughter.

We cannot help thinking a fallacy is concealed in the Latin phrase *à fortiori*, under which the law officers or pundits jumped over the point in controversy, and arrived at their conclusion—inference we cannot call it—by a method the reverse of logical. When we reflect that a widow is related by marriage only, and not by blood, while the daughter is the legitimate blood descendant of her father, the *à fortiori* inference is to our minds the other way. The use of the Latin phrase reminds us of a story of a horse doctor who was suddenly summoned by a farmer to cure a horse which he thought bewitched. The doctor was at a loss what to do, till a bright idea struck him. Looking at the horse, he told the farmer to look at him, and then began to recite the *Propria quæ maribus*. The effect of the charm upon the horse we need not relate; but the farmer was so impressed with the learned jargon,

* The two cases are reported fully in 11 Moore's Indian Appeal Cases, pp. 139, 487 respectively.

that the doctor, like the pundits, ensured the payment of his fee. It is certainly to be regretted that our Indian judges, instead of seeking the fountains of Indian law, borrow their judgments from natives whose minds have not been imbued with the more extensive learning of their own ancient codes, and the more equitable doctrines of Roman and English jurisprudence.

Chief Justice Couch cited from 6 Sel. Rep., 301, as the next decision Sheo Sehai Singh *v.* Mussamut Omed Konwur, to the effect that though there is no doubt that sisters' sons are very distant indeed in the order of succession, and in fact are not included among the heirs by almost the whole of the Hindoo legal authorities, yet as under no circumstances can the daughter succeed to ancestral property inherited by her mother, yet, considering the Vyavusthas of the pundits, a sister's son's son had a better right than the daughter.

If the words *à fortiori* are like the *propria quæ maribus*, powerful to charm with, no less can be said of the Vyavusthas of the pundits, as the Court were thereby induced to a conclusion which they acknowledged to be adverse to "almost the whole of the Hindoo legal authorities."

Heeraball Baboo *v.* Mussamut Bengal, S. D. A., 1862, p. 190, Thuncoomary Beebee, was cited as the next decision. There it was held that the estate of a Hindoo proprietor, having devolved on his three daughters qualified to succeed him, they held the property during lifetime only, and not as their stridhanum; that so long as any one of the daughters survived no daughters' sons could inherit; and that as no son survived when all the three daughters died, the heir of the deceased proprietor succeeded to the estate. This decision was supposed to be founded upon a passage in Sir William Macnaghten's work, p. 22, where he says, "But though the schools differ on these points, they concur in opinion as to the manner in which such property devolves on the daughter's death in default of issue male. According to the law as received in Benares and elsewhere, it does not go as her stridhanum to her husband or heir. According to the law of Bengal, also, it reverts to her father's heirs." Admitting Sir William Macnaghten's doctrine to be sound, it presents no foundation for so extensive a superstructure. *Debile fundamentum fallit opus.*

The next decision cited as an authority was Punchanund

Ojhab *v.* Lalshan Misser, 3 Suth. W. R. 140, where it was held that on the death of the mother the property went to the heirs of the son, and where it was said that the rule was the same in the case of a woman inheriting from her father. An *obiter dictum*, it is to be observed, is not a decision, still less is it an authority. Some of the ablest of English judges, including Willes, C. J., Heath, J., and Lord Kenyon, have lamented that learned judges in the heat of discussion have quaintly expressed themselves, or in their judgment have not confined "themselves to the points immediately before them, but have dropped hints that perhaps have invited litigation."

The last, and perhaps the strongest authority cited was the Shivagunga case, 6 Mad. H. C., R. 310. There Sir Colley Scotland, Chief Justice, said: "There are some texts and comments recognising as Stridhanum paternal property devolving on a daughter, but they appear to me to relate only to an appointed daughter who was declared to become by the appointment the third description of son." Though we differ as to the daughter by appointment, it is to be noted that his Lordship gives the word stridhanum, woman's property, its true meaning, and does not attempt by a restricted definition thereof to do what others have done, assume the question in dispute.

His lordship continues: "The fundamental principle of the law of succession, too, is adverse to the contention of the appellants, for if paternal property passing to a daughter were to become her stridhanum, the succession would pass away from those who were the nearest heirs by virtue of their capacity to offer oblations to the last male owner."

This is true, if we admit the sacerdotal theory already alluded to. But that theory is opposed to ancient custom, and in large districts of India has no application. Even Mr. Justice Holloway considers its application to some classes as absurd as would be the application of the feudal law.

Mr. Justice Holloway thus summed up the grounds upon which he proceeded: (1) "The principle of the law is to determine the descent by the nearness or remoteness of the offering. There is no taking by or through or by virtue of an individual; the only effect of that relationship is to connect with that offering—the very name 'sapinda' is the clearest etymological proof of the predominant notion.

(2) This principle is the reason for the daughters taking at all; (3) Neither in this nor in any other case has what is called vesting the slightest influence; the very notion of heritable blood is as applied to Hindoo law meaningless; (4) The principle of the law is the only safe ground for deducing a rule of descent; the attempt to argue from a subordinate proposition will, as the cases show, lead to a departure wider and wider from the real reason of the law."

We have already cited Mr. Justice Holloway's opinion of the application of Brahminical law to other than genuine Hindoos. In a previous part of our essay we have shown that the modern Brahminical doctrines were not so in the beginning, and mentioned as our authorities modern and English and ancient Sanskrit writers. The irrationality of the Brahminical system and its degrading effect, when and where it insinuates itself, must be evident to the good and right-minded.

Gooroodass Banerjee, the learned Tagore law professor, reviewed A.D. 1879, in his last course of lectures, all the decisions of the courts, and as the result expressed his opinion that "it would not be incorrect to affirm that except in cases in which the point is absolutely concluded by authority property inherited by a female should, according to the Benares law, descend to her heirs as her stridhanum."

III. We have already intimated that the discussion of the Sanskrit texts and commentators would hardly be suitable in these pages, though a general review of the ancient Vedic and other literature may possibly on a future occasion interest our readers. We therefore pass to our fourth observation.

IV. Precedents are useful, but our judges do not follow them slavishly. An inferior Court is bound by the rule of an Appeal Court, but even in doubtful points a court of co-ordinate jurisdiction does not feel bound to follow the decision of another co-ordinate Court. The Vice Chancellors, with the judgments of their brethren before them, frequently refuse to follow them. Similarly the Master of the Rolls differs from one of them, and they from him. The House of Lords differs from the Privy Council, and innumerable instances may be cited where the Privy Council have refused to follow a rule laid down by a previous decision of members of their own Court. And it is

notorious that for many years the Queen's Bench held that certain judgments of the Privy Council were erroneous.

When the House of Lords reversed a decree of Lord Chancellor Somers, Sir John Trevor refused to follow the reversal, saying that if the case were to come then into the House of Lords it would be so ruled, and that he had and would decree it so. Lord Chancellor Harcourt and other judges treated this decision of the House of Lords in the same manner. Other great judges, with more *suaviter in modo* but equal force, "choose rather than contradict such great authorities to distinguish the present case from them," Willes, 687. And even the cautious Eldon "would be understood as saying that the cases had gone too far already; that he would not add to their authority wherever the circumstances are such as to warrant me in making a distinction."

Authorities, ancient and modern, may be cited to show that the laws of nature, the revealed law of God, Christianity, morality, and religion, common sense, legal reason, natural justice, natural equity and humanity, no less than local and other customs, form the material principles out of which our English and Irish judges construct their judgments. We could wish that our Indian judges felt their minds untrammelled, and rising like some of their English brethren to breathe a purer and serener atmosphere, would improve and reform that chaotic and impious law whose administration is committed to them. At present they confirm mischiefs which the progress of Indian society, if left alone, might dissolve, and which now necessitate the use of drastic legislative efforts.

One of the most recent writers on India, a keen observer as well as a man of genius, remarks:

"The question of marriages is perhaps the most serious of all the knotty questions we English have to deal with here, bewildering the Courts and judges. From an educational point of view it is most fatal to allow marriages with girls of ten or even eight years of age as is common here. In each family there may be seen one or two poor women who are looked on as lepers, and are to native ideas a disgrace and a shame. And why? Because they are widows."—*Princips.*, 195. *Imperial India.*

A more eminent authority tells us that the time has come to make our legal reform.

Sir H. S. Maine, LL.D., describing the educated class

in one Indian province where he had unusual opportunities of studying their mental condition, writes:

"Though it is so strongly Europeanised as to be no fair sample of native society taken as a whole, its peculiar stock of ideas is probably the chief sources from which the influences proceed which are more or less at work everywhere. Here there has been a complete revolution of thought in literature, in taste, in morals, and in law. I can only compare it to the passion for the literature of Greece and Rome which overtook the Western world at the revival of letters; and yet the comparison does not altogether hold, since I must honestly admit that much which had a grandeur of its own is being gradually replaced by a great deal which is poor and ignoble. But one special source of the power of Western ideas in India—I mention it with emphasis—not only is all Oriental thought and literature embarrassed in all its walks by a weight of false physics, which at once gives a great advantage to all competing forms of knowledge, but it has a special difficulty in retaining its old interest. It is elaborately inaccurate, it is supremely and deliberately careless of all precision in magnitude, number, and time. But to a very quick and subtle-minded people, which has hitherto been denied any mental food but this, mere accuracy of thought is by itself an intellectual luxury of the very highest order.

"It is by its indirect and for the most part unintended influences that the British power metamorphoses and dissolves the ideas and social forms underneath it; nor is there any expedient by which it can escape the duty of rebuilding upon its own principles that which it unwillingly destroys."

As to India and Ceylon there is a crisis approaching—a crisis that will affect not things material and social merely, but which will cover the whole area of the thought and life of the vast populations of the East. Everything is being disturbed. Old things are being shaken, shaken to their deepest holdings. Somewhat slow has been the progress, somewhat obscure the progress, but every student of the events occurring in India must be impressed with the fact that there are influences at work which must inevitably break up and dissolve long venerated systems of science, religion, and life.

ART. VII.—1. *Prehistoric Europe: a Geological Sketch.* By J. GEIKIE, LL.D., F.R.S. London: Stanford. 1881.

2. *Early Man in Britain, and his Place in the Tertiary Period.* By W. B. DAWKINS, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: Macmillan. 1880.

3. *The Great Ice Age, and its Relation to the Antiquity of Man.* By J. GEIKIE, F.R.S., &c. London: Isbister. 1874.

4. *Prehistoric Times, as Illustrated by Ancient Remains, &c.* By SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, Bart. London: Norgate. 1878.

5. *Lectures on Man; his Place in Creation and in the History of the Earth.* By DR. CARL VOGT. London. 1864.

6. *Les Premiers Hommes et les Temps Préhistoriques.* Par LE MARQUIS DE NADAILLAC. Paris. 1880.

7. *L'Homme Primitif.* Par L. FIGUIER. Paris. 1870.

8. *Anthropology; and Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilisation.* By Dr. E. B. TYLOR. London: Macmillan. 1881.

THE old views of the age of the world were displaced by astronomy. A few thinkers in former times certainly conjectured that the period of chaos might have been one of extensive duration. But usually it was supposed that the earth, with its attendant suns and stars, had come into existence a few thousand years ago. The discoveries of Copernicus, the experiments of Galileo, and the calculations of Kepler and Newton, successfully confuted the long-established theories. Yet they were not displaced without resistance. It seemed that nothing could any longer be believed if the testimony of the senses, and convictions of immemorial standing were to be repudiated. It was only by gradual, if rapid, process that there was brought before preoccupied minds the perception that science had been born again. The domain of terrestrial science had already been vastly enlarged by the discovery

of new realms in the far East and West; but the impotence of human imagination prevented an easy extension of men's ideas to a yet wider field of speculation, which indeed not only passed the limits of this world, now so greatly extended, but surpassed all limits whatsoever. Still less willing were they who considered Scripture to be a Divine authority in all science as well as in religion, to welcome the opening of a new book of revelation, though it disclosed the plans and operation of the Creator on a scale more vast and magnificent than man had ever been able to project for himself from the intimations of this original teacher.

In more recent times, geology has adduced most startling and effective arguments and illustrations for the new theory. This energetic science, which had scarcely commenced its mission before this century, has carried out its observations and built up its doctrines with astonishing rapidity and completeness. It is not more than sixty years ago that Dr. Chalmers announced to the theological world that the Bible did not date the creation of the world, and that the earth carried in her own bosom the record of the changes which innumerable ages had brought over her. Since that time the army of explorers has multiplied until it has covered the globe; and there is scarcely any portion of our earth's surface which, at least in its general features, is not known to the geologist. Our own islands, the greater part of Europe and America, even India, Palestine, and less known countries, have been surveyed by professional experts; and every point in the story of physical vicissitude has been noted. From every quarter of this wide field of exploration has come the most interesting evidence of the continuity and connection of nature's processes, of the progressive flow of the great stream of vegetable and animal life, and of the boundless variety, along with unbroken unity, impressed upon the face of the world, which is the cradle and grave of man and of his fellow-creatures.

It is not surprising that, in the beginning, geology behaved as other sciences had done in their time, and attempted first to settle the more remote and obscure questions belonging to it. It strove to arrive at a fixed theory of the origin of mountains and seas, before it had really examined the new facts which had come to light respecting them both. It would fain have decided at once

whether the rocks had come by water or by fire. So science, under the form of astronomy, dealt with the marvels of the distant heavens, long before she began to study the things lying close at her feet. Botany, chemistry, and physiology, in their genuine sense, are almost cotemporary with ourselves. All schools of opinion are agreeing that the true method of knowledge is that of patient observation and verification. Our way to the unknown must lie through the known, and that way ought to be made as firm and as clear as possible. It is also assumed that the nature which we see about us to-day is the same which has ever been since things began to be. Its perennial forces are supposed to be acting now under laws as ancient as themselves. In the physical sphere it is confessed that "there is nothing new under the sun." In order to understand that which has happened in time past, we must study that which is taking place to-day. According to this theory, the world is the lineal and natural product of the world of æons ago. The most interesting question which we can consider is, "At what stage of the progress have we now arrived?"

But, although we may allow science to proceed with its observations and leave its assumptions conveniently unchallenged, it is felt on all sides that further questions must some time be asked. If we could even believe that primordial matter "contained in itself the promise and potency of all terrestrial nature," we should still be constrained to inquire how it came by its peculiar composition. The fact is, that instead of nature continuing always the same, its whole history is tracked by novelties which the past refuses to explain. What could be more strange on the face of an inanimate and inorganic world than the movements of an automatic organism, however unintelligent? What feat of chemistry can change a little carbon, nitrogen, and other matters into protoplasm, and living substance? Did not each animal variety, as it rose upon the scene, present some endowment which no creature had held before? What indication was there before the appearance of man that the "promise and potency" of such a creature as he lay even in the animal life which had been so variously and prodigally unfolded before his advent? We may still ask, therefore, where is man geologically, and under what conditions did he make his first appearance on the earth? But it is a

mistake to suppose that such inquiries, however answered, would preclude others which refer to the higher causes of his existence. Man, after all, may owe his life to a special and supernatural intervention, which added a sequel to the previous chapters of natural history not otherwise possible.

However, science must answer her own questions in her own way. Scripture did not teach science to preceding generations, and it cannot preclude the inquiries of this. It is not improbable that man has left traces of his tenancy of the earth all along the line of its history, and we respect the efforts which are made to investigate the evidence. To every school of opinion it is important to know what the facts are. Truth cannot harm the real interests of truth. Therefore history, archæology, and geology—now supposed to be allied sciences—may search out and settle, if they can, in their own way, the origin and antiquity of man. During the process many portentous conjectures will be produced, as some have been already; but of the final and incontestable results, no apprehensions need to be cherished. We do not say this out of vain hardihood or ignorant presumption. We do not pretend that no preconceived opinions would suffer if the doctrine of evolution should be proved to be true; or if it were demonstrated that Neolithic man existed nearly 100,000 years ago. Experience shows that large accessions to human knowledge are not secured without peril or cost. Already the hypothesis of evolution is generally accepted for working purposes. The crowds of students (never so large as now) who are taught anatomy and physiology in our day, are all made familiar with it as a convenient theory for the interpretation of natural relations. And sometimes it is forgotten that it is an hypothesis, however legitimate, and as yet nothing more. It may be proved, some day, or the investigations it assists may disclose another law which shall supersede it. Moreover, notwithstanding the evidence amassed by Dr. Geikie, we are not yet convinced that a thousand centuries have passed since the advent of the polished-stone age. Yet, as the theories of the electrical circuit, of the nebulosity of the primitive world-substance, and even of gravitation and evolution, have assisted science, so a theory of the extreme antiquity of man may lead us to some decisive knowledge of his place in nature. Upon matters of this kind there

cannot be eventually any difference of opinion, because the appeal is made to matters of fact which any one can test for himself.

There is one point on which Biblicists and geologists agree, viz., that man is the last of the creatures. His advent marks the climax of nature, beyond which she shows no sign of advancement. Whether the stock of types is exhausted, or the fund of formative ability is reduced to zero, she seems unable to present to the universe another prodigy equal to this. If all things come by creation, proceeding, as the first chapter of Genesis suggests, by a plan from the lower to the higher, then man is the culmination of the Creator's scheme. If by evolution, supposing this "the method of creation," then he is the final product of the life-giving forces of the world. The geologist is compelled to reckon man as the newest species, because his remains are always found on the outermost surface of our planet. Until recently, his place in nature was limited to the shallow strip of soil from which he reaps his harvests, where he lies down to die, and where he finds his last home, unless some one find for him a tomb, or dig for him a grave. But now traces of his existence are anxiously sought in subjacent gravels and sands: and here and there in rock-caverns it is thought he has been the cotemporary of extinct animals. This is the point at which controversy arises, and at which inquiry is earnestly urged. All parties wait to be informed how far the human period extends into the strata, and where the earliest vestiges of the *genus homo* become visible on the tracks of time.

Nothing is more surprising than the confidence with which the geologist speaks of the most comprehensive changes in physical geography. The relations of land and sea, popularly supposed to be constant, he declares to have been changed, times innumerable, and to be changing still. It has happened in no very distant geologic time, and "not once nor twice in our brief island story," that there was neither eastern nor western sea washing our present shores. England, Scotland, and even irreconcilable Ireland, were united with the west of Europe in one vast continental region, which extended into the Atlantic five hundred miles beyond the coast of Galway. Then the sea returned, and not only restored our island character, but swamped and drowned whole regions of what is now dry land. At other

times, glaciers and ice-sheets have overtopped the higher hills of Northern Britain; the valleys have groaned under 2,000 or 3,000 feet of ice; then have come intervening seasons of softened climate, when liberated icebergs have carried rocks far from their native places; and glaciers, melting into floods, have carried desolation over lower districts. It may be conceded that such changes were more frequent and marked in former times than now. The great forces which have developed and defined the present configuration of the world seem to have acted with greater energy in time past. So much may be said without resorting to the exploded devices of cataclysms or sudden eruptions. All that is known of the physical history of our planet makes it probable that the recent phenomena would indicate the subsidence of the forces at first employed. Consequently, there seems to have been nothing in the way of elevation and depression equal to that change which closed the great Secondary Era, and brought to the day the vast chalk-bed of the ocean, which formerly covered the major part of Britain, Germany, Russia, France,—many portions of the Mediterranean area, of Syria, Asia, and Africa. This stupendous change terminated the ages of the old world in our horizon, and inaugurated the new period, the Tertiary, at the close of which man came upon the scene.

In the first period of the Tertiary, which is known as the Eocene, our country was—according to Mr. Boyd Dawkins—connected with Norway and with Spain. It extended north beyond Shetland, and west beyond Ireland. The sea, however, covered a large area over the English Channel and the lower lands of the Continent. This sea abounded with creatures now only found in warmer regions. Gigantic sharks and turtles, the latter found in London clay, show how superior the Eocene climate was to ours. From the community of plant and animal life in America and Britain at this period, it is supposed that in the north a direct land communication existed between the two Continents.

"The forms of animal life also common to Britain and America prove a connection between the two regions in the Eocene age. The opossum of Eocene Britain, the extinct *Coryphodon*, *Lophiodon*, &c., and the alligator which haunted the rivers of the south of England, the bony pike—the last representative of the armour-clad fishes of the Secondary period—and a little snail (*Helix labyrinthica*), have found a refuge in America from those agencies

by which they have been exterminated in Europe. For the migration of these animals there must have been a continuous tract of land between Britain and America, and the direction of this is pointed out by the soundings in the Atlantic and the Northern seas."—Dawkins, *Early Man in Britain*, p. 22.

The general configuration of the land-surface of our country was decided by changes which took place long before this period. The mountains were already in their places, but were mostly much higher, having not as yet been attacked by the ice-sheet and glaciers. It is supposed that the Pentlands, Skiddaw, and Snowdon then reached the height of Vesuvius, which is nearly 2,000 feet above their present level. The water-shed, therefore, had been fixed, as the older strata had been thrown into the alternation of hill and valley by the elevations which brought up the Pennine range and other lines of hills; with a climate to suit the alligator, crocodile, and tapir, the vegetation was of an Indo-Australian type. The mammalia belonged chiefly to extinct species and to the lower orders. Mr. Dawkins thinks, therefore, that it is tolerably certain that man had not yet appeared upon the scene. "There were then no placental mammals," says Mr. Dawkins, who is an earnest evolutionist, and who, therefore, considers this a sufficient reason why man should not be sought for in this period. "But," he adds, "it is an important fact to note that the lowest member of the order Primates, to which he belongs in natural history qualification, was represented in the upper Eocenes of Europe, and throughout the whole period in America." The superior quadrupeds, and the domestic animals which man has made his companions, such as the horse and the dog, and even the flowers and fruits which adorn and enrich his world, had then no existence. But the particular group of earthly creatures with which he is most nearly allied in form were making their appearance.

The next great section of European physical history is called Miocene. There is no break or chasm in the flow of events to distinguish this from the preceding time, only as this period progressed the growing resemblance of animal forms to those now in existence is observed. The shells inhabiting the seas, and the animals whose bones still linger in sands and gravels more nearly approached the modern types. It is probable that the British area during this period continued to be much larger than at

present, and consequently there are few traces of Miocene strata in our country. On the coast of Hampshire, in the Isle of Wight, and in one or two other spots, the relics of this epoch survive. In Holland and Belgium they are more abundant.

It is important to remember that the geologist seldom meets with an ancient land-surface well preserved. In the coal-measures, and in more recent strata, the old forest-beds are sometimes found with the trees still standing, or fallen in one direction as they were left by the storm which overthrew them. But usually the only record of the bygone earth is in the mud of rivers, in the silt of lakes, or in the sand of the ocean bed. The flowers and trees, and the insects and animals that lived their little day in the air and on the dry land, and all that made up the living aspects of the world in the long cycles of the past, have been ground down together into indistinguishable mud or soil. The task of restoring the earth of the Eocene or chalk age is as if one had to reproduce from a Christmas pudding the vineyards in the Levant, the lemon groves of southern Spain, and the autumn-tinted fields of Britain, from which came its varied constituents. Forests have flourished for ages which have left nothing but a few water-drifted branches; whole races of animals have given no legacy to the future but their teeth; and æons of sunshine and storm, day and night, are now only represented by clay or sand of a few feet in thickness. Yet, as the archæologist can recover the plan of the Roman villa or of the British fort from a few fragments of buried pavements or lines of excavation, so, from the ruin of the past, which goes by the name of stratification, can some hypothesis of the original be framed by the geologist. That now and then the havoc should be so complete as to defy speculation, will not greatly astonish us.

It is on this account that such slight remains of the Miocene age have been left in Britain. Denudation has since then probably reduced the height of the principal mountains by two or three thousand feet, and the remainder of the surface has been eroded in proportion. During the same period there were great changes of level on the Continent. Seas retired, leaving large lakes; the hills of Auvergne were in volcanic activity; and the land was occupied by a vegetation almost tropical. But before the close of the Miocene era the climate throughout Europe

showed signs of deterioration. Its tropical character departed, and has never returned. During this period there are no undisputed traces of man. Mr. Boyd Dawkins thinks that the earth was ready for him, and there was food in abundance. But on the principles of evolution man's hour had not yet arrived. "No living species of land mammalia has been met with in the Miocene fauna." There were hogs, apes, and gazelles, but not exactly like those of the present day; and we may not, therefore, Mr. Dawkins urges, suppose that man had appeared before his time. We are glad to have this reply to place against the demands of those who seem ready to claim the most fabulous antiquity for our race.

We find, indeed, that other geologists think there is evidence of the existence of man during the middle Miocene age. Splinters of flint were found at Thenay by the Abbe Bourgeois, and a rib, bearing marks of having been cut, was discovered at Pouance. These testimonies convinced even M. Quatrefages of the reality of Miocene man; and Dr. Geikie does not entirely repudiate them, though he thinks that "the question still remains to be demonstrated by unequivocal evidence." Mr. Dawkins and others hold that man could not have survived the wear and tear of the ages which have reduced the other species to extremities. To this M. Quatrefages replies that man is superior to the other animals in knowledge and industry, being able to protect himself from the cold by fire, and by the construction of dwellings, and of clothing; only this would add to the difficulty, if we were required to believe that there was a man in the Miocene age able to light fires! Mr. Dawkins therefore would rather follow another French savant, M. Mortillet, who thinks that some superior Miocene ape might have dropped the flints, and cut the bone; only that he is checked by the reflection that no known ape has wit enough to split flints, even though he may crack nuts with a stone. It is clear from this dispute, either that the evolution theory cannot be wholly trusted, or that the flints and bones have been misinterpreted, or that the so-called Miocene strata belong to another horizon. As Dr. Geikie dates the beginning of the glacial or pleistocene period at 240,000 years ago, and between that and the Miocene lies another called the Pliocene, it is evident that some are prepared to credit man—the only being in our world who can chip

flints and light fires—with having existed at least 500,000 years ago! We can therefore feel with Dr. Geikie that "unequivocal evidence of this" remains to be furnished, and only wish that he had made his own doubts on the subject a little more emphatic.

Of the next period, the Pliocene, we have the following description by Dr. Geikie:

"In times anterior to the Pleistocene period, that is to say during the Pleistocene age, Europe was occupied by a flora and fauna which were destined to become profoundly modified before the advent of the first glacial epoch . . . Many of the most typical Miocene families had vanished, but the mastodon survived to nearly the close of the Pliocene period. The great forests seem to have covered vast areas . . . an abundant vegetation destined soon to become extinct. It is in the ancient deserted sea-bed of the Pliocene that we detect that gradual deterioration of climate and approach of colder conditions which eventually culminated in the first glacial epoch."—*Prehist. Eur.*, p. 332.

Mr. Dawkins sees "no inherent improbability of the appearances of man in Pliocene times." One member of the mammalian class still survives from that time, and why should not man, with his superior genius, have defended himself against the chances and contingencies of time as well as the hippopotamus? Moreover, it is asserted that traces of man have been found in so-called Pliocene deposits. Only with a skull which was discovered in ground alleged to be of this age was found a flint plainly belonging to later times, and with other bones said to have been cut by man was found some pottery; and the theory is that pottery was not known to the most ancient men. It is said to belong altogether to the Neolithic age. Yet Mr. Dawkins says, p. 93:

"It is to my mind to the last degree improbable that man, the most highly specialised of the animal kingdom, should have been present in such a fauna as this, composed of so many extinct species. As the evidence stands at present, the geological record is silent as to man's appearance in the Pleistocene age. It is very improbable that he will ever be proved to have lived in this quarter of the world at that remote time, since of all the European mammalia then alive only one has survived to our own days. Nevertheless, the arrival of one solitary living species marks the dawn of that order of nature to which man belongs, and in which, in the succeeding Pleistocene age, he formed the central and most imposing figure."

But it is evident that the whole evidence at this point is most precarious. Dr. Geikie (*Prehistoric Europe*, p. 343) tells us that in Upper Pliocene beds at St. Prest, there were found in 1863 some bones of elephants and rhinoceros which seemed to have been handled by man; and subsequently the Abbé Bourgeois discovered some flakes of flint. But these gravel-beds, although they are usually considered to belong to the Pliocene, are by some competent authorities held to be rather of early Pleistocene age; to be equivalent, in short, to the preglacial deposits which underlie the boulder-clay of Cromer. Indeed, it is not impossible that they may be even of interglacial age, for their mammalian remains agree closely with those of the interglacial strata of Mont Perrier.

We think that we are ready to receive without prejudice anything which Dr. Geikie or Mr. Dawkins can really tell us about this far-distant antiquity, though they differ so much upon important points. But when we are told that the same deposits may be "pliocene," "early pleistocene," or "interglacial" periods separated, according to their theories, by thousands of years, we feel that we are standing in very slippery places indeed. Like one unused to leap over the crevasse, or to slide down the ice toward a chasm, we feel somewhat unsafe upon ground like this. Besides, we think that the reports of fragments of pottery having been found in connection with Palæolithic man have been too readily set down as unsubstantiated, or "accidental." Nearly all the evidence of Palæolithic man is supplied by worked flints. Human remains are as scarce and as "accidental" as the fragments of pottery. It looks, therefore, too much like working from a theory to assume that primitive man was ignorant of the ceramic art because he was too low in culture to have practised it. This is the very point which requires to be known. If pottery is seldom present in the earliest remains, so are human bones: why should the occasional appearance of the one be classed as "accidental," and not the other?

But we now come to the final portion of the great Tertiary era. It has been called the *Pleistocene* period, because the forms of vegetable and animal life peculiar to it are so nearly those of the strictly human epoch. It may be said to come down to historic times, though it goes back, according to Dr. Geikie and others, some 200,000 years. During the lapse of this vast period there

were great changes in the European geography and climate. Since we have already mentioned that there are those who think man existed before the Pleistocene age, it will be seen how extreme an antiquity is claimed for the human race. Dr. Geikie seems pretty confident that man was in our part of the world in the middle of the Pleistocene period, and is not disinclined to allow him a yet earlier advent. These are his conclusions:

"Although relics or remains of Palæolithic man have never yet been discovered in deposits which can be demonstrated to be of preglacial age; yet geologists have long been of opinion that he arrived in our latitude as early at least as the old extinct mammals which were his congeners all through the Pleistocene period. That he lived in England during the interglacial epoch cannot be any longer doubted, and since his relics are met with not only in the oldest Pleistocene river alluvia, but also in the lowest accumulations in our caves, some of which are almost certainly of preglacial age, the general opinion that he was most probably in occupation of England before the advent of the first glacial epoch seems, in the highest degree, likely to be true. Some, indeed, will have it that he entered Europe in Pliocene times, which is, *à priori*, not improbable."—*Prehistoric Europe*, p. 343.

Dr. Geikie does not tell us how it is that "some persons will have it" that man entered Europe before the Pleistocene period, when, as he himself shows us, there are no traces of him in our latitude then, and the alleged indications of him are so doubtful. We are fearful that the determination to "have it" so has influenced the judgment of many upon this question. But we must pass on to a brief review of what is brought forward in evidence of the supposed indubitable presence of man at this distant period.

The Pleistocene or Tertiary period, as it has also been denominated, was co-extensive with the glacial times. In geography, Europe continued to be for some time what it had been during the Pliocene era. What is now Britain and Ireland went out into the Atlantic, probably as far as the line where its bed suddenly descends from 600 fathoms to a much greater depth. There was a land connection probably with America, certainly with the Continent; and the Mediterranean was bridged over, allowing animals to emigrate from Northern Africa to Southern Europe. This really means, that the land of Western Europe was some

hundreds of feet higher above the level of the sea than at present.

It has already been mentioned that in the later Pliocene age there are evidences, in the molluscs inhabiting both sea and land, and in vegetable and animal life yet traceable, that the climate was going back. The tropical seasons which had long prevailed, and had permitted the palm and the cypress to flourish in southern Britain, were passing away, and a more sober temperature advancing. By annual and periodical degrees this cold advanced until glaciers filled the northern seas. The returning summers were not able to melt the ever-encroaching fields of ice, and at length its broad sheets covered the whole of the northern world. It buried the valleys of Norway and Sweden, and all the hollows of the Baltic. It descended at length into Germany as far as Berlin. It covered Russia down to the Black Sea. In North America the same mantle of ice spread itself over both sea and land until it reached similar latitudes. In Scotland all but the highest hills were hidden under the *mer-de-glace*. In many places the glaciers must have been 8,000 feet thick. This frozen sea, with its outriding masses, ever on the move, went grinding over the country, carrying everything loose before it or with it; and, joined by Scandinavian ice, threatened to erase this part of Europe from under heaven.

It is certain that the destruction must have been immense. As the glacier glided down the valley it fixed its icy talons into the soil and earth which clothed the hillsides, and, as it went to a lower level, drew everything with it except the solid rock, which alone resisted its tremendous energy. Fragments of the rocks also were continually falling down upon the surface of the glacier, or into its cavities, to be carried forward on the moraine, to slip into some crevasse not far from its original home, or, perchance, to reach the terminus of the glacier, and then to sail off with the iceberg, or ice-raft, to some resting-place in the sea, fifty or a hundred miles away from the site of its origin. We cannot, therefore, be surprised that the heads and peaks of our British hills are bare. The same process which has divested the Matterhorn and Mont Blanc of its earthy covering, has unclothed Ben Lomond, Skiddaw, and Snowdon.

Agassiz first suggested ice as the agent which had

denuded the hills of the northern kingdom. The similarity of the phenomena to those of Switzerland immediately struck his practised eye, and all observations since have but confirmed his theory. The peculiar motion to which sheets of ice are subject, whether as a glacier packed between the sides of mountains, or in a wide sheet like that which now covers Greenland, is the power which has dispossessed so much of our territory of its pristine covering. The late Dr. Forbes attributed this motion to a certain viscosity in ice, a semi-fluid condition like that of treacle remaining in it; but further reflection has brought the opinion that the heat on the surface, the friction on the sides of the mass, gravitation, and other powers prevent the permanent consolidation of ice. Except for this tendency and liability to motion, the glaciers of the Alps would grow up to the summits. But marks and signals are set up at various parts of the valleys which show that the stubborn masses are moving on. *E pur se muove* applies to many things in our world which, at first sight, seem to be monuments of stability and composure. Even the hardened and solid glacier comes under the influence of this law.

But a very important inquiry arises here respecting the causes of so great a change in climate as is here supposed. In the Eocene times the climate was nearly tropical. Evidences of a once temperate climate are found in the farthest North. Limestones with fossil corals and extinct chambered shells—now represented by the Nautilus of the Pacific—are found in the Arctic Circle. But how the temperature of the northern hemisphere should have suffered so vast a change between the Eocene and the Glacial times has been a very great difficulty. It was once supposed that the change was owing to the gradual cooling of the planet from its originally heated condition; but this has been given up, partly because there are traces of ice-action in the older strata, and partly because in the Pleistocene period there were several alternations. Another speculation was that the earth in her course through space passes through regions varying in heat; and another, that the elevation of lands between the equator and the poles had tended to change the axis of the earth's rotation. Cognate with this last was Sir C. Lyell's supposition that such a difference might take place if lands were massed near the pole instead of near the equator.

The most recent opinion is that which has been ably vindicated by Mr. Croll, is accepted substantially by Mr. B. Dawkins, and is carefully expounded by Dr. Geikie. It is based upon astronomical calculations which show that "extreme eccentricity of the earth's orbit combined with the precession of the equinoxes would confer upon our hemisphere long periods of continuous summer, separated by long periods of continuous arctic winter." It is known that the earth's orbit becomes in long periods more circular or more elliptical. It is now tending to the circular form, and will need some thousands of years to reach its maximum of ellipticity. At that time the earth will be eight millions and a half of miles farther from the sun in aphelion than at present; and that part of the world which then happens to have its winter in aphelion will most likely pass through the conditions of the glacial age. Our winters now take place when the earth is in perihelion, that is, when we are nearest to the sun. But by another change this relation of our hemisphere to the sun is continually modified. By the precession of the equinoxes the period of equal day and night comes eighty minutes earlier every year. In the course of time this will draw the summer solstice nearer to perihelion, and the seasons will greatly change. When this process also has attained its maximum it will be reversed, and there will be as gradual a retreat to the present state of things. But it will be seen that if this effect of the precession of the equinoxes should ever coincide with the change which puts our winter into aphelion it would doubtless give intensity to both summer and winter. Astronomers allow that such periods have existed during the last 250,000 years, a little later than the beginning of which Dr. Geikie would date the dawn of the great glacial era.

The evidences of the action of ice on the surface of Britain, north of the Thames, are familiar and universal. When the loose, superficial accumulations are cleared away, the rocks are found to be ground and polished, and the lines of abrasion usually run in a direction parallel with that of the valley in which they occur. In going up the glens you find the rougher faces of the rocks turned together, but in returning you see that all have been smoothed and levelled. The corners, sides, and hollows of the valleys are filled with heaps of miscellaneous land detritus,—the stones packed in sand or clay, bearing every

character of the moraines yet formed by glaciers. The stones or rock fragments are marked with striæ, or engraved lines, which are ascribed to the attrition received when they were frozen fast in ice, yet forced to move on with the glacier. In Scotland and England the only deposit left by the most ancient glaciers is a tough, clayey, stony amalgam, called *till* by the geologists, and supposed to be the deposit made by the muddy water which filtered through and circulated beneath the ice. The stones in it are not so much rounded as in later boulder-clay. Where found, it is always next the rocks; though in many places it has been worn away, or covered by the gravel or sand of later times.

After the climax of this primary and pre-eminent glacial period, we are told that the intensity of the cold disappeared, water flowed over the lands instead of ice, and creatures which could not inhabit the country during absolutely arctic conditions returned. These interglacial seasons are those in which Dr. Geikie thinks that there is some certainty of the arrival of ancient man in our country. No traces of Palæolithic man have ever been found in Scotland, but this is ascribed to the severity of the whole period in those regions. However, in the middle, interglacial times, when Britain had not lost its connection with the Continent, this interesting but half-mythical creature found his way into Middlesex, Devonshire, and Yorkshire. We are told that he had to defend himself against tigers, hyenas, hippopotami, rhinoceri, and bears, which in itself is a sufficient reason for the scarcity of the remains of this poor fugitive. Scarcely anything is left of him but flints and bone-implements. He dwelt "in dens and caves of the earth." He is not credited with any knowledge of metals or pottery, though the later tribes of the race had considerable artistic skill, and could sketch the figures of the horse, the mammoth, and the reindeer, on their instruments; and he finally disappeared from the face of Europe after a great submergence of the land, leaving no record of his history but a few scattered implements of flint and bone.

