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ART. IV.—CHINESE GORDON.

The Story of Chinese Gordon. By A. EGMONT HAKE. With two portraits and two maps. Third Edition. Remington and Co. 1884.

IN the August CHURCHMAN of 1881 was reviewed "Colonel Gordon in Central Africa," a work of singular interest, consisting mainly of the Colonel's own letters, with supplementary papers. This *quasi*-autobiography was edited by Dr. G. B. Hill; it covers the Chinese as well as the Central African period. Mr. Wilson's narrative of Colonel Gordon's campaign in China is also known, probably, to many of our readers. The book before us, Mr. Hake's "story," is the "life" of General Gordon; and it is given to the world, Mr. Hake tells his readers, not only without the General's consent, but even without his knowledge. Never has a book appeared, perhaps, more truly opportune. A sixth edition, we notice, is already announced, and there is no doubt the circulation will be large. The book includes many facts already published in the late Mr. Wilson's "Ever-Victorious Army," and in Dr. Hill's work, as was inevitable, these facts forming part of the private letters, despatches, and so forth, placed at Mr. Hake's disposal.

It was in the year 1860 that Captain Gordon—already distinguished—left home for China. In the operations of the allies against Pekin he took part, and he was present at the sacking and burning of the Summer Palace. The prisoners in the Palace, it will be remembered, had been ill-treated:

> The General (wrote Gordon) ordered it to be destroyed, and stuck up proclamations to say why it was ordered. We accordingly went out, and after pillaging it, burned the whole place, destroying in a Vandal-like manner most valuable property, which could not be replaced for four millions . . . . You can scarcely imagine the beauty and magnificence of the places we burnt. It made one's heart sore to burn them; in fact, these palaces were so large, and we were so pressed for time, that we could not plunder them carefully. Quantities of gold ornaments were burned, considered as brass. It was wretchedly demoralizing work for an army. Everyhody was wild for plunder. You would scarcely conceive the magnificence of this residence, or the tremendous devastation the French have committed. The throne and room were lined with ebony, carved in a marvellous way. There were huge mirrors of all shapes and kinds, clocks, watches, musical boxes with puppets on them, magnificent china of every description; heaps and heaps of silks of all colours, embroidery, and as much splendour and civilization as you would see at Windsor; carved ivory screens, coral screens, large amounts of treasure, etc. The French have smashed everything in the most wanton way. It was a scene of utter destruction which passes my description.

In 1862, the Tai-ping rebels becoming troublesome in the neighbourhood of Shanghai, successful operations, by English troops, were made against them; and during active service, and

afterwards in surveying, Gordon gained a most useful knowledge of the country.

In January, 1863, the most famous soldier and statesman of modern China, Li Futai, better known as Li-Hung-Chang, the Governor-General of the Kiang provinces, was sent to Shanghai by the Generalissimo of the Imperialists, Tseng-kwo-fan (father of the now famous Marquis Tseng), to take measures against the rebels in that quarter. Li-Hung-Chang, always in sympathy with foreigners, solicited General Staveley to appoint a British officer to the command of the Shanghai force, officered by foreigners, maintained by the Chinese Government, which bore the title of the Ever-Victorious Army. Staveley's choice fell on Gordon, who had never commanded, but who, above all other men, says Mr. Hake, had impressed those who knew him with a sense of his great abilities. In February, 1864, Major Gordon, after due consideration, took the command of the auxiliary force, about 4,000 strong. "I think that anyone," he wrote home, "who contributes to putting down this rebellion fulfils a humane task." He held the command of the "Ever-Victorious Army" until May, 1864, when, the backbone of the rebellion being broken, there was no longer any need of such a force.

The narrative of Gordon's services at this critical time is full of interest; it reads as an exciting "story" which has the master-charm of reality. Li, the governor of the province, soon perceived what manner of man the new mandarin was. Pay was prompt. The force was reorganized; and while the privates (all Chinese) were kindly treated, they, as well as the mixed company of foreign officers, were made submissive to discipline. The Tai-pings were defeated in several engagements, and the auxiliary force, handled with remarkable skill, proved of the greatest possible service. But Governor Li (since termed the Chinese Bismarck), though he became Gordon's friend and admirer, and has remained so to this day, did not quickly learn to appreciate his commanding qualities.

Of Gordon's courage several anecdotes are related. The officers of his force were brave men enough, but were not always ready to face their desperate antagonists. They would sometimes hang back, and Gordon, in his mild way, would take one or other of them by the arm, and lead him into the thick of the fire. He himself seemed to bear a charmed life, and never carried any arms, even when foremost in the breach. To him a shower of bullets was no more than a hailstorm. In his hand he had a small cane, and with this he would direct his troops. In the Chinese imagination this cane soon became magnified into Gordon's magic wand of victory.

Once and once only was Gordon wounded. In leading the

assaults at Kintang he was shot in the leg. When the news of his wound was known much anxiety was evinced. The Emperor, it is said, was sadly grieved, and issued the following proclamation:

Li-Hung-Chang reports that General Gordon some time since started from Liyang to attack Kintang. He carried with him mortars to breach the walls. At the attack he was wounded in the leg; Li has therefore recommended him to remain at rest. Such is the despatch. Now Gordon being excessively brave and fearless, was wounded in consequence. We are on this account deeply moved with grief and admiration. On the other hand, we are informed that the wound is not serious. We order Li-Hung-Chang to visit Gordon and inquire for him daily, so as to keep his mind at rest, requesting him to wait till he shall be perfectly restored to health and strength. Respect this!