Such remains of the old stone period have been found in two principal positions in Britain—in caves and in river-gravels. Of the old caves—such as Brixham, Kent's Hole, and Kirkdale—we need not say much. Here, beneath six or twelve inches of stalagmite, and beneath successive

floors of it, have been found flints with the remains of hyenas, and other extinct animals. Few fragments of human bodies have been found. The exploration of the Victoria Cave at Settle, in Yorkshire, has been the most complete and careful in recent years in England. The expectations of those who looked for convincing evidences of the antiquity of man to be derived from it have not been fulfilled. On the obscure history of the Palæolithic human being it has thrown no light whatever; for every dark corner of its ample interior has replied to the searcher, "he is not in me." Wherever else he may have been, there is no evidence that Palæolithic man was here. At the highest floor of the cave were found some interesting Roman and early British relics. Below came Neolithic specimens, including flint and ornamented bones. Under this was a cave-earth, with traces of bear and reindeer; and lower yet, below laminated clay with boulders in it, came another cave-earth with relics of the elephant, rhinoceros, and hippopotamus. There were here some bones that *might have been* hacked by man; but a fibula also discovered there after some years of suspense has at last been set down as belonging to a cave-bear, and not to man. Direct evidence, therefore, of man's presence in that part of Britain in interglacial times is yet wanting.

The whole history of this cave is easily traced. At first it was a den of hyenas, who brought in the bones of the larger mammalia. Then a glacier filled the valley, and silted into the cave the laminated clay. On the retreat of the glaciers it was again occupied by wild beasts, who were succeeded by the men of the new stone-age, the earliest human inhabitants of Northern Britain. Finally, in Romano-Celtic times, it was a home for fugitives, who left the dress ornaments and other articles.

If this cave, however, has not done much to evince the extreme antiquity of man, and his gradual progress from the lowest savage, if not animal conditions, other evidence, it is alleged, is most extensive and various. It is supposed that the implements found in the Brixham cave were brought in by streams when the water-level was eighty feet higher than at present. Other remains are found in river-gravels in the south of England, which could only have been deposited when the streams were one hundred feet higher than at present. Kindred testimony is adduced from France, Belgium, and Germany. In most cases the

flints are found with remains of long-since extinct animals, such as the mammoth, the reindeer, and cave-bear. The men in France, however, who are associated with the reindeer, are supposed to have been in a different stage of culture from those who lived with the mammoth. They were fond of ornamenting their weapons with drawings of animals, some of which are very respectable sketches. Mr. Boyd Dawkins argues with much ingenuity that they were the same race as the Eskimos, who still dwell with the reindeer, and ornament their implements with drawings. Such a race, however, cannot be looked upon as occupying the lowest place in the human scale; and if ingenious enough to fabricate and adorn weapons of bone, why should they not have had pottery? Moreover, the evidence clearly proves that they were as far removed from all ape tribes as men now. To prove the Simian relationship, it is clear that we must go back to Miocene times, or even earlier, as the period of man's first appearance.

The existence, then, and the history of this shadowy mortal called "Palæolithic man," requires further proof and elucidation. Sir John Lubbock is really his sponsor, and has given him his name; but every one knows how determined and enthusiastic he is in opposition to traditional views. The subject will and must come in time to be discussed without prejudice, especially without that strong prejudice which insists that man's original condition was that of the brute. In one respect the theory approximates to the Scripture story of antediluvian man. The long era of many thousands of years, during which the ancient tribes ran through their history, was closed by a great submergence, which affected not only most of Europe, but also a great part of Asia and Africa. The Mediterranean, the English Channel, and the North Sea, lost the land elevations which formerly connected Malta with North Africa, and Britain with the Continent. The British area was reduced far within its present limits, and its Atlantic extension then surrendered has never been recovered. The waters of this submergence have been traced to 500 feet above the present sea-level in Scotland, and to a height of 1,300 feet in Wales. With this great flood, it is said, Palæolithic man disappeared from the face of creation. No trace of his buildings remain; everything has vanished except a few of the weapons with which he pursued his hunting and fishing. It is not known that he was a

cannibal, though he sometimes met with a violent death. He is credited with having acquired an improved culture, and even considerable art, in the later glacial times. But his career of progress was cut short by a deluge. In this he is like the antediluvian of Scripture, only that the flood of Noah was a sudden and temporary event, which arose and culminated in six months. The submergence which closed the history of the old stone-period occupied many centuries in its rise and fall. Moreover, the flood of Noah occurred about 5,000 years ago, while the Neolithic period which followed the submergence referred to is supposed by some to go back at least 40,000 years.

Dr. E. B. Tylor, in his recently-published handbook (*Anthropology*, p. 33), very prudently suggests caution in our estimates on this subject. He says, in speaking of the distance of the mammoth period: "Some geologists have suggested 20,000 years, while others say 100,000 or more, *but these are guesses, made where there is no scale to reckon time by.* It is safest to be content at present to regard it as a geological period, lying back out of the region of chronology." And again, in speaking of the Palæolithic implements, he says (p. 29), "They must have been deposited in a former period, when the condition of land or water was different from what it is now. How far this state of things was due to the valleys not being cut out to their present depth, or to the rivers being larger from heavier rainfall, would be raising too difficult geological questions to be discussed here."

From these remarks it is very evident how great an uncertainty yet surrounds this subject, and this is shown by the great differences between Mr. Dawkins and Mr. Geikie on important points. The following instance will also illustrate the difficulty of applying these theories to actual facts. In a cave near Sorde, in the Western Pyrenees, there was found a skull with other human remains, and some forty teeth of bears, with three lion's teeth perforated for a necklace. According to position, at the lowest part of the cave, and with the superincumbent matters upon them, these articles were Palæolithic. But Geikie puts the beginning of the later Neolithic period seventy centuries back; we must, then, make allowance for the time of the great submergence which closed the older period, and this would require some thousands of years; and then go some distance into the former age to find lions

in the Pyrenees. Now, is it credible that 100,000 years ago there were men and women in Europe who wore necklaces, lighted fires, subdued lions, made ornaments of their teeth, and even engraved the teeth with figures of animals? If we could admit the existence of a pre-Adamite,—half ape and half man,—at such a time; this conceited artist who took the portraits of mammoths and reindeer, and wore lion's teeth about him to guard him from evil spirits, does not seem to us to have been likely a thousand centuries since.

Mr. Dawkins also doubts if any interments are Palæolithic. In order to throw doubt on this, he denies that the famous skulls of Engist and Neanderthal are Palæolithic, because pottery was found with them; and this is a sign of the later, or Neolithic, age. When we call to mind the use which was made of these skulls some fifteen years ago at the time they were first exhibited, discussed, and reasoned from in the pages of Lyell, Huxley, Page, and Sir J. Lubbock, and now find that they are cast aside as Neolithic to suit new theories, we feel that they do not furnish a strong argument for the consistency of anthropologists. We suspected then that these crania were too capacious to suit the Simian theory; and so it has proved.

Respecting the diligent carefulness of Dr. Geikie in the collection of facts which bear upon the succession of the glacial and post-glacial deposits, there can be no doubt. He has closely followed the observations of the most practised geologists in Britain, Germany, France, America, and other countries. He has succeeded in presenting in most intelligent form the marvels of the ages which preceded or attended the introduction of man into our quarter of the globe. He shows that the traces of the action of ice about the same period are palpable everywhere in the northern hemisphere. Until recently it was doubted if it had covered Germany, but that doubt has been dismissed. Southern Russia is covered with the *Loess* which the glacial rivers sent down the channels of the Don, the Dnieper, and the Volga. Appearances in North America show that the same state of things existed in those regions. The following are Dr. Geikie's conclusions:

"All Northern Europe down to the valley of the Thames in England, and to even a lower latitude in Germany, was covered

with an ice-sheet, the terminal front of which, as we gather by following the limits reached by the *débris* in Poland and Russia, gradually turned away to the N.E. and N., passing by Novgorod, and Nikolsk to the Tchesskaja Gulf. The limited extension of the ice-sheet in an easterly direction was doubtless due to the smaller snow-fall in those regions, as was the case in the comparatively rainless track between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains. But the greater humidity and cold are evinced by the presence in the Urals of moraines, which tell of glaciers having been where there are now none. At the same time the Alps, and all the considerable hilly tracks of Central Europe, supported *mers-de-glace*, many of which flowed out from the mountain-valleys to almost inconceivable distances upon the low grounds. Even within the Mediterranean region, glaciers of considerable size existed in valleys where no perennial ice now appears. . . . Everywhere the forces of denudation were energetically at work. . . . Reindeer and musk-sheep were at one time occupants of Southern France, the woolly elephant lived in Spain and Italy, the glutton frequented the shores of the Mediterranean, marmots and tailless hares came down to the low grounds in Corsica, Sardinia, and Northern Italy. I also mentioned that traces of an arctic flora had been met with at various points in the low grounds of Central Europe, that pines and other trees of Alpine habitats formerly grew upon the plains of France, and at the latitude of Paris. In all this we see that the Pleistocene age and the Ice age are closely bound together."—*Prehist. Eur.*, p. 247.

The existence and prevalence of ice over Northern Europe seem, then, to be abundantly proved, and are generally allowed. But there is still space for controversy upon the details of the glacial age. Both Mr. Dawkins and Dr. Geikie agree in assuming that, after the glaciers had reached the highest point, there came a period of softer temperature, and that this was again followed by a return of the glaciers, though not to their former magnitude. Other geologists maintain that the glacial time was not thus divided; but that after the warmer Miocene and Pliocene seasons, the climate gradually refrigerated, until it reached its maximum cold, since which period the reign of ice has not been restored. One great difficulty arises from the association of remains of such very different animals in the caves. Mr. Dawkins thinks he overcomes the difficulty by a theory of migration; and this is what he says:

"The climate was severe in the north and warm in the south, while in the middle zone, comprising France, Germany and the

greater part of Britain, the winters were cold, and the summers warm as in middle Asia and North America, where large tracts of land extend from the polar region towards the equator. In the summer time the southern species would pass northward, and in the winter time the northern would swing southward, and thus occupy at different times of the year the same tract of ground, as is now the case with the elks and the reindeer. It must not be supposed, however, that the southern animals migrated from the Mediterranean area as far as the north of Yorkshire in the same year, or the northern as far south as the Mediterranean. There were secular changes of climate, and while the cold was at its maximum the arctic animals arrived at the southern limit, and while it was at its maximum the spotted hyæna and hippopotamus roamed to their northern limit, and their remains [both of northern and southern groups] are mingled together under conditions which prove them to have been cotemporaries. In some of the caverns, such as that of Kirkdale, the hyæna preyed upon the reindeer at one time of the year, and upon the hippopotamus at another."—*Early Britain*, p. 114.

It is not surprising that in a case of this sort there should be difficulties. Perhaps the wonder is that the subject has been so far elucidated as it really has been. Like the inscriptions of Egypt and Assyria in forgotten languages, the alphabet, vocabulary, and grammar of these earth-records have had to be recovered by gradual industry emphasised by many a failure and mistake. If a few intelligible utterances are at last issuing from these tombs of a past, far older than that of all the dynasties of Manetho, we may be thankful. But some part of the testimony is yet enigmatical and mysterious. And one of the most perplexing parts of this problem is that which relates to this collocation of animals of widely different habitudes in the same geological position. The hippopotamus, now confined to Africa, has been buried with the reindeer, now segregated to Lapland. The remains of the lion and the hyæna are found not far from those of the arctic musk-sheep. This difficulty has given rise to various speculations, but none of these can pretend to have supplied the needful explanation. Dr. Geikie gives ample reason for rejecting the theory of migration which Mr. Dawkins advances. He says (*Prehistoric Europe*, 65): "The hypothesis of violently contrasted summer and winter, which some writers have supported, is seen to have no foundation of fact." He admits that the opinions of experts greatly differ upon the whole subject. "Professor

Prestwich has maintained that the ossiferous and Palæolithic river deposits were accumulated under colder conditions than the present, while an opinion exactly opposite has been supported by several French writers" (*ibid*). Against the supposition of animal migrations, he also mentions the fact that not only the larger animals must have removed themselves, but also the smaller creatures, and even the molluscs and plants. He therefore urges that the changes took place throughout extended periods, during which the climate was brought now to milder, and then again to severer, conditions. But this does not explain how the remains are found in such close proximity, if the animals were not contemporaneous, but had possession of the country at intervals, separated, perhaps, by centuries. If, again, it is asserted that the remains are not in their original position, but have been carried off by water from their first resting-places, have been reassorted, and then deposited in promiscuous arbitrariness where they are now found, it only leaves the confusion worse confounded.

On entering upon the Neolithic times, we occupy much surer ground. These more recent relics are much more abundant and diversified. The existence of races can be demonstrated by something more than a few scattered flints. The men of these later times have left us their tombs and skeletons; their utensils of the battle and the chase; the hearths round which they clustered; the lake and pit dwellings where they spent their humble lives; the cloth they wove, with relics of their spinning and weaving apparatus. The animals also with which they were associated are the familiar forms of the ox, horse, sheep, and dog; while the strange figures of the mammoth, the rhinoceros, and the hyæna have passed away.

It is not quite correct to say, as Dr. Geikie ventures to do, that while the stone, bronze, and iron ages pass into each other by almost insensible gradations, there is no connection to be traced between the older and the later stone-periods. The men of the older era had, at least, the art of chipping flints; and the modes of manipulation almost exactly correspond, although the workmanship is supposed to be inferior. Besides, they fashioned instruments of bone, and were not insensible to the charms of personal ornamentation. It cannot be supposed that the Neolithic man would commence where his predecessor had left off,

unless he had been acquainted with his productions. The choice of the same material, and the use of a similar art, seem to point to some close fellowship between them. But it must never be forgotten that prehistoric remains cannot infallibly be dated by the artistic development which they display. Yet this has been forgotten sometimes. A deposit with ruder relics has at once been classed with the more ancient, and the presence of "pottery" or of something more suggestive of advancement has been attributed to the later period. But every one knows that many portions of mankind are still in the stone age, and others have not emerged from the bronze. Iron was not used by the heroes of Homer, yet it is found in the lake-dwellings of Scotland.

Mr. Dawkins has some interesting speculations respecting the first race of the prehistoric people of Europe, that is, supposing the Palæolithic to have gone before. He thinks they were of the Iberic and non-Aryan race. They were small in stature, of dark complexion, and had some arts, pottery among the rest, and some superstitions, with sepulchral rites. How they came by their arts and superstitions, since they are so entirely separated from their Palæolithic forerunners, he does not explain. They penetrated into every part of the continent as far west as Bute; but the Celtic Aryans, who had acquired the use of bronze, drove this Iberic race into holes and corners. The invasion of bronze had extended to Gaul and Spain long before it had reached Britain. The later portions of the bronze period are marked by the singular lake-dwellings found in Switzerland, Ireland, Scotland, and elsewhere. At Kilmarnock one has been recently explored with interesting results. To the same period belong, most likely, the pit dwellings found near Ilkley, and Adel, near Leeds; and later still, the barrows, long or round, which yet remain in so many parts of our islands. The stone circles of Keswich and Stonehenge are supposed to be of the same age. The "kitchen-middens" of Denmark are usually attributed to the earlier Neolithic times.

After an interesting and detailed discussion of the post-glacial and most modern deposits in Scotland and the Continent, Dr. Geikie says: "I have written to little purpose, however, if the phenomena described in preceding chapters have failed to leave the impression upon the reader that the advent of Neolithic man in Europe must

date back far beyond fifty or seventy centuries" (*Prehist. Eur.*, p. 558). Yet immediately afterwards he adds:

"Although I am not prepared to give a more or less definite date for the beginning of the later prehistoric period, I am far from thinking that a greater definiteness will not some day be attained. *All the chronometers which have hitherto been appealed to by geologists are somewhat misleading* [the italics are ours], for we cannot assume that peat, alluvia, and other strata have attained their present thickness at the same rate as they are now accreting. The climatic changes of the past must likewise be taken into our calculations, and the precise effect of these it will always be a hard matter to compute."

These are very candid words, revealing the insecurity of all these speculations upon the extreme antiquity of man. When Dr. Tylor tells us that they are all "guesses made where there is no scale to reckon time by," and Dr. Geikie can only say that "the chronometers are misleading," we conclude that conjectures are very hazardous, and that our knowledge of the subject needs to be greatly improved, before definite assertions can be made. Mr. Dawkins admits that the formation of stalagmite—upon which so much is made to depend, respecting the aged Palæolithic man—is subject to the utmost variation.

"The rate of accumulation depends upon the currents of air in the caves, and the amount of water passing through the limestone, both of which are variable.... It therefore follows that very great thicknesses may be formed in a short time; while on the other hand it may take a long series of centuries to form a thin layer of a few inches.... We do not know the length of the interval separating any two events not recorded in history, nor are we possessed of any natural chronometer by which to fix a date in the historical sense. We are dealing merely with time relative and not with time absolute."—*Early Britain*, p. 265.

While, therefore, it may be necessary to concede that the human period may have extended into the past farther than it was supposed, we do not allow that the actual date of his appearance on the stage of life can be fixed as yet by geological discoveries. The distinction that is assumed between Palæolithic and Neolithic man, and between the different stages of the Neolithic period, is not proved beyond dispute. Such traces of ancient men as have been presented are relics of his art, not evidences of his having lived in a semi-brute condition. If man has come by

gradual development from animal races, no signs remain of the process. If such a race as that which is called Palæolithic existed in Western Europe 200,000 years ago, it would so far be in favour of the doctrines of evolution, though it would make the preceding stages of his history still more difficult. One thing seems to be clear, that a very large number of those who have pursued the inquiry, have done so in the service of the theory of evolution. But the observations thus collected in such numbers, and their analysis and discussion in such works as we have been reviewing, will undoubtedly furnish the materials for more impartial and decisive judgment hereafter.

Very recently Mr. Dawkins has published a direct protest against some of the views advanced by Dr. Geikie. He alleges that Dr. Geikie has asserted the existence of human remains in certain Yorkshire deposits where none are to be found; and that, in order to advance his peculiar views of the interglacial period, he has ignored the reindeer remains which belong to the deposits in question. We do not venture to arbitrate between these contending authorities on the very grave points which have been raised; but, at the same time, every one must feel that controversy on these critical subjects brings the whole case into dispute. It is evident that we have to wait for further light. There is no theory, as yet, which can account for the association of the relics of the hippopotamus and the reindeer in the same deposits: and as this association runs completely along the line of Palæozoic remains, more or less, we are shut up to the conclusion that these remains are not yet understood.

On the general subject of the vast extension which archæological discoveries have given to human history, we may again remind our readers that this extension has not been made necessary by the result of such observations as are described in the above-mentioned works. Occasionally these writers speak as if they were contending against an unchallenged prejudice, and were the first to call in question the ancient beliefs. But the discoveries in the science of language, and in Oriental antiquities, have long ago excited and promoted speculation on this subject. It is most likely that the geologist himself has been stimulated to labour in his own field by the suggestions of antiquarian research elsewhere. Everybody has heard of the thirty dynasties of Egypt, and that Bunsen and others gave

15,000 years as the age of the pyramids. But more recent criticism has brought these dynasties into a few contemporary kingdoms; and Canon Rawlinson, who has the advantage of later learning than that which Bunsen commanded, can trace Egypt no farther back than 2,500 years B.C. A discrepancy in the archives of the earlier nations like that which exists between the Hebrew Scriptures and the Septuagint shows how much has yet to be done by patient criticism. But diligent research, which has so greatly modified some archæological theories, may, in turn, wonderfully reduce the gigantic speculations concerning bygone time, to which Dr. Geikie and others are now introducing their readers. If all races, languages, and institutions came by development, through the slow process of natural causes, not only must vast eras of time have been occupied, but there ought to be abundant and well-defined evidence of the different stages of the progress. But, as it is, the remains are not abundant; and those which exist only represent man as he is found to-day. It cannot be shown that any trace remains of an extinct human species.

While, therefore, we do not repudiate the information which has been furnished in recent years respecting the continuity of nature, the succession of life-forms, the prolongation backwards of the history of the cosmical system, we do not dread its permanent bearing upon the venerable teachings of Scripture. If some facts have emerged which seem difficult to explain on the old theories, others have been presented of a contrary tendency. The doctrines of the unity of the human race and of its recent origin are greatly confirmed by the recent discoveries. It has certainly not been shown, as yet, that the forces and appliances of nature, without a Divine intervention, could produce such a creature as man is. The most ancient traditions of civilisation are concentred around that Eastern region which the Book of Genesis points to as the cradle of the race. A hundred years ago it could not have been demonstrated, as it can now, that the languages spoken between Iceland and Bengal are descended from the same stock. A very ingenious article has lately been published in the *Dublin Review* by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Clifton on the first thirty-four verses of Genesis. He is of opinion that it is a hymn of ancient Egypt which Moses introduced into his history. The monumental

records, and other authorities, quoted by the bishop, refer to the dedication of each day of the week in separate worship; and he thinks that the hymn belongs to the earliest and purest period of the religion which flourished on the banks of the Nile. Whether the hymn is due to such an origin or not, there is at least so much evidence furnished of a simple, theistic worship in Egypt in the earliest period, confirming other testimony to "the heaven which lies about us in our infancy," and which was vividly near to the primitive peoples.

Upon the momentous character of the theological interests which depend upon the integrity of the Scripture records we scarcely intended to speak. We may, however, be permitted to say that it would imperil all that is most precious in our conceptions of man's relation to God, of the nature of revelation, and of the place of the atonement in the Divine order, if the Book of Genesis were laid aside as mere myth and legend. The Bible is one book; though given in "many portions," its subject is one. That subject is the redemption of the world. This "song of Moses and the Lamb" is its theme in Genesis and the Psalms, in Isaiah, and in the Apocalypse. The Scriptures are one body in Christ; and even "those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary,.... that there should be no schism in the body." Yet while fully sensible of the profoundly vital interest which belongs to our subject, we have been anxious to review its present aspects with all calmness, and with as little disturbance from these serious associations as possible. There is always difficulty in the attempt to escape from *à priori* impressions. Yet, as we have already remarked, the interests of truth are everywhere the same; and one truth cannot in the end suffer ill from any other truth. There is a universal faith in the unity of truth, which, whether we have it from intuition or from generalisation, is among the noblest possessions of the human mind. It is, in itself, a confession that there is a Supreme Mind in which all ideas harmonise; and is an exhibition, both of the goal to which all human thought must tend, and of the immeasurable distance which lies between us and the final truth.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley, Reprinted from the Originals, with the last Corrections of the Authors, together with the Poems of Charles Wesley, not before published.* Collected and Arranged by G. OSBORN, D.D. Thirteen Volumes. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1868.

2. *A Collection of Hymns, for the Use of the People called Methodists.* By the Rev. JOHN WESLEY, M.A., sometime Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford. With a New Supplement. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1876.

3. *The Book of Praise.* By SIR ROUNDELL PALMER. 1874.

4. *The English Poets: Selections, with Critical Introductions by Various Writers, and a General Introduction by Matthew Arnold.* Edited by THOMAS HUMPHRY WARD, M.A., Late Fellow of Brazenose College, Oxford. Vol. III. Addison to Blake. London: Macmillan and Co. 1880.

5. *History of Religion in England, from the Opening of the Long Parliament to the End of the Eighteenth Century.* By JOHN STOUGHTON, D.D. Vol. VI. The Church in the Georgian Era. New and Revised Edition. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster Row. 1881.

WHEN a writer has been taken to the heart of a whole nation, or of a large section of it, and enshrined in its affections as the acknowledged exponent of its most cherished sentiments; when his popularity, so far from dying out with the gale which first wafted him into notice, tends rather to increase with the lapse of time; when his utterances are quoted in public and pondered in private, committed to memory in childhood and treasured with deepening veneration down to extreme old age; when nearly a century after his death the circulation of his works is reckoned by thousands and tens of thousands annually; such a man is generally regarded as a classic in the department of literature to which he belongs. He may have faults, but they will be overlooked amid the

blaze of his excellencies, or condoned as the faults of his age and temperament and circumstances. Criticism is either silent or compelled to be cautious. The careless and the cynical will find themselves more than matched in their encounter with such a reputation, and are likely to suffer more injury than they inflict in their collision with a deep-seated popular instinct and a long-cherished public sentiment.

Few indeed are the names in any department of literature to which such a position can be assigned as that which we have described. There are many writers who have earned for themselves an undying claim on the nation's gratitude and reverence. Their names will always be mentioned with respect, their works will always be before the eye of the public, their sayings will always, when quoted, command attention. But when use is made the test, and not opinion, then it soon becomes apparent how small in the literary as in the commercial world is the proportion of the nation's currency to the nation's hoarded wealth. Shakespeare, Milton, and Pope among the votaries of the muses; Bacon and Locke among philosophers; Gibbon and Macaulay among historians; Howe, Baxter, and Jeremy Taylor among theologians; Burke among orators; will always stand in the front rank in the several departments to which they belong. But it is doubtful whether even this small list would not have to be considerably thinned, if the daily companionship and converse of English and English-speaking people be made the ground of the selection.

Poetry, however, in regard to this ordeal, stands a better chance than prose. Its interests and its forms of speech are more enduring; and the value of those forms themselves bears a higher ratio to the contents. Other names might easily have been added to the three which head the list, names of only less weight than the first two, and of decidedly greater than the third, whatever may be thought about mere readableness and quotableness.

Religious poets stand a better chance still, for, in spite of some occasional appearances to the contrary, the bent of the English nation is, was, and we hope ever will be, religious. The moral elements in Pope alone save him from the oblivion into which Dryden has deservedly sunk. Studies in this direction serve almost as much as observation of the more secular aspects of man and nature to

preserve unimpaired the great reputation of Shakespeare. Religious fervour gave a momentary fame to the bombastic platitudes of Robert Montgomery, and persuaded men for a season to endure the melancholy themes of Edward Young. How it sustains the weight of Milton's formidable word-masonry, even as it inspired the genius that built it up, we need not say. But even of religious poets, hymn-writers are the most likely to be remembered in the very literal sense we have put upon the word. A great hymn-writer has an advantage that other men do not share. Let his verses be accepted as a vehicle of devotion by a large body of people, and at once a halo, almost as bright as that of saintship, will gather round his head. It may seem indeed as if literary merit were here an altogether secondary thing. But this would be going too far. There are two considerations to be taken into the account. First, the popular taste must be consulted, and either the food adapted to the palate or the palate brought to relish the food. And, secondly, the tone and temper of the times may alter, for fashion rules and organic changes occur in the religious no less than in the political world. An undisturbed ascendency over the public mind for a long period may therefore be taken as a proof of solid merit in a hymn-writer no less than in a dramatist or an epic poet. Of great hymn-writers, men who have made the composition of hymns a serious study, and almost a life-work, men remarkable both for the quantity and the quality of their verse, and whose compositions have become accepted channels of devotion over a wide area and for a protracted period, there are but two that can be named—Isaac Watts, the poet of Independency, and Charles Wesley, the poet of Methodism.

The two have often been compared, and their respective merits discussed by eager partisans. It is not our purpose to contribute to a contention of this kind. Had we sufficient time and space at our disposal, our aim would rather be to state the canons of Christian psalmody, to ascertain the degree in which the hymn-writers of the last century, and Charles Wesley in particular, have conformed to their requirements, and then to compare the psalmody of the eighteenth with that of the nineteenth century, in order to determine how far the former has been improved upon, and whether it is likely to be superseded, by the latter. This ambitious programme would, however, require

for its execution a detailed examination of many volumes of verse, such as is altogether impracticable. We must content ourselves for the most part with general principles, and refer our readers for illustration of them to the writings of representative men. Even so our task will be difficult enough, because quantity as well as quality must be considered, and in this respect there is no one in the nineteenth century who can at all compete with the two great hymn-writers we have named. Perhaps our object will be best attained by taking as our basis of comparison Selborne's *Book of Praise*, which has enjoyed a wide acceptance among Christians of every name.

We would lay down the following canons. 1. Any composition pretending to the character of a Christian hymn must direct the mind Godward; it must be strictly devotional. 2. It must embody some portion of Christian truth, not indeed presenting it in the way of didactic statement or argumentative defence, but always assuming it, sometimes suggesting it, and as often as possible dwelling upon it in rapt contemplation and with glowing sympathy. This supposes, of course, that the truths of the Christian revelation are capable of such treatment, a matter on which there ought not to be two opinions. 3. A third requirement of a good hymn is that the relations of the worshippers toward the Being thus revealed shall be reflected in it, and the emotions corresponding to their several states expressed, or sought to be drawn out. Here there is room for an almost infinite variety of sentiment, and the skill of the poet will be severely taxed. 4. The ordinary requirements of all good poetry must be complied with. Perspicuity of style, energy and compression of thought, unity of topic and treatment, a vocabulary at once rich and select, a graceful and flowing metre, must be present here as everywhere in what aspires to the dignity of verse. Indeed, some of these are especially necessary in song that is to express the most sacred movements of the soul, and that is to be poured forth not in solitude, but in concert with the great congregation. Perspicuity, for instance, is absolutely essential. The sublimest odes must never be obscure; the most ingenious composition must preserve an unbroken continuity of thought. There must be such a simplicity of spirit, betokened by the absence of fond conceits and recondite allusions, as will show the entire self-forgetfulness of the writer in presence of his

theme, and his absolute identification of himself with those whose mouthpiece he becomes. And there must be an ease and grace in the versification, a steady, serious, sustained, and ever upward flight, which will neither seduce the worshipper into admiration of mere prettiness, nor disgust him by occasional halting and failure.

In the thirteen volumes which contain the poetical works of John and Charles Wesley, there are confessedly a multitude of compositions which, tried by the above canons, would be found wanting, and the reason is not far to seek. Charles Wesley—we say nothing at present of John—was always versifying. By far the larger part of the contents of the thirteen volumes is his work. No poet who produces at such a rate can always turn out work of the highest order. We may therefore at once pass from this vast collection to one more handy and better known, the Hymn-book in use among the people called Methodists, recently revised and enlarged, and containing by common consent the choicest productions of Charles Wesley's sanctified genius. Of its 1,026 hymns, 362 are undoubtedly his; 276 are hymns which cannot with certainty be assigned to him, having been originally published by the brothers jointly without distinction as to authorship; 22 more are translations by John Wesley; and one only, in three parts, is acknowledged to be wholly his. The collection contains 363 hymns from other writers, among whom Isaac Watts takes a leading place.

Lord Selborne's *Book of Praise* contains 447 hymns, 41 of which are by Dr. Watts, 27 by Charles Wesley, the largest contributors. Of other eighteenth century poets Doddridge contributes 15, Cowper 11, Newton 14, Toplady 8, while Addison furnishes 3, and Bishop Ken 4. The nineteenth century poets are more numerously represented, but by smaller proportions. Heber has 14, Keble 7, Kelly 16, H. F. Lyte 16, James Montgomery 18. The nineteenth century, it should be added, is not so largely represented as it might have been, since hymns of living writers were not so freely drawn upon as those of writers passed away; and the book was first published in 1863.

The task we should have rejoiced to set ourselves, had it been possible within our limits, would have been to take this volume, section by section, and compare the finest hymns under each with hymns on similar subjects by Charles Wesley. The structure of the book lends itself readily to

such a comparison; and we believe that it would be easy to find in the productions of this one writer hymns that, in all the requisites described above, would equal the productions of all the other writers put together. Let us indicate the course we cannot follow. The first of the four parts into which *The Book of Praise* is divided comprises 168 hymns, arranged according to the subjects of the Creed. The first seven are on the Trinity, and then follow twenty-one on God the Creator. With these compare the following of Charles Wesley from the Methodist Hymn-book: 229—234, 238, 239, 242—262, 647—649. The next four divisions are on Christ Incarnate, Crucified, Risen, Ascended, and comprise forty-four hymns, of which four are Charles Wesley's. Some very fine hymns are found among the forty, as for instance Sir Robert Grant's on the Litany, 68. But with these we may compare in the Methodist Hymn-book the whole of the section on the Goodness of God, 22—40, omitting only 22, 24, 26, 38; and in the Supplement, 668—670, 673, 676, 683, 689, 693, 701, 702, 704—708, 716—719, 721, 723, 724, 726, which, for variety, vigour, sublimity, tenderness, far surpass those with which we should compare them. The next eighteen in *The Book of Praise* are on Christ's Kingdom and Judgment, from which we must subtract three of Charles Wesley's. By the side of these fifteen, we may place the following from the Methodist Hymn-book, the whole of the section Describing Judgment, 54—66, every one of which reaches an awful sublimity; and the whole of the fine section on the Kingdom of Christ, 727—749, except 739—743, 745, and 746. The next fifteen are on the Holy Ghost, only nine of which bear directly on the subject. With these compare from the Methodist hymnal the following admirable compositions, 754—762, and 766. The next thirty-four are on the Holy Catholic Church and the Communion of Saints, including one of Charles Wesley, and one of John's translations. Many of them are on the future heavenly state. There is hardly any comparison to be made between these and corresponding hymns of Charles Wesley. The latter comprise the whole of the section Describing Heaven, 67—79, which show an astonishing variety of treatment; and besides these the following on the Church generally, viz., 15—17, 19, 21, together with nearly the whole of the four sections for the Society Meeting, Giving Thanks, Praying, and Parting, 478—539,

fifty-two hymns, describing almost every possible feature of the Church's corporate life. The only omission to be made is 494, which is the translation by John Wesley referred to above. On the Forgiveness of Sins *The Book of Praise* has seven hymns, two of which are Charles Wesley's. Here the comparison becomes simply impossible. We should have to quote nearly the whole of Parts II. and III. of the Methodist Hymn-book, comprising about a hundred hymns, which describe the whole process of conviction and conversion in such varied and manifold forms, that while each seems to contain within itself a complete exposition of the soul's experiences in passing through the great change, each is as distinct from the rest as if it were the product of a different mind. In the First Part of *The Book of Praise* there remain twenty hymns on Resurrection and Eternal Life, one of which is Charles Wesley's. This section, however, overlaps the one on the Church. Nevertheless, it can be paralleled by the following hymns from the Supplement on Death and the Future Life, 913—919, 922, 925—928, 936, 937, 941, and the three triumphant strains, 947—949.

In the Second Part of *The Book of Praise* there are fifty hymns, including four of Charles Wesley's and one of John's translations, arranged according to the subjects of the Lord's Prayer. It is obvious that these must, to a large extent, treat on the already enumerated topics of the Creed. Those that do not do this may without detriment be classed with the Songs of the Heart which form the Fourth Part, ninety-one in number, eight of which are Charles Wesley's and two translations by John. Many of these last, however, are spoken of by the compiler as "compositions of a kind intermediate between hymns for general use and private meditations," and so scarcely afford a ground of comparison with hymns selected almost exclusively on account of their adaptation to the purposes of public worship. But there remains a large portion of the Wesleyan Hymn-book yet untouched, and while in some instances the portion of *The Book of Praise* we now refer to will have little in keeping with it, yet in others the ground will be common, viz., the large and inviting field of Christian experience. The portion of the Hymn-book we have in view is to be found in Part IV., For Believers, and Section VI. of the Supplement. Omitting from the former those already given under the Trinity, &c., we should

find more than two hundred hymns by Charles Wesley, treating with wonderful delicacy, minuteness, earnestness, and fervour on every aspect of the Divine life. There only remains to be considered Part III. of *The Book of Praise*, Hymns for Natural and Sacred Seasons. The comparison here likewise would tend to show the richness and fulness of the Wesleyan Hymnology. But even now we have not done. Many of the hymns in *The Book of Praise* are either metrical versions of the Psalms, or hymns founded upon them. These are scattered up and down the book, and are included in the above estimate. But in the Wesleyan Hymn-book there are 115 Psalms, 102 of which have a separate place assigned them. To these we have made no reference at all; thirteen of them are Charles Wesley's. In addition, there are the twenty-one Invitatory hymns at the beginning of the book, of the highest value to the Christian preacher, to which no parallel can be found in *The Book of Praise*, and of which we have previously mentioned only one or two.

The above analysis bears witness mainly to the vast variety and encyclopædic completeness of the Wesleyan Hymnology. If, however, the reader has followed it, book in hand, it will have compelled him to some extent to judge as to the poetical qualities and workmanship of the verse. We wish it were possible to go over the whole ground again for the purpose of embodying the results of the qualitative analysis which, in our own mind, has been running on side by side with the quantitative. This of course is not possible within our limits. We can only state the general result, and a few illustrative instances. The general result is that in all essential elements Charles Wesley's hymns stand as unrivalled as they do in range of topics and fertility of invention; and that if at some points he is surpassed by any of more modern date, that is mainly due to the characteristic differences of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. His genius seems always adequate to the demands of his various themes: with equal ease it soars to the heights of sublimity and sinks to the depths of pathos: and the rhythm of the metres of which he had so large a choice is exquisitely adapted to the prevailing tone, from the plaintive to the triumphant, with all the intermediate notes of the emotional gamut. Take, for instance, the Judgment hymns, 54—66. What solemnity in 55 and 59! What terror in 57, and in 63, 64, two parts of the same

hymn, terror that passes by an easy transition into the calm of a majestic confidence! What heartening stimulus to the desponding in 54, and sweet comfort to the timorous in 62! What sublime defiance of the convulsions of nature and the catastrophes of Providence in 60 and 61! What glad anticipation of the eternal issue in 65 and 66! It would be easy to pursue the inquiry into other sections, but the reader must do it for himself.

Still confining our attention to the Judgment hymns, let us ask, Where in this whole section shall we find an incongruous metaphor or a halting line; where any obscurity in the outline or any tediousness of detail in the filling up; where a word that is too fine or too poor for the work it has to do; where any suggestion of the tawdriness of a merely human pageant, any wildness, any straining after effect, any collapse as the result of the exertion; and where, finally, any undue preponderance either of the pictorial treatment over the ethical application, or *vice versâ?* There are, it may be, a few phrases that do not reach the general elevation, such as line 5 in the 1st verse of 54, and line 6 in the 3rd; occasionally also single words that are weak, as "dust" and "fly" at the close of 61. The abrupt close of 65 is also objectionable, and the last line of 58. But these blemishes are not enough to mar the hymns in which they occur. They are not hindrances to devotion, like many blemishes that might be mentioned which exercise the spirit of the worshipper from the beginning to the end of the hymn, making him wish that a certain verse might be omitted at least this time, causing him sensible agony during its rehearsal, and finally disqualifying him for the remainder of the service of song. Such are line 3 in verse 5 of Cowper's hymn, beginning "There is a fountain filled with blood," unless it was meant as an intentional imitation of a lisp—in any case we hope no one ever gave it out who lisped himself; line 3 in the 3rd verse of Toplady's "Rock of Ages," according to the original version, with various objectionable words expunged by Wesley; and the bad grammar in the last line of verse 4 in Watts's "Give me the wings of faith to rise" (hymn 940, Wesleyan Hymn-book). Of course, blemishes are to be found in Charles Wesley as in other writers; and it is only owing to the rigid censorship of John Wesley and others that they do not more frequently occur in the Hymn-book. But his productions will bear

the pruning-knife, whereas, if rigidly applied to those of many other men, the pruning-knife would be found insufficient for the purpose, and require to be exchanged for an axe.

We have hinted at some characteristic differences between the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. They are known to all the world, and may be summed up in these two words, a deeper philosophy and a more profound study of nature. Conjointly with these, and partly as the result of them, may be mentioned an enrichment, both in vocabulary and power of expression, of the English language. We need not sketch the history of these changes, nor inquire how far they are due, among other causes, to the great religious movement which originated with the first Methodists. What we wish to say is that modern hymn-writers possess standards of taste and criticism in Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, and other poets of the present century, that those of the eighteenth did not. The great old masters were, of course, the common heritage of both. But if we remember what poet was in the ascendant in the first half of the eighteenth century, we shall wonder, not at the absence of the excellencies of these times, but at the comparative freedom from the faults of those, which we find at least in Charles Wesley. Watts was fourteen years older than Pope, who was born in the year of the Revolution; but Charles Wesley was twenty years younger, and must have felt the full influence of Pope's muse. To a great extent this would be beneficial, contributing to the superior polish of Charles Wesley's verse. But the mind of the latter had taken its mould long before Gray, Collins, and Cowper began to turn the current of sympathy toward reality and nature. Hence, if from no other cause, the poetry of the Wesleys does not abound in the word-pictures which form so marked a feature of modern verse, or rather they are altogether wanting in it. But this is not the only cause of their absence. It must be remembered that it is hymns we are speaking of, not secular poetry. In these, the aim of Charles Wesley was strictly devotional. God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, this was his glorious subject, and it filled the field of view. His aim as a poet was identical with his aim as a preacher. He might and did glance at the fair landscapes in the midst of which he encountered coarse mobs, or held thousands in breathless attention to his message. But he

could not stoop to paint these landscapes in his verse. What would this have been but to rivet the very bonds he wished to break, to strengthen the spells of sense and time which his gospel came to undo? We, living in an age in which the love of nature has been proved not incompatible with the love of God and the love of God's lost children, must not judge too harshly of men who had witnessed the excesses into which the reaction from Puritanism had plunged the nation from the days of Charles II. In turning from God to nature, men had become like the beasts that perish. The business of the new evangelists was to turn men to God again. They could not make any use of God's natural temple till it had been cleansed. Yet, though they did not encourage the love of nature, they did not proscribe it. They did not seek to bring back the iron rigour of Puritan asceticism. They performed their own work, whether as poet-preachers or as preacher-poets, and having cast out, under God, the defiling spirit, they made possible that marriage of the secular and the sacred, that blending of morality and sentiment, that union of the love of God and the love of man through the love of the universe, the home of the one and the temple of the other—which is the unique phenomenon of modern times.

We are sorry to have to animadvert upon a criticism of John and Charles Wesley which does neither of them justice. In the last two numbers of this journal we have given our welcome to a new series of selections from the English poets, in four volumes, edited by Mr. T. H. Ward. Prefixed to each selection is a critical introduction, written by some one supposed to be specially qualified for his task, and to possess full sympathy with his theme. The claims of the Wesleys to a place in such a collection were duly recognised by the editor, and the task of preparing an introduction was committed to the Dean of Westminster. The Dean's catholicity of sentiment and friendliness toward the Methodist community are well known. It was through his good offices, we need hardly remind our readers, that a monument to John and Charles Wesley was recently admitted to Westminster Abbey. To the present undertaking he holds a different relation. He is not here the custodian of the national treasures, with whom it rests to choose whatever may be found worthy to rank among

them. He now becomes himself a kind of sculptor, and sets himself to depict the lineaments of some of the figures that are to adorn this latest art gallery. We were not surprised at his choice of a subject, nor at Mr. Ward's choice of an artist. Every one acquainted with the man and the theme would have predicted a successful result. We are sorry we cannot pronounce it to be so. It is most disappointing, and the disappointment is not, as we think, the merited disappointment of fond and extravagant expectations, or the keen and bitter disappointment that must attend the failure of a highly important enterprise. We do not worship the name of Wesley, nor on the other hand have we any fear that it will soon pass away and be forgotten. Nevertheless, it is our duty as public journalists to speak plainly where we think that justice is not done to men in whom a large section of the nation feels a deep and abiding interest.

Our complaint is threefold, first, that Dean Stanley has misstated several facts; secondly, that he has not given a fair estimate of the work of the hymn-writer, nor sufficiently discriminated it from that of the secular poet; thirdly, that he has not given anything like a fair representation of John Wesley's powers as a poet, while he has at the same time almost inverted the relations of the two brothers to their work, and to one another with regard to it.

The first point may be easily dismissed. John Wesley is said to have been elected Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726, and ordained in 1735. The former date is correct: the latter should be 1725. The date 1735 might be thought a misprint, were it not that the Dean refers the foundation of his society (called the Godly Club), his ordination, and his departure for Georgia, all to the same year, 1735. Another instance of inexactness is the statement that John Wesley's life is told "with the utmost detail of admiring but truthful partisanship, by Dr. Tyerman." Partisanship of any kind, truthful or untruthful, admiring or inappreciative, is exactly what Mr. Tyerman would repudiate with the same warmth as he would an unoffered, we do not say an unearned, doctorship in divinity. Again, on the next page, we are told "The poetical works of John and Charles Wesley extend through ten volumes, edited lately with scrupulous care by Dr. G. Osborn. Such a demand as he thus imposed on his own poetical powers was too extensive

even for a great poet to have met; but in his case the difficulty was aggravated, partly by the nature of the subject, partly by his own deficiencies." We hasten to reassure the reader. By a kind of, as we suppose, poetical license, the personal pronouns in the above sentence refer, not to the last, but to the first, noun in the preceding one. It is not Dr. Osborn who is blamed, but John Wesley. The whole context shows that, although many will wonder why all the faults of the Wesleyan collection should be visited on the head of the brother who contributed the smaller share to its contents. We have to add that the number of volumes in Dr. Osborn's issue of the Wesley poetry is thirteen, not ten; and we must ask why, if scrupulous care be so praiseworthy in the editor, the good example was not followed by the critic? It may be said that all these are venial faults. Perhaps they are. But there remains another which cannot be so readily condoned. Dean Stanley gives as specimens of John Wesley's poetry four short pieces,* and one hymn of six verses. Of the four short pieces the first, according to Dr. Osborn, was "possibly" written by John: the rest were all composed by Charles, and so was the hymn of six verses, being no other than the famous one suggested by the scene which presents itself to one who ventures to stand on the extreme point of the promontory at the Land's End, the 59th in the Wesleyan Hymn-book. Again, on page 256, Dean Stanley speaks of "that vast number of the Wesleyan hymns which were written to set forth their peculiar and complex system of predestination, assurance, and substitution." The word "their" refers no doubt to the Wesleys, though they have not been mentioned since the last quotation, and ten sentences intervene. Of the three doctrines ascribed to them, the first they did not hold: a vast number of their hymns were written in an exactly contrary sense. The second they did not hold in the sense usually put upon the term: the assurance they taught was of present, not future salvation. The third they held, though not in the sense of an exact commercial equivalent, and it was not peculiar to them. Their views on this point were the

* They are, the first four lines of "God's Love and Power." Vol. II. p. 10; verse 2 of "For the Turks," Vol. VI. p. 137; lines 422, 423 of the "Elegy on R. Jones, Esq.," Vol. III. p. 123; and the first four lines of Hymn VI., "For the Nation," Vol. VIII. p. 291.

same as are expressly taught in the second of the Thirty-Nine Articles, and in the consecration prayer in the communion service, and are everywhere implied in the Prayer-Book.

Our second ground of complaint is that Dean Stanley has not given a fair estimate of the work of a hymn-writer, nor sufficiently discriminated it from that of the secular poet. "A distinguished critic of our times in his professional chair is reported one day to have held out in one hand *The Golden Treasury of English Lyrics*, collected by Francis Palgrave, and in the other *The Book of Praise*, collected from all English hymnody by Lord Selborne, and to have asked, 'Why is it that the *Golden Treasury* contains almost nothing that is bad, and why is it that *The Book of Praise* contains almost nothing that is good?'" The judgment of the unnamed critic is supposed to be a sufficient warrant for accepting the statement, and the statement itself is extended by the Dean so as to embrace, with very few exceptions, all Protestant and Catholic hymnology. We must confess that our own judgment coincides more nearly than we like with that which the Dean here endorses and makes his own, although, for reasons which will be by this time obvious to the reader, we should be disposed to enlarge the number of exceptions. But we must say that in his treatment of this subject the Dean does not rise to the dignity of the occasion. Whether the reason be that, contributing to a series of compositions mainly secular, he felt himself to be under some bonds, we do not know. But so it is. Style seems with him to be everything. The "distinct poetical glow and artistic finish" of Cardinal Newman's translations from the Romish breviary are contrasted with "the uniform pedestrian style familiar to English Churchmen in the vast mass of the verses contained in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*." We have no doubt of the correctness of the judgment. But we do not feel satisfied with the grounds of the condemnation. The mistake of the Dean from the outset is, that he seems to view everything "from a literary point of view." We trust we should not readily tolerate anything approaching to an outrage on literary taste, even in religious poetry. We have already said that its canons should, in our view, be as severe, and as rigorously applied, as those of secular song; nay more, that it has limitations peculiarly its own. But this is far from being the only, or the main test of its

worth. Within the sphere of purely mundane interests—if even secular poetry can be limited to that—the thing said may be of less importance than the way of saying it. "The Despairing Lover," "A Nocturnal Reverie," "The Beast's Confession," "Apollo's Edict," "The Spleen," "The Nimmers," "The Dying Kid," to choose a few out of many of the beauties of English literature that adorn the pages before us, furnish a sample of subjects that require the graces of style to redeem them from utter insignificance. But surely a somewhat different attitude should be taken toward any one who essays to discourse to his fellow-creatures of life, death, and immortality, who seeks to set forth in reverent strains the attributes and perfections of the Godhead, to descant upon the mysteries of the world's redemption, and to woo men to a deeper apprehension of the same by all the motives of hope and fear which spring from a Divine revelation. Something surely is to be conceded in such circumstances to the grandeur of the theme; and the subject being one the majesty of which all human language must own itself incompetent to express, we should judge the poet rather by the degree in which he feels its mighty inspiration than by his mechanical mastery of smooth and flowing metre. Of Dean Stanley's sympathy with such themes we entertain no doubt: his own efforts in this direction may be cited in proof of it,—the fine Transfiguration hymn, for instance, numbered 698 in the Wesleyan Hymn-book.

We must pursue this subject a little further. For the failure of hymn-writers as compared with secular poets three reasons are assigned by Dean Stanley. "The first is, that the moment poetry is made a vehicle of theological argument it becomes essentially prosaic, as much, or almost as much, as if it were employed for arguments on political or philosophical problems. This accounts for the repulsive aspect worn by that vast number of the Wesleyan hymns which were written to set forth their peculiar and complex system of predestination, assurance, and substitution." On the knowledge of Wesleyan theology which the last words imply we have already commented. We are now concerned with the Dean's application of his knowledge. The Wesleys did hold very tenaciously a certain body of Christian doctrines, if not precisely that here attributed to them. They did employ verse as a vehicle for the expression and diffusion of those doctrines. Certain

of their hymns, perhaps a vast number of them, were also designedly polemical. And we may even admit that to become polemical is to become prosaic, although if the limitation thus placed on religious, were extended to philosophical and political problems, it would cut off at a stroke much that has earned a high place in literature. But if all this be admitted, what does it prove? That the Wesleys failed altogether in religious poetry? Certainly not. It only proves that they failed in addressing themselves mainly to the religious sentiments, where it was their avowed object to address themselves mainly to reason—that they failed in a certain portion of their verse to accomplish what they did not in that portion of it attempt. But does it follow that when the hymns avowedly polemical are subtracted, there do not remain a vast number in which doctrine, indeed, is still embodied, but from which everything like controversy has utterly disappeared? Is it impossible to put doctrinal hymns into the lips of Christian people, to be used by them in common in their moments of deepest devotion, without reminding those who use them of the dust and din of the theological arena, and the hair-splitting strifes of the schools? To this question the Methodist Hymn-book will furnish the best reply. In the Collected Works there are to be found whole sections that are evidently written with a view to prevailing controversies. Perhaps the most notable instance is that in the fourth volume, entitled, "Hymns on God's Everlasting Love," published at a time when the predestinarian controversy was running high, and, as the title suggests, with a view to stem the tide of opposition to the pronounced Arminianism of John and Charles Wesley. But even among these are to be found many which are sung to this day by Methodist congregations, out of their own dearly prized Hymn-book, without the faintest suspicion of the circumstances which led to their first publication. Indeed, if the book be searched through and through, the proportion of hymns which are tinged, even in single lines, with the slightest flavour of controversial bitterness, will be found almost infinitesimally small, while the full stream of the poet's gratitude, charity, devotion, and zeal, wells up as if from an inexhaustible fountain. Omitting a few words that grate on the ear, and are out of harmony with their setting—such as "Let others hug their chains," and a few more—the whole collection is pitched in the key of that

very hymn on "Catholic Love," which Dean Stanley praises so highly, and the omission of which from its original place side by side with the Sermon on the Catholic Spirit, together with its non-appearance "in any ordinary hymn-book, used either by the Wesleyan community or by the English Church," he deems such a "curious and significant fact."

Dean Stanley's second reason for the failure of sacred poetry is, "That the very greatness of the words which either from biblical or ecclesiastical usage have been consecrated to the sublime thoughts of religion, misleads the writer into the belief that they are of themselves sufficient to carry on the poetic afflatus. The consequence has been that, whether in Latin or in English, the writers of hymns have been tempted to ring the changes on sacred phrases without imparting to them the touch of their own native sentiment or genius; and consequently that a large majority of hymns exemplify, almost as much as the watchwords of political or ecclesiastical party, although in a loftier region, the force of the expression of St. Paul, 'a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.'" This fault, like the preceding one, is said to be "inherent in the nature of the subject." But, as it appears to us, it is a fault inherent in the nature of the poet rather than in the nature of the subject. If he has no "native sentiment or genius" of his own, he has mistaken his calling. If he has, surely the "greatness of the words" at his command will only furnish facilities for "imparting" it. Whatever truth there may be in the statement that a good vocabulary is sometimes mistaken for a loftier gift, it proves nothing against those who possess and use both.

The third cause is "the temptation which biblical metaphors have afforded of pursuing into detail, and especially into anatomical detail, expressions derived from the physical structure of the human frame." Here, in like manner, we agree with the principle, but not with its application. The fault is in the poet, not in the subject. Its occurrence is a blemish, but not of necessity a fatal flaw.

Passing from the causes of failure inherent in the subject itself, Dean Stanley comes to those which "arise from the deficiencies of the author." Here we have to raise our third and last objection. He has not given a fair representation of John Wesley's powers as a poet, and he has almost inverted the relations of the two brothers in

regard to their work. The following is his judgment of John Wesley: "Men who had hardly a particle of poetic fire in their souls, have not scrupled to produce any number of hymns or psalms on these permitted themes. Amongst such John Wesley is conspicuous. Of all the characteristics of that wonderful mind, none is more remarkable than his downright, plain-spoken, matter-of-fact mode of facing all the great problems which presented themselves to him. For lucidity of expression he almost rivals Paley; for energy he mounts to the level of Warburton or Horsley. But in the prosaic century with which his life was coextensive, he was almost the least qualified to produce a substantial addition to its poetry." The proof of this statement is immediately subjoined in three passages taken "at random" from the "ten volumes" above referred to, neither of which passages, as we have said before, was composed by John Wesley. There is also a conspicuous fallacy in the reasoning contained in the above quotation. It is the very common one of arguing from the presence in a man's mind of a certain characteristic to the absence of another not always found associated with it,—of supposing that because their conjunction is rare, it is impossible. This is the Dean's argument. Because John Wesley faced great problems in a "downright, plain-spoken, matter-of-fact" manner, therefore he was not qualified to produce a substantial addition to his prosaic century's poetry. Nobody doubts the practical character of John Wesley's mind: but there was another side to it, which does not at all times emerge into view. When he is combating error, his logic is keen and his language clear, to a degree which renders the above comparisons hardly complimentary. But in his moods of profounder meditation, he discloses a depth of sympathy which, if not of itself a guarantee for poetic insight, is at least an invariable condition of it. Let any candid person read that wonderful soliloquy which closes the first number of his Journal (*Works*, Vol. I. pp. 71—73), in which he sums up the lessons of his mission to Georgia, or the fifth paragraph of his preface to his sermons (*Works*, Vol. V.), in which he describes his mode of studying the Word of God, or, to choose one passage out of many in his discourses, the closing appeals of his sermon on the Great Assize; and we doubt whether he will not come to a widely different conclusion as to the character of John Wesley's

mind. Still, all this is prose, not poetry. In regard to the latter we are placed in some difficulty, owing to the fact that, in some of their joint publications, the two brothers did not specify their several parts in their production. Hence, no doubt, Dean Stanley's error, just the opposite of that into which Methodist readers generally are prone to fall. They attribute all, or nearly all, to Charles Wesley: he lays the chief burden of responsibility on John. Of original hymns certainly attributable to John Wesley, the Methodist Hymn-book contains but one, that on the Lord's Prayer, in three parts (235—237), which of itself sufficiently vindicates its author from the charge of a prosaic mind. But in his translations, of which there are twenty-two in the Methodist Hymn-book, we have the strongest proofs of John Wesley's genius. The task of a translator of verse is one of hardly less difficulty than that of an original composer. To work up the substance of a poem into a wholly different form, by the aid of the vocabulary, idioms, and inflexions of another language, reproducing as far as possible its figures and its allusions, and preserving its spirit and force, is a work that requires rare gifts in the person who attempts it. They may not furnish the same proofs of creative power, but they must include a degree of poetic insight and sympathy that is closely allied to it, and a mastery of the art of versification without which the finest genius would be thrown away. Some have succeeded in translation who have not made their mark in original poetry. And, on the other hand, some of the greatest poets have conspicuously failed in translation. Of John Wesley's hymns from the German it may be safely said that they will compare favourably with any similar productions of modern times. There is nothing, for instance, in Catherine Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica* superior to John Wesley's rendering of Tersteegen's hymn (numbered 344 in the Methodist Hymn-book), commencing "Thou hidden love of God whose height," or of Gerhardt's, commencing, "Commit thou all thy griefs" (831, 832). Indeed, the general tone of the translations is loftier and more sustained than that of the original, sometimes reaching, as in hymns 38 and 240—242, an astonishing sublimity. Judged by these compositions, John Wesley's title to a place among true poets is to our minds unquestionable.

Still, in the absence of certain knowledge as to the

extent to which we are indebted to John Wesley for original contributions to the Methodist Hymn-book, we cannot say more than this. It is probable that the Methodists ascribe to him a lesser share in its composition than is actually due—he himself in his preface claims "a small part of these hymns" as of his own composing—and, as a result, his reputation suffers. Charles, on the other hand, has little to gain by the transfer to himself of the credit probably due to John, his own acknowledged productions being so voluminous as to make the addition or subtraction of a few hundreds a matter of little moment. Apart from this source of uncertainty, the relations of the two brothers in reference to their poetical productions are pretty well understood by the Methodist public; and it seems a pity that in a work designed for the general public a more careful appraisement of them was not made. The following passage will show what we mean. After pointing out the deficiencies of John Wesley as a poet, Dean Stanley proceeds:

"Nevertheless, there are two sources of inspiration from which hymn-writers in general, and John Wesley in particular, have derived a fire which makes it impossible to overlook the claims of the Wesleyan hymnology to be ranked as part of our national literature. First, however prosaic might be the soul of John Wesley himself, he had sufficient appreciation of the grandeur of the gift in others to appropriate it in some degree to his purposes. Such are some beautiful passages adopted or adapted from Gambold the Moravian, and from George Herbert. But yet more, Charles Wesley supplied in a large degree the deficiencies of his brother John. He doubtless was led away by those temptations of hymn-writers to which we have before referred. What John Wesley said of Charles Wesley's hymns on the Nativity, might well have been extended to many dozens: 'Omit one or two of them and I will thank you. They are namby-pambical.' But Charles Wesley nevertheless had within him a poetic fervour, perhaps a scholar-like polish, which his brother wanted. These gifts showed themselves in the closer tenacity with which he clung to the Church of his fathers, and also gave to his hymns a literary character which redeems them from the pedestrian and argumentative style which disfigures so large a part of his own and his brother's poems. Secondly, there is a redeeming quality in the subjects themselves, round which hymns have clustered; although it is true that polemics and overstrained metaphors and sounding words are dangerous pitfalls, yet when a genuine religious soul strikes on one of the greater themes of religion, either

touching the simpler emotions of the human heart, or the more unquestionable doctrines of Christianity, a spark is struck which not unfrequently rises into true and lasting poetry. Such in the Roman Church were those few hymns to which we have called attention; and such in the Wesleyan hymns are those which we shall select in the following extracts."

There is a looseness about the structure of these sentences which makes it difficult to comment upon them. It is hard to see how "hymn-writers in general" could from any source "derive a fire which makes it impossible to overlook the claims of the Wesleyan hymnology to be ranked as a part of our national literature." As they are not alluded to again, we must pass on to what is said of John Wesley. A prosaic soul himself, he nevertheless had sufficient appreciation of the grandeur of the gift in others to appropriate it in some degree for his purposes. This does not refer to his translations, but, in the first instance at least, to some passages from Gambold, Herbert, and others, which stand side by side with the original productions of himself and his brother in his earlier productions. We have probably said enough to vindicate to John Wesley the possession of something better than a prosaic soul, and therefore need not detain our readers with the problem whence such a soul could derive appreciation of the gift of poetry in others. But it is a little startling to be told that the occurrence of passages from Gambold the Moravian, and George Herbert, in publications that date so far back as 1739—publications belonging wholly to the eighteenth century, and only recently reproduced in their original form to satisfy the lovers of the antique—contributes anything to the claims of Wesleyan hymnology to a place in our national literature. George Herbert has his own place in the present issue in virtue of his own productions; and if Gambold had been thought worthy of one by the editor of this series—in our opinion he was as deserving as some others—he would have taken it on similar grounds. The sources of John Wesley's inspiration are, therefore, still to seek; and if we read on a little further, we find one of them referred to in the statement that "Charles Wesley supplied in a large degree the deficiencies of his brother John." The connection is not as clear as we should like, but the meaning may be this, that in the matter of editorship and publication, Wesley was the leading spirit, and that he drew largely

upon his brother's materials. This is no doubt true. But to speak of the one brother as supplying the deficiencies of the other, is unjust to both. It suggests the idea of a joint-stock commercial venture, in which the one, finding his resources fall short, has recourse to the ampler funds of the other. But this is altogether unhistorical and untrue.

The injustice to John comes out still more conspicuously in what follows. "Charles had within him a poetic fervour, perhaps a scholar-like polish, which his brother wanted." That Charles surpassed John in poetic fervour may be granted, with the reminder that it is impossible to say what John actually did, much less what he might have done had his circumstances been as favourable to the cultivation of the muse as those of his brother. But we should suppose this is the first time that Charles has been credited with more of scholar-like polish than John. The opposite opinion has been the one more commonly entertained, and not without reason. In point of attainments John was certainly superior to Charles; and as to style, notwithstanding the studied plainness of the former, let any one compare the prose of the two brothers, as exemplified in their respective journals, and he will soon be convinced that the advantage does not lie with the younger brother. It is to John's severe taste as an editor that we owe the excision from Charles's hymns of many feeble verses, an instance of which is to be found in the volume before us. In speaking of "Wrestling Jacob," one of the hymns selected as specimens, Dean Stanley describes it as "not only a hymn, but a philosophical poem, disfigured, indeed, in parts by the anatomical allusions to the shrunk sinew, but filled on the whole with a depth and pathos which might well excite Watts to say that, 'it was worth all the verses he himself had written,' and induce Montgomery to compare it with the action of a lyrical drama." This is a fine and not unmerited tribute to the genius of Charles. But it might easily have been made a tribute to the taste of John, since the verse objected to was omitted by the latter in all editions of the Hymn-book prepared by him for the use of the people called Methodists. Indeed, in the sentence previous to the one in which Dean Stanley affirms this lack of scholar-like polish, he quotes a judgment of John's which is, to our minds, a sufficient proof of the presence of it.

The assertion that Charles's superiority in these two gifts showed itself "in the closer tenacity with which he clung to the Church of his fathers" is ingenious, but the only foundation we can discover for it is the dictum of the Dean. We doubt whether it has any other. Both brothers were attached to the Church of England: both at the commencement of the great movement were equally irregular. Charles's later scruples were due to his regard for church-order, and not to sentiment.

The fact of this closer tenacity in Charles Wesley is undoubted, and Dean Stanley refers to it with evident approbation. But we have some difficulty in reconciling with this his equally evident approbation of the hymn on Catholic Love, which is given at full length, and of which the following are the first two verses:

"Weary of all this wordy strife,
These notions, forms, and modes, and names,
To Thee, the Way, the Truth, the Life,
Whose love my simple heart inflames,
Divinely taught, at last I fly,
With Thee, and Thine, to live and die.

"Forth from the midst of Babel brought,
Parties and sects I cast behind;
Enlarged my heart, and free my thought,
Where'er the latent truth I find,
The latent truth with joy to own,
And bow to Jesu's name alone."

The Dean comments on the non-appearance of this hymn "in any ordinary hymn-book used either by the Wesleyan community or by the English Church," as a "curious and significant fact."* We think the fact is significant only of the common sense and charity of compilers of hymn-books intended for use in churches or chapels connected with denominations that profess a settled creed. A hymn like this would be sure to be misunderstood. Many would take it literally, and, taking it literally, would be led astray. They would suppose it taught a renunciation of everything like a common confession of faith, and a common bond of discipline. They would find the hymn

* "It is only to be found," he says, "in the *Century of Methodism*, p. 175 (1839), and in Vol. VI. p. 71 of *The Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley*." The former work should read, we suppose, *The Centenary of Methodism*.

inconsistent with everything like church order, and, indeed, at many points inconsistent with itself. The writer brands parties and sects as Babel, and proposes to replace them in his affections by the "latent truth" wherever found, whether within those sects and parties, or without them. This sounds very large-minded, but in the next verse the limits are very much narrowed:

> "Redeemed by Thine almighty grace,
> I taste my glorious liberty,
> With open arms the world embrace,
> And cleave to those who cleave to Thee;
> But only in Thy saints delight,
> Who walk with God in purest white."

So close a spiritual fellowship is obviously impossible without some kind of doctrinal agreement, and must exclude all those—and there are many of them—who pronounce the experience described in the last line fantastical. The next verse contracts the limits yet further:

> "One with the little flock I rest,
> The members sound who hold the Head;
> The chosen few with pardon blest,
> And by the anointing Spirit led
> Into the mind that was in Thee,
> Into the depths of Deity."

And so the limits go on narrowing until in the last verse we encounter the following:

> "Joined to the hidden Church unknown
> In this sure bond of perfectness,
> Obscurely safe, I dwell alone,
> And glory in the uniting grace,
> To me, to each believer given,
> To all Thy saints in earth and heaven."

The fellowship, as "an outward and visible sign," thus ceases to be, and there remains nothing but an "inward and spiritual grace;" a doctrine which, if carried out to the letter, would empty not only all prebendary stalls and canonries, but all chapels and churches, and produce as many sects as there are individual Christians.

Our readers will understand that we are not criticising the poem, which we think with the Dean a very fine one: we are only stating the misconstructions it would be liable

to, if put into the lips of a mixed congregation. The poem enounces—and solves—one of the most glorious paradoxes of the Christian life: it teaches how fidelity to a fixed creed may have blended with it a charity that embraces all mankind. But the fidelity is not at first so apparent as the charity: it is "latent" in the heart of the hymn. And it is fidelity to truth only, not to any one particular form or mode of its manifestation to men. There is here, in short, a plenty of the author's "poetic fervour," but no sign of the "close tenacity with which he clung to the Church of his fathers."

One word we must add before passing on, lest any should still suspect that the omission of such a hymn as the above from the Wesleyan Hymn-book should seem to imply any narrowness in the compilers. It might be enough to say that John Wesley himself, the original compiler, never inserted it, and that no one with the sermon On a Catholic Spirit in his hand would refuse him the praise of the largest charity. But there is a better answer. The hymn on Catholic Love, with its perplexing enigmas, was unsuitable for public worship; but its finest sentiments, expressed in a less ambiguous form, are to be found embodied in a multitude of hymns scattered in rich profusion over the Methodist Hymn-book. Take, for instance, the sixty-two hymns in Part V. (478—539), "For the Society Meeting, Giving Thanks, Praying, Parting." Here we have the joys of Christian fellowship poured forth in strains that for fulness and depth of spiritual knowledge and sympathy are simply matchless; and there is not a hint anywhere to be found among them of the "weariness" which the above hymn betrays in its opening stanza. The little flock are cheered by a thousand tokens of the Divine beneficence, and of the reality, blessedness, and permanence of their privileges in Christ; but not a word is said of the "Babel" out of which they have been brought. Their deliverance from Sodom is celebrated, but that is a synonym, not for the Church, but for the world. There is also in an earlier part of the book one hymn which, above all others, might be selected as reflecting the best sentiments of the hymn on Catholic Love; we mean that entitled "Primitive Christianity" (16, 17). Here, in the first four verses, the poet paints with exquisite skill the characteristics of the primitive Church; in the following five he bewails the present breaches in the Church's unity, and

pleads for its restoration; in the next five he exultingly acknowledges this work begun, and paints the Church thus restored in colours as glowing as those which embodied her primitive lineaments; in the last four he humbly claims a participation in their fellowship.

The reference to Charles Wesley's Churchmanship has led us into a digression, which yet is not a digression, and from it we must now return to make a few more observations on the adverse criticism quoted above: "Secondly, there is a redeeming quality in the subjects round which hymns have clustered, &c." (See above, page 455.) Here Dean Stanley seems to make some amends for what he has said before about "the greatness of the words consecrated to the sublime thoughts of religion misleading the writer into the belief that they are sufficient to carry on the poetic afflatus." The damaging figure of the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal" gives place to the more pleasing one of a "spark" struck out by the contact of a "genuine soul" with one of the "greater themes of religion." And if this was intended to be corrective of what was previously advanced, or complementary to it, we willingly retract what we said as to the Dean's apparent want of sympathy (p. 449). But we must find a little fault with the corrective itself; and, while qualifying our previous censure, must take care to qualify our own qualification. For—still adverting to the passage quoted on page 455—we do not think it enough to say of themes so glorious as to transcend all human comprehension, that there is barely "a redeeming quality in the subjects themselves." We should like to have seen a more frank acknowledgment that the subjective spiritual experience of Christians has an objective historical basis, and some defence of the former grounded on the latter. Instead of that, we meet with the following phrases: "the sublime thoughts of religion;" "the greater themes of religion;" "the simpler emotions of the human heart;" and lastly—and here our dissatisfaction reaches its climax—"the more unquestionable doctrines of Christianity."

"The more unquestionable doctrines of Christianity"! If the laws of thought and language have any validity, the "more" implies a "less." And we must ask, with some astonishment, What are those doctrines of Christianity which a dignitary of the Anglican Church is war-

ranted in pronouncing "less unquestionable"? Surely, if any one is bound to "keep the catholic faith whole and undefiled," it is a man who occupies so honourable a position. In these days of doubting and unrest we sympathise much with seekers after truth, but we look for them outside the Church, not inside, at least not in her posts of highest trust and influence. One who has reached an ecclesiastical eminence like that of the Dean of Westminster we expect to have attained such steadfast conviction of all the doctrines of Christianity as to be anxious himself to settle doubts, not to raise them. We cannot reconcile the attitude he assumes in this sentence with the one he takes in that fine composition of his which graces the pages of the Methodist Hymn-book (698). There the deliverance from doubt, and fear, and error, seems to be the chief burden of his song. In the first verse he draws the contrast between the little company on the Mount, rejoicing in the unveiled glory of the Incarnate One, and the multitude in the plain below, "believing in their unbelief." Through every succeeding verse we trace a deepening confidence inspired by the glories of this majestic scene, till, in the last line of the hymn, the Father's voice silences all cavil, "This is My Son: O hear ye Him!" We are compelled to ask, Did Dean Stanley really mean this? Did not his "genuine religious soul" here strike upon the great truth, that Christ's word gives law to the universe? And what the doctrines of Christianity are but the words of Christ, we are unable to understand.

This, however, we do understand, that a distinction may be drawn between the words of Christ and man's interpretation of them; between the facts of the Gospel and the inferences founded on them. And Dean Stanley would no doubt have us draw a line between the Divine revelation and the human gloss, between the "latent truth" which is common to all sects, and the patent error which is peculiar to each. If this be his meaning, his language is not the best fitted to convey it. The line should have been drawn between doctrines and dogmas, not between more unquestionable doctrines and less. But, even so, we must demur. Where is the line to be drawn? Shall we draw the line between the great events which the Gospels testify, and the inferences to be founded upon them? This seems plausible, but it can by no means be maintained. There

are inferences deduced for us in Scripture itself. If we renounce these, we must excise, not only the Epistles, but a large part of the Gospels themselves. Surely the arguments of Scripture, addressed to our reason, are as trustworthy as its testimony, offered to our faith. In fact, both alike honour the human reason, and warrant us in the use of it. The disuse of reason would be fatal to faith. Besides, the great events of the Gospels are inseparably bound up with their purposes. The birth, life, death, and resurrection of our Lord degenerate into inexplicable portents, if they be sundered from the objects they were designed to effect. To every attempt to introduce a sort of baptised Positivism under the guise of religious liberality, we must oppose this saying of the Lord's Anointed One: "And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

We have made the above remarks in the interests of evangelical orthodoxy, which we take to be as true a reflection of the mind of the Spirit as is anywhere to be found in modern Christendom. But we have also made these remarks in the interests of literary justice and historical truth, as these are connected with the reputation of John and Charles Wesley. The hymns selected by Dean Stanley as samples of their verse are chosen by him on the ground of their avoidance of "polemics, overstrained metaphors and sounding words," and of their "touching the simpler emotions of the human heart, or the more unquestionable doctrines of Christianity." The meaning of these last words we have endeavoured in our last paragraphs to ascertain; and if our exposition of them be correct, we must now add our deep conviction that Charles Wesley would have repudiated from the bottom of his heart the compliment that is here paid him. In no one of the six hymns here quoted (683, 716, 143, 141-2, 59, in the Methodist Hymn-book, and one on Christ our Example not in the above-named collection) does Charles Wesley keep out of sight those doctrines of Christianity which pertain to the purposes of Christ's coming, as distinct from the facts and events that attended it. To have done so would have been in his eyes to mutilate the Gospel, to metamorphose it into a mysterious and unpractical theosophy. Doing this, he would have esteemed himself a traitor to his own ministerial commission, and a palterer with the eternal laws of truth and right. Such a compliment was never paid him in his lifetime: if it had, he would have deemed

it a greater insult than the glorious infamy he was called to suffer. And, pointing to the treatment he received at the hands of his brethren for his loyalty to evangelical truth, he would have flung back the unmerited compliment with the indignant exclamation of the Apostle, "But I, if I yet preach" an adulterated Gospel, "why am I still persecuted? Then hath the stumbling-block of the cross been done away." Our readers may go to the hymns themselves for proof of our assertion. There is not one of them the tone of which does not throughout imply the doctrines sometimes distinctively called evangelical, or in which those doctrines do not receive more or less of explicit statement. Apart from the poet's known interpretation of the facts of the Gospel, his raptures are madness itself. Indeed, we may go further than this, and say that apart from such an interpretation, instead of avoiding "overstrained metaphors and sounding words," the poet has loaded his pages with them, and that in the most exaggerated and objectionable form. Dean Stanley's two statements cannot both be true. In the "Christmas Hymn," the "Easter Hymn," in "Christ the Refuge of the Soul," in "Christ our Example," in "Wrestling Jacob," in "Catholic Love," Charles Wesley has either preached all the doctrines of Christianity without mutilation or defect, or else he has carried language to the point of impossible hyperbole and strung up feeling to the pitch of outrageous enthusiasm.

It is time to draw these remarks to a close. We are sorry that in the course of them, we have had to criticise Dean Stanley's ecclesiastical position. It may to some have seemed hard that we should attach so much importance to a single phrase—that in which he regards some Christian doctrines as open to question. But the phrase is only too significant. Readers of Dean Stanley's works know well how frequently he lays himself open to the charge of latitudinarianism. His latest publication on Christian Institutions is pervaded by the same spirit. And this we cannot brook. Neither our esteem for his high moral qualities, nor our admiration of his learning and research, nor our appreciation of his large-hearted charity, especially as evinced toward the Methodist Connexion in the matter of the Wesley Memorial, can blind us to the ambiguousness, and the positive dangerousness, of much of his teaching.

We have also had to comment on his representation of the Wesleys. Of anything like intentional injustice we heartily acquit him. He had a difficult task to perform. He had to pass judgment on compositions filling thirteen volumes (of which, however, only ten seem to have been placed in his hands) containing all, and more than all, the hymns and other poems the Wesleys ever wrote, and not always distinguishing their authorship. Much of the contents of these volumes would not run at all in the line of the critic's ecclesiastical sympathies, and much would of necessity fail to satisfy his artistic canons. These circumstances would naturally tend to hide from his view the real wealth and merit of Charles Wesley's verse, while they would also tend to invert, as we have shown, the relations of the brothers. In fact, Dean Stanley seems to have supposed their relations in respect of poetry to be almost parallel to their relations to the great movement which, in so large a degree, owed to them its birth. He seems to have taken Mr. Adams's medallion in Westminster Abbey, in which the face of Charles Wesley is overlaid and almost concealed by that of John, as the true exponent of their poetical, no less than of their ecclesiastical, relations. Herein he makes a mistake, and one which, however natural at the outset of his researches, he would have avoided falling into if he had carried those researches a little farther. It is this want of painstaking inquiry and persistent endeavour to put himself into the position of those whose work he was examining, which has converted an opportunity for a long delayed act of literary justice into one more example of—what has from the beginning been only too familiar to Methodists—apparently contemptuous caricature. If in another edition of the valuable series of which his criticism forms a part Dean Stanley could see his way to modify its asperity, and correct its historical inaccuracies, we shall rejoice. In any case, we must express our regret at having been compelled to make him the subject of any, even the most friendly, strictures, the writing of which, we are sure he will believe, has yielded us no pleasure, but only pain.

In the meantime, valued or not by those beyond her pale, the hymnody of Methodism is prized by all within it as one of their most precious treasures. Not even the attachment of bigoted Churchmen to their venerable Liturgy surpasses the love of the Methodist people for their Hymn-

book. And the use of it as a manual of private and public devotion is probably equally widespread with that of the Prayer-Book. Twelve millions of Methodists use it either in the form now adopted by the original body, or with more or less of addition and retrenchment. If the sun is greeted everywhere on his approach by our national anthem, so, every Sabbath at least, do his beams waken in each hemisphere, on every continent, and in many of the isles of the sea, the sound of Charles Wesley's melodies. The popularity of the hymns taken separately is even greater than that of the collection as a whole. No barrier of churchly dignity or sectarian prejudice has been high enough to keep out the wave of evangelical influence which the Wesleys and Whitefield rolled through the land; and no such barrier has successfully resisted the incursion of Charles Wesley's song. Its tendency is to break down such barriers, and to make Christians forget their points of difference in the swell and rapture of a common devotion to their common Lord. To all such fraternisation as is sought by Evangelical Alliances it readily lends its aid, and by the modulations of its spiritual music, echoed from heart to heart and lip to lip, for the grand consummation of Christian unity gently but effectually prepares the way.

One such evangelical alliance—the Methodist Œcumenical—is about to be held in our midst. Representatives of all the sisterhood of Methodist churches will be there. They will hail from both hemispheres, and from all quarters of the globe. Men will meet of every possible school of thought and form of society, and as brethren will sit together day after day and week after week, men that never saw each other's faces before and that will never see each other's faces again in the flesh. Many and various will be the topics brought forward for discussion, touching the interests of millions now living, as well as of generations yet unborn. Eager and earnest, anxious and protracted perhaps, will be the debates. But of one thing we are sure. Whenever the multitude of manly voices lift high to heaven their songs of devotion; whenever penitence, and gratitude, and faith in a crucified Redeemer, and ardent longings for the extension of His kingdom, and exultant hope in its coming triumphs, are in turn poured forth to heaven, Charles Wesley's heart-stirring strains will adequately express all these emotions, and, while giving vent to them, every heart will vibrate in harmony, and the

conviction, never dormant, will force its way out through the medium of these melodies, "We, being many members, are one body in Christ."

It is not all outsiders that look with cold, uninterested gaze upon the workings of Methodism; that misunderstand her principles and misrepresent her aims; that think her activity a busy idleness and her very existence as a corporate body an anachronism and a mistake, if not a peril and a sin. Dean Stanley does not do so himself. More and more the place of its founders is coming to be recognised, and their general usefulness to society is admitted, even by those who refuse the same praise to those who have inherited their name and succeeded to their work. In concluding this article it is a pleasure to us to be able to quote a writer who—in what is sure to be regarded as a standard work in the department of ecclesiastical history—has done justice alike to Methodism and its founders, to their ecclesiastical standing and their literary reputation. It is thus that Dr. Stoughton speaks of the hymnology of Methodism at the close of the chapter in which he describes its rise and progress:

"It was no mere machine, but a living organism, that he (John Wesley) brought into existence. Its healthy exercise needed a current of spiritual emotion; and what the blood is to the human frame, hymnology has been to Wesleyanism, a source of life and power. Almost all the Wesleys were able to think in verse, but in the poetic gift Charles rose above the rest. The number of his hymns is truly amazing, for they amount altogether to seven thousand. But this is small praise: indeed, his most ardent admirers must allow he wrote too much; yet, with all their imperfections, they are unrivalled. There are hymns of another versification and pervaded by a severer spirit—more suited to Anglo-Catholics, and perhaps to sedate Nonconformists; but for light and life, force and fire, no compositions can compare with those of the Methodist poets. They bear distinctly a character of their own, and reflect the excitement out of which they rose. Perhaps at times Isaac Watts may have surpassed them in grandeur of conception, and Philip Doddridge in tenderness of sentiment; but beyond anything in either, there are in Charles Wesley's hymns tones of conflict and victory which resemble the voice of a trumpet, and strains of praise like the sound of many waters. The earliest hymns, published in 1739, were mostly accommodations from other English authors, or translations from German bards. In 1740 appeared a second and similar collection. In 1741 followed other volumes, in one of which a number of

pieces are taken from Watts; and another, containing hymns on 'God's Everlasting Love,' assumes a polemical aspect in reference to the tenets of Calvinism. In 1742 we have *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, including the matchless lyric of 'Jacob Wrestling with the Angel.' If some compositions rose out of controversy, others sprung out of persecution. Hymns for Times of Trouble were published in 1744, some of them plaintive and patient, others ringing with trumpet-notes of defiance and victory. It is easy to imagine a band of Methodists threatened by the rabble, taking up the hymn appointed 'to be sung in a tumult,' which begins with these triumphant lines:

> "'Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
> And publish abroad His wonderful Name:
> The name all victorious of Jesus extol,
> His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.'

"The sentiment excels the versification, and we recognise in it an outburst of faith and fortitude which will bear favourable comparison with the choral songs of the Athanasians, as they marched through the streets of Constantinople confessing their trust in the Divine Redeemer.

"Of funeral hymns there are a first, a second, and a third series. 'In deaths oft,' the Wesleys and their companions realised, as few have done, the nearness of the eternal world, and its mysteries of light and glory. When friends dropped off, they followed them to the grave, not with mourning, lamentation, and woe, but in the full assurance of hope. The second funeral hymn breathed an ecstatic joy in the midst of tribulation, rarely equalled, never surpassed—

> "'Rejoice for a brother deceased,
> Our loss is his infinite gain;
> A soul out of prison released,
> And freed from its bodily chain;
> With songs let us follow his flight,
> And mount with his spirit above,
> Escaped to the mansions of light,
> And lodged in the Eden of love.'

"The history of Methodist hymnology shows any one who reads it what a mighty inspiration it was to the body at the beginning, and has been ever since. Strains full of life became familiar to the members as household words, and were sung in the little chapel on the hill-side, amidst the crowded street, by the ingle nook of the cottager, by the bedside of the dying, in the funeral procession, and on the brink of the grave. Perhaps no church has ever lived and moved, and had its being in such an atmosphere of sacred song."

This is a just and well-merited encomium, although, as a

representation of the wealth and exuberance of Charles Wesley's genius, it is necessarily imperfect. We may add that our own impressions do not sustain the verdict which awards the superiority to Watts in grandeur of conception, and to Doddridge in tenderness of sentiment. We doubt whether anything in Watts can be found to equal the sublimity of the Judgment hymns, especially if the sustained tone of the compositions throughout be taken into the account. And, though tenderness and serenity were not the most frequent moods of Charles Wesley's mind, yet that they did occur is manifest from the two inimitable pastorals,—hymns 13 and 554 in the Methodist Hymn-book,—and the favourite hymn beginning, "Jesu, Lover of my soul," referred to above, with which may be compared the one before it, 142; and another which deals with a similar subject, 114. These are but a few out of many which show as much of pathos and delicacy of treatment as can be found in Doddridge. To readers of early Methodist history it is known that there was a time when Charles Wesley was in danger of being swallowed up in "the Dead Sea of Moravian stillness." Well was it for this country that he and his brother did not become engulfed in those lethal waters.

Just one word more. It was not because they were in deaths oft merely, that the Wesleys realised the nearness of the eternal world. The Methodist movement originated in profound meditation on the glory and majesty of the life to come, dwarfing by their grandeur the objects of sense, and inspiring an earnestness that the seductions of sense could not wear out. Then upon the minds so preoccupied and burdened came the inspiring revelation of the freeness of Divine grace, not removing the burden of responsibility which the previous convictions had fastened on them, but mitigating its pressure and imparting strength for its support. Thenceforward the Methodist movement assumed a new character. In the experience of those who conducted it, the joys of salvation began to preponderate over the sorrow and sighing awakened by conviction of sin and the certainty of a judgment to come. And two principles thenceforward guided their movements, moulded their sermons, breathed in their poetry, and coloured the complexion of their lives—the same two which they saw blended in the scheme of redemption it was their privilege to proclaim—the rigorous

demands of holiness, softened and made beautiful by the abounding grace of the unspeakable gift. No description of the Methodist movement does justice to it which fails to discern the harmony and distinctness of these two principles, their distinctness first in the ascetic rigour of the Oxford seclusion, their harmony afterwards in the heaven-enkindled zeal whose sound went forth to the ends of the earth. Fidelity to both principles is everywhere stamped on the Methodist Hymn-book, and so long as the Methodist people remain faithful to them their name and their work will endure and grow.

Art. IX.—*The Revised Version.*

We have to congratulate ourselves and our readers on the great addition which has been made to the wealth of the English language since our last publication. During the last three months the Revised Version of the New Testament has been issued; and, whatever may be said for and against it in the theological interest, most certainly no such important event has for a long time been chronicled in our literature. It is a matter that is felt to be vital by the whole English-speaking population of the world, and has appealed to their universal heart in a way that no other publication in our time has appealed. Hence, while we write, it is the current topic in almost all circles: few companies meet and separate without having discussed the "New Version." It has been more widely reviewed in the journals of the country than any other book of the day. The daily and weekly organs have, with scarcely a solitary exception, had their leader on it. The higher organs of public opinion are gradually coming forward with their more deliberate and ambitious verdicts; and very soon, it may safely be predicted, every one of the countless censors—good and bad, worthy and unworthy—will have said their say concerning it in praise or in dispraise, or, as more generally happens, in praise mingled with dispraise.

A collection of the various opinions already expressed, and of the various shades of acknowledgment, from absolute rejection through every conceivable phase up to perfect complacency, would form a deeply interesting volume, and interesting far beyond the mere literature of the Great Revision of 1881. It would be a fair exponent—one of the best that could be had—of the varieties of religious thought in the land; inasmuch as every single phase of theological opinion will be found to colour the criticism of this book. But still more interesting would it be as an index of the love felt for the English Bible as it has been known for nearly three hundred years, and the all but boundless homage paid to it as the standard of our language. We feel also—though we cannot suppose that all will agree with us in this—that it would be very remarkable as an indication of the wonderful hold the Christian religion and its documents have upon the national

heart. Of course, it may be said that the general interest is simply a literary one; and one that is due to that infinite charm of the English Bible which it is literally superfluous to explain. Undoubtedly this is true to a very great extent. But it does not account for all. The New Version has been a "revealer of many hearts;" and nothing will persuade us that it has not evoked a most mighty sentiment of respect for the Christian revelation, and a faith in its documents which may be called implicit, or whatever other synonym that term has, but which, however described, is certainly a most important reality.

For ourselves, we have the pleasant and humble duty of giving a cordial welcome to the volume, and of thanking the company of revisers with all our heart. We have studied the results carefully, and have come to the conclusion—after special examination of the passages around which most doubt or most controversy gathers—that the work has been well done; and that some final touches, revising the Revision, are all that will be needed to secure it a supreme and permanent place in the affections of the English public.

But that question of "revising the Revision" is one that suggests many thoughts. If, as we suppose, the companies of revisers have disbanded in England and America, it will be impossible to assemble them again. Moreover, they have issued their work as final: final so far as they are concerned, at least. This might seem to be a great pity. It might be thought that it would have been a good thing if the present enormous issue had been sent out provisionally, with the understanding that room was left for the consideration of many suggestions that would come from the general public, and that the final form would be delayed until the Old Testament was ready. But the arguments against this course would be found of great force. The suggestions converging from every quarter would be so various and so contradictory that it would be impossible to make them in any sense harmonise. Moreover, the Old Testament revision would have its own years of ordeal to undergo; for although the fixed text of the Old Testament saves its revisers from much of the difficulty that besets the New Testament revision, it cannot be supposed that it will escape the vigilant inquisition which the present instalment is undergoing.

Be that as it may, there is a sense in which the public must be the final arbiter. The New Revision has to receive its final sentence, not from the learned bodies, nor from

ecclesiastical assemblies, nor from legislative authority, but from the feeling of the British public. And as far as at present appears, it may be confidently said that the sentence is not at present absolute: it does not cordially accept the work, but certainly it by no means rejects it; and the balance is apparently tending towards acceptance. It might have been otherwise. We can imagine the work to have been so ruthlessly done as to shock the instincts of all, and cause its instant rejection as it were by common consent. We can also imagine it to have been so done as to command a much more frank acceptance than has been accorded to it. For instance, a large number of changes might have been spared if the Old Version had occasionally received the benefit of the doubt; many might have been made needless by a more liberal use of the margin; and not a few would have been avoided if now and then some little sacrifice had been made to the well-known prejudice of the public in favour of some particular rhythmical turn or phrase. There can be no doubt that, if these suppositions had been reality, there might have been an instantaneous chorus of approval. But we must take the work as we find it: not to be at once or in any case rejected; not to be received without some little protest. In fact, the matter is one for compromise. It cannot be denied that this is a question of loss and gain, and the balance resulting. Let us look a little at both.

The New Version has certainly taken away some of the charm of the Old, and will not be adopted but at a considerable sacrifice of something hard to name. We cannot take it up and read a single page without perceiving that the ear has lost some beauty or felicity of rhythm or cadence. Universal testimony leaves no doubt on this subject. The opening sentence of the Epistle to the Hebrews occurs to the mind as a specimen: the loss there is one to which the ear will never be reconciled; and, were we criticising the Revision as a whole, we could instance some parallels of almost equal sacrifice. But this must not be exaggerated. Many a supposed discord is only the result of novelty. None should pronounce until they have read the new text aloud, or heard others read it, a dozen times. We have persuaded ourselves by experiment that some innovations which at first seemed harsh may soon acquire a music of their own, and that it will not require a generation to make a large number of them very familiar and welcome. Undoubtedly there are some that no lapse of time, no docility of spirit, will make acceptable. But then it

ought to be remembered that neither the Greek nor the English New Testament was given to please the ear. There is something immeasurably more important than musical cadence. A good essay might be written on the harshnesses of style in some of the writers of the New Testament and the effect on the translation of a too great anxiety to remove them. It is exceedingly probable that St. Paul's original, for instance, would be found very much less musical and rhythmical in some passages than our present English version. Of course this does not deny that some of the Apostle's sentences are most melodiously constructed. But, on the whole, an examination of his Greek should somewhat moderate the fervour with which the rhythm of our Old Version is sometimes pitted against the asperity of the New.

Nor ought much stress to be laid on the actual loss of longer or shorter passages; because all will admit that the codices must be authoritative here, and our revisers have not in any one instance exceeded their prerogative. A few sentences are gone; and it is of course quite open to question whether it would not have been better to give them a place in the margin, were it only out of respect to the immense body of Christians who insist on retaining them. The text of the "Three Heavenly Witnesses" is now as if it had never been; the Council of Trent, and very many Protestant defenders, notwithstanding. Many will doubtless think that the margin ought to have contained some decent reference, not only for the sake of antiquity, but for the sake of a large and not insignificant class of Christians who still persist in thinking that the decision against it ought not to be absolute. Omissions of passages which any reasons whatever have rendered important ought to be respectfully accounted for, and accounted for in such a way that scrupulous minds might still be able to comfort themselves with the thought that the dishonoured words are after all as near the text as they well can be. For ourselves, we would rather have the blessed question, "Lord, what wouldst Thou have me to do?" in its present, or rather in its old, form somewhere in our New Testament; at least in the margin. But our revisers have been in all these cases ruthless. If they think they cannot say "Many ancient authorities insert, &c.," they have no respect for exploded vested interests, however long maintained. The angel-troubler of the water is in the margin, and, happily, only there. But some of those other passages might have been

alluded to with advantage, even though "many ancient authorities" cannot be pleaded for the privilege.

Very much has been written and said as to the evil which the New Version will do in unsettling the minds of simple people who are unable to understand the reasons of the whole procedure. The charge must be left thus vague, because it cannot be better put into form; in fact, every one understands very well what is meant by it. In our judgment very much more has been said about this, especially by the advocates of a rigid theory of inspiration, than it deserves. The New Version simply takes its place, in this respect, by the side of all former versions from the beginning: it will unsettle people's minds just as much and just as little as its predecessors unsettled the minds of the generations which received them. If the vague phrase were made more definite, and it were shown in what respect minds would be unsettled, the supposed evil would, we imagine, disappear. The first plea would probably be that the deep-rooted reverence felt by the common people for the Bible as an Inspired Book would be shaken. But it must be remembered that the number of those capable of being thus injured is becoming very small, and that there can be no possible harm in uprooting any absolutely false idea of inspiration. Besides, it must be plain to every one that, while the Revision may tend to shake confidence in the Authorised Version, it will infallibly tend also to strengthen confidence in the sacred original. People must needs see that all the stir is about an exact translation of a book behind the book they read. Hardly an individual in the land will fail to understand that the matter is to get a rendering as nearly as possible perfect of an Old Book, the value of every sentence and word of which is such as to set a multitude of learned men to work for ten years. Surely the deep reverence of the English people for their Bible will not be lessened by that. Undoubtedly they will find themselves bereft of many a phrase to which they have become accustomed, and have some expressions put into their lips to which they will not take kindly. But that will be a benefit if it tends to increase the disposition to use the words of Scripture correctly. And this will, in all probability, be the effect of our Revision.

The time, in fact, has come when the universal public must understand better than it has hitherto understood the true relation of the Scriptures to the faith. There is no valid reason why every intelligent Christian should not be plainly

told all the truth concerning the construction of the Bible; and be taken, in fact, to a large extent, into the confidence of scientific theology. All things are preparing for this, and the Revised Version among the rest. The children of the land are, by the nature of their education, trained to look into the grounds and principles of all knowledge. Newspapers, the common daily food of all classes, constantly lay before old and young the innermost secrets of religious controversy. Multitudes of minds are, while we write, occupied with the grave questions pending in the General Assembly in Scotland, and trying hard to understand the points at issue between Professor Robertson Smith and the Westminster Confession. It is too late to talk about the danger of unsettling the minds of simple people. They have been long unsettled, and the great concern should be to let them know, discreetly and with the utmost possible skill, what the true Bible was and is. Thousands upon thousands of unlettered Christians are now marking and keenly discussing the changes which are so evident in the text of the Gospels, for instance; and now is the opportunity to let them know to what extent the holy writings have been subject to the same laws as other books. Both in the pulpit and in the class-room such topics should be handled by those who have prepared themselves to deal with them. But we must leave this matter, contenting ourselves here with the general remark that those who have the New Translation in their hands to teach should be careful to equip themselves for the task of explaining to every young inquirer how it is that there can be so many thousands of changes in the people's New Testament. There are some elementary points which it has been long considered unwise to touch upon among the "unlearned" lest they should be made "unstable" also. These will have to become the current teaching of our catechumens, whether old or young. It will be necessary to make them familiar with the fact, for instance, that not a single sentence of what prophets and evangelists and apostles wrote has been preserved for posterity; that it never pleased God to write with His own finger on any permanent material the words of revelation, or at least that the only stones so written upon were broken again; and that we depend largely upon the accuracy of transmission from generation to generation. And surely it may be matter of easy and safe enlargement that the Holy Spirit who inspired the men to write has taken care to watch over the books they wrote: this kind of special providence on human literature is a topic

that has always been too sparingly handled, and it is one which the Revision may be made to illustrate in a very remarkable manner. And if the moral ends of this discipline are dwelt upon—or, in other words, the reasons why it has pleased God to allow so much to depend upon the human instrument, and to permit the records of revelation to undergo the lot of other records in some respects—the topic is one that can be made to commend itself to every thoughtful mind of old and of young alike. Moreover, if many of the beautiful and most interesting secrets of textual criticism are brought out into the light and made familiar—such as the classes and relative value of manuscripts, the causes of difference in readings, the growth of interpolations, the history and importance of old versions, and so forth—it will be to the great advantage of religion. And if justice is done to the subject, it will be of exceeding interest to show what a wonderful effect has been produced by the studies all this requires upon the grammatical, exegetical, and theological understanding of the original text. Finally, and to be very bold, we do not fear that much harm would be the result of a careful and honest exhibition before all capacities of the leading changes that critical investigation has forced upon the revisers of the New Testament. In fact, the more full and explicit is the statement of the grounds of every alteration the better will it be for the prospects of its acceptance. And nothing must be said about unsettling people's minds.

This exhausts the account of what may be set against the Revision; and it has been seen that there is literally no argument to be brought forward which does more than prove the importance of a few final amendments. If we turn to the other side of the account, very much more may be said in its favour; indeed, so much that the difficulty is to know where to begin and how to arrange what will follow.

In one thing all opinions agree. The New Testament will, as a result of this Revision, be studied for some months, perhaps for some years, with an intentness unparalleled in its past history. Millions of copies, literally millions, will not have been spread over the land in vain. Doubtless the keen interest felt by so many may be ascribed in some degree to curiosity: a large amount of it possibly may be set to the account of a semi-sceptical desire to witness the impeachment and discredit of the Old Version. But, with all abatement, it is a good thing that the book itself should be made for a season the most popular book in literature, the most widely-

read book in the English language. It is quite impossible to estimate the amount of good that will thus be done. There can be no greater benefit to theology, nor can anything be deemed more helpful to the cause of religion, than to have the public mind riveted on the New Testament. Its wonderful self-evidencing light, and the heavenly power that accompanies it to all kinds of readers, but especially to the sincere, will vindicate what we say. Such is the immense mass of theological literature in the midst of which young people now grow up, that there is great danger lest the Volume that gives the whole its existence and value should be comparatively forgotten. But of that there will be no danger for some time to come. The English Revised Version is now the popular study. There will be issued soon—as we doubt not—editions with the two renderings side by side, and possibly with the new Greek text above them, and tens of thousands will carefully study and compare, and acquire an immense addition to their knowledge. With what advantage to their faith in the Great Revealer, and to their own personal religion, we must leave it to the Holy Spirit to prove. We may be very sure that He is watching this movement, even as we think that He originated it. It is not a matter of indifference to Him that the Word which has been His great instrument in the world for ages is more plainly and truly interpreted to whole nations, and that whole nations are engaged in studying it. It may to some savour of enthusiasm and unreality; but we may record our judgment that the issue of this Revision will be the seed of a great revival of religion in England and America: of a revival that shall be as much better and more solid than previous ones, as it will be founded more directly upon the Word of God. There are many who are praying and hoping for this, and to whom this seems almost the primary blessing of the New Version. They think that the effect which followed the first sowing of the seed in the early Church, and which followed the revised translations of three hundred years ago, will follow also this one with which the nineteenth century ends. And we are among those who entertain the same hope.

But the value of this little volume after all is to be measured by one standard: its giving on the whole, and almost everywhere in detail, a more exact expression of the mind of the sacred writers. This is the first law of all translation. But it is specially peremptory in the case of a translation of Holy Scripture. Every other canon must give

way to that one, when the matter concerned is the mind and will of God. Good English, music, and rhythm, sentences that flow melodiously from the tongue and fall with pleasant cadence on the ear, are greatly to be desired. And these, generally speaking, are quite consistent with exactitude in the rendering: in fact, it might be shown that some of the most felicitously translated passages in the Authorised Version are among the most happy reproductions of the original Greek. But it cannot be denied that there are cases in which the exact equivalent of the original word carrries with it a certain harshness; and in such cases we feel bound to maintain that the ruggedness of the version is its best signature and praise. There are in the priceless translation that now is very many exceedingly harsh sentences, the harshness of which is due to fidelity. And if the same spirit of fidelity has introduced into the Revision a few passages that strain the attention and offend the taste, it will be seen by a careful comparison with the original that they are almost always improvements on the more melodious version so far as fidelity to the writers' meaning goes. We have referred to the musical exordium of the Epistle to the Hebrews, as we read it in the Authorised Version. Let us turn to the new translation: "God, having of old time spoken unto the fathers in the prophets by divers portions and in divers manners, hath at the end of those days spoken unto us in His Son." In every respect there is here, as in the sentences that follow, a great falling off: one that seems sufficient for an indictment of the whole body of revisers. But if we look at the offending words, clauses, and sentences generally with care, we are bound to confess that, after all, the meaning is much better in the rough prose of the New than in the poetical melody of the Old. The continuity of the Divine revelation is brought out more precisely; and the gradual fragmentary disclosures are given more faithfully in the "portions" than in the "times." The "effulgence" is a poor substitute for the more English "brightness," so far as purity of taste goes; but it is a very much better rendering of the Greek. "The very image of his substance" introduces into the Bible the philosophical idea of substance which was not in it before; and it will always have a strange sound to the English ear, while it may in some cases introduce a very incongruous idea; but, on the other hand, it is theologically much more exact, and will serve to familiarise the mind with the distinction between substance and person which the current language of dogma demands. On the whole, this is

a typical example of the collision between sound and sense. What is lost in the music of the sentence is gained in its exactitude both grammatical and theological.

But in this matter the Revision descends to the minutiæ of the sacred text. Were it otherwise, the Revised Version would have a more unchecked career before it. On the average, every verse of the New Testament undergoes some change, and every change may be said, as a rule, to aim at a more faithful rendering of the Greek. The reader, as he goes on, is presently arrested by some unfamiliar expression, and immediately, as matter of course, revolts against it. On second thoughts, and with the Greek before him, he finds that he has a more exact English rendering of the passage. Either the order of the words, or a new term introduced, or some slight omission corrects the sentence in an undefinable manner, and thus gives him—the reader—the pleasant feeling of having the writer's thought more clearly in his mind. It will always —or at least for a long time—be matter of question whether it would not have been better to leave hundreds of these emendations alone. We should not be at all surprised if these should long hinder the acceptance of the book; though, for ourselves, we think them most valuable, and must vote in their favour. As the present remarks are general and preliminary, we need not give illustrations, save only one or two, to explain our own meaning. We now read that our Lord, in the synagogue, gave the book "to the attendant": this jars on every fibre; but who can doubt that an important end is answered by the change, which helps to preserve for the term "minister" its true meaning, as elsewhere used. Again, we formerly read in St. Paul's address, "Whose I am, and whom I serve." It is a grievous change to read now a sentence from which the rhythm has fled, "Whose I am, whom also I serve;" but that is more exactly what, for some reason or other, St. Paul actually said. It seems anomalous to give only two instances, when every page presents so many. But this is a subject we shall have to resume at a future time. Meanwhile, we venture to assert that the present translation of the New Testament is in a thousand instances more precise as a reflection of the sacred original than the Old one, and that this fact ought to settle the question of its success.

It may be said that these minor points of exactitude should be left to the reader of the Greek Testament, as they have been heretofore with very good effect. But we plead here

especially on behalf of a large and always increasing body of men who—whether as less educated ministers, or as Sunday-school teachers, or in other capacities as instructors—cannot use the original to good purpose, and yet are called upon to explain the Scriptures. We shall not pause to answer the objection that such men had better leave the Scriptures alone: such an objection is a meaningless unreality in these days. Now the present Revised Version may be said to have the advantage of presenting the original Greek text in an English form, and to give the comparatively unlearned teacher the advantage of seeing those shades of meaning and turns of thought lying before his English eyes which used to be reserved for his more favoured brother who understands the Greek. We know very well that this is an advantage of the Revision which will not be acknowledged by many; and that it will sound to some like special pleading. But we attach to it great importance, and are disposed to think that to this class of the servants of the Church our little volume will prove exceedingly useful, altogether apart from its public recognition. Even supposing the prognostications of many to be fulfilled, and the New Version never to supersede the Old one in authorised use, it will be a great advantage that it was ever published. It will prove to be one of the most useful theological helps of the many which are constantly pouring from the press.

There is another aspect of the question which has not been regarded with all the thankfulness it deserves, and that is the thoroughly conservative character that is stamped upon the Revision from end to end. We have been speaking of its value as a theological help generally; now we would refer to its great value in the interests of dogmatic theology in particular, or what we should call, if writing unreservedly, theological orthodoxy. A very careful reader will note that some passages have lost under the amending hand a certain touch of error, or of something that looks like error or tends to it. He will also find that some truths of supreme importance have a stronger accentuation here and there than in the Authorised Version; and that some noble, catholic elements of truth are brought into bolder relief than in any preceding translation. If all this is true to any extent whatever, it ought to plead mightily on behalf of this candidate for public acceptance. We can easily imagine a very different state of things. If the revisers had been ruled by a majority holding very high ecclesiastical views, there might

have been imposed on the version a certain undefinable stamp that would have been very injurious to the cause of truth. Supposing it to have contained a large element of latitudinarianism, or, what would amount to the same thing, to have been swayed by a spirit of compromise in the interests of laxity, there would have been abundant opportunities of softening down the angularities of Divine revelation, and accommodating it here and there to human prejudices. We can indeed imagine the ascendency in the Jerusalem Chamber of a certain spirit which is exceedingly prevalent in the present day: that of desire to let the idea of development govern all. Then care would have been taken to generalise every idea, to substitute for certain specific words the universal notion that underlies them in many subtile ways; to soften down the peculiarities of New Testament diction, and to make it more conformable to what the same writers living in the nineteenth century might be supposed to have written. It is, of course, easy enough to say that in such a case the version would have been at once rejected; or that such a body of men can hardly be even supposed to have yielded to such influences. But the fact remains that no private and independent revision familiar to the public is to be compared with the present one for catholic freedom from party bias, and fidelity to what used to be called "the analogy of Scripture."

Every one will admit that the Divine dignity of our Lo is conserved in this version with the deepest reverence; and for this we ought to be very thankful. There are undoubtedly passages enough to sustain the true doctrine, such as no honest revision could affect. But there are some of exceeding importance which might by a very little change—and a change earnestly demanded by many critics and expositors—have been deprived of their weight. It is very satisfactory to find that years of thought and discussion have persuaded the majority of the revisers to retain them in such a form as to prove the Divinity of the Son of God. He is "God over all, blessed for ever;" notwithstanding many attempts to change the construction of the passage. Nothing has been lost by the decision against "*God* was manifest in the flesh." The retention of "Church of God, which He purchased with His own blood," is a noteworthy result of long and earnest discussion. But it is not our object now to examine individual passages; otherwise we might dwell on the satisfaction with which we read, "the Son of God," in John ix. 35, the

marginal, "the Son of Man," not having displaced it, thus preserving a connection with John x. 36, which is matter of much importance. So "the Son of Man, which is in heaven," is a good reading saved: it was undoubtedly in danger. As to the margin of John i. 13, "Many very ancient authorities read *God only begotten*," we cannot ourselves doubt that this was the very language of St. John, as the Greek Testament of Westcott and Hort gives it. But our revisers have not been bold enough for this. Not only, however, in the article of our Lord's Divinity, but as to His work generally—His atonement in all its aspects—the Revision has made no change that would weaken in the least the foundations of what we call orthodox theology. It may hereafter be shown that the contrary is the case. The phraseology of the atoning sacrifice and justification is rather strengthened than weakened by the new translation.

Again, who of us is not thankful for the emphasis, deeper than ever before, laid upon the personality of the Holy Ghost? Let the reader take our little volume and trace through it the translations of the passages in which the person or the influences of the Spirit are referred to, and he will soon find out what we mean. He will note the capital that begins the word Spirit and as such plays no mean part in the office of exposition: if he misses it once or twice where he would like to have seen it, he will be thankful to find it in more places than one where it had not before appeared. Throughout the Epistle to the Ephesians this will be found very marked. We now read for the first time, "The Spirit Himself beareth witness with our spirit," in the Epistle to the Romans: a change which seems very slight, but the effect of which cannot easily be calculated. In connection with this subject, it may be observed that two passages are now translated in such a way as will protect them from a very frequent perversion: "In whom, having also believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise;" not "after that ye believed," as if the sealing of the Holy Spirit were a distinct blessing, apart from and following after some interval the trusting in Christ by faith. Again, in Acts xix. 2, "Did ye receive the Holy Ghost when ye believed?" has now a very different meaning from that of the "since ye believed" of the old version. A great deal of theology, both sound and unsound, has been built on the wrong translation of these lines, or at least has been supported by that wrong translation.

It is quite permissible to pass from this highest of all sub-

jects to that one which is most dreadful in theology: the personality of Satan and the spirits of evil, and their doom in the world to come. It is one of the deepest longings of our critical age to remove from theology the opprobrium of a personal evil one; and this is shared even by some who accept the New Testament as a record of Divine revelation, though Satan looks out so distinctly from many of its pages. But no one can say that the new revision panders to this tendency. Perhaps the keenest adverse criticism that it has encountered has been spent on the way it makes the Lord's Prayer close, "Deliver us from the evil one." This passage is very decisive. As to the propriety of the rendering we say nothing now. It is adduced here only to show how strict is the dogmatic tendency of the Revision. And we have only to refer generally to the whole strain of the translation in regard to angels and spirits, devils and demons.

Complaints have not been wanting that in some cardinal passages this conservative tendency is not found, and that emendations which, to say the least, are doubtful have been forced upon the version. But if the passages referred to are carefully examined, they will be found to have suffered nothing. When we read, "Ye search the Scriptures," instead of "Search the Scriptures," we have made no sacrifice. It is true we have lost the only instance in which our Lord is supposed directly to command the study of the Bible, but as we now read it there is an indirect command, and the strength of the testimony to the Bible is not at all impaired. Again, "Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching," is a rendering which has surrendered nothing important. The same may be said of "For no prophecy ever came by the will of man: but men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost." And generally the inspiration and authority of the holy documents suffer nothing, if they gain nothing, from the Revision. And it is a great thing to be able to say that, as the result of so many years' close investigation.

Our readers are many of them of the Arminian type of doctrine, or that which generally goes by that name; and they ought to accept the new translation with special gratitude: whatever it may be to others, to them, at least, it is a Revised Version. We will not say innumerable, but certainly very many, little touches go in the direction desired by that type of theology. The Prologue of St. John should be read in this light, and it would be seen how emphatically it makes the Redeemer the light of all generations of men, and

of the whole world. We do not admire the phrase as an English construction; but the change is undoubtedly a good one that says in the Acts, "The Lord added to them day by day those that were being saved," instead of "such as should be saved." It is true that we still read, "as many as were ordained to eternal life believed;" and a reasonable expectation we had indulged, that the word "ordained" would have given place to a softer term, has not been gratified. However, even in this case we have not to complain that we have lost anything; nor is such a complaint justified anywhere. Again, in the Epistle to the Galatians, it is a very great advantage that the passage, "so that ye cannot do the things that ye would," is changed into "that ye may not do the things that ye would:" a change this which is of exceeding theological importance, as we need not care fully to prove. Now, in our judgment, the two alterations referred to in the present paragraph are sufficient to outweigh a great many less fortunate emendations. And those who are convinced that the former renderings actually misrepresented the meaning of the Word of God, ought to be deeply solicitous that the present Revision should as soon as possible displace that one which contained them.

We must turn, however, to another question. What is the probability that the Revision will come into general use, or secure the acceptance which it manifestly deserves? Every day—at the time we are writing—tends to complicate this question, and make it more uncertain. The highest legal and ecclesiastical authorities are at issue. There are some who think that the present Authorised Version has no more authority than the new one may soon acquire for itself; in fact, that the new one in the competition has every chance in favour of making its way into the hands and hearts of all private Christians and into the pulpits of all congregations. There are others who think that the present Bible, "appointed to be read in churches," has so high and absolute an authority that it could not be displaced without some such supreme legislation in its favour as it will not probably be able to secure. There is a very strong array of opposition against it. Its decisions concerning the text of some passages has sealed against it the hearts of the whole Romish Catholic and ultra-hierarchical world; and its decided orthodoxy has for ever alienated the Latitudinarians. What the result will be it is hard to say. We do not venture to forecast. In its present form it will not be accepted by all communities.

But, with a few changes and emendations, it will in due time assert its rights and become the organ of the worshipping and teaching Church.

Meanwhile there are difficulties in the present moment emerging, which are by no means unimportant. They may be thrown into a few sentences, containing certain hypothetical points. There are some who will insist on adhering to the Old Version at all costs; and there are others who will, on conscientious grounds, insist on being free to use the New. We say "on conscientious grounds:" if a man is perfectly persuaded in his own mind that the latter is a more exact expression of the mind of the Spirit, what is to restrain him from following his convictions? The consequence will be that among preachers and teachers there will be two Bibles in simultaneous use: one already in possession, and having the immense advantage of unlimited associations for good, and the other fighting its way against much prejudice. No one can predict how all this will end. But we cannot hesitate to express our own judgment, that—certain emendations admitted—it ought to end by the most perfect freedom of choice being left to every man. Whether this is practicable in the Established Church, is a question for its authorities to answer. It seems at present scarcely within the bounds of possibility that among its many parties unanimity can be secured, in any way or on any principle. But that remains to be seen. In Congregational Churches there will be the same difference of judgment: only in their case there will be no final authority to bring matters to a decision. There is no controlling power that can decree the general use of the New Version; nor is there any controlling power that can forbid its use by those who are bent on using it.

As to many of our readers, it is a question of interest what the Methodist Conference will do. Of course, the extent of its authority will be the expression of its judgment and recommendation, which will have all the force of law. It is not for us to say what course it will take. Possibly the matter may not be alluded to, so far as concerns the relation of the two versions. It will be left to the common sense of all ministers and teachers not to disturb the prejudices or awaken the sensibilities of the congregations by sudden change. They will see that the New Version must feel its way to general acceptance on its own merits. The people will certainly become accustomed to hear of the differences

between the two translations, and to see the general superiority of the new claimant. This in course of time will do all that is necessary. Nothing can prevent sermons from being based on the new translation; and nothing can prevent preachers from dilating on the differences. Nor will it be easy henceforward for the old sermons to be preached on the interdicted texts, or on the mistranslations of texts that are not removed altogether but exhibited in a very different form. The Revision will have its rights, somehow or other; and the Methodist People will have, like all others, to decide on its claims and do it justice. It can never be to them what any other independent revision would have been or has been; it can never be, in fact, merely what the New Testament as revised by John Wesley has been. They must regard it as a competitor for final and sole use in the public ministrations.

It will be matter of more or less anxious inquiry in the minds of many what course will be taken in the matter of the Catechism, now undergoing revision, and understood to be ready for issue at the approaching Conference. The virtue of the Catechism mainly depends upon its appropriate texts; and a very slight glance at the selection as it now stands will show how necessary it is that some of them at least should be taken from the Revision. Ought not one principle to govern the selection, and all those that are quoted in full to be quoted from the New Version? There are many passages which it would be thought undesirable to quote in their amended form; such, namely, as are in very common use among the Methodists, and any change in which would not at once be acceptable or even tolerable. They might be left among the texts bracketed for consultation; not quoted in full, but only referred to. This expedient would meet every difficulty. There are multitudes of passages the changes in which are indisputably right; and the sooner the children are taught to use them the better. As to those more doubtful, the matter would be left to the discretion of the teacher or the minister, who might take advantage of the circumstance to explain the difference between the readings.

It may be said, at this point, that it is a great evil to accustom children to mark the differences of translation. The general principle of keeping all difficulties as long as possible from their minds we altogether accept. For instance, we would take care to postpone every thought of the harmonising of the Gospels; the solution of countless seeming discrepancies; and a multitude of perplexing matters that

should be left to the future, when it may be supposed they must be considered. But in the case of the catechetical texts, the case is different. The children have the Revised Version in their hands; they see it in their parents' pews; they hear about it continually; and they must sooner or later, indeed very soon, be brought to understand the bearings of the question, and the reasons which justify the use of the New Version. Moreover, we think it may be considered certain that this will be hereafter the New Testament of English theology. When these children have grown up, they will not hear the old text quoted, but the new one. Is it not better then to make their minds familiar with it in good time? We do not introduce the other question,—that of the duty to teach children what we know to be right, and in no case what we know to be wrong,—though this is of very great importance. For instance—to quote a case that comes just now into the mind—it cannot be other than right to teach them that the soul of our Lord was not to be kept "in hades" rather than "in hell." Long have we let the expression pass with a mental reservation, occasionally making the difficult attempt to explain in passing; but now the difficulty will be removed once for all. Children will be accustomed to give to hell what belongs to hell, and to hades what belongs to hades. The term hades will not be long in finding its place and becoming familiar; just as many another term of the same kind has lodged itself in the mind as a proper name. Other examples throng upon us, but we forbear to dwell upon them. Let the opponents of the New Version say what they will, and the lovers of the old text make the best of their strong cause, the fact remains that literally scores of new renderings in the New Testament are such as imperatively demand to be received. It is no longer a question of expediency; it has become matter of conscience and of duty. We have already heard of some ministers who think of insisting on their right to read the Revision for the lessons of the day, and to take from it their texts. We know that there are Sunday-school teachers who make it the text-book in their classes. It seems, therefore, on the whole, the most prudent course to adopt the texts from the Revised Version, always excepting, as has been said, those special texts the emendation of which might give offence, and the reference to which may be given, as it were, silently in brackets.

But for this the Conference must give express authorisa-

tion. It may speak in the way of "permission" only in the matter of using it for lesson and text; but it must speak "by commandment" in the matter of its adoption for the Catechism, which is in a secondary degree, if not indeed in a primary sense, one of its official standards. No one would dare to change a single text without an express decree. And it may be hoped that the Conference will not hesitate to issue such a decree as soon as it is asked for.

We feel encouraged to think so because of the fact that Methodism has shown itself to be the friend of revision from the beginning. The Notes on the New Testament, one of its standards, is a commentary on a revised translation. Of course, it is obvious to observe that this might seem to be in itself an objection: how can they incorporate into the Catechism a revision contrary to what has been accepted already? The answer is equally obvious, that Mr. Wesley's revision has never been accepted, only the notes upon it. No one ever has pledged himself, or could pledge himself, to that translation as such. In fact, the Methodist Connexion never has been, nor ever could be, pledged to any translation of the Bible whatever as universally correct and authoritative. It is not bound to accept those parts of the New Testament which are retained in the edition published by John Wesley: such as the text of the Heavenly Witnesses. Nor will the use of the Revision in the Catechism pledge the Connexion to the accuracy of that revision as a whole or in part. In all matters of standard and confession the text of the Scriptures is supposed to be a reserved question, and entirely independent of the standards themselves. But to return: the fact that the Founder of Methodism gave his people a new version, to study and to compare with the Authorised, a version which of course implied his discontent with the old one, and his desire that the people should share his views, is a precedent for the Conference at the present time. John Wesley would probably have been one of the most earnest advocates of this Revision; and, whatever he might have thought of sundry translations in detail, he would have accepted it as a whole with great thankfulness: for present use and for future improvement. This may be considered undeniable, and it will have its weight with the Conference.

It is certainly a remarkable coincidence that the Methodist Conference is, as it were, invited by circumstances to make its decision so soon. The Catechism must pass through its ordeal: that is to say, there is a moral obligation to issue it

at once. The people have been taught to expect it; and it is nearly ready, as we understand, to be laid before the Conference at Liverpool. Moreover, it is very desirable that this little manifesto of Methodist doctrine should be at hand for the Œcumenical Assembly in September. The Eastern or English Committee have declined to admit the statement or discussion of doctrine into the programme of proceedings. This may be a wise decision. But it has the effect of suggesting a measure of uncertainty as to the doctrine itself. Now the Catechism would be a satisfactory reply to any who might entertain such an objection. Granted, then, that this little revision of Methodism must be issued at the same time as the greater revision of the Bible, it seems a necessary opportunity for a modified decision on the subject of the latter. Were it not for the revision of the Catechism, the other revision might have been passed over perhaps for years. As it is, the question cannot be evaded. It presses at once for decision; and we hope the decision will be a sound one.

There are many who will be glad that the coincidence occurs, and that Methodism will have so noble a call to show its largeness and generosity of spirit. It has sometimes been charged with narrowness and bigotry. Indeed, it is the fashion of some communities, more liberal in name than in spirit, to regard the Methodist Conference as the very synonym of intolerance. Certainly in matters of doctrine, and in all that pertains to what we call orthodoxy, it is intolerant enough. Scarcely a year passes without occasion found for vindicating the truth on some point, and asserting its jealousy of its own honour. But those who know the genius of the system well know that it is remarkably free and catholic in all things that do not affect the vitals of truth. It will probably be seen that its tone as it respects this New Version is far more generous than that of some other communities. Time will show. But that is our hope and our confidence. We think that the hundreds of ministers who will determine the question may be relied upon for genuine sympathy with the work of the Revisers' Ten Years. They have been most honourably represented in the Committee of Revision. The little volume that challenges their regard owes much to one of their own number;—but on this point we say no more. They know that, with every possible deduction, the new translation is incomparably superior to the old one: the deductions being matters that future revision may set right. They are fully persuaded that

the work has been the honest, catholic, learned, prayerful work of men whose supreme concern has been the glory of God in the diffusion of a purer transcript of His Word. And to this noble aim they will do the utmost possible honour. They will not forget that the interest of no one denomination has been consulted in the work; in fact, that there never has been a translation of the New Testament so absolutely catholic. This is a consideration that will have its full weight also. Nor will it be without its weight that these indefatigable servants of the universal Church have not met with the unmingled respect and honour they have deserved. Their labours have been contemned or disavowed by the extremely high and the extremely broad and the extremely low; and in all cases with but scanty appreciation of their amazing pains. Finally, the Methodist Conference will not forget that this version, though it has taken away some lovely and pleasant strains and cadences from the New Testament, has taken away no one sentence or word that had a dogmatic force; but on the contrary has sharpened and strengthened many precious dogmatic sayings. On all these grounds we venture to think that the Methodist Conference, having the opportunity to be the first in publicly and formally sanctioning the labours of the Revision Company, will seize the opportunity and throw around their noble labours the shield of its protection: so far at least as to allow the incorporation of their translation into its Catechism.

So much for our general welcome of the New Version: as to its text more will be said hereafter.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. THEOLOGICAL.

THE BAMPTON LECTURE FOR 1880.

The Organisation of the Early Christian Churches. Eight Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford in the year 1880, *on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A.* By Edwin Hatch, M.A., Vice-Principal of St. Mary Hall, and Grinfield Lecturer in the Septuagint, Oxford. London: Rivingtons. 1881.

THE period covered by these Lectures extends from the post-Apostolic age to the fall of the Western Empire. There is no attempt to discuss the ecclesiastical polity of the New Testament, on the sufficient ground that such an attempt would be a question for exegetical rather than for historical investigation, whilst its result would be to show that the polity of the Church was not then fixed. But Mr. Hatch's proposal is to begin where the authoritative documents of the Scriptures cease to guide us, to examine all the memorials of the following centuries without prejudice or partiality, and to learn from them the organised forms which the Christian Church, under the providence of God, assumed. The great interest and importance of such a proposal are obvious at once. For few controversies have been more fruitful in evil passion and needless schism than those which have proceeded upon the hypothesis that the constitution of the Christian societies was settled by the Apostles for all time. Once let it be shown that the framework of those societies was slowly developed out of existing elements, and historical continuity becomes immediately a matter of far greater consequence than the preservation of primitive form, while the belief in the Divine origin and government of the Church will be confirmed.

In two respects does the conclusion to which Mr. Hatch is led differ from that which has been accepted, at times but unwillingly, by all ecclesiastical historians. For all such historians admit

that some, at least, of the features of the complete organisation of the Church have been added since primitive times, and that some of its elements may be found outside it in older institutions. Mr. Hatch has shown conclusively that the process of development was much slower than has often been supposed, and that all the elements of the organisation can be traced to external sources. "The history of the organisation of Christianity," he writes, "has been in reality the history of successive readjustments of form to altered circumstances." At first it was an organised brotherhood, a democracy. Gradually the necessity for unity of doctrine forced upon the churches the supremacy of a single officer, which was consolidated by the necessity for unity of discipline. In due time the individual communities, for the sake of homogeneity, knit themselves together into a world-wide association. And at length when the Western Empire fell, this confederation of Christian societies became the greatest corporation the world has known, and its organisation that of an absolute monarchy or a despotism, used to enslave rather than to free mankind. It remains for some subsequent historian to take up the subject at the point at which Mr. Hatch has dropped it, and to trace the reaction which has been affecting the organisation ever since the days of Hildebrand, and which in the eyes of the sanguine promises without much delay to restore the brotherhood of the commencement. But it is better that Mr. Hatch himself should speak about the future. After referring briefly, but undauntedly, to some of the dangers that confront Christianity at present, he continues: "After each of its earlier struggles there was at least this mark of conflict, that there was a readaptation of form. The supremacy of the episcopate was the result of the struggle with Gnosticism, the centralisation of ecclesiastical government was the outcome of the breaking up of the empire. And if the secret of the past be the key to the future, the institutions of Christianity are destined in the providence of God, in the days that are to come, to shape themselves in new forms to meet the new needs of men. To the general character of those forms many indications point. It would seem as though, in that vast secular revolution which is accomplishing itself, all organisations, whether ecclesiastical or civil, must be, as the early churches were, more or less democratical: and the most significant fact of modern Christian history is that, within the last hundred years, many millions of our own race and our own Church, without departing from the ancient faith, have slipped from beneath the inelastic framework of the ancient organisation, and formed a group of new societies on the basis of a closer Christian brotherhood and an almost absolute democracy."

But no reference to this book would be just which did not commend the method of treatment its author has chosen. Books on ecclesiastical history have too often been coloured by the pre-

possessions of their writer, and thereby the study itself brought occasionally into evil repute. No fault of that kind can be charged upon Mr. Hatch. He adheres strictly to the most severely scientific of historical methods; and no reader, however carefully he examined these chapters, could infer from them to what section of the visible Church their author himself belonged. As a specimen of the most advanced historical science, and of the consistent maintenance of the historical temper, this work is not surpassed by any other that deals with the same or a kindred subject.

Of the eight lectures comprising it, the first treats of the special difficulties of the subject-matter, and incidentally of some of the causes that have led to the existing divergences of opinion. The value of the evidence of patristic and conciliar literature is discussed, and reference is made to the abundant information to be obtained from the inscriptions, the classification of which is now almost complete. The second and third lectures are devoted to the offices of bishop, deacon, and presbyter, the origin and the functions of which are traced, while their relationship with associations that existed outside the Christian community are clearly shown. In the fourth lecture the causes that produced the supremacy of the bishop are described, and the following two exhibit the gradual separation of the clergy from the laity through the recognition of Christianity by the State, and the powerful influence of monasticism. The seventh lecture shows how the practice of meeting in Councils arose, and the basis of Christian union became, by the appointment of the State, membership in one of the confederated societies. And the series is completed by a final lecture which finds, in the parish and in the cathedral, the chief links that connect the organisation of the early with that of the mediæval, and thereby of the modern, churches.

There is no book in English upon the same subject that will more abundantly repay and please a careful student. The text bears traces everywhere of ripe scholarship and ample research, and many of the notes are of unusual value in the significance of the facts they collect, or in their references elsewhere for fuller information. One or two only of the conclusions Mr. Hatch announces are open to criticism, which, however, would not probably succeed in doing more than modify them. At the same time the style is lucid and eloquent, and the tone never passionate or exclusive; and the lecturer deserves our grateful thanks not least for the admirable synopsis of contents with which he prefaces the volume, and which is as full as it is clear and intelligible.

The Bampton Lecture for 1878.

Zechariah and his Prophecies considered in Relation to Modern Criticism: with a Critical and Grammatical Commentary and New Translations. Eight Lectures delivered before the University of Oxford in the year 1878, on the Foundation of the late Rev. John Bampton, M.A., Canon of Salisbury. By Charles Henry Hamilton Wright, B.D., of Trinity College Dublin; M.A. of Exeter College, Oxford; Phil.D. of the University of Leipzig; and Incumbent of St. Mary's, Belfast. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1879.

These Lectures are a noble contribution to the exegetical literature of the Old Testament, while the Commentary and Translation make them of additional service at once to those who do, and to those who do not, read the Hebrew text.

Mr. Wright brings to his task both high scholarship and the power of painstaking research. His familiarity with the work of all who have preceded him, and his great fairness in stating the views of all his opponents, make this volume almost a history of the exposition of the prophecies of Zechariah, while the clearness of his style and the fulness of his arguments makes the apprehension of his own position as easy as possible. Besides all this, he has approached the special questions affecting the prophecies with a breadth of view and an absence of prepossession which render his defence of the orthodox interpretation doubly convincing. Too often those who have appeared as champions of the traditional side against the representatives of advanced modern criticism, have brought discredit upon their cause by the narrowness of their prejudices and the fancifulness of their explanations. Mr. Wright is entirely free from all such defects. He argues each point purely upon the merits of the case, treats with perfect courtesy all with whom he differs, and tells us that had the force of reason seemed to be on their side he should have been thoroughly willing to acknowledge it. In keeping with this temper, his exposition of the prophet is scientific and large, confirming our faith while satisfying our reason.

A work like this is brought within the apologetic scope of the *Bampton Lecture* by reason of a controversy as to the unity of the book, which the Canon attributes to Zechariah, the son of Berechiah, the grandson of Iddo. The first doubt was cast upon this ascription of the Old Testament, in order to establish the accuracy of the New. Mede, who wrote in the seventeenth century, grounded his doubts upon the fact that St. Matthew quotes Zechariah (xi. 12, 13), as taken from Jeremiah. He, and other English Com-

mentators who followed him, supposing that it was the business of the New Testament to correct mistakes in the Old, went to work and found reasons why Zechariah (ix.—xiv.) must have been written before the Babylonish captivity. Eventually their views were adopted by a number of German scholars, and rationalistic criticism, as arbitrary as it often thinks the conservative school, discovered that while Zechariah i.—viii. are the work of Zechariah, the son of Iddo, the remainder of the book is by Zechariah, the son of Jeberechiah, mentioned by Isaiah (viii. 2), or even that three prophets had to do with its composition. It is of no use to quote against such critics the unanimous belief of Jewish and Christian tradition, for that to many is rather an objection than a proof. Moreover, there are certain well-marked distinctions between the two parts of the Book, which have left some in doubt, whose bias was in the other direction. We cannot, therefore, do better, in the space at our disposal, than note a few of the difficulties which have been raised, with our author's replies, claiming that if they are, on the whole, satisfactory, the verdict of antiquity must decide.

The most obvious divergence between the two portions of Zechariah is that of style. The first eight chapters are, for the most part, a simple narrative, describing a series of visions which the prophet saw, and a deputation of inquiry from Bethel, with Zechariah's reply. The second part is almost entirely poetical and imaginative, while the predictions result, not from any supernatural visions, but from the ordinary prophetic intuition. This last distinction suggests a satisfactory reason for any differences of mere style. The visions which the prophet saw were given at a time of crisis in the building of the Second Temple, for the special encouragement of the people, and they required simple description. Of course, if objectors are pleased to say that such visions were fictitious, they are beyond the reach of reply. But granted that Zechariah is recounting actual occurrences, the imaginative style of the second part was clearly out of place. Should it be said that, at least, the fact that revelations were made to the prophet by the medium of night-visions points to a peculiar susceptibility of his natural temperament, we point to the prophecy of the Good Shepherd and his staves in the eleventh chapter, and that of the False Prophet in the thirteenth, as exhibiting the same tendency to the concrete, while the latter part of the third chapter is in the poetic style of the end. Such arguments as that in the former part special introductory formulas are present, which are absent in the latter, as, for example, "The word of the Lord came unto Zechariah," or, "Thus saith Jehovah of hosts," are too uncertain to be sustained. This applies, also, to the objection that the date of the prophecies is given in the first part, but are omitted in the second. Different circumstances

may fairly account for such variations, and it is easy to suppose that Zechariah, who seems to have been a young man at the time of his early prophetic activity, should have edited his prophecies in later life, and added oracles, differing from the former, by the different manner of their communication, the different circumstances to which they were addressed, and the influence of years upon his own mind. As Mr. Wright says, in his introduction, "It is time for modern critics to give up the assumption, which is too often made, that a writer who uses prose on one occasion may not also at another time be the author of poetry. It is, moreover, highly improbable that the compilers of the Canon could have been ignorant with regard to the writings of a prophet who lived so near to their own times, or that they could have so easily confounded with his genuine productions the prophecies of two other prophets, who lived previous to the Babylonish captivity."

On the other hand, very important resemblances between the two parts are to be found, especially in the peculiar modes of thought. Mr. Wright quotes Dr. Pusey as follows: "There is in both parts the appeal to future knowledge of God's doings to be obtained by experience (chap. ii. 13, 167, E. V. verses 9, 11); in both, internal discord is directly attributed to God, whose Providence permits it (chaps. viii 10, xi. 6); in both the prophet promises God's gifts of the produce of the earth (chaps. viii. 12, x. 1); in both he bids Jerusalem burst out for joy; in the first, 'for lo! I will come and dwell in the midst of thee' (chap. ii. 14, E. V. verse 10); in the second, 'behold thy King cometh unto thee.'"

We cannot stay to notice the number of quotations which are made in both parts from the earlier prophets, but it is very important to observe that the second part contains distinct references to the later prophets. This is sufficient to refute the hypothesis of the critical school that it belongs to a writer who wrote before the captivity of Israel in Assyria; for as Dr. Perowne says, "It must be confessed that it is more *probable* that one writer should have allusions to many others than that many others should borrow from one, and this probability approaches certainty in proportion as we multiply the number of quotations or allusions." Among the instances given by Mr. Wright, we may notice that the allegory of chap. xi. seems to rest upon Ezekiel xxxiv. Again, "in Zechariah xiii. 8, 9, two parts of the people are spoken of as doomed to be cut off, while a third part is left in the land. This is based on Ezek. v. 2, 12, where Ezekiel is bidden to divide his hair into three parts, each part to be dealt with differently, which act is explained as signifying that the people of Jerusalem were to be punished in different ways." Once more, "In speaking of the nations going up to worship the Lord in Jerusalem (chap. xiv. 16—19), Isa. lxvi. 23 and Isa. lx. 12 were plainly

in the prophet's mind. In predicting that even on the bells of the horses there should be inscribed 'holiness to Jehovah,' the same thought is expressed, though in other words, as in Ezek. xliii. 12, 'This is the law of the house: upon the top of the mountain the whole limit thereof round about shall be most holy.' The closing words of the prophet, 'The Canaanite will not be any more in the house of Jehovah in that day,' are akin to those in Ezek. xliv. 9, 'No stranger, uncircumcised in heart, nor uncircumcised in flesh, shall enter into My sanctuary, or any stranger that is among the children of Israel.'"

But more serious difficulties have been raised by the statement that the historical circumstances supposed in the latter part prove it to have been written considerably before the Babylonish captivity. It is said that the association of Ephraim with Judah in the promises of future blessing is evidence that these predictions must have been made before the "ten tribes" were carried in Assyria, by Tiglath-pileser. Upon this whole question Mr. Wright has many very valuable remarks. In particular, he shows how baseless is the assumption that the identity of the tribes was lost by their captivity, and how foolish is the current inquiry about the lost tribes. In the first place, we must not forget that many escaped actual captivity, and were left to inhabit their desolated land. Moreover, considering how the Chaldæan power overthrew the Assyrian, and how, in turn, the Medo-Persian became master of the whole territory of both, it is plain that the carrying away of the Jews by Nebuchadnezzar involved the mixture of all the twelve tribes, and, so far, the recovery of their national union. Such being the case, it is utterly erroneous to suppose either that all Jews returned to Palestine, in the days of Zerubbabel or Nehemiah, or that none but Jews did so. Those out of all the tribes who had sufficient faith in the Lord their God to desire the re-establishment of their national worship availed themselves of the opportunity to return to their own land; the rest, including multitudes of Jews, preferred to remain in localities exactly known. That the name of Israel should have fallen into the background after the exile proves nothing, for of course the longer independence of Judah, her greater religious steadfastness, and her hold upon Jerusalem, gave to her the preponderance. But just as the New Testament speaks of Israel, it is quite competent for a prophet, writing after the return from Babylon, to speak of Ephraim as still existent. And had it not been so, any large expectation of the final glory of the people of God must necessarily have provided for the recovery, and not for the extinction, of the severed tribes. It has been contended that the promise, "To the land of Gilead and Lebanon will I bring them," Zech. x. 10, is demonstration that the deputation of Israel by Tiglath-pileser is intended. But, as Mr. Wright replies, Gilead may be taken to

represent the whole country east of the Jordan, while the western portion is represented by Lebanon, its highest point. "In Ezekiel's parable of the Eagles (chap. xvii.) the whole land of Palestine is described as Lebanon, and the king of Judah as the foliage of the cedar of Lebanon. Similarly in Micah vii. 14 'The wood of Carmel' is used as a designation of Palestine, on the west of the Jordan, while 'Bashan and Gilead' denote the possessions of Israel on the other side of the river."

Nor is it satisfactory to object that the mention of the "Pride of Assyria" and the "Sceptre of Egypt" as destroyed, proves the prophecy to have been delivered before the Babylonian supremacy. On this point Mr. Wright remarked that "it has been well observed, that though these kingdoms were subdued under the yoke first of Babylon and afterwards of Persia, the relation in which the people of those lands stood to the exiles in their midst, remained unaltered by these various conquests, and they may have, in many cases, exercised their authority in a tyrannical manner over the Israelites and Jews." He also refers us to passages in which the King of Babylon was styled "King of Assyria" (Ezra vi. 22; 2 Kings xxiii. 29, &c.), and to others in which the King of Persia is also styled "King of Babylon" (Ezra v. 13; Zech. xiii. 6).

In particular the predictions of the ninth chapter very strikingly correspond to the times of Alexander the Great. The prophet foretells judgments upon Syria, Phœnicia, and Philistia, as occupying territory which the Divine decree had given to Israel (Gen. xv. 18; Exodus xxiii. 31). The visitation of Damascus, and of Tyre, proud of her fortifications, recals the sieges of Alexander. The Philistines, also, were smitten; Gaza, which the prophet says shall "tremble exceedingly," fell, and, according to secular history, a king (named Batis, according to Hegesias, Dionysius, and Arrian; probably a satrap of the Persian king, set up in place of the Philistine King of Gaza) did actually "perish from Gaza," as Zechariah says. Chap. ix. 7, telling of the removal of the abominations of the Philistine, and his conversion to God, so as to become "As a prince in Judah, and Ekron as a Jebusite," seems to refer to that absorption of the Philistines, like the Jebusites, which happened between the return from the captivity and the Advent of our Lord. The eighth verse can be well explained of the probably miraculous protection of Jerusalem from Alexander, and her safety throughout the times of the Greek dominion. The mention of Javan (Greece) in the thirteenth verse seems clearly to point to the same times, and its connection with Joel iii. 6, in which mention is made of the sale of Jewish slaves by the Phœnicians to the Greeks, can hardly be called more than a shift.

Still less weight can be given to the objection that "the house

of David" is mentioned by Zechariah, and that this was impossible after its fall. For, as Mr. Wright shows, Ezekiel, writing in captivity, speaks (chap. xxxiv. 23) of David as to be God's shepherd over the sheep, and Zechariah in no place speaks of the house of David as actually reigning, which he would certainly have done had he written before the exile. Indeed, chap. xii. 7 seems especially disparaging to the house of David, and in that proportion suitable to Maccabæan times. There we are told that "Jehovah will save the tents of Judah first, in order that the glory of the house of David may not magnify itself, and the glory of the inhabitant of Jerusalem over Judah." Considering that the Maccabees were of a priestly, and not of the royal house, and came not from Jerusalem, but from Modin, the prophetic description seems precisely to harmonise with post-exilic times.

Nor is there much ground for assigning the latter part of the book to earlier times, because of the warnings against idolatry which it contains. It is true that idolatry never proved a great temptation after the captivity, but a prophet writing almost immediately after might well warn the people of that which had been so destructive in the past; and Mr. Wright well observes that probably practices more or less superstitious lived on, in a clandestine way, long after the return.

Such is but a sample of Mr. Wright's argument. We have but selected one aspect of his work, and have had no space to give extracts showing his excellence as a commentator, pure and simple. We earnestly advise our readers to study his book and judge for themselves. For ourselves we only hope that other works on the prophetical books of the Old Testament may soon come to us from the same pen.

Cunningham's Epistle of St. Barnabas.

A Dissertation on the Epistle of St. Barnabas, including a Discussion of its Date and Authorship. By the Rev. William Cunningham. London: Macmillan and Co. 1877.

This is a most careful and complete introduction to the so-called Epistle of St. Barnabas, and its value is increased by the addition of the Greek text, the Latin version, and a new English translation and commentary. Mr. Cunningham treats fully of all the questions which concern the text, the authorship, the general character of the Epistle, traces its relations to contemporary influences, and gives a short summary of its theology.

The importance of this Epistle in many respects is so great that a careful account of it will be prized by all students of historical theology. It is true that the tradition that St. Barnabas was its

author cannot be sustained. The disparagement of the temple, the attributing of the rite of circumcision to the instigation of an "evil angel," and the light way in which the author speaks (cap. xvi.) of the destruction of Jerusalem, make it extremely improbable that any Jew could have written it, while the mistakes with which the accounts of Jewish ritual abound show that, at least, it cannot be the work of a Levite, like Barnabas. Moreover, its historical marks show that St. Barnabas must have been dead before the Epistle could have been written. Yet its date is exceedingly early. We are told (cap. xvi.) that "because" the Jews "went to war" the temple "was overthrown by their enemies. Now both they and the servants of their enemies shall rebuild it." This fixes the extreme limits of the time in which it could have been written. It must have been after the siege of Jerusalem, 70 A.D., and before its final destruction by Hadrian, consequent on the outbreak of Bar-cochta, 131 A.D. If Weizsäcker's view be adopted, the date may be still further limited to the reign of Vespasian. This decision rests upon the use in the 4th chap. of Daniel's prophecy of the ten horns and the little one which succeeds them. The Epistle reckons the little horn as the tenth horn, which overthrows three others, and the quotation may be taken to refer to the overthrow of Galba, Otho, and Vitellius by Vespasian, the upstart emperor. This would fix the date as between 70 and 80 A.D.

The general tone of the book confirms this hypothesis. Gnosticism, the most striking phenomenon of church history during the second century had come into existence before the end of the first. The tone of the Epistle towards the Old Testament dispensation, and especially the reference of circumcision to the suggestion of an "evil angel" shows its incipient influence. There is the same stress laid upon "knowledge" instead of faith. Yet its stage is so early that the writer seems unconscious of it, and does not even know it as a developed heretical tendency, much less define his position with regard to it. This alone, considering that the subjects on which he treats held a prominent place in all the Gnostic theosophies, is sufficient to assure us that the Epistle must have been written early in the sub-apostolic age.

Such being the case, it is instructive to compare it with the Canonical Book, which it most nearly resembles,—the Epistle to the Hebrews. Both show the signs of Alexandrinism in the allegorical method of interpretation which they apply to the Old-Testament Scriptures. The importance of the law consists for both of them chiefly in its adumbration of heavenly things. It is the imperfect embodiment of truths and principles which lie far beyond its reach. Its explanation lies in our Lord's work in the "true tabernacle," and its importance in the fact, that it prefigured that work. This ground is common to both Epistles, and

it is a striking instance of the way in which revelation is able to serve itself of the modes of thinking existing at the time of its manifestation. Divine truths have been communicated at the time when the forms of thought prevalent enabled men both to receive them and to clothe them in a suitable earthly dress. But nothing can give us a deeper sense alike of the need and of the power of inspiration than a comparison between the presentation of kindred teaching in the Epistle to the Hebrews, and in a book like the Epistle of St. Barnabas. The Epistle to the Hebrews clearly recognises that revelation was progressive. The religion of the saints of old was not built upon knowledge of the same facts, but upon acceptance of the same principles as we possess. And the connection between those principles and their full manifestation in our Lord was gradually unfolded by prophecy. But pseudo-Barnabas can only find any value in the Old Testament economy, on the understanding that the saints who lived under it clearly saw the whole redeeming work which it foreshadowed. They, according to him, knew as well as we do how valueless was the law, and saw, by a spiritual insight, the whole range of truth which lay hid within it. He cites prophecy, not to show how the gulf between the Old Dispensation and the New was bridged, but to show that no bridge was needed, as far as the minds of the worshippers went. He shows us the spectacle, alike unhistorical and impossible, of men sustaining a system of worship, whose inherent worthlessness they clearly perceived. And to complete his identification of the Old and the New, he is obliged to discard faith, as the faculty for grasping religious truth, according to the Epistle to the Hebrews, for a "knowledge" or spiritual insight into the bearings of religious truths, which may indeed be built up upon faith, but is neither necessary to religious life nor possible to all. To which we may add, that in order to find a meaning for many of the ceremonial enactments he is obliged to fall back upon the scientific absurdities of his day.

There are many other questions of interest connected with the Epistle, especially the bearing of its quotations upon the early origin of the Gospel according to St. Matthew. Upon these we cannot enter, but only cordially recommend Mr. Cunningham's book to all who are interested in the subject.

Given's Truth of Scripture.

The Truth of Scripture in Connection with Revelation, Inspiration, and the Canon. By J. J. Given, Ph.D., Professor of Hebrew and Hermeneutics, Londonderry. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

An exceedingly fresh and full discussion of the preliminary questions of theology. Many works on the same subject are unsatis-

factory on account of their undue brevity, leaving too much to be filled up by the student. The writers forget that accomplished students do not need mere handbooks, while mere beginners need much more. Professor Given has not fallen into this mistake. Every point is duly argued out. The consequence of this proportionate treatment is that the whole discussion is marked by great symmetry. The entire evidence, upon which the immemorial faith of the Church rests on these vital questions, is here presented to the reader. There is nothing new in the line of argument taken. The course pursued is the old one. The freshness is rather in the independent treatment and in the occasional reference to divergent theories. But the discussion of such theories is, very wisely, not made the staple of the book. In many works the space given to such discussion leaves no room for the positive evidence.

The new features under the first head are two interesting chapters on St. John's Gospel, and the moral teaching of Scripture, respectively. The first of these discusses the relations of St. John's Gospel to the other three, replies to the objections which have been raised, criticises the counter theories of Paulus, Strauss, Renan, and Baur, and summarises the external and internal evidence for the old view. The second compares the morality of Scripture with the moral teaching of Plato, Aristotle, the Stoics, and Epicureans, *i.e.* with the flower of human thought on this subject. The author's argument runs on similar lines to Prebendary Row's, in his able *Bampton Lecture*, but is somewhat more expanded.

The new ground broken on the second topic is found in some confirmations, direct and indirect, of Inspiration, and in an argument for the Solomonic authorship of Ecclesiastes. The reason of the introduction of the last topic is thus stated: "The writer of an article in a recent number of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* speaks contemptuously of the very idea of adhering to the old belief in Ecclesiastes being the production of Solomon, and regards the attempt to prove the non-Solomonic authorship of the book in the same light with adducing facts to prove that the earth moves." The evidence and objections are gone into very fully. We may observe that the methods applied to Ecclesiastes by certain critics are extended to the whole of the Old Testament. The morality ascribed to the writers of the Old Testament may, for aught we know, be literary morality. It is certainly not Christian morality.

The largest portion of space is given to the subject of the Canon. The history of the New Testament Canon is first traced, then that of the Old. Under the first head the claims of the writers themselves, the evidences supporting those claims, and the recognition accorded to them in the earliest Christian writers,

are amply set forth. The more difficult subject of the Old Testament Canon is intelligently dealt with. We are convinced that when the present critical mania has passed away, the old faith will maintain its ground. A supplementary chapter discusses the new theory advanced respecting the Book of Deuteronomy. The Appendices supply additional proof and illustration.

The particulars now given prove that we have in the present volume, not a mere refurbishing of old arguments, but an adequate discussion of a vital subject written up to date.

Birks's Supernatural Revelation.

Supernatural Revelation; or, First Principles of Moral Theology. By the Rev. T. R. Birks, Professor of Moral Theology, Cambridge. London: Macmillan and Co.

Like all Mr. Birks's writings, the present volume is replete with keen analysis and strong reasoning. Mr. Birks is thoroughly familiar with the methods and achievements of natural science, and knows how to foil materialism with its own weapons. The student will find many lines of argument and many germ thoughts which would bear considerable expansion. We note particularly the emphasis placed on the variable element in nature in contrast with the constant element, which is alone taken into account by so many writers. The new reading, too, given of gravitation as "a law of universal appetency, a tendency of each material atom to link itself in turn with every other atom of the material universe, to travel out of itself into nearer fellowship with each of its neighbours in turn, and that in proportion to their nearness," seems to us peculiarly happy. The description of M. Comte's new Supreme Being as "the sum total of all the sinners of mankind, who have fought with and murdered each other through the last 6,000 years, and including almost every variety of moral enormity, with bright exceptional instances of imperfect goodness and nobleness of being," is not a whit too strong. The arithmetical calculation, to which Benthamite Utilitarianism reduces morality, is thus exposed. "Supposing three alternatives open in any case, then three positive totals or sums of pleasure would have to be calculated for the whole universe of being through a coming eternity, and as many negative totals of pain. . . Each of the six sums is composed of terms not only doubly infinite but incommunicable, and incapable of being accurately measured by any common standard. Each sum also involves an infinite number of undetermined quantities, depending on the volitions of an almost infinite number of free agents. Such a calculation could never be performed without omniscience. Even when performed, it could have no binding authority, either from

spontaneous instinct or reason, to enforce its fulfilment. The only effect of such a rule must be to throw back the individual on the instinct of self-preservation, or the avoidance of the pain, and the pursuit of the pleasure, of the moment."

The only defect of the work is its somewhat fragmentary character. The twenty-four chapters, into which the two hundred and forty pages are divided, have often but the most general connection. It seems to us that the author would have rendered a still greater service to the cause of truth, which he has served so long and so efficiently, by further elaborating some chapters, and perhaps omitting others. Some repetitions would also have been avoided by a more complete revision. As it is, we have rather the materials of an excellent work than a finished work.

Nicoll's The Incarnate Saviour.

The Incarnate Saviour. A Life of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. W. R. Nicoll, M.A., Kelso. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

Three main propositions are illustrated in Mr. Nicoll's volume. First, Jesus Christ was God and man in two distinct natures and one person. Secondly, Jesus Christ came to suffer in order that He might save. Thirdly, the words, works, and thoughts of Christ are in sweet and perfect accord. We think that Mr. Nicoll has dealt with his first point very successfully, although we are sure that he would be the last to assert that he has removed all the difficulties which beset this profound subject. He begins by stating that there was an element in Christ which could not change, and another that was mutable. Dealing with the latter he teaches the proper humanity of Jesus Christ. We commend his thoughtful and beautiful chapter on "The Silent Years of Jesus" to all who are feeling their way along the labyrinthine paths of the Divine-human mystery. After having established the proposition relating to the humanity of Christ, Mr. Nicoll then proceeds to show that the problem of His nature contains an element which the "perfect manhood" argument leaves untouched. Through this true and proper humanity a glory gleams—the glory of the Godhead. We must refer our readers to Mr. Nicoll's volume if they would wish to see how a reverent man can deal with this sublime subject. We will only quote the following words: "We go over the beautiful story of His humanity, saying at every point, 'Lo! this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us.'"

We have been especially impressed with Mr. Nicoll's mode of treating his second proposition—that Jesus Christ came to suffer

in order that He might save. We are convinced that it is only as this truth is perceived and held that any intelligent theory of the life of Christ can be maintained. The shadow of the cross rests on the manger. He came into the world to save sinners, not by scattering their ignorance through the light of His teaching, not by destroying their selfishness through the beauty of His example, but by giving His life as a ransom for them. To this teaching Mr. Nicoll is perfectly true, and it is a pleasure in these days, when men seek for side-lights from the cross instead of placing themselves in the midst of its central radiance, to meet with a cultured and devout man who has determined to make known nothing save Christ and Christ crucified. Speaking of the fact that Jesus came into the world to die, Mr. Nicoll says: "Other men have their lives interrupted by death; other men begin their careers of reform with hopes of victory and coronation; and though death often comes to destroy their hopes, it is a death all undreamt of in their earlier hours. But to this man death, though it came with all the accompaniments of horror, was not a surprise nor an interruption, but the very work which He came into the world to do. He foretold His own death in all its circumstances. The statement may be passed over unthinkingly, but the more we ponder it, the more its mystery will grow upon us. It is the tritest of commonplaces that no man knows the day of his own death. Even when it is clear that life is near its close, the most experienced skill will be baffled in trying to foretell the hour of its end. What shall we say of Him who from the beginning saw clear before Him that cross upon which He was to be lifted up, and who, instead of mourning over that cross as the symbol of the extinction and defeat of all His hopes and works, gloried in it as the sign under which He was to conquer and to lead His followers on to victory."

The accordance of Christ's words, works, and thoughts is triumphantly shown. Throughout the whole of the volume this perfect music sounds.

We must ask Mr. Nicoll to fulfil the promise which he makes to us in his preface. He says: "Should the book meet with any acceptance, I hope at some future date to follow it with another on the *Theology of Christ*." We cannot for a moment doubt the acceptance of the volume we are now noticing. Of its kind it is one of the best books on the subject we have ever read. It is invaluable to all thoughtful students of the wonderful life, and it should be mastered and absorbed by all young ministers of all Churches. We are especially wishful to see Mr. Nicoll's promise fulfilled, because he seems to have grasped an idea the unfolding of which we believe to be of the utmost importance at the present time. There is a school of thinkers composed of those who tell us that they can only accept doctrines which are con-

tained in the words of the Lord Jesus Christ. They reject many of the dogmas of "evangelical" teachers because they affirm that such teachings are founded rather on the Epistles of Paul than on the Sermon on the Mount. Now Mr. Nicoll proposes to lay before such thinkers a theology which can be fairly made out from the life and teaching of Christ, apart from all other writings. All readers of Stier's *Words of the Lord Jesus* will remember how he finds the beatitudes to be full of evangelical doctrine. If any man will ponder what he says he will see that the evangelical doctrines of repentance, regeneration, and sanctification lie hidden in the profound words with which the Saviour prefaced His Sermon. Mr. Nicoll will be conferring a service on evangelical orthodoxy, whose champion he is, if he will carry out his design.

Anderson's Coming Prince.

The Coming Prince, the Last Great Monarch of Christendom. By Robert Anderson, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law, &c. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

The title of this book might lead many to suppose that it belongs to a class of highly sensational publications which have been issued from the press very freely of late years, and that the author is looking for the immediate development of the last antichrist, and the great tribulation that is to desolate the world under his reign during the next few years; but we hasten to inform them that there is little in common between him and the "prophecy-mongers," as he somewhat contemptuously calls them. Of course the coming prince is the last antichrist, but the author is careful not to fix any date for his appearance. Alluding to the various periods which have been assigned for the end of the world from A.D. 500 to 1881, he says "These pages are not designed to perpetuate the folly of such predictions, but to endeavour in a humble way to elucidate the meaning of a prophecy which ought to deliver us from all such errors, and to rescue the study from the discredit they bring upon it." And elsewhere he says, "There is much in Scripture which seems to justify the hope that the consummation will not be long delayed; but, on the other hand, there is not a little to suggest the thought that before these final scenes shall be enacted, civilisation will have returned to its old home in the East, and perchance a restored Babylon shall have become the centre of human progress and of apostate religion. . . I make the suggestion merely as a *caveat* against the idea that we have certainly reached the last days of the dispensation. If the history of Christendom should run on for another thousand years, the delay would not discredit

the truth of a single statement in Holy Writ" (p. 189). He thus very wisely steers clear of the rocks on which so many have made shipwreck. With many simple folk who read some of the sensational religious papers of the day it is a foregone conclusion, not only that the last antichrist must reign for three years and a half during the present decade, but that he must be a Napoleon, because the name, when spelt with Greek letters and put into the dative case, contains the fatal number "six hundred and three score and six!"

As an interpreter of prophecy, Dr. Anderson belongs to the Futurist School, and probably to the extreme section of it, as he believes that even the Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, "though they were undoubtedly addressed to churches then existing, and though their intermediate reference to the history of Christendom is also clear, may well have a special voice in days to come for those who are to enter the fierce trials that shall precede the end!" And in a footnote to the above he says: "The salutation (i. 4, 5) seems to fix the *dispensational* place of the book as future. It is not the Father, but Jehovah; not the Lord Jesus Christ, but 'Jesus Christ the faithful witness, the prince of the kings of the earth;' and the book speaks from a time when the Holy Spirit, *as a person*, will again be in Heaven to join in the salutation, which he never does in the Epistles of the New Testament!" (pp. 151, 152). To what dispensation does the author refer? It cannot be the latter part of the Christian Age, for the Holy Ghost, who was given to God's people that He might abide with them for ever, is said to have departed to Heaven again. Neither can it be the millennium, because, according to the author's views, Christ will then be reigning upon earth. The only alternative supposition is that he alludes to the "dispensation" after the millennium and preceding the final judgment, when Satan will be loosed for a little season. The Holy Spirit will retire if the Saviour comes to reign personally on earth; and the Saviour Himself must retire when the thousand years of His reign on earth are ended, if He also has to take part with the Father and the Holy Spirit in the salutation from Heaven. Is the Book of Revelation intended to comfort the faithful in the dark days of tribulation immediately preceding the general judgment, when they have been left without the Son and without the Spirit? We know not what other construction to put on the author's words; and the further question arises, In what future dispensation will there be churches in the state of Laodicea, and Thyatira, and Sardis?

The main design of the book is to expound Daniel's vision of the seventy weeks. The subject is, confessedly, a difficult one, and there are some points in connection with it which have as yet received no satisfactory explanation. Professor Stuart says

with reference to it: "It would require a volume of considerable magnitude even to give a history of the ever varying and contradictory opinions of critics respecting this *locus vexatissimus*, and perhaps a still larger one to establish an exegesis which would stand. I am fully of opinion that no interpretation as yet published will stand the test of thorough grammatico-historical criticism, and that a candid, and thorough, and searching *critique* is here still a *desideratum*; may some expositor fully adequate to the task speedily appear" (*Hints on the Interpretation of Prophecy*, p. 104). Whether our author has hit upon the true interpretation, or has added another to the list of failures, remains to be seen; but before proceeding to examine his exposition we must take some safe principle to guide us, and this is fortunately supplied by the author in the opening sentence of his preface: "It seems to be an axiom with many commentators that the prophetic Scriptures never mean precisely what they say, and the same license which is deemed legitimate in interpreting Scripture is used also when the facts of history are adduced as the fulfilment of it. In contrast with this, the language of the prophecies, save where it is avowedly symbolic, is here accepted as unreservedly as though the subject were a statute or a deed, and all theorising in respect of history is studiously avoided. The writer aims at so presenting the main scheme of prophecy as to render it both intelligible and interesting, even to those who may have shunned the study as being utterly dry or hopelessly mystical." This is a noble aim, and if he has realised his own ideal he has rendered important service to the cause of truth. Keeping his canon of interpretation in view, we shall briefly examine his exposition of Daniel's vision of the seventy weeks (chap. ix. 24—27). He lays down the following points: 1. The full meed of blessing promised to the Jews is deferred to the end of the seventy weeks; 2. Another period of seven weeks and sixty-two weeks is specified with equal certainty; 3. This second era dates from an edict to rebuild Jerusalem, not the temple, but the city; 4. The beginning of the seventieth week is to be signalised by the making of a covenant or treaty by a person described as "the prince that shall come," which covenant he will violate in the middle of the week by suppressing the Jews' religion; 5. And, consequently, the sixty-nine weeks, and the seventy weeks, date from the same era. The first point to be ascertained is the commencement of the period, or *terminus a quo*. Three decrees of the Persian kings are mentioned by Ezra, namely: 1. The edict of Cyrus for the rebuilding of the temple, B.C. 536; 2. The edict of Darius confirming that of Cyrus, B.C. 519—these dates are too early by many years; 3. In B.C. 458, Ezra received his commission from Artaxerxes as governor of Judea; and that is the date fixed upon by Dr. Humphrey Prideaux as the commencement of the seventy

weeks. Added to A.D. 33 (deducting one year for the transition from B.C. to A.D.), it gives the 490 years or seventy weeks exactly; but this date is objected to, because there is no mention of the rebuilding of the city in connection with it. In the twentieth year of Artaxerxes, Nehemiah received permission to rebuild the walls and fortifications, and this is the period now generally agreed upon as the commencement of the seventy weeks. Our author adopts B.C. 445 as the twentieth year of Artaxerxes, which, added to A.D. 33, gives 447 years. The length of the year is the next point to be settled, and we have the Lunar year of 354 days, the Lunisolar of 360 days, the Julian of 365 days, and the Julian intercalated of 365¼ days. The author adopts the Lunisolar year of 360 days; and as he fixes on B.C. 4 as the date of the Saviour's birth, and A.D. 32 as the year of His crucifixion, he arrives at his sixty-nine weeks, or 483 Lunisolar years exactly.

Thus far he is successful; indeed, it will occur to those who are acquainted with the intricacies and perplexities of ancient chronology, that his success is too complete. No carpenter ever fitted a cupboard into the corner of a room with greater nicety; but then he knew the size of the corner, and used his materials accordingly. The dates given by some of the chief authorities as the twentieth year of Artaxerxes are: Jahn 444, Hengstenberg 454, Hales 444, Calmet 449, and Usher 454 B.C., showing a discrepancy of ten years; still, our author is not far wrong, and we will not quarrel with him on this point. It is with the interpretation of the remaining part of the prophecy that we are chiefly concerned. "And the people of the prince that shall come shall destroy the city and the sanctuary." Taking the common-sense view of these words, we should not have considered it possible for any one to doubt their complete fulfilment in the destruction of Jerusalem and its temple, by the Roman army under Titus; and we do not believe that any amount of pleading, however plausible and ingenious, will ever shake the uniform testimony of Biblical scholars on this point; but our author tells us that the reference is not to the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus at all, but to a far more terrible destruction of the city and temple by the "coming prince," the last antichrist, at the end of the Gospel Age. Still more extraordinary is his interpretation of the last clause of the prophecy, "and he shall confirm a covenant with many for one week, and in the midst of the week he shall cause the sacrifice and the oblation to cease, and for the overspreading of abominations he shall make it desolate, even until the consummation, and that determined shall be poured upon the desolate." This of course refers to the transactions of the seventieth week; and again taking the common-sense view of the case, we should say: 1. That the sixty-ninth week would expire about the time when our Lord entered upon His public ministry;

2. That the remaining week, or seven years, was intended to be a special dispensation, including Christ's public ministry and sacrificial death; but that, 3. As the Jews wilfully rejected and crucified the Messiah, God, on account of this "overspreading of abominations," put a sudden end to the "sacrifice and oblation," *i.e.*, to the Jewish dispensation, before the week expired, and signified it by rending the veil of the temple from the top to the bottom. But our author holds that the seventieth week of Daniel's prophecy is still to come; that the entire Christian Age is interpolated between it and the sixty-ninth week; that when the Jews have returned to their own land, and the last antichrist has appeared, he will enter into a covenant with them for seven years, restoring their nationality and re-establishing their temple service; but that in the middle of the week he will break the covenant, destroy the city and temple, and inflict upon the Jewish people all the terrible calamities foretold by the Saviour in Matthew 24. The chronology of the vision of seventy weeks, he says, has no reference to anything but the national history of the Jews. During the whole Christian Age the Divine chronometer stands still; but when *antichrist* comes and enters into solemn league and covenant with God's ancient people, and their national existence is established by a treaty with the chief agent of the prince of darkness, the pendulum begins to swing again, and the seventy weeks are accomplished! He tells us, further, that when Christ preached, saying, "the kingdom of heaven is at hand," He in like manner interpolated the whole Christian Age, and referred to the kingdom which He should establish at His second coming, after the last antichrist has been destroyed; and yet he quotes the words in Matthew 24: "*Immediately* after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened," as a proof that "the abomination of desolation spoken of by the prophet Daniel" does not refer to anything that took place at the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, but will probably be some image of antichrist set up in the temple in the latter days. When it suits our author's convenience, "at hand" means two or three thousand years hence; but "immediately" means at once, without any interval whatever. This playing fast and loose with Holy Scripture is not to be commended; but he has other evidence of chronological suspension and interpolation. It is stated in the First Book of Kings that Solomon began to build the temple in the 480th year after the Exodus; but according to St. Paul's statement at Antioch, the interval, taking in the forty years of David's reign, and three years of the reign of Solomon, was 573 years. How is this discrepancy to be accounted for? Our author accounts for it thus: we learn from the Book of Judges that on five separate occasions the national existence of the Jews was suspended by their being delivered into the hands of their

enemies, and the five periods added together make just 93 years, or the exact difference between the statement in Kings and that of St. Paul. It is generally admitted that the date given in the First Book of Kings is an interpolation; but, be that as it may, Dr. Anderson has proved too much for his purpose, for there were similar suspensions of the national existence of the Jews even during the period of seventy weeks. To mention only two, Antiochus Epiphanes destroyed Jerusalem and abolished the temple service in B.C. 170, and their national life was suspended for at least three and a half years, and it ceased altogether in A.D. 8, when Judæa was reduced to the position of a province of the Roman Empire. Thus, there are four weeks to deduct from the sixty-nine, and on our author's theory the Messiah appeared about the end of the sixty-fifth week. If he contend that there was no suspension of national life under the Romans, because the temple service was still continued, it follows that they still retained their national existence till A.D. 70, when the city and temple were destroyed by Titus, so that the seventieth week was accomplished immediately after the Saviour's crucifixion, and was not postponed to the end of the Christian Age at all. Our author's theory is placed between the horns of this dilemma. But we may now return to his canon of interpretation as contained in the first paragraph of the preface. He promised that he would accept the language of the prophecies as unreservedly as though the subject were a statute or a deed. How has he kept his promise? We understood that seventy weeks were 490 years, but he tells us that the period includes two, or it may be, four thousand four hundred and ninety years. Take a parallel case. Suppose that a man enters into an agreement to pay £1,000 at the end of sixty-nine weeks, and a further sum of £1,000 at the end of the seventieth week; but that when the second payment is demanded he replies, "I have postponed the seventieth week for twenty-one years; it will commence on the first of January, 1902, and on the eighth of January in that year I will pay the money." If the case were taken into court, and Dr. Anderson were retained as counsel for the defendant, when he discovered the nature of the defence, would he not throw up his brief? It seems to us that by the first paragraph of the preface he has destroyed the foundation of his argument, and that by his own breath he has demolished the house of cards which he had built with so much trouble and skill.

The book contains an excellent chapter on the spread of scepticism and infidelity in the Christian Church itself. In the movements of the present day, the author sees the marshalling of the forces of the great predicted struggle between the apostasy of a false religion, and the apostasy of open infidelity. He does not believe that there is any remedy for the evil. "The attempt to

put back the rising tide of scepticism is hopeless. . . The reign of creeds is past; the days are gone for ever when men will believe what their fathers believed without a question. Rome in some phase of its development has a strange charm for minds of a certain caste, and rationalism is fascinating to not a few; but orthodoxy in the old sense is dead, and, if any are delivered, it must be by a deeper and more thorough knowledge of the Scriptures" (p. 15). We fully agree with him as to the importance of a fuller knowledge of God's Word; but if the deeper study of the unfulfilled prophecies is to result in such interpretations as he has given us of Daniel's seventy weeks, we would say, "Let the result be whispered amongst the faithful few; do not let the sceptics hear of it, lest it should increase their confidence, not in the Holy Scriptures, but in their own 'honest doubting.'" We hope we shall never need grades of mystery and degrees of initiation in the Christian Church. The author rightly holds that every true Christian has transcendental evidence of the truth of revealed religion which renders him proof against the most subtle attacks of infidelity; but he appears to hold transcendental views of the purposes for which the Bible has been given to us, and is jealous lest its practical aims should take precedence of its deeper mysteries. He says, "As men now judge of revelation, Christianity dwindles down to nothing but a 'plan of salvation' for individuals, and if St. John's Gospel and a few of the Epistles be left them they are content;" but to individual men the plan of salvation is everything, and the study of unfulfilled prophecy, however important in its place, is quite a secondary matter. The plan is embodied in the Apostolic commission to preach the Gospel to every creature. It was to it that Paul referred when he said, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth;" and when he exclaimed, "God forbid that I should glory," &c. Perhaps the author takes too gloomy a view of the present moral and spiritual aspects and tendencies of the age. The universal uprising against the authority of the past is undoubted, and its tendency is undeniably to encourage scepticism and infidelity. In the State, too, it may give rise to widespread disaffection and a demand for sweeping changes. But however startling, these things are not new; crises equally momentous have passed over society and left its foundations more secure than ever. At the very worst, the present upheaval may be but the means in God's hands, by which the great political and spiritual despotisms of the world are to be swept away. The Christian, while sincerely deprecating the general disintegration and the threatened dissolution of human society, can look on it without dismay, because he sees in it the fulfilment of the Divine declaration: "Yet once more I shake, not the earth only, but also

heaven; and this one word, yet once more, signifieth the removal of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things that cannot be shaken may remain" (Heb. xii. 26, 27). Whatever can perish shall perish, but we shall have a glorious inheritance in the things that remain, and amongst them will stand out conspicuously the Divine plan of salvation for all mankind, which is no other than "the eternal purpose which He purposed in Christ."

We have left ourselves little space to notice the remaining portions of the book, and must hasten to a close. The vision in the eighth chapter of Daniel, in our author's view, also embodies a prophecy of the last antichrist. The goat, representing the Grecian Empire, had at first only one horn (Alexander the Great), but when it was broken, four other horns, typifying the division of the empire into four kingdoms, took its place. Out of one of these, again, sprang a little horn, which our author holds to be the last antichrist. He admits the subordinate fulfilment of it in Antiochus Epiphanes, who destroyed Jerusalem and the temple, but contends for a higher fulfilment of it in days to come. We have only time for two remarks: 1. It is perfectly clear that this "king of fierce countenance" was to arise during the fourfold division of the Grecian Empire before it was incorporated with Rome; 2. We learn from the twelfth chapter of Daniel that the knowledge of the latter days was expressly withheld from him; but the vision of the eighth chapter is fully unfolded to him, showing that its fulfilment was near. Let any one compare the "go thy way Daniel," of the twelfth chapter, with the "make this man understand" of the eighth, and the difference will be manifest at once. Our author tells us also that Nebuchadnezzar's image of gold, &c., has not yet received its completion, and that the fourth beast of Daniel's vision is still without its ten horns, or, in other words, the Roman Empire has not yet been divided into ten kingdoms, though the Western Empire was overthrown by the barbarians in the fifth century, and the Eastern Empire perished above four centuries ago, when Constantinople was taken by the Turks! and, by consequence, the little horn which rooted up three others and took their place, has not yet come into existence. It is impossible for us to discuss this point; we only remark that, though Dr. Anderson has no sympathy with Rome, he is here following the interpretation of the Oxford Tractarians, whose chief object in maintaining that the prophecies in Daniel are still unfulfilled, is to avoid the identification of the little horn of the fourth beast with the Papal apostasy.

We add a few further particulars with reference to the "Coming Prince." He is to be a blasphemer and persecutor, a general and diplomatist. He is to spring up within the limits of the old Grecian Empire; and the King of Egypt shall push at

him, and the King of Syria shall come against him like a whirlwind, with chariots and with horsemen, and with many ships! There will be a wonderful revival of the influence of Papal Rome, as the Harlot seated on the ten-horned beast; her infamous greatness in times gone by shall be surpassed by the splendour of her glories in the dark days to come, when she has drawn within her pale, it may be, all that usurps the name of Christ on earth; and then "she shall claim as her willing vassal the last great monarch of the Gentile world." He will probably be obscure in his origin, but will raise himself to universal empire by the force of transcendent genius. Up to a certain epoch he will be no more than human, and at first will be a patron of religion; but in the end he will become a relentless and profane persecutor, and he will claim to be Divine and demand the worship of Christendom. The war in heaven between the archangel and the dragon will take place about three and a half years before the close of his career; Satan and his angels will be cast out into the earth; and Satan will have great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time. The Prince will be a great kaiser at the head of a confederacy of kings, who will be his lieutenants. He will sell himself to Satan and be energised by him, and then all power and signs and lying wonders shall characterise his after course. Satan will bestow upon him all that he offered to Christ during the temptation in the wilderness; and all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the Book of Life; and then the time of the seven last plagues shall come, and the vials of the wrath of God shall be poured out.

The book is written with great ability, and bears evidence of diligent study. It will probably be read extensively, and may become a standard work with those who are in sympathy with its views; but we would in conclusion express our own conviction that, whatever form the last antichrist may assume—whether that of a person or a system—it will be as unlike the portrait drawn in this book as our Saviour's first appearing was unlike the previous conceptions of the Jews concerning it. We say this without any disrespect for the author, as we are fully persuaded that the utmost sagacity and the most profound research will only enable us to see a very little way into the future, even under the guidance of the prophetic scriptures.

Tait's The Church of the Future.

The Church of the Future. By Archibald Campbell, Archbishop of Canterbury. London: Macmillan and Co. 1880.

In these plain and practical addresses, delivered last autumn in the course of his third quadrennial visitation, the Archbishop of

Canterbury discusses, in his usual large and tolerant spirit, some of the most perplexing and momentous questions of the day. At his advanced age, Dr. Tait does not expect to be able to undertake the labours of another visitation. He has been anxious, therefore, in this final charge, to leave on record his matured conviction of the nature of certain pressing difficulties which in this age greatly oppose the progress of the Church of Christ. What these difficulties are the Archbishop tells us in various places. He does not fear the growth of superstition. "The current of popular opinion throughout the world is all in the opposite direction. For us the impending controversy is with infidelity. Superstition may, for a time, raise its head, and does raise its head, in a strange and unexpected fashion, in some of the countries of Europe, attracting numbers as if it were the only antidote to unbelief, instead of being, as I believe it is, the handmaid of the same evil influence. Men will never be cured of believing too little by unscrupulous attempts to involve them in believing too much. . . . Still I cannot doubt that the most formidable of the two for us at present is infidelity." In his first address, therefore, after holding out the hand of fellowship to Protestant Christians of every name, the Archbishop dismisses, almost with impatience, "the conflicts about mint, anise, and cummin," by which we suppose he means the ritualistic controversies in the Church of England, and cherishes "the belief that the agitations of past years are subsiding, and that our Church will soon be allowed to brace itself with undivided energy for the great conflict of these latter days."

Since these words were written, the air has been disturbed by the prison cries of martyred clergymen, and by the clamour of a noisy if not numerous section of the unimprisoned clergy for the virtual repeal of that very Public Worship Regulation Act which the Primate lauds so highly in the present address. The memorial of more than 3,000 of the clergy, headed by some deans and other dignitaries of the Church, in favour of "even wider diversities of ceremonial," and the counter memorial of the Evangelicals presented recently to the Southern Convocation, scarcely bear out the mild optimism of this portion of the Archbishop's charge. His abounding charity, and his determination to preserve at all costs what he evidently believes with all his heart to be the best of all possible Churches, may have led him to underestimate the depth and the extent of the movement which "he congratulates himself has come to an end." Nor can we think him very successful when he attempts, in this same address, to reconcile the conflicting decisions by which the Ecclesiastical Courts have made it legal to teach certain doctrines through the ear, but illegal to teach them through the eye. "If the clergy be allowed more freely to assert their own private opinions through their

teaching in the pulpit than through the symbols of public worship, there is no inconsistency here; for it is of the very essence of addresses from the pulpit that they profess to be appeals to the reason and the conscience, and that no one is bound to accept the statements thus propounded; whereas in the common worship every man must take a part, and it is unfair to make him join in acts which he believes his Church has not sanctioned." To this the Ritualists reply that the ceremonial is only a natural expression of the doctrines, and consequently that to allow the doctrines to be taught while forbidding the ceremonial, is a ridiculous contradiction; and we agree with them. We hope, however, that the Primate is not "too sanguine in believing that the overwhelming majority of Churchmen are tired and ashamed of such disputes, and that our people desire a well-ordered, hearty, and attractive ritual, but are perfectly staunch in their dislike of semi-Romish innovations."

It will be seen already that the title given to this charge is employed in a more limited sense than is usually put upon the words. *The Church of the Future* here means "the old Church of England freed from certain modern accretions on the one side and on the other, which have grown round its authoritative creed in times of deadness or unnatural activity." "Catholic in its connection with antiquity and with the Universal Church, Protestant in its opposition to the encroachments of the Roman see." This Church, then, "its catholicity, its conflict with the atheist, the deist, the rationalist, its dogmatic teaching, its work, its cathedrals," is the real subject of the book; and the treatment of so many topics is naturally free and discursive rather than full and exact. The most valuable chapters, perhaps, are those which deal with unbelief. The force of argument displayed in those on atheism and deism, especially, is very considerable; but we cannot agree with Dr. Tait in his estimate of the forces of the enemy. Like him, we do not much fear the spread of atheism in its grosser forms. As education advances there will be fewer and fewer adherents, even among the working class, of the creed that consists of negations. What we do fear exceedingly, is the spread of an enlightened Agnosticism. The deism of to-day presents itself in more attractive and philosophical forms than it did in the last century. But even with these advantages it is not spreading, nor is it likely to spread. No one, of course, can trace all the directions in which the mind of a nation is drifting; but, unless we are greatly mistaken, the immediate danger in this country is not so much of the spread of a belief in a God who remains an idle spectator of the universe He has made, or whose impersonal and unconscious being cannot be distinguished from nature. The danger just now is the spread of a feeling which is at the root of much of the secularism of

the day, a general despondency, a doubt whether the great questions which are ever inviting and ever baffling thought are not insoluble. Superficial thinkers seem only too ready to take it for granted that certainty in religious matters is hopeless. However irrational in its foundation and pernicious in its effects upon society, this sort of "faith that a faith cannot be" is far more prevalent than is sometimes supposed, and those best able to judge confess with sadness that this subtle form of nescience is spreading in all classes of society.

Of the methods which the Archbishop recommends the Churches to adopt in meeting unbelief we cannot speak too highly. Sound reasoning and charity will win the day. The old and well-worn weapons are the best, if only we are careful to give them a new edge, and wield them with discretion. By numerous examples the Archbishop shows us how to use them to advantage; and the spirit breathing through his words is even finer than the argument. Like Father Gratry, he would have us see in every foe a possible brother, nay, a probable auxiliary, if, instead of smiting him with the sword, we envelope him in sweet and holy light. "Nothing will be lost but much gained by exercising that charity which hopeth all things towards these doubters and deniers of the truth of Christianity, and by seeking to cherish all the truth and goodness that we find in them, and fan it to a brighter light." Christian apologists, both in the home and foreign field, would do well to ponder these truly Christian words; and Christian workers in all the Churches will profit by the wise and weighty counsels scattered through this useful book.

Lucock's After Death.

After Death; an Examination of the Testimony of Primitive Times respecting the State of the Faithful Dead, and their Relationship to the Living. In Two Parts. By Herbert Mortimer Lucock, D.D., Canon of Ely, Examining Chaplain to the Bishop, and sometime Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. Rivingtons. 1879.

This is a most careful and interesting work on a subject of considerable importance. The first part deals with "The state of the faithful dead and the good offices of the living in their behalf." The second treats of "The good offices of the faithful dead in behalf of the living." The author presents the testimony of Holy Scripture, of the Catacombs, the Primitive Liturgies, and the early Fathers upon these questions. As an Anglican, he, of course, limits his inquiry to the times of the undivided Church, and seeks to apply the Vincentian rule of catholicity, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus creditum est.*

Mr. Lucock writes both as an investigator and an advocate. As an investigator he is thorough, and his inferences are, for the most part, sound. The points upon which we differ from him are chiefly those where the question is largely decided by the initial bias of the inquirer. We may name one or two of these. Mr. Lucock brings much evidence to show that the habit of praying for the dead was widely established among the Jews in the time of our Lord, and he argues that His silence upon the subject is to be interpreted as His approval of the practice. We cannot agree to this. The argument from silence is far from satisfactory, and we think that students of the Gospel will agree with us, that it was not the wont of our Lord directly to deal with the doctrines of His day, save where they vitally affected the spiritual life of His hearers. It was beneath His dignity to do so. He revealed the truth, silently setting it side by side with error; and we maintain that His sole authority over the faith of His disciples made it necessary that He should have given His distinct *imprimatur* to the doctrine, had He willed that it should be held. When we pass to the texts which Mr. Lucock cites we find that in every case his conclusion rests upon a controverted interpretation. For instance, his appeal to the declaration, "He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness, but is guilty of an eternal sin" (St. Mark iii. 20), is set aside for all who believe that the final rejection of our Lord involves the "unpardonable sin," and that, therefore, though there be only one such sin, all who have passed impenitent before the Judge have committed it. So with his appeal to St. Paul's mention of baptism "for the dead," in the first Epistle to the Corinthians, or his prayer for Onesiphorus, in the second Epistle to Timothy, "The Lord grant unto him that he may find mercy of the Lord in that day." The worth of the latter depends on the uncertain supposition that Onesiphorus was dead; of the former, upon a doubtful explanation of a most difficult text. Again, we think that Mr. Lucock builds too much on such inscriptions in the Catacombs as "*Refrigeris in pace Dei*," or "*Vivas in Deo*." He appeals to the Catholic "*Requiescat in pace*," to show that such phrases are more than pious exclamations. We admit that they ultimately became so as the doctrine has developed. But it is quite possible that they may have grown almost insensibly into definitely conceived petitions, and at least the commoner "*in pace*" upon the tombs show how widely the early Church differed from the later, as to the immediate blessedness of the faithful dead. From this point the evidence becomes indisputable. The early Liturgies and all the Fathers bear witness to the apparently universal practice; and although none of the first four Councils pronounced upon it, yet the Council of Chalcedon (A.D. 451) tacitly sanctioned the general custom. Even in the Church of

England it has been maintained by many of the foremost divines, and John Wesley, in his second letter to Bishop Lavington (Works, ix. 55), admits praying "for the faithful departed."

As to the other matter, "The intercession of departed saints and their invocate by the living," Mr. Lucock is able to quote the Apocalypse, and a consensus of the Fathers in favour of the belief that the departed pray, at least, generally for the kingdom of our Lord on earth; but as to invocation, not only is there no scriptural sanction, but much vacillation among the Fathers.

As the result of his inquiry Mr. Lucock urges the desirability of returning to the primitive custom, at least privately, as to prayers for the faithful departed, but discourages invocation as only of uncertain authority. It is here that we disagree with him. Of course, while allowing great weight to general agreement on any doctrine of the faith, we are not prepared to take the Vincentian Canon as our standard of truth. But, if we were, we cannot see that Mr. Lucock has satisfied it, even as to the habit of praying for the faithful departed. "*Quod semper*" must, at all events, include Apostolicity as one of the marks of Catholic truth. And the evidence which Mr. Lucock adduces is far from sufficient to convince us that the practice was Apostolic. To our mind we have here one instance of many in which a faith, at the outset both beautiful and true, has grown into a dangerous corruption. We have only to glance at the facts to see how the whole theory was developed. The simple and beautiful faith of the early Christians made their realisation of the Communion of Saints extremely vivid. The insecurity of their earthly fortunes, and their constant life in the unseen, made their sense of separation from the departed smaller than ours, while their earnest expectation of the Parousia as imminent, and as alone consummating the bliss of the Church, led them to dwell upon the present imperfection even of the blessed dead more than we do. So far they were right. But gradually their doctrine advanced, till it left part of the work of sanctification to be done in the future life. Having thus extended their notion of the imperfection of the departed, it became natural to pray for the remission of *venial* sins, and Chrysostom even advocates prayers for those who have died in *mortal* sin. From this point it was inevitable that the later dogma of purgatory should be conceived; and we fail to see how, if the soul be not perfectly sanctified in this life, it is possible that discipline should be absent in the next. The growth of the custom of invocation is to be explained in a similar way. As long as prayer for the departed is after the pattern of the Burial Service, "That we, with all those who are departed in Thy faith and fear, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in Thy eternal and everlasting glory," or is only the natural expression of our continued love, and an assertion of our union with

those who are "gone before," nothing needs to be said against it. But beyond that, we think it both unscriptural and unsafe.

With these reservations, we heartily commend Mr. Lucock's work to all who wish to know the facts of the question.

Warren's Savonarola.

Savonarola, the Florentine Martyr; a Reformer before the Reformation. By Elizabeth Warren, Author of "The Story of Martin Luther," &c. London: S. W. Partridge and Co. 1880.

The publication of this little book was suggested by a friend of the authoress; and it would certainly have been a pity had it been kept out of general reach. For rarely has the life of the great Florentine been told so well, with a clearer appreciation of his character in its deficiencies as well as in its excellencies, or with a more loving regard for the sincerity and godly loyalty that marked his career to the close. The incidents of his life are depicted with vividness, while the man himself, in all his moods, is seen clearly amidst the popularity of his best days at Florence, and amidst the obloquy and torture of the end. His relationships with the political agitations that disturbed his city are distinctly traced, and the interest of the book is increased by the occasional introduction of contemporary figures. The authoress is thoroughly at home with the history of the period to which Savonarola belonged, and has succeeded in producing an account of his saintly character and career, which, for the purposes of general readers, has not been exceeded. It is as reliable and accurate as it is spirited and readable.

Fox's Memoir of H. W. Fox.

A Memoir of the Rev. Henry Watson Fox, B.A., of Wadham College, Oxford; Missionary to the Telugu People, South India. By the Rev. George Townshend Fox, M.A. New Edition. London: Religious Tract Society.

The Rev. H. W. Fox was born in 1817, and died at the age of thirty-one. After an ordinary career at Rugby and Wadham, he was sent by the Church Missionary Society to Masulipatam, and spent the next six years, with the exception of a brief visit home, in evangelical work amongst the Telugus. Towards the close of 1847 his health failed; and though it so far improved upon his return to England as to permit him to undertake the duties of assistant secretary to the society, the excitement and

overwork of that post caused a relapse that quickly proved fatal. It was fitting thirty years ago that the memoir of such a man should be written. But only very special circumstances or the intrinsic importance of the career to society could justify the publication of a new edition after the lapse of so long a period. Those circumstances are sufficiently detailed in the preface and an appendix. It appears that upon Mr. Fox's death his friends, to testify their admiration of his character and labours, established in memory of him the "Rugby Fox Mastership" in the native school at Masulipatam, and connected it further with Rugby by the institution of an annual sermon and collection amongst the boys in its behalf. The organisation has continued to the present, and has indeed survived the memory of the man in whose honour it was formed. For the previous editions of his biography had been out of print so long that neither the Rugby boys themselves nor sometimes the preachers of the annual sermon could obtain any information about him. And it was but reasonable that his brother should respond to the requests that were addressed to him by issuing this slightly abridged edition.

The great bulk of the volume consists of Mr. Fox's letters, some of which contain information about the religious thought of India that will always be of value: beyond which the book has a devotional tone of exceeding beauty. No one can read it without recognising in its subject a thorough Christian, whose chief aim was to glorify God amid experiences of loneliness and sorrow rarely surpassed. And no one can read it sympathetically without having his own spirit searched, and becoming both humbler and wiser in the things of God.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Some Recent Anthologies.

English Sonnets. A Selection. Edited by John Dennis, Author of "Studies in English Literature." Second Edition. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co., 1, Paternoster Square. 1881.

English Sonnets by Living Writers. Selected and Arranged with a Note on the History of the Sonnet, by Samuel Waddington. London: George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden. 1881.

Horace's Odes Englished and Imitated by Various Hands. Selected and Arranged by W. F. Cooper. London: George Bell and Sons, York Street, Covent Garden. 1880.

An anthology of sonnets is an undertaking that has much in its favour at the start—and more now than ever. When Capel Loft adventured in this field of compilation, the sonnet was still fighting its way up into favour as a naturalised poetic form in England. The same may be said of the time, now not much less than half a century ago, when Housman brought out his charming volume of three hundred sonnets. But by the time Leigh Hunt gave his sanction and his admirable essay to the undertaking of Mr. S. Hamilton Lee, and *The Book of the Sonnet* such as we have it was the result, spreading culture had co-operated with the sonnet's growth in favour to produce a wide variety of competent sonnetteers on both sides of the Atlantic. Subsequent anthologists have not failed to see that the growth on this side by far exceeded the growth on that, as was natural in a country so much the elder in civilisation; and in the meantime more men and women of sonnetteering talent have ripened and died; and Mr. Dennis had better opportunities than Hunt and his colleague, Mr. Main better opportunities than Mr. Dennis. The two last-named sonnet-anthologists have restricted their collections—the one wholly and the other mainly to the work of "vanished hands," and to supplement those collections by means of one from the work of living writers, was an excellent thought of Mr. Waddington's. We hear rumours of a further development in the shape of a volume of sonnets, all hitherto unpublished, to be issued by Mr. Elliot Stock, and this also all lovers of the sonnet will welcome.

The sonnet, as written by living men and women in England, bears a higher importance to the whole mass of contemporary verse than the sonnet as written fifty years ago did to the whole mass of verse of that period,—chiefly because culture has spread the practice of verse writing so much wider than of yore, that numberless men and women who are not usually poets, because they are debarred from "the life poetic," have, nevertheless, in the stress and strain of work-a-day life, poetic intervals or snatches of emotional production; and the sonnet is just the form that can be taken up and indulged in during such intervals. Thus many people may produce a few admirable sonnets who do nothing else in verse worth preserving; and we repeat that this is more so than ever at the present day. The time may come when that beautiful form the rondeau shall be sufficiently naturalised also to be seriously used in this way as the sonnet is, but it will not be yet: that form must serve its apprenticeship in the gay workshop of *vers de société* first; but its apprenticeship ought not to be so long as that of the sonnet. Meantime we have to do with the sonnet, which has long ago done its apprenticeship, and especially with Mr. Dennis's and Mr. Waddington's collections; Mr. Dennis's is already well known; but a second edition, lately published, challenges fresh observation. It is dedicated to John William Inchbold, the painter, with graceful reference to his own doings as a sonnetteer—of which doings, by the bye, the public have been enabled to judge since Mr. Dennis's collection was first published; for Mr. Inchbold issued in 1876 a little volume of sonnets entitled *Annus Amoris*, many of which are charming.

"Designed for the student of poetry," and not for "the reader who takes up a volume of verse in order to pass away an idle hour," Mr. Dennis's volume commands a certain respect; but we think the compiler is somewhat over-bold in anticipating for it a place beside Mr. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*. It is a very slight collection as to bulk, consisting of less than two hundred sonnets, and yet finding room for such work as that of Charlotte Smith, Henry Alford, Alexander Smith, and Helen Maria Williams,—this last because Wordsworth praised a sonnet of hers which Mr. Dennis himself does not consider "of remarkable excellence." The number of sonnetteers represented is only fifty-three in all; and it would take but small consideration to find many names worthier to be represented than several that appear in this limited list. Dobell, for instance, was a better man than Alexander Smith, and so also, we are disposed to think, was Stanyan Bigg. Clough and Beddoes are decidedly better men than either of them, and find no place in the collection; while Sara Coleridge, also unrepresented, is far superior to the two ladies named above. The omission of Charles Tennyson Turner is a truly astonishing omission; and Sir Thomas Wyatt, Barnaby

Barnes, Horace Smith, John Sterling, Thomas Noon Talfourd, and F. W. Faber, may be mentioned at random as authors of sonnets entitled to consideration in a collection extending to such names as we have already cited. Then the selection of sonnets from a particular poet is not always unimpeachable. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, for instance, might be much better exemplified. The notes are useful, but are mainly compiled from other writers; and the book, though well arranged, is a coarse, inferior specimen of typography. In this respect it is in notable contrast with the other sonnet anthology we have at present to do with, to wit, Mr. Waddington's dainty little volume.

English Sonnets by Living Writers is indeed a delightful volume for a pocket companion; probably two-thirds of the sonnets in it will give pleasure to any lover of English nineteenth-century verse not inveterately prejudiced against this particular form; indeed, mere curiosity should make it agreeable reading from one end to the other, including the light and not very profound or original "note on the history of the sonnet," which Mr. Waddington has added by way of appendix. The arrangement here adopted lends itself to pleasurable effect; Mr. Waddington does not put all the sonnets from one hand in a single group as Mr. Dennis does, but goes from poet to poet, or from poet to sonnetteer, as the case may be, so as to give his collection the taking glitter of a particoloured necklace. As regards the choice among living sonnetteers, we cannot record an unqualified agreement with Mr. Waddington. We are not prepared to say that any one name included in his roll of sonnetteers should not have been included, because some sonnets of little or no merit which we find here may not fairly represent their authors; but we have no hesitation in saying that a considerable number of names not represented here are worthier of a place than several that are represented; and further, that if room could not be found for all, some of the authors who are very fully represented might reasonably have had less space assigned to them to make room for a wider variety of work. Had Mr. Waddington espoused the narrower and perhaps right view that the so-called "Guidonian" sonnet is essentially the best form of sonnet, we could have understood why so many veteran English poets are excluded; but, on the contrary, he expressly defends the latitudinarian view of the sonnet, and in practice admits any form of quatorzain that has any reasonable pretensions to be called a sonnet. Of unrepresented living sonnetteers we name, at random, Thomas Gordon Hake, Philip James Bailey, H. Sewell Stokes, W. J. Linton, William Barnes, J. A. Heraud, J. Watson Dalby, Martin Tupper, Westland Marston, Robert Browning, R. H. Horne, Charles Tomlins, James Thomson ("B.V."), W. M. Rossetti, William Morris, Sir Henry Taylor, Edwin Arnold, Theodore Watts, William Davies, F. Wyville Home, George

Barlow, and Alfred Forman. Of all these we may say that both the men and their printed sonnets (original sonnets) might easily be found by means of such a machinery as must have been employed in the compilation of Mr. Waddington's book; and the same is true of "George Eliot," who was a "living writer" when the little book in question came out, though now, alas! no more among us. A little further search might have discovered three really notable sonnetteers in the persons of James Spedding (dead too, alas, since the little book was issued), and the two talented daughters of Sir Henry Taylor, not to mention a considerable number of other meritorious but less accessible writers of sonnets.

As we have challenged a somewhat wide comparison, we may perhaps be expected to put something in evidence in the way of sonnets from some of the hands mentioned above as unrepresented in Mr. Waddington's selections. Take first the following sonnet on Newton from Horne's *Cosmo de' Medici and other Poems* (1875).

"The earth was but a platform for thy power,
Whereon to watch and work, by day and night;
The moon, to thee, was but heaven's evening flower;
The sun, a loftier argument of light.
Each planet was thy fellow-traveller bright;
In vision—and, in thought, still nearer home,—
Throughout the universe thy soul took flight,
And touch'd at suns whose rays may never come!

"Tho' star-tranced Tycho, and the thought sublime
Of Kepler, fathom'd Heaven's infinity,
To thee 'twas left to prove the laws that chime
Through spheres and atoms—being, and to be
Profound, alike, in thy humility—
'A child that gather'd shells—kneeling beside the sea.'"

Though perhaps a little less carefully written than Mr. Marzials' "Love, the Intimidator," the vigorous sonnet of the veteran author of "Orion" certainly loses nothing by being set opposite this hollow piece of mere imitation occupying p. 86 of Mr. Waddington's book:

"Beside a fountain's spurting trumpeter,
A large white-throated lady lean'd and flung
Her long-sleeved arms above her dulcimer,
And quick the glib notes rang along her tongue,
Like rose and fruit. 'Ah, bitter Love!' she sung;
Then lustily: 'Sweet Death, the comforter!'
It chanced that Love, the garden slopes among,
Came like the palmer, Death, and look'd at her.

"The lady swoon'd amid her stiff brocades.
And wept amain, though Love laugh'd low and sweet.
She call'd on Love, but Love with rapid feet,
Pass'd out amid the sombre laurel-shades,
Unto the chamber of her nooning maids,
And bade them broider at her winding-sheet."

As a sonnet this is obviously well compacted; but it is wholly without impulse or real fervour—not the offspring of a poetic moment, but, we may safely say, a deliberate study in verse full of echoes of the æsthetic workshop. Not a whit less favourably will Mr. W. J. Linton's earnest and heartfelt poem, "A Prayer for Truth" (from *Claribel and Other Poems*, 1865), compare with this executive dexterity where there is nothing to execute:

"O God! the Giver of all which men call good
Or ill, the Origin and Soul of Power!
I pray to Thee, as all must in their hour
Of need, for solace, medicine, or food,
Whether aloud, or secretly—understood
No less by Thee. I pray: but not for fame,
Nor Love's best happiness, nor place, nor wealth,
I ask Thee only for that spiritual health,
Which is perception of the true—the same
As in Thy nature. So to know, and aim
Tow'rd Thee my thought, my word, my whole of life.
It matters little whether care, or strife,
Hot sun, or cloud, o'erpass this earthly day:
Night cometh, and my star climbeth Thy heaven-way."

We should not expect "the general reader" to find out this poet for himself; but an anthologist might do so; and Mr. Linton has certainly been prominently enough before the public in various capacities for these forty years and more. And the Rev. William Barnes has not been very much less time a frequent producer of volumes of highly appreciated poetry. It is true that his sonnets are not his happiest efforts; but some of his Dorsetshire poems are so superlatively happy that less excellent than the best with him is still extremely good. The following sonnet, "Rural Nature" (from *Poems partly of Rural Life*, in national English, 1846), may be given as a fair sample of a chaste and gentle poetic mood:

"Ye airs of sunny spring that softly blow
With whisp'ry breathings o'er the grasses blade;
Ye grass-bespangling flow'rs—too soon to fade—
That now in gem-like brightness round me grow:
Ye saplings, and ye green bough'd trees, that throw
Your waving shadows on the sunny glade;
Thou lowland stream, whose wending waters flow,
Like molten silver, in the hoarse cascade.

"Give vice the noisy town, and let the great
Ride mighty o'er the earth with pride and power;
Give avarice his gold: but let me flee
Where cold and selfish hearts live not to hate
And scorn. Oh, take me to thy lonely bow'r,
Sweet rural nature! Life is dear for thee."

The mood here is genuine, and characteristic of the Dorsetshire poet, philologer, and pastor, and it thus has a value greater than

it would have from its mere executive excellence; but even in execution it is good, and altogether it would have introduced an element much rarer in Mr. Waddington's book than the tricky and shallow substitute for thoughtfulness of Mrs. Meynell's "A Young Convert" (p. 43):

> "Who knows what day I answer for to-day?
> Giving the bud I give the flower. I bow
> This yet unfaded and a faded brow;
> Bending these knees and feeble knees, I pray.
> Thoughts yet unripe in me I bend one way,
> Give one repose to pain I know not now,
> One leaven to joy that comes, I guess not how.
> Oh, rash! (I smile) as one, when spring is grey,
> Who dedicates a land of hidden wheat.
> I fold to-day at altars far apart
> Hands trembling with what toils! In their retreat
> I sign my love to come, my folded art.
> I light the tapers at my head and feet,
> And lay the crucifix on this silent heart."

The attempt to pack with meanings the narrow space of the sonnet here produces a sense of strain all the way through, and wholly breaks down in the last and most important line, which does not mean what it is meant to mean: "this silent heart" is clearly intended to do duty for "this heart when it shall have become silent," but the phrase will not bear that meaning.

It would be bootless to extend the citation further, though it could easily be carried to an indefinite extent; and, after all, we do not wish to be captious in regard to the little book under discussion—unpretentious, agreeable, and in most ways excellent as far as it goes; but when we take it as it is meant to be taken, together with Mr. Main's or Mr. Dennis's collection of sonnets by deceased writers, the conviction rests with us that *the* book of the sonnet has yet to be compiled. This conviction we do not express, as might perhaps be thought, in the absence of knowledge of Mr. Main's *Treasury of Sonnets*, but with a full acquaintance with the contents of that admirable but by no means final book. At present we have not to review and criticise Mr. Main's labours, which must have been most close and conscientious; but we owe it to him to correct Mr. Waddington's unqualified statement that "neither of these anthologies (Mr. Main's and Mr. Dennis's) has included the sonnets of living writers." The fact is that, in the notes to Mr. Main's *Treasury*, no less than thirty-one sonnets, by twenty-four living writers, are included.

We will take leave of our English sonnetteers for the present by quoting a sonnet from the second edition of Mr. Stokes's *Chantry Owl* volume, reviewed in our last number. We give it as a new sonnet from the poet of Cornwall, albeit he has written others that are better:

VIOLETS FROM THE GRAVE OF KEATS.

"I fain believe your hand these violets gave,
And that they were this morning cull'd by you
From the blue cluster which, impearl'd with dew,
Diffused its fragrance on the poet's grave.
'Twas kind as thoughtful, gentle friend, to save
These tender blossoms from the winter wind
Which chills e'en your bright clime, and yet more kind,
Since I no more may cross the Southern wave,
To send these tokens of that hapless youth,
Who, while his brow was wreathed with deathless flowers,
Felt in his fainting breast the envenom'd tooth,
And found but one true friend in his last hours;
Though Shelley now by his dear side is sleeping,
And many come, and few refrain from weeping."

Mr. Cooper's *Horace's Odes Englished and Imitated by Various Hands* is a very different kind of anthology from either of those we have just been examining, and one implying greater labour and research than either Mr. Dennis's or Mr. Waddington's. It is not a complete translation of the Odes of Horace, though of many of them more translations than one are given; but it evidences in a very remarkable way the hold that Horace has taken upon the minds of cultivated Englishmen during the last three centuries. From the Earl of Surrey down to Thomas Hood there have been an astonishing number of poets who have translated Odes of Horace; and it is mainly within the period which those names embrace that Mr. Cooper has carried on the work of selection. This is a wide period, it is true, but not one which yields a conclusion of the whole matter, for there have been several admirable translators of Horace of later date, and some are still among us. The book is most interesting, as exemplifying not only the styles in vogue at various dates, but also the several phases of the history of translation among us. To say that there are two theories of poetic translation, one of which is adopted by every translator who enters this difficult field, is only a very qualified truth. Doubtless every man who essays seriously in this direction decides for himself at starting whether he shall aim at verbal accuracy in rendering his authors, or shall attempt rather to catch the style and spirit, and thus make it his first care to produce a poem perfect in English; but it would be difficult to find two translators of any originality, whether adopting the one or the other general theory, whose practice is identical. The theorist must in practice "draw the line somewhere:" if the verbal accuracy-man is no artist, he is not worth considering at all; if he is an artist, he must perforce occasionally sacrifice verbal accuracy to propriety of expression and even to intelligibleness; and, on the other hand, those men who make it their first principle that a good poem shall not be translated into a bad one —that the beautiful shall remain beautiful—may be exercised in

twenty different ways as to the precise amount of divergence from absolute literality of rendering which is to be regarded as admissible under their own theory. It is as an exemplification of these various shades of theory, as modified by the exigencies of practice, that we find this Horatian anthology of Mr. Cooper's peculiarly interesting. As a book of Horace's Odes we should have preferred to see it complete, at the sacrifice of some of the duplicate and triplicate renderings of particular odes; but from the standpoint at which we have been looking at the book this is a matter of minor importance. To us it is peculiarly a book for the student of English literature, and of a most important and fascinating branch of English literature—the exotic branch. The student of Horace does not very much want such a book; but to any one who looks with pride and curiosity on the astonishing vigour of transplantation which has for centuries been shown by our poets—albeit none may venture to accuse us of lack of originality in poetry, to any one not already profoundly versed in English poetic translations—the book will be something of a revelation. But beside the richness of the volume from this point of view, there is another claim of Mr. Cooper on the gratitude of the lovers of anthologies—a term including all literary students who have not time to be exhaustive on their own account: there is a second part, consisting of imitations of Horace. Of these last there are of course a great number with which every one who is likely to take up the book will be more or less familiar; but a far greater number of these clever compositions will be new to most readers. Here again it seems a pity that a number of living or recent writers have been excluded; but every one knows that an anthologist who begins to work from a point of view that obliges him to include recent compositions incurs the danger, almost amounting to certainty, of setting his heart upon some particular half-dozen verses which a churlish copyright proprietor will not concede him the right to publish.

Philosophical Classics for English Readers.

Blackwood's Philosophical Classics for English Readers. Edited by William Knight, LL.D., Moral Philosophy Professor, University of St. Andrew's.

Descartes. With Portrait. By Professor Mahaffy, Trinity College, Dublin.

Butler. With Portrait. By Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A., Honorary Canon of Peterborough.

Berkeley. With Portrait. By A. Campbell Fraser, LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.

A captious critic deplores, in one of the monthly reviews, "the

superabundance of cheap manuals, with boiled-down biography and ready-made criticism, and easy off-hand estimates of famous men," which characterises our literature. We do not think the strictures apply to what has hitherto appeared of this series. Its aim, indeed, is popular; there are thousands of fairly educated people whose notions about the chief systems of philosophy and their founders are of the vaguest. Surely it is a good work to supply this large class with sound information as to the work of individual philosophers—"how they received the problem of philosophy from their predecessors, with what additions they handed it on to those who followed them, and what they thus contributed to the increasing purpose of the world's thought and its organic development." That is the object that Messrs. Blackwood have in view. Naturally, therefore, the writer of each biography "translates the discussion out of the technical dialect of the schools into the ordinary language of common life." Professor Mahaffy is peculiarly successful in doing this. Those who know his books about Greece, ancient and modern, and the way in which he has given a fresh charm to old Greek literature, will not need to be assured that his *Descartes* is very pleasant reading, while it is also an excellent popular introduction to the Cartesian philosophy. Like Professor Fraser with Berkeley, he aims at unfolding Descartes' thought in connection with his personal history. Mr. Lucas could hardly do this for Bishop Butler, for his personal history is comparatively *nil*. Steere's *Remains* contain what little he has left about himself apart from his writings; but Descartes is almost as personal as Montaigne; and Berkeley, the idealist, was a man of such winning ways that, when he was introduced to London literary life by Steele and Swift, he literally carried every one with him. Between him and Descartes there is this other point of resemblance, that just as the Frenchman was a noble and a courtier before he was a philosopher, so Berkeley never forgot his philanthropic schemes while arguing against Matter. Human suffering was to him a very real fact, which it was his duty to alleviate, whether by founding a Utopia at the Bermudas, or by doses of tar-water.

"Of Butler's private tastes and habits," says his biographer, "we know very little, save that he was fond of building and of music;" he is far more a philosopher, and nothing else, than either of the others. The weakness of Descartes' character was his lack of moral courage: he endeavoured to make his speculations square with transubstantiation—to show that he was thoroughly orthodox after all. This did not interfere with his influence on the thought of Europe, which Mr. Mahaffy judges to have been far greater than that of Bacon; for the Dublin professor is one of those who believe Bacon to have been immensely overrated, and who look on his "method" as mere talk, of very little

account even in forwarding experiment. Dugald Stewart long ago had set Descartes "at the head of the whole modern movement of metaphysical philosophy." Taught by the Jesuits of La Flèche, he broke away from their teaching before he was twenty years old, and, determining to lay a new foundation for philosophy, started with the assumption that human consciousness is the true basis of all scientific research, and that the only true philosophic method is an analysis of the facts of consciousness. As then natural science is based on inductions drawn from actual observation of the world without, so metaphysical science is based on inductions similarly drawn from reflection on the world within. Of course Descartes did not mean the famous aphorism "Cogito ergo sum" to be in the proper logical sense an argument, else he would be open to the charge of *petitio principii* so often laid against him. In his reply to Gassendi he explains his meaning. The very moment there are phenomena of any kind within our consciousness, that moment the mind becomes cognisant of its own existence. The Latin words then are simply an appeal to consciousness. Where am I to find the first ground of certainty? In the veracity of your consciousness. You *think*, and what does thinking include? Manifestly a subject and an object; by the first act of consciousness, therefore, the *Me* takes possession of and affirms itself.

Descartes' life, as we said, was eventful for a philosopher's. He served at Breda under the Prince of Orange, and even found his way to England, where the breaking out of the civil war prevented him from settling. Returning to Holland, he was invited to Stockholm by Queen Christina. There he died, after a sojourn of only four months; and very soon his views had become so popular that even the ladies were divided into Cartesians and non-Cartesians.

Butler's life is in many ways a contrast to that of Descartes. Born at Wantage, in 1692, he was educated first at the Wantage Grammar School, to the head master of which he gave a comfortable living as soon as he had any preferment to give away. At his next school, which was kept by a celebrated dissenting teacher, Samuel Jones, he had among his schoolfellows two embryo Church dignitaries—Secker, who became Archbishop of Canterbury, and Maddox, afterwards Bishop of Worcester. Chandler, the Nonconformist divine, Dr. N. Lardner, and Bowes, who rose to be Lord Chancellor of Ireland, were also with him under Mr. Jones. Butler stayed with this able teacher till he was over one-and-twenty, and wrote from school the first of his letters to Dr. Samuel Clarke, of Norwich. His long stay with Mr. Jones was due to the same cause which led to his being placed under him—his parents' wish that he should be a Presbyterian minister. Why he was led to conform to the Church Mr. Collins does not say.

Certain it is that in 1714 he entered at Oriel, and that there he made with Talbot, son of the Bishop of Salisbury, a friendship which shaped his after life. Talbot's father, who had been translated to Durham, gave him the living of Haughton, near Darlington, and then, on Secker's representing that he was likely to ruin himself by rebuilding the parsonage, he transferred him to Stanhope in Weardale, "the golden rectory." No trace is left of his sojourn at Stanhope, except a sun-dial, the inscription on which, *Ut hora sic vita*, is probably his, and the old book of accounts known as Butler's book. Meanwhile he was preaching at the Rolls Chapel the sermons which are one of his titles to fame. A sermon preached at Court won him the appointment of royal chaplain; but Queen Caroline forgot him, and when Secker spoke of him, she replied: "I thought Mr. Butler was dead." "No, madam; but he is buried," was the answer. He was at once esteemed, and being made Prebendary of Rochester and Clerk of the Closet, he now regularly attended those little supper parties, at which Dr. S. Clarke, Hoadley, Sherlock, and Secker used to discuss metaphysics and theology before the Queen. Probably his experience of the unsatisfactoriness of such discussions led him to prepare his methodical defence of Christianity. The Queen died before a bishopric fell vacant; but the King carried out her dying wish by giving him the see of Bristol, of which, by the way, the revenue was then less than £500 a year. Butler was by no means pleased; and his letter to Walpole, accepting the see, quaintly expresses his vexation. However, according to the lax rules of that day, he was able to keep his prebend and to hold Stanhope *in commendam*, till he got the deanery of St. Paul's. While at Bristol he met Wesley, who had been preaching at Kingswood; the interviews are detailed in most Lives of Wesley. All we need say is that the two were in gifts and temperament as different as two Christian men well could be. Wesley was full of hope for Christian progress; Butler, who, by joining the Church, declared his belief that the Anglican was the best form of Christianity, was yet so hopeless of its future that in 1747 he declined the Archbishopric, on the plea that "it was too late for him to try to support a falling Church." He, however, accepted two years later the see of Durham. This he held less than two years, during which time he set his face so resolutely against nepotism that one of his nephews protested: "My lord, it is a misfortune to be related to you."

His ethical views, and his relation to modern ethical theories, are fully set forth by Mr. Collins. Most of us know how he insists that "Nature" and "Self" were misused by the sceptical reasoners of his day—that by "living according to nature" is not to be understood giving way to our baser appetites,

for of our nature the higher part was made to rule, and the lower to be ruled, and to set the lower part highest is not to live according to nature, but to contravene it. So of self-love, which Aristotle long before had shown to be a duty—self-love being wholly distinct from selfishness. In his sermons "On the Love of God," he protests decidedly, but not very strongly, against a religion so very reasonable as to "have nothing to do with the heart and the affections." His view of conscience has often been objected to, Mr. Matthew Arnold being the latest objector, as being "too mechanical;" but the authority of conscience he must be held to have established, on grounds that all the efforts of the modern sensational philosophy have hitherto proved powerless to shake. Of his great work we will only remark that its title is often wrongly given. It is not the Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion, compared with one another, but the Analogy of both to the Constitution and Course of Nature. Pitt is reported to have told Wordsworth that "it raised more doubts in his mind than it answered." Dr. Martineau regards the Analogy as having furnished "one of the most terrible persuasives to atheism that has ever been produced." These are only testimonies of Butler's power. Maurice, too, and Goldwin Smith have attacked him—the former finding in the sermons "evident marks of having been written by a very young man." But all the cavillers agree in the estimate with which Mr. Collins concludes, that Butler was one who made (as he says to Clarke) "the search after truth the business of his life;" and who could sympathise with honest doubt because he had felt it.

Berkeley's views, like those of Descartes, are not so easily made plain to the ordinary reader as Butler's. The immaterialist is a puzzle to non-metaphysical readers; they think Dr. Johnson was right when he said: "Matter has independent existence, and you may prove it at any moment by running your head against a post." Professor Fraser does good service in tracing the growth of Berkeley's views from the *Essay on Vision*, in which they were first set forth, and in which it is shown that our visual perceptions are really unconscious inductions. We do not think that, here or elsewhere, in his view of Berkeley's philosophy, Professor Fraser is as clear as he might be; his aim, "to unfold the thought in connection with the personal history," leads him now and then to lose the development of the thought in the details of the life. The following, however, is a fair though not a very lucid statement of the case: "Berkeley's belief in the existence of an external material world resolves into belief that the phenomena of sense coexist, and undergo metamorphoses cosmically not chaotically. This belief itself he virtually regards as a conviction of the 'common sense,' developed by custom or experience. Accordingly in dealing with

sensation-giving phenomena, he proceeds on this common-sense assumption, that they are intelligible, or that they are also the common medium through which the existence of other conscious persons, with some of their individual experiences, may be ascertained by each percipient. Belief in the existence of the natural world, as Berkeley explains it, is belief in this; and the practical dissolution of this belief he would at once grant to be inconsistent with the saneness of the person in whose mind it was dissolved. He would retain the word 'matter,' provided we accustom ourselves to mean only this when we use it. That things are only ideal or phenomenal, *i.e.*, only significant or interpretable appearances, whose reality consists in their orderly manifestation by and to a conscious mind, does not dissolve them in chaos or illusion. On the contrary, we find ourselves obliged by common sense, in every action we perform, to take for granted that sense phenomena spring up independently of individual consciousness in an orderly and intelligible, and therefore interpretable, way. . . . . Individual things are, for Berkeley, more than mere isolated sense phenomena; they are sense phenomena connected in clusters, and their ordered aggregates form the system of nature. It was thus that Berkeley translated Locke's world of sense. Locke phenomenalised the *secondary* qualities of matter, while still holding to the dogma of independent material substances and powers. Berkeley phenomenalised *all* the qualities of matter—dismissed as superfluous Locke's unphenomenal substances or causes of secondary qualities—and explained reality in phenomenal things by the activity of Locke's Eternal Mind, in and through Whom phenomena become aggregated in a scientifically intelligible system." Berkeley's constant appeal to common sense reminds us of Reid, with whom Dean Mansell compares him, both appealing to the common consciousness of mankind. For Berkeley the reality of the material world is rooted in faith in the phenomenal order, and this faith is part of the common sense of man. Faith in the principle of causality, and consciousness of our spiritual personality and agency, he also regards as part of our common sense. Professor Fraser is careful to point out the difference between Berkeley's idealism and that of Fichte, which looks on everything as subjective. Fichte's "Great I" may be a development, if so, it is surely an abnormal development, of Berkeleyism. A typical instance of Berkeley's method is his use of the words space and time. Space for him is not a huge entity existing independently of phenomena and conscious spirit, but the coexistence of actual sense impressions, while time is change in the states and acts of which we are conscious. In like manner Kant denies that time and space relations have any ontological reality; but, while Kant makes them necessary preconditions of our becoming conscious of

phenomena, Berkeley speaks of them as the issue of the creative will rather than necessary involvements of finite experience. It is a sad limit to the sense of boundlessness and endlessness which has so powerfully moved men's minds to realise that space and time are so far subjective that individual experience is their limit in the actual, and that neither an actual nor a potential infinity can be predicated of them ontologically.

The closing chapter, in which Reid's battle with "ideas," and Hume's scepticism, so universal that it forced men back to belief, are briefly traced, and agnosticism is distinguished from Humism, deserves careful reading. Berkeley, foreign as the dialogue form which he uses is from our way of treating a subject, has much in common with the thought of our day. Whence came his views? Locke was much studied at Trinity, Dublin, as early as Berkeley's undergraduate days. Dr. Peter Browne, antagonist of Toland, was provost; and William King, author of *The Origin of Evil*, was Archbishop of Dublin. If we say that Berkeleyism is based on Cartesianism as modified by Locke, we shall not be far wrong. Of all the subsequent speculations of the day—as Kant's, Hume's, Reid's—Professor Fraser finds the germ in Berkeley. The strange thing is that he was wholly self-contained—unaffected by what was going on in the world of thought around him. His life, as we said, was more eventful than that of Butler, and more is known of the man himself. Of his remarkable geniality we have already spoken. His Utopian notion of an university in the Bermudas, where the youth of the American colonies should be cultured and trained to virtue, and where a number of Red Indians might be civilised and taught with a view to their becoming missionaries among their tribes, he managed to commend to almost all the foremost men of the day. At least they professed any amount of enthusiasm, and Berkeley sailed in 1729, and landed in Rhode Island. Here, at and near Newport, he spent the time of his stay in the New World. Sir R. Walpole had determined from the first that the scheme should fail; and so the funds were withheld, and Berkeley had to come back and find consolation in the bishopric of Cloyne, and in attempts to cure the poor around him with doses of tar-water. Determining to end his days in the quiet seclusion of Oxford, where his son was a student, and widely different as he always was from the time-serving Churchmen of the day, he sent in the resignation of his bishopric. But George II. was so astonished at the prodigy of an Irish bishop wishing to resign on account of non-residence that he vowed Berkeley should die a bishop in spite of himself. His life is singularly interesting throughout, and Professor Fraser has so mixed up facts with philosophical theories as to carry even the unphilosophical reader with him from beginning to end. There is of course an inconvenience in

systems of philosophy being treated of by different hands; but it is counterbalanced by having the arguments put before us from three or four different points of view.

Fagan's Life of Panizzi

The Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi, K.C.B., late Principal Librarian of the British Museum, Senator of Italy, &c., &c. By Louis Fagan, of the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum. With an Etching and other Illustrations by the Author. Two Volumes. London: Remington, New Bond Street.

Panizzi certainly deserved to have his life written, but whether at such length and with such wealth of detail is questionable. It was certainly a remarkable career. A man must have much force of character who even under the most favourable circumstances raises himself by "selling nouns and adjectives," as Panizzi used to call his giving Italian lessons, to the virtual headship of a great institution, and to relations of intimacy with many of the most eminent men in his adopted country. No doubt Panizzi was quarrelsome, and gifted with abundant self-esteem, and several of his great friends laughed at him while they petted him. But still he was the right man in the right place; he found the library in a bad state—"such urgent need of so many reforms," he writes to his old friend Dr. Minzi, "that it required an iron will to carry them out." He at once let every one see that he was determined to have things done as they ought to be; and, after years of opposition, he was able to say: "I am honoured by everybody, and my enemies have disappeared;" while the state of the library, the excellence of the catalogue, and the grandeur and perfect fitness of that new reading room, of which he was the real architect, proved how well this honour was deserved.

Panizzi was born in 1797 at Brescello, in the duchy of Modena, and was bred up to the law; but, becoming a Carbonaro, he came under the Duke's ban, and only by a happy accident escaped into Swiss territory. Here the Austrians and French insisted on his expulsion; and, like so many other refugees, he came over to England. London in 1822 was full of banished celebrities; among them were Santa Rosa, the Piedmontese statesman, and Ugo Foscolo, both of whom were very kind to Panizzi. The latter told him London was overstocked, and recommended him to try Liverpool, giving him an introduction to Roscoe, who had made Italian very popular in the great seaport. Panizzi got plenty of teaching, and lectured at the Institution on Italian literature. What impressed people in his favour was a

high-spirited disinterestedness in money matters which is not always found among exiles. Indeed, it was his conduct quite as much as his unconquerable self-esteem which ensured his success. What set him on the ladder of fortune was his meeting with Lord (then Mr.) Brougham in 1827 at the famous trial of the Wakefield family for the abduction of Miss Ellen Turner. Panizzi was a witness in the case, the lady having been one of his pupils; and Brougham, with whom he travelled to Lancaster, was much struck with his legal acumen and general ability. He urged him to go to London, and got him the Italian professorship at the London University, which was opened in 1828. Brougham also exerted himself to get his new friend appointed extra assistant librarian in the British Museum. This was in 1831; and six years after he succeeded Mr. Baker as keeper of the printed books. Many can remember the outcry with which this appointment was greeted. Meetings were held to protest against the choice of *a foreigner* (Panizzi had become naturalised, and always claimed to be an Englishman), who, said some of the speakers, had not many years before been showing white mice about the London streets. What embittered men's minds was that Carey, the translator of Dante, ought by seniority to have succeeded to the office. He was passed over on the plea of ill-health, though he brought three doctors to pronounce in his favour. Beginning thus under unpleasant auspices, Panizzi soon quarrelled with Sir F. Madden, Sir H. Ellis, and others of his colleagues. He was not a pleasant man to work with unless you were prepared to knock under to him, and to accept his views *in toto*. Mr. Fagan does not clearly explain how, in spite of this imperiousness, he managed to get on terms of intimacy with so many great men; there must have been something fascinating in the man, for, whether it was Thiers (from whom there are some very long letters about the Spanish marriages), or Lords Palmerston or Clarendon, or Count Cavour, or Orsini, or Mr. Gladstone, every one opened his mind to the Italian, and treated him with the frankness due to an old and valued friend. His political importance helps to account for this; he was intimate with all the Italian reform party, with whom Louis Napoleon was coquetting; and the friendship of Prosper Mérimée made him a sort of unofficial go-between when France and England were feeling one another's pulses as to what ought to be done with Italy.

Panizzi, in fact, lived two lives. He was a very zealous worker in his department, soon letting an assistant know if on any day he failed to write as many titles for the catalogue as his chief thought sufficient. He was also intensely anxious about Italian politics. Poerio, Settembrini, and their fellow sufferers all came in for a share of his sympathy and his help. He chartered a steamer to fetch Settembrini out of the dungeons of

San Stefano, but it was unfortunately wrecked on its way. Mr. Fagan had exceptionally good means of knowing all about these sympathies and patriotic aspirations. Panizzi's friend of twenty years, he was wholly in his confidence; when Garibaldi, for instance, wished to visit Ugo Foscolo's tomb at Chiswick, Mr. Fagan went with Panizzi to the general's lodgings at 5 a.m. on an April morning, and got him out of bed, in order that the pilgrimage might be over before library hours. This was five days after Panizzi had given Garibaldi a grand dinner, inviting the Duke of Sutherland, Lord Shaftesbury, Mr. Gladstone, &c., to meet him. He did not hesitate, however, as they were driving to Chiswick, to urge Garibaldi to leave London. His equivocal position was doing harm to him as well as to the Italian Government.

We will not say more of a book which will be widely read, and which will deeply interest all who read it. It is not only a history of the man, but a record of the politics, foreign and domestic, of which he was something more than an interested spectator. The number of eminent men who are mixed up with the librarian's life is remarkable. Mr. Fagan's little etchings add liveliness to his book; and he has done well in giving the correspondents' letters in full. Nothing is unimportant which illustrates so remarkable a career as that of Panizzi. Besides, much that is interesting about men of mark at home and abroad comes out in these letters. As we said, people wrote to Panizzi as they felt. Thiers, for instance, says of Guizot: "*Il a menti.*" And Panizzi fearlessly wrote and talked as he felt; the "conduct" of which we spoke (we use the word in Mr. M. Arnold's sense) certainly did not mean reticence. From the first he was free and fearless of speech as he was decided in action. Yet there was a method in his outspokenness; he had great shrewdness and wonderful insight into character. Towards the Right Hon. T. Grenville he displayed something very like flattery. Not to every statesman would he have written such a letter as this to Mr. Gladstone, with which we conclude:

"My dear Sir,—'Like a good fellow,' I will certainly dine with you on Tuesday, the 25th instant. There is an Italian opera buffa, in which a gentleman who wants to become a poet, and takes lessons as to the mechanism of verse from a poet, wishing to ask his master to dine with him, tries to convey his invitation in an hendecasyllable, and begins, Volete pranzare meco oggi? (Will you dine with me to-day?); but it would not do, so he changed, Volete pranzare meco domani? (Will you dine with me to-morrow?) It would not do either, and the poet suggested at once, Volete pranzare meco oggi e domani? (Will you dine with me to-day and to-morrow?), a very good line, and so it was settled. Now I have made a line for our dinner here, of which

you must approve: Pranzate meco il ventitre e quattro. (Dine with me the 23rd and 24th). The poetry is not good; have patience, and, 'like a good fellow,' come both days.—Yours ever, A. PANIZZI."

MONCRIEFF'S SCIENTIFIC STRUCTURE OF THE UNIVERSE.

The Scientific Structure of the Universe. With Maps of the Great Globe of Heaven with its Four Star Temples: also Maps showing the Revolutions of all Stellar Systems in Space round their Centre, the Throne of God. By James A. Moncrieff, C.E. London: Marcus Ward and Co.

THE above title will prepare our readers not to expect a scientific treatise in the ordinary sense of the term. This little book of forty-seven pages is, in fact, an attempt to construct a Universe on a *Masonic* basis, the essential figures used being the triangle, the square, and the circle, with their corresponding solid bodies, the pyramid, the cube, and the sphere. It would be exceedingly difficult to make the author's scheme fully intelligible without reproducing the plates and diagrams with which the volume is plentifully supplied, but we will give a brief outline of it. His "Key to unlock the Universe" is an equilateral triangle, and his first great line in space is drawn from the sun to Pleiades, which we shall henceforth represent by Alcyone, the most prominent star of the group. The sun he regards as the centre of the stellar system to which we belong; but he supposes that, with its attendant planets, it revolves round Alcyone. Therefore with the distance between the two, which he declares to be 3,128 billions of miles, as his radius, he draws his first circle. A circle of that size described round Alcyone represents the orbit in which the sun revolves. A similar circle drawn round the sun is the centre circle of the stellar system. This first circle of course contains six equilateral triangles of 60° each, with their apices touching the sun, and their base angles resting on the circumference. His first great triangle in space is formed by three lines connecting the sun, Alcyone, and the Pole-star. The second great circle, still having the sun for its centre, is three times as large as the first, and the third three times as large as the second, and so onwards until he has eighteen concentric circles with radii increasing in the ratio of 1, 3, 9, 27, &c. By producing the sides of the triangles from the centre outwards each great circle will of course contain six triangles, and the points where these touch the circles are great star centres, though innumerable other stars are scattered throughout the surrounding space. The circles in reality represent spheres, and the eighteenth is the sphere which forms the outer

boundary of our starry system, or, as the author calls it, "Star Temple No. 1." He informs us that all that is known by astronomers is contained within the fourteenth great sphere which encircles the sun at a distance of about 5,000 trillion miles, and that all that ever can be known is contained within the eighteenth sphere, the remaining portion of the universe being beyond the range of the most powerful telescopes which it would be possible to invent. As the eighteenth or boundary sphere is above 400,000 trillions of miles distant from the sun, it would follow that our researches up to the present time have only extended to one 500,000th part of our stellar system.

Beyond the northern boundary of our "Star Temple" lies "the Great Globe of Heaven," which is a solid material sphere, so vast in its dimensions that "if all the suns, stars, and planets were united into one body they would fall *very far* short of the size of it." It is the metropolis of the universe, the abode of the blest, and the Throne of God. This great globe of Heaven has four star temples arranged around its equator at equal distances of 90°, and let down into four hemispherical cavities so that the circumference of the globe reaches to the centres of the star temples; but a sufficient belt of unoccupied space is left in each case to allow the temple to revolve. The great globe of Heaven with its four star temples is one complete system, and is called "A Chariot of God." Though the globe is described in the first instance as solid, we are afterwards informed that it has two huge cavities, pyramidal in shape, in its interior; their bases being turned inwards towards each other, their apices reaching the outer circumference at the two poles, and their corners penetrating into the four cup-like cavities which form the sockets of the four star temples. "In these [hollow pyramids] are placed the mighty mechanisms by whose operations are produced the forces which regulate, animate, and keep in motion all the great star systems in space. Here is the great laboratory which contains the chemical apparatus which keeps supplied the enormous reservoirs of light, heat, electricity, &c., &c., &c. From these reservoirs the light flows out at the north and south poles of this great globe, and envelops the whole of the globe or city, so that it is virtually *a great globe of light* where darkness is impossible. From these reservoirs also emanates, at the corners of the great pyramids, light which illumines the millions of stars and suns in space, which is again reflected on their respective planets, thus illuminating the four star temples" (pp. 36, 37).

Opposite p. 12 is a diagram representing the known and the unknown in Astronomy and Freemasonry. The known in Astronomy is Herschel's view of the universe, which Professor Newcombe, of the United States, compares to "an exaggerated starfish." The unknown is symbolised by the ill-omened number

666. The known in Freemasonry consists of a star of five points, a star of six points formed by the interlacing of two triangles, and the latter with a small triangle in the centre of it, representing the number seven. The unknown in Freemasonry is symbolised by the same three figures dotted in.

Our description so far has included only one "Chariot of God;" but the universe consists of 20,000 of these chariots, all revolving round the central chariot on which is placed the Throne of God, and the circles in which they move are called "the Divine Racecourse." The construction of the racecourse, however, with its interlaced triangles and overlapping circles, is too intricate to be understood without a plan. The book is divided into three parts, namely: 1. An initiation from the first to the sixth degree into the mysteries of the structure of the universe; 2. An initiation to the 66th degree; and 3. An initiation to the 666th degree. We have summarised these sections as far as our space would allow. The author's fear throughout is that few will have the ability or the inclination to follow the unfolding of his scheme. In the preface he says: "Let the same attention be given in endeavouring to master the subject that would be requisite in making a trigonometrical survey of America, and all supposed difficulties will vanish!" At the commencement of Part 3 he also says: "We fear that few of our readers will be able to rise to the sublime height necessary to master the next degrees, as all preconceived ideas must be thrown overboard, and we must go back in thought to the time when there was no creation, and imagine ourselves as it were accompanying the Divine Architect as He went forth *to lay off* the universe in space."

Among the difficulties which beset his path he further names the following:—1. The old heathenish notion that matter is necessarily evil; 2. The still prevalent idea that the solar system occupies a great portion of the universe, while in fact it is only like *a particle of dust* floating in a sunbeam; and 3. The difficulty of getting the generality of people to understand that "a very small circle on paper may represent an exceedingly large circle in space!" We confess that our difficulties in dealing with the subject do not lie in any of these directions. We could master the author's essay much more easily than we could qualify ourselves for a trigonometrical survey of America, and he has made the initiation, even so far as the 666th degree of mystery, so plain that we can understand the construction of the racecourse and the movements of the 20,000 chariots; and the other obstacles have no terror for us. Our difficulties begin with Mr. Moncrieff's first line in space, and they follow us persistently to the end. The distance of Alcyone is said to be 34 million times greater than that of the sun from the earth, or 3,128 billions of miles; but no parallax has ever been detected in the

case of Alcyone, and its distance is altogether beyond the range of our present knowledge. The farthest star whose distance has yet been determined is Capella Auriga, and it is only 4,484,000 times as far from us as the sun; that is a little more than one-eighth of the distance assigned to Alcyone. Our second difficulty is with his first great triangle. The first line is from the sun to Alcyone, the length of which he declares to be 34,000,000 sun-distances. The second line is from the sun to the Pole-star, whose distance from us has been ascertained to be only 3,078,000 sun-distances. The third line is from Polaris to Alcyone, which should have been only 60 degrees of celestial longitude; but the two stars are 65 degrees apart, or 37,000,000 sun-distances, according to our author's statement of the distance of Alcyone. The triangle, therefore, has three unequal sides, and yet this is laid down as the first equilateral triangle by which the mysteries of the universe are to be unlocked! Our third difficulty is with his first great circle, having the sun for its centre, and the fabulous distance of Alcyone for its radius-length, whereas the sun is said to be revolving round Alcyone. The conjecture that the latter star is the centre of the stellar system has long since been abandoned, and no modern astronomer assigns a central position to either of them. Our fourth difficulty is with the principles of Freemasonry itself. If they are true they must be universal and unchangeable; but an inhabitant of one of the planets of Sirius, in unlocking the mysteries of the universe, might draw his first line from Sirius to Arcturus, and complete his triangle by lines drawn from Capella to both of them; and as he would be shut up to eighteen great circles, each containing six triangles, the dimensions of the star temples and of the great globe of Heaven would differ considerably from those given by our author. Our fifth difficulty is with the points of the compass. Though there are four star temples to each great globe on its four opposite sides, they all revolve with their *north* poles turned towards it, whereas the north pole of the great globe itself is perpendicular to all of them, and points upwards into space! Thus every "Chariot of God" has five north poles, pointing to totally different regions of space. Our sixth difficulty is with the arrangements for lighting and heating the universe. If the sun and other stars are not *sources* of light, heat, &c., to their attendant satellites, but receive and reflect them from the interior chambers of the great globe—1. They would have their phases like the moon, and we should have to speak of the sun also as "new" and "full," and as having his first and last quarters, the only difference being that, in his case, the changes would be three-monthly instead of weekly. 2. What would have to be the heat of "the great globe of Heaven," in order that it might give out sufficient heat to millions of suns, some of them so far away that

light, travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, could only reach them in 100,000,000,000 years? Remembering, also, that light and heat diminish as the squares of the distance increase, how could light and heat be distributed to the various suns, scattered through a sphere so vast, with anything like equality? Those in the northern hemisphere, nearest the great globe, would be burned up, and those near the extremities of the southern hemisphere would perish in cold and darkness. 3. If the supposition were true, the planets would be as hot as the suns, and no animal or vegetable life could exist. How is it that all the light and heat fall on the latter and none on the former? Our chief and last difficulty is, that a universe so constructed would immediately collapse. In presence of the overwhelming attraction of so enormous a body as the great globe of Heaven, it would be impossible for the stars to revolve at all. They would fall with almost lightning speed into the four hemispherical hollows, and from thence into the pyramidal cavities of the interior, creating serious disturbance in the great chemical laboratory, and probably, by the impact of millions of suns rushing in from four opposite directions, causing an explosion which would shatter the great globe of Heaven to fragments; these are difficulties which our author, as a civil engineer, will, no doubt, be able to appreciate fully, but we wish he had pondered them before printing his views.

Mr. Moncrieff informs us that he is about to publish a revised edition of a poem, which was printed and circulated locally about ten years ago. We hope he may succeed better as a poet than he has done as a philosopher; but if his fellow-countrymen fail to appreciate him, he can, like Lord Bacon, leave his name to foreign countries and to future ages.

Jevons's Studies in Deductive Logic.

Studies in Deductive Logic. A Manual for Students. By W. Stanley Jevons, LL.D. (Edinburgh), M.A. (London), F.R.S. London: Macmillan and Co. 1880.

Such a manual as this was never before presented to students of deductive logic. When we consider the condition of things in regard to this science in the early part of this century, when Whately's Elements disturbed the slumber of ages, the progress of the last fifty years seems as remarkable in this as in some of the more practical departments of human research and inquiry. Hamilton, De Morgan, Thomson, Boole, Fowler, have not wrought this field in vain. Dr. Jevons has, however, in the at once profoundly philosophical and thoroughly practical character

of his writings, distanced all competitors. His *Elementary Lessons* at one end of the scale, and his *Principles of Science* at the other, have combined to give him a position absolutely unique among the teachers of his favourite science. The present work, holding an intermediate position between the other two, is well adapted to the use of advanced university students, and will, we doubt not, soon come to be regarded as a standard text-book. Indeed, we cannot but think that the existence of works like those of Dr. Jevons and Mr. Fowler will lead to the earlier introduction of logic into the educational programme, and that with manifest advantage. Less arbitrary than grammar, it is at the same time less abstract than mathematics, while by judicious handling it may be made more conversant than either with the ordinary affairs of life, and fully as conducive to the ends of mental discipline. We entirely endorse Dr. Jevons's statement in the preface that "Although all mathematical reasoning must necessarily be logical if it be correct, yet the conditions of quantitative reasoning are often such as actually to mislead the reasoner, who confuses them with the conditions of argumentation in ordinary life. A mathematical education requires, in short, to be corrected and completed, if indeed it should not be preceded, by a logical education."

The assumption of many writers, from Locke to Stuart Mill, that deductive logic is worthless because all new truths are obtained by induction, is successfully disproved by Dr. Jevons in his *Principles of Science*, in which he shows by a masterly analysis that induction is simply the inverse of deduction, as much so as arithmetical division is the inverse of multiplication. The best practical refutation of the cavil, however, is the present volume. Whoever familiarises himself with its discussions, and exercises himself in expert solution of its problems, will come forth from the study thoroughly equipped for that conflict of mind with mind which, whether carried on in the academic cloister, the scientific laboratory, the commercial exchange, or the political debating club, is the inevitable condition of individual success and of general progress.

Kiepert's Manual of Ancient Geography.

A Manual of Ancient Geography. Authorised Translation from the German of Heinrich Kiepert, Ph.D. London: Macmillan and Co. 1881.

Every one who knows Dr. Kiepert's *Atlas Antiquus* will welcome this translation of his *Ancient Geography*. For some years the *Atlas* has been a standard book in this country, and all who have

used it must have felt the need of some such companion volume as this manual. The author's name is a sufficient guarantee for the general accuracy and thoroughness of the book. He has availed himself of the new light thrown upon the ethnology and topography of the Old World by the deciphering of the cuneiform inscriptions, and the discovery of the ancient Assyrian language. Ancient geography is a difficult and complicated subject, and the reduction of such a chaos to the order of a science requires not only minute and thorough acquaintance with the details, but also consummate skill in handling them. Dr. Kiepert possesses both, and has here presented us not with a mere guide to the *Atlas*, but with a scientific treatise in which the immense mass of materials has been arranged so as to make the book interesting for consecutive reading. Of course great condensation has been necessary in order to bring the matter into a volume of less than three hundred octavo pages. Notwithstanding this, there is nothing of importance omitted, and yet the work is not a dry enumeration of details. The book is mainly intended for students of ancient history, and many of the allusions it contains will only be understood by them; but it is not only to such persons that it will be valuable, for any one who wishes to obtain a clear idea of the ancient distribution of man on the earth, and of the changes of the configuration of the earth's surface that have taken place within historical times, cannot do better than read it.

There is a grave fault in this treatise which we feel bound to notice. The subject is dealt with too exclusively from a classical standpoint. The importance of places is determined too much by their relation to Roman and Grecian history. Scarcely any notice is taken of that history which has had a far greater influence upon the destinies of the world than that of all other nations put together. We look in vain for any notice of Capernaum, Bethlehem, and those other names connected with Scripture history which are familiar to everybody, and when the author does deign to notice that history we regret to see that he generally speaks of it as "Hebrew tradition." In all fairness we feel compelled to protest against this method of treating ancient geography. Whatever a man's theological views may be, he surely ought to consider the history of the Bible as being as worthy of credence as that of the Greek and Roman historians; and, considering its influence upon the world, as of, at all events, as great importance as that of pagan nations.

We must also notice another fault of the same kind, viz., the way in which the writer assumes the accuracy of that chronology of Egyptian history which is at variance with the chronology which is commonly considered as being settled by the Bible. He speaks of the city of Memphis as "the seat of the first dynasty four thousand years B.C." Now, while we freely admit

that it is not absolutely certain that the Biblical chronology has been accurately ascertained, and while we should be sorry to make the truth of the chronological statements of the Bible to stand or fall with any system which professes to be formed out of it, yet we do not think it is fair in a book of this kind to assume as proved a chronology concerning which the experts in Egyptian history are not at all agreed. Professor Rawlinson, in his book, *The Origin of Nations*, cites no less than seven different dates which have been adopted by the principal men in this department of study as the probable time of the accession of Menes, the founder of Egyptian civilisation, the earliest being 5004 B.C., and the latest 2691 B.C., showing a difference of more than two thousand years in the computation. He himself thinks the probable date is somewhere between B.C. 2450 and 2250, and declares that "in reality Egyptian chronology only begins with the accession of the eighteenth dynasty." This, then, being the state of the case, we think that, however strong Dr. Kiepert's personal opinion upon the matter may have been, he should have let his readers know by some qualification that the question is still undecided.

A word as to the translation. The translator appears to us to have followed the original somewhat too closely, and, in consequence, the style is cumbersome, and, in some places, obscure. What the following sentence, for instance, on page 8 means, it is hard to tell: "There is one classification of peoples answering to their historic importance, to which the bodily characteristics which are still visible or handed down by historic tradition, and subject moreover to gradual change, do not extend, and which supplies us only with the knowledge of their languages, and the means of judging from this basis of the nearer or more distant relationship, or even the radical distinction between them."

Messrs. Macmillan have done their part of the work to perfection. The get-up of the book makes it an ornament to the library, and tempts one to read it. Examination students will be thankful for the full indexes, and for the variations of type, which make it easy to catch all the principal points in a page at a glance, and which will supply them with an analysis without their having the trouble to make one.

Our Public Schools.

Our Public Schools. Kegan Paul and Co. 1881.

A BOOK which, among other good stories, tells us how the fellows of Eton, having, after prayer, chosen Lonsdale for their provost in opposition to Hodgson the Crown nominee, took counsel's

opinion, and in consequence thereof again assembled in prayer, and were providentially directed to choose the Rev. Francis Hodgson, is sure to be interesting even to those who have no direct interest in any of the seven schools of which it treats. Moreover, our public schools are, like our British Constitution, peculiar to our own island; and, like that Constitution, too, they have grown to be something very different from what their founders planned. Are they doing their work (putting out of the question altogether the work for which they were originally intended)? Numerically they are thriving, except Westminster, which, we are told, cannot thrive in the slums of the old Sanctuary, but ought (like Charterhouse) to be moved into the country. In athletics they all do too well; in every one of these papers we are reminded what a plague athletics have become, and how little good it does the rank and file of a school to be hanging about for a whole day while the eleven are desperately contesting a match. But in teaching there is still a great deal to be desired. At Eton, but for the "tutor," who supplements the master, a boy might pass his school life without learning anything except the knack of making bad Latin verses. At Rugby and elsewhere there is more modern work, but everywhere languages are badly taught; "comparative philology, with special reference to one group of languages, should run through the school; English and German being studied together in the lower forms; French, Latin, and Greek in the middle; one or two languages completely and exhaustively only in the higher forms." This is sound advice; indeed, all the suggestions made in this book for modifying our public school-teaching have long ago been adopted in the best non-public schools. That those which ought to take the lead should be content to follow slowly and reluctantly, is stranger than that their foundations should have been so diverted, not to say perverted, from their intended use. Of the change in Eton we say nothing; its nearness to Windsor made it what it is, and we suppose the Eton "fellows" must be accepted as part of the system. We know what Henry VI., who meant his Eton boys to be poor scholars, meant the fellows to be. As matter of fact they are clergymen, whose fellowships bring them about £1,000 a year each, and most of whom hold livings besides. "The duty of a fellow is to live in handsome rooms in Eton for two months in the year, and to preach about six times in the College Chapel." Of the preaching a witness before the Royal Commission said: "The boys could not hear him, and would not have listened if they could." Happily there are to be no more fellows of Eton; and "they differ for the better from the fellows of Winchester, who are, perhaps, the purest specimens of concrete abuses extant." In Harrow the change from John Lyon's parish school to a second Eton is more startling than anything that has

befallen the Royal Foundation. The connection between Eton and Harrow, which made the latter from 1660 to 1787 "a mere appendix" (as Dr. Parr styled it) to the former accounts for the way in which Harrow gradually changed to something which would have astonished its founder. The book is full of praise for Dr. Hawtrey—"he has never had a successor"—and also for Dr. Barry, the present head of Harrow. That school, by the way, was very nearly ruined by Dr. Vaughan's predecessor, the present Bishop of Lincoln. He left there only seventy-eight boys in the wildest state of undiscipline. Of Marlborough the early history is interesting. The first head master, Dr. Wilkinson, was a failure, and the last but one, Canon Farrar, nearly did for it what Dr. Wordsworth did for Harrow.

Anent the Charterhouse we are told that "boys brought up in London had a *savoir faire*, a readiness, a critical faculty for which we look in vain from country schools." Westminster, as we said, is not favourably spoken of; the paper on it contains no mention of the abolition of the "assistant master" and of the very undesirable system of dual rule, which the writer deplores and to which reference was made in this year's *Play*. We have been careful not to speak of "the author of this book," for we cannot help attributing it to several authors. In the first place, no one man could have such an intimate, and seemingly first-hand, acquaintance with several schools, as it shows. Next, the diversity of opinion in the papers on Eton and Rugby amounts to absolute contradiction. The monitorial system is praised in the latter; in the former it is said to be everywhere utterly and irredeemably bad, and to have been preserved from gross abuse during Dr. Arnold's life only by his force of character. This shows, we think, that the papers are not compiled by one author from books like Lyle's *Eton*, Adam's *Wykehamica*, &c. We trust the morals of our great schools are in a better state than a remark in the closing paper on "Public School Education" would lead us to suppose; it is not cheering to think that "the masters of many schools are sitting on a volcano, which, when it explodes, will fill with horror and alarm those who don't know what boys' schools are, or, knowing it, shut their eyes and stop their ears." The following, however, written of Eton, is too generally true of private as well as public schools, and is an evil which master, parent, and pastor should join in trying to mitigate: "If Eton boys have little respect for rank, we fear they have a most precocious sense of the advantages of wealth." Mr. Gladstone, of whom all Eton men are proud, lately called attention, in an impressive speech, to the growth of this ignoble sentiment among those who, from their youth and inexperience, ought to be especially free from it. Contempt of poverty is, perhaps, general among boys. It is told of one of the present bench of bishops that

his school-fellows, finding to their horror he had only one suit of clothes, indulged their righteous indignation by throwing them into a pond; and we remember the bitterness excited against a master by the fact that he had worn the same coat for several years. But the converse feeling is quite modern; and it is a subject of no common importance. We are no Spartans; there is no reason why sons of wealthy parents should not be reasonably comfortable at school; but idle ostentation and vulgar display should surely not be encouraged in future. Against Latin verses almost every paper puts in a protest. Of Eton verses we are told even Marquis Wellesley's are only valued because of his name and rank, which is not altogether true; while what Porson says is the sole advantage of verse-making—not that it improves the taste, exercises the imagination, or cultivates the style, but that if it is (as it ought to be) a *cento* of classical quotations, it fixes the attention and improves the memory—has absolutely no reference to ignorant boys. More praise is awarded to the English verse, and justly, when we remember "the Etonian" was supported by Praed, Moultrie, Nelson Coleridge, &c. The following version of Lucan's "Apotheosis of Pompey" is quoted as worthy of praise:

> "He feasted on Jove's own pure light, the wandering stars admired,
> The wandering and the pole-fixed stars; and, with new light inspired,
> Discerned the mist of darkness that enfolds our brightest day,
> And mocked the farce called death in which his own maim'd body lay."

The book, as we said, is full of interest for readers of all classes.

Caddy's Lares and Penates.

Lares and Penates: or, The Background of Life. By Mrs. Caddy, Author of "Household Organisation," &c. London: Chatto and Windus. 1881.

What are we to say about Mrs. Caddy? When a lady calls one house a narcissus, and another a Florentine tulip, and when she says that in Mr. Fitzmaurice's London mansion "the keynote is struck at once, the tone given; that tone is porphyry, with its major-third in gold, while each room is a distinct chord of colour—a grand theme, a Spanish organ strain, the music varied by sweetly-solemn bursts of trumpet-sound from its range of horizontal pipes," one is tempted to close the book and think of Postlethwaite in *Punch*. What are the horizontal pipes? Does she mean the hot-water apparatus? But, in spite of a good deal of this rubbish, Mrs. Caddy is worth reading. Her chapter on the Gays, who, by a reverse of fortune, have to live on £400 a year, is excellent. Mrs. Caddy is rather hard upon schools—they

are Procrustean in tendency, and "it is not what we know, but what we can do, which is all important." "The Misses Gay's finishing school," in which they whitewash, paint panels (using silicate paint for health's sake), turn old chairs into things of beauty, make a hall seat out of a tool-box, and border the drawing room and passages with patterns from Carian tombs, would not suit every one. It suits them so well that their household gods are envied by friends with ten times their income. They make the things that money buys, instead of going through the intermediate process of making money. Their time is fully turned into money's worth, and they get health by this process. It must indeed be a satisfaction to see the fashions in the park and the shop windows, and come home to make dresses at a price of shillings instead of guineas, while, instead of losing in "culture," they gain. The cheap Hanoverian cook teaches them comparative cookery and practical German as well. Mrs. Gay leaves things to them, for she has got an appointment at £100 a year as transcriber and collator of State papers; but then she was able to put things in training, which accounts for success under conditions which, for most people, would mean lamentable failure. Still, though the Gays are exceptional people, there is much to be learned from them. Time is cruelly wasted and hands made sadly useless under our system of so-called education. "There is no reason why so much young work should be wasted. . . . If children can do nothing else, let them fetch and carry, and dust the furniture. A year passed in spying out dust, and learning the poisonousness of it, would train the eye to purity for life. Here is the true kindergarten. Fancy an active child of eight in a pretty costume put on every morning for dusting, and fancy the same child stooping day after day over a writing book. It is exercise *versus* exercise book." So with the boys. "A lad swept the counting-house, and grew to be a merchant; now he has a premium to do nothing paid with him; and, if his father is rich, he becomes in time a sleeping partner. . . . A boy learns the method of business in an atmosphere of business—rubs shoulders with men, not theories." This is very true; and we fear board schools are making a mistake by fostering among the poor that distaste for actual work which, till lately, has not been a mark of any class of English people.

Mrs. Caddy is justly severe on long holidays—"well-nigh half the year, not counting Sundays and hours of recreation." She thinks there is a connection between our increasing idleness and the depression in trade; and she points out that in countless instances children are sent to boarding schools just because it is troublesome to keep them at home. It interferes with our money-making; "but, as Carlyle says, we can't buy obedience. Why then do we pack off our family who owe us obedience,

instead of paying them their wages of love, protection and instruction in work, making work beautiful for them, and working with them?" All this deserves thinking over, one-sided as it is. When we have been going too much one way, we want to be pulled to the other side of the mean; and there is too much truth in the strictures on school ways of teaching dates and geography and grammar, while, as for regular hours, a working family has them quite as much as is useful. It is true that "a crammed boy gives up his very brains for cram which he calls knowledge, and fancies it is power;" and also that "a girl should be unsparable in a house where so much beauty lacks for lack of labour; so much use for want of honest hands sharing in the interest." True it is, too, that to talk of large work being too hard for girls is silly. "A girl has strength equal to her weight if she exerts it. . . . . To use the arms and shoulders does not spoil the fingers." But it is not true that geography can be learnt as we want it; and that it is of no use knowing Tralee to be the capital of Kerry unless you are going to Killarney, or have a vote for the county. And children are oftener sent to school out of instinctive pity for their dulness at home than through parental idleness or greed; and a good many doctors will say "No" to the dictum that "a woman's natural exercise is to carry weight, while the man does the fleet coursing after food and fortune." Nevertheless, girls might with advantage do a deal more hard work than they do. Mrs. Gay has scant patience with calisthenics; her daughters are seen mounted on steps working with hammer and gimlet, backaches being soon got over, or pooh-poohed.

There is much sound sense in this, and in a good deal more of the book; and it would be well for a good many wives if they imitated Mrs. Gay's fidgettiness about the bread-pan. But the difficulty is to make out when Mrs. Caddy is poking fun at her friends; a basement breakfast room, with sham recesses in Saracenic style, all different, and showing "distant views of the African coast, and minarets and mountains, or gardens and fountains, basking in painted sunshine," may be pretty practice for a young lady who has already made some copies from Owen Jones; but the result, we fear, would be like the dining-room of a French country inn, papered with three or four different landscape scenes. Again, her description of "the Spanish castle" of Lionel Johnson, who married a Spanish wife, changed his name to Ponce de Leon, and imported a whole Spanish household, is enthusiastically eulogistic; but when she speaks of Ignacia and Mercedes polishing the floor with brushes on their feet, and singing to their work "that ripple of song, *something between a howl and the twitter of a thrush*, remembered from the Moors," one can't help thinking she is laughing at poor Johnson.

At the Newbrooms, whose house was full of the newest scientific appliances, the bedroom floors being so highly waxed that the very rugs only stood still by being buttoned to the legs of the bed, she laughs unsparingly. Roasting is never allowed in that household, it is not economical; nor baking, it is barbarous; the frying pan is an abomination; the gridiron costs too much in fuel; nothing but Warren's cooking pot and the digester are allowed; and Mr. Newbroom "makes himself fit any suit he likes by feeding up or down to it."

About the Peabody buildings Mrs. Caddy makes some excellent suggestions; and her picture of an artistic pattern-drawer's cottage at Norwood, though a little too Utopian, shows that, with temper and mutual respect, a poor home need not be an unhappy one.

We trust Mrs. Caddy will be largely read, for she proves how much power women have in beautifying as well as sweetening our lives. "No nun is so helpless as a school girl," and "a lady help generally means a helpless lady," are, we hope, by no means universally true.

Buckland's Natural History of British Fishes.

The Natural History of British Fishes; their Structure, Economic Uses, &c., &c. By Frank Buckland, Inspector of Fisheries, &c., &c. Published under the Direction of the Committee of General Literature of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

We have two reasons for very briefly noticing this book. First, the melancholy interest which attaches to the last work of so well known an author. Only two days before his death last December, Mr. F. Buckland was writing the preface, in which, while explaining that this is called a new edition of his *Familiar History of British Fishes*, he says that the large additions which his experience as inspector has enabled him to make render it practically a new work. He hopes it may be "an introduction to no less important a business than agriculture;" and he tells how he and a Grimsby friend have offered yearly prizes to trawlers (naming the date within ten days of his death) for last year's distribution, for recorded observations on the too little known bottom of our great fish farm, the North Sea. Of Mr. Buckland as a fish authority there is no need for us to speak. He was known and valued everywhere. Whoever caught a rare fish, on coast or in river, from the Orkneys to the Channel Islands, was pretty sure to send it, or an account of it, to him. He will be a distinct loss,

quite apart from his work as inaugurator of salmon-breeding here and in the colonies; and a book like this, by him, is sure to be an authority.

Our other reason for noticing the book is because of the decided stand which the author makes against evolution. "Perfect and 'very good' he believes every creature was made from the beginning, and perfect and very good it is now, and will continue to be to the end of time." In support of this he brings forward, in a way befitting the son of one of the *Bridgewater Treatise* writers, evidences of design, beauty, and order sufficient to get a verdict from a jury of the most skilful railway and mechanical engineers, that there is evidence of design and forethought, and a wondrous adaptation of means to ends. "A full acknowledgment must follow that these are due to the immediate creation of the Lord and Giver of Life." The theistic evolutionist (and it seems possible, as Professor St. George Mivart has shown, for even a Christian to persuade himself to be an evolutionist) might retort that this very adaptation of means to ends makes for, and not against his view. But we, not looking at the matter as Mr. Mivart does, are delighted to get this testimony from such a thorough investigator as Mr. Buckland to the truth of the old view of creation. "Pride of intellect," Mr. Buckland thinks, is at the bottom of the new theories. Whether this is so or not, it is a great thing to have one who knows fishes so thoroughly citing the prehensile lips of dory and sprat, the nose of the barbel, the colouring of the perch and bleak, &c., not as instances of evolution, but as proofs of God's wisdom and perfect contrivance.

The book is full of delightful anecdotes of fish-life, besides its valuable hints on fish-culture.

Capper's Shores and Cities of the Boden See.

The Shores and Cities of the Boden See; Rambles in 1879 *and* 1880: *with Maps, and numerous original Etchings on stone by H. Schmidt-Pecht.* By Samuel James Capper, Author of "Wanderings in War Time." De la Rue and Co.

Mr. Capper takes us into comparatively fresh, and therefore interesting ground; and besides describing the country as it is—Constance in summer and winter, Ueberlingen, Bregenz, St. Gall, the Rheinthal, and Seewis at every season of the year—he gives a judicious summary of local history—the Constance council, the peasant war, the thirty years' war on the shores of the Boden See, and also some good chapters on local politics, including a thorough explanation of the Lands-gemeinden. He

also talks learnedly of lake-dwellers, one of his etchings being a sketch of a lake village; and discusses the value of Davos as a health resort, earnestly deprecating the sending patients whose vital power is low to a place where the temperature ranges from 20° below zero (F.) on a cold night to 120° in the sun next day.

But why we specially notice this among the many new books of travel, is because in his introduction Mr. Capper gives at greater length what he said more than a year ago in the *Times* about the possibility of economical travelling. Eight francs a day, he is sure, will do if one is satisfied with what Baedeker ranks as second-class hotels. If you stay for some time in a place and will live *en pension*, you can live much more cheaply; and a great deal may be done in the way of sight-seeing while living *en pension*, in which life moreover one learns very much more of the people than by living in an hotel. Mr. Capper did not attain to the wonderful feat of the "Journeyman" who, in a 1s. volume, tells how he made "a Continental tour of eight days for 44s.;" but he and his wife and two young children lived abroad at a cost which will astonish many of us, and will induce those who are kept out of Wales and Scotland by the fear of high prices, and who do not care to study Irish social questions amid Irish scenery, to try the neighbourhood of Constance. The scenery is interesting, if not stupendous; and some will think it pleasanter to have one's mountains in the distance than to be crushed by their nearer presence. The hostelries round the Boden See are not like the sumptuous hotels on the Lake of Geneva. Instead of a grand *Salle-à-manger*, there is the humble *Speise-Saal* with homely German cookery. The *Speise-Saal* serves for drawing room and reading room as well; "and many of the guests are country bumpkins, whose knives habitually do dreadful duty." Mr. Capper is no friend to bargaining with, or beating down, innkeepers. Go where you can afford to go, and pay the price; the upper rooms are the cheapest, and "the price of *pension* is sometimes regulated by the number of dishes served at dinner or supper." "Stint yourself, but not others," is a good rule. "Take a small top room, forego your glass of wine or beer, or your cup of coffee of an afternoon, or walk where you would have preferred to drive, but do not try to beat down the landlord, or refrain from giving the hard-working servants little *douceurs*, which an unwritten law has rendered an act of justice." This is an age when "high thinking and plain living" is imperative; education spreads, but education will bring wealth less and less certainly; so that culture and wealth will be more and more sundered. "There will be thousands of young men and women with a fair knowledge of French and German, and a great desire to enjoy foreign travel, who will not be able to spare more than

£5 to £15 for their yearly holiday." They should certainly study Mr. Capper's introduction before going abroad.

Long's Small Farming.

Farming in a Small Way. By James Long, Author of "Poultry for Prizes and Profit," "The Goat," &c. London: Smith, Elder and Co.

This, we are constantly being told, is the age of great cities. Mr. Long thinks otherwise; he believes that there is an ever-increasing class who don't like trade and town bustle, and prefer "converting labour into pleasure among their gardens, fields, and live-stock." We are not sure that he is right. No doubt there is always a large percentage of men of business who like to dabble in farming. They are "in the City" during the week, and run down on Friday afternoon to the country seat with its model farm, or to the more or less rural villa, round which they manage to keep fowls and to garden "for pleasure and profit." Mr. Jefferies, in *Hodge and his Masters*, tells us of a successful gentleman-farmer who was also active partner in a great London business, and whose life was therefore divided between town and country. The more of such dual lives in every grade the better. Children will be healthier for being brought up even in Beckenham or Croydon, if "the drains" are in good order, than they would be in Bloomsbury (comparatively healthy as that district is) or Tyburnia. But for people to give up their city business and to take to the country is not always wise. We are the creatures of habit. Horace's stockbroker, who sold out and invested his all in sheep and vineyards and Sabine milkmaids, got tired of it in less than a month. Horace's barber, whom Mr. Attorney-General Philippus persuaded to take to farming, found it wanted more headpiece than he had at command. It is all very well to say that on £200 in the country you can live as well and keep up as good a social status as you can in town on £1,000. But to do so, you must be able to make the most of your land and your stock; and it is not every one whom even a diligent study of Mr. Long's book would enable to do that.

Premising this much by way of caution, we hasten to say that the book is thoroughly practical and very comprehensive: sure, therefore, to be of great use to any one who has the *nous* for farming. The gentleman-farmer would have to work hard; so would his wife or daughter, for the dairy must be under her active supervision. But he would have compensations—rabbiting

(Mr. Long shows how to keep up a warren, or rather to keep it down within the limits which will give the maximum of sport with the minimum of damage), and ratting (for which, if "business" is the object, he thinks there is nothing like a ferret). His children would be able to ride without cost; he could go in for pisciculture, and could add a wholesome dainty to his table by growing the much neglected watercress. Mr. Long takes his figures from a work called *Rural Economy*, published nearly eighty years ago; the basis of the comparison being that you can rent a good house and forty-three acres of fair land for £135 a year, taxes included, while a London house would cost at least £100 a year, rent and taxes. Some of the items are doubtful; we do not see why a family that drinks £15 worth of beer in town should be content with £3 worth in the country, especially as Mr. Long thinks beer is the only thing to mow upon; nor why a man whose personal expenses (including school) in the country are only £100 should find them rise to £150 in town, seeing that good day schools may be had in cities, and that all "little things" are cheaper in them than in small country towns. To pay, too, at the assumed rate, potatoes must yield five tons the acre; and money gain is reckoned not only from pigs (about which so many who keep them are in doubt whether they get anything by them but the manure), but from pigeons (which even Miss Martineau, in *Our Farm of Four Acres*, pronounced unprofitable), and from bees. One *sine quâ non*, too, is not always to be found, "the clever trusty man," even if the handy lad to help him is forthcoming. Mr. Long advises his intending farmers to have nothing to do with entailed property, and to take care that the lease is not burdened with covenants, apparently harmless, which the agent says he will make "all right," but which are often the burden of the lessee's existence, and the cause of despondency and failure. The clause against "topping and lopping," for instance, if enforced, would mean that you have to buy all your fuel and all your posts and rails. The lessee must also be careful not to bind himself against asking for compensation under the Agricultural Holdings Act: "The principle of which Act is so just that we cannot understand how English gentlemen can so far forget their position as to thus juggle themselves out of its reach."

We are glad Mr. Long thinks the labourer ought to have a garden, though not all labourers are so docile as those in his parish, who "weekly meet the vicar and the largest landowners to get instruction in tilling their allotments, and who materially benefit by what they learn." He looks through strongly rose-tinted glasses, though, when he says "the labourer can cut bracken for his pig's bedding, or roadside grass, or, better, can make a wooden bench for it to lie on, when it will require no bedding at all." This latter arrangement, which needs to be combined with

plentiful and frequent washing and a good non-leaking manure pit, is surely beyond the power of the many labourers who can scarcely get water enough for their cottage, and whose "sty" is obliged to be a very primitive affair.

Mr. Long treats of horses, cows, calving, dogs, hay-making, the garden, everything, in fact, that any one setting up in a country life can want to know. Nor does he despise the smallest details—the value of good second-hand harness, for instance, and the way to mend cracked eggs, so that they may still be sat upon successfully.

Fothergill's Food for the Invalid.

Food for the Invalid, the Convalescent, the Dyspeptic, and the Gouty. By J. Milner Fothergill, M.D. Edinburgh, M.R.C.P., &c. London: Macmillan and Co. 1880.

As the individuals referred to above always form so large a section of the community, this book will never be out of season. The invalid's eye will brighten, and the dyspeptic's mouth water as he glances at the bill of fare laid before him by Dr. Fothergill. After a concise introduction on food, its digestion and destination, with special reference to the sick room and the nursery, we find 298 recipes, including some most "toothsome dishes." At the foot of each stand capital letters to indicate which the sufferers can partake of without the danger of feeing the physician next day. The whole is written in Dr. Fothergill's usual racy style, and evidently *con amore!* The busy practitioner, the nurse, and the patient who has earned or inherited his gout or dyspepsia, will alike find his book useful.

As an example at once of Dr. Fothergill's style and homely yet practical advice, the following extract will suffice: "Then each little sandwich should be neatly cut in four, so as to give it the most appetising appearance, and served up to the invalid, adult or child, in reasonable quantity. If too great a quantity be prepared at once it destroys the patient's appetite, while what is left grows stale. Invalids should always have their food supplied in that quantity that it should be a little short of what they can eat; so that they grumble, and complain that they could have eaten a little more..... If any remain over let it at once be taken to a cool place, away from the sick room. The practice of allowing food, milk, fruit, jelly, &c., to remain in a sick room is utterly abominable and unjustifiable; it does not become more appetising by being looked at; it does not improve; while it certainly does acquire a taint from the atmosphere of the room. A glass half full of milk, a tumbler half full of ice, with a metal

spoon in it to help to melt it quickly; some jelly on a saucer; some grapes, or preserved peaches on another saucer, with the sunshine streaming in on a summer afternoon into the sick chamber, is a painful sight sadly too frequently witnessed. Who could have any appetite, or wish to live, under such circumstances?" (27, 28). Those who think minor details, such as the above, not beneath their notice make the best nurses. A great deal of the comfort of an invalid depends on little things. As public lectures on cookery are now fashionable we feel sure Dr. Fothergill's scientific little book will meet with the reception it deserves.

The Philosophy of Handwriting.

The Philosophy of Handwriting. By Don Felix De Salamanca. With One Hundred and Thirty-five Autographs. London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly. 1879.

This volume originated in a series of articles first published in the pages of an illustrated contemporary. An essay of eight pages on the general subject of chirography as an index to character is followed by a hundred and thirty-five short comments on as many autographs of celebrated men. So far as these are concerned, collectors are thus spared the trouble of asking for autographs and the disappointment that too frequently attends their requests. The variety of style is remarkable, hardly any two samples betraying any resemblance. The selection seems almost purposely confined to cases in which the handwriting has a certain individuality, ordinary commercial handwriting being avoided. Almost every kind of eminence is represented, from Beaconsfield to Beauregard, and from Cardinal Manning to Joseph Mazzini. Authors, statesmen, and musical composers are particularly well represented. The judgments pronounced on their handwriting are not deduced from their autographs only, but from considerable samples of correspondence. Hence the conclusions arrived at are not always borne out by the samples given, the signature being often either conspicuously better or conspicuously worse than the ordinary hand. Whether in some instances the already known character of the celebrated man did not in some degree influence the critic's views of his calligraphy is more than we can say. Without any intention to do an injustice, it is obvious that personal predilections would be sure to have some effect, unless the precaution were taken to pass judgment on the correspondence alone without the signature. Though neither deep nor full, this little volume will be found instructive, and

teaches some practical lessons in the department of minor morals which will be of use to all who are not too old to learn.

*** In our last Number we inadvertently fell into an error, for which we wish to apologise, both to our readers, and to the distinguished scholar who was the subject of the error. Relying on what we believed to be trustworthy authority, we stated that Dr. Kalisch, the well-known author of the Hebrew Grammar bearing his name, and of a series of important critical Commentaries on the Pentateuch, had been removed from us by death. We have since learned, with great satisfaction, that, though Dr. Kalisch's health is feeble, he is still alive; and we trust he may be long spared to the world of Biblical Literature, and may be able to add, beyond all his hopes, to the services which he has already rendered to its interests.

END OF VOL. LVI.

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