Gordon's wound was by no means serious, and he was soon as active as ever. By movements of extraordinary rapidity he broke in pieces the Rebel power; and when news came that the Order in Council which permitted British officers to take service under the Chinese Government was withdrawn, he felt that his work was done. He visited the General-in-Chief, Tseng Kwo-fan, at Nanking, and gave excellent advice as to completing the success of the Imperial arms.

The Imperial Government, in its gratitude, offered him a considerable sum of money. This was the second offer. He declined it, though he did not now wave with his cane the treasure-bearers from his presence. He had spent his pay of £1,200 a year in comforts for his army, and in the relief of the victims of the Rebel leaders. Nothing would he do, says Mr. Hake, which might give a mercenary stamp to his services, or deprive him of the reflection that he had acted in the cause of humanity alone. When he went to take leave of Li, he was received with the highest distinction. The Chinese Bismarck had learned to recognise the greatness of Gordon's character. Nor was the Government backward in acknowledging his services. In an Imperial decree, frank and generous in tone, the highest honours were conferred upon him:

"We command," so ran the decree, "that Gordon be rewarded with a yellow riding-jacket to be worn on his person, and a peacock's feather to be carried on his cap; also that there be bestowed on him four suits of the uniform proper to his rank of Ti-Tu, in token of our favour and desire to do him honour. Respect this."

Gordon had been officially invited to Pekin; but his dislike of being made a hero of prevented his going. It is pleasant to know that the Imperial Ministers, really grateful, were anxious to do him service as an English officer. An instance is related: Sir Frederick Bruce, the representative of our Government, was leaving Pekin at that time, and he received a

farewell visit from Prince Kung, the then Regent of China. A few days later the Prince returned.

"You will be astonished," he said, "to see me again, but I felt I could not allow you to leave without coming to see you about Gordon. We do not know what to do. He will not receive money from us, and we have already given him every honour which it is in the power of the Emperor to bestow; but as these can be of little value in his eyes, I have brought you this letter, and ask you to give it to the Queen of England, that she may bestow on him some reward which would be more valuable in his eyes."

"The individual is coming home," he wrote to his mother in November, 1864, "but does not wish it known." On his return, none, save his relations, heard anything of the campaign; and he declined all invitations. In 1865 he received the appointment of Commanding Royal Engineer at Gravesend, where he remained until 1871; and during those six years, "perhaps the happiest of his life," he lived a life of Christian usefulness, one of happiness and "pure peace." "His house," says Mr. Hake, "was school and hospital and almŝ-house in turn—was more like the abode of a missionary than of a Colonel of Engineers. The troubles of all interested him alike. The poor, the sick, the unfortunate, were ever welcome, and never did suppliant knock vainly at his door. He always took a great delight in children, but especially in boys employed on the river or the sea. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed them and clothed them, and kept them for weeks in his home. For their benefit he established evening classes, over which he himself presided, reading to and teaching the lads with as much ardour as if he were leading them to victory. He called them his 'kings,' and for many of them he got berths on board ship. One day a friend asked him why there were so many pins stuck into the map of the world over his mantelpiece: he was told that they marked and followed the course of the boys on their voyages—that they were moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced, and that he prayed for them as they went, day by day." The light in which he was held by these lads, adds Mr. Hake, was shown by inscriptions in chalk on the fences. A favourite legend was "God bless the Kernel."

One who saw much of him at this time writes:

His benevolence embraced all. Misery was quite sufficient claim. The workhouse and the infirmary were his constant haunts . . . All eating and drinking he was indifferent to. Coming home with us one afternoon late, we found his tea waiting for him—a most unappetising stale loaf and a teapot of tea. I remarked upon the dryness of the bread, when he took the whole loaf (a small one), crammed it into the slop-basin, and poured all the tea upon it, saying it would soon be ready for him to eat, and in half an hour it would not matter what he had eaten . . . His mystical turn of

mind lent a great charm to his words . . . We saw him very frequently, but there was a tacit understanding that we were never to invite him nor to ask him to stay longer when he rose to go. To ask him to dinner would have been a great offence. He would say, "Ask the poor and sick; don't ask me, who have enough."

In 1871, Colonel Gordon was appointed British Commissioner to the European Commission of the Danube. In taking leave of Gravesend, we read, he presented a number of Chinese flags of all colours—the trophies of his victories—to his "Kings" at the Ragged Schools. These are still yearly exhibited on the occasion of school-treats, and the donor's name is cheered to the echo.

Of his wonderful work in the Soudan, during the five years 1874-1879, some account was given, as has been said, in THE CHURCHMAN of August, 1881. Mr. Hake's narrative will deepen the impression already produced: the more we know, the more we admire—the character of the man shines ever more brightly.

Mr. Hake writes with enthusiasm; he is quite a Carlyle in admiration of a hero. But it is the man's religion, his Christian character, which apparently is most of all admired; certainly, nothing is brought out so glowingly as the hero's trust, his temper of prayer, his dependence upon God. When Gordon was leaving Cairo for the Soudan in 1877, his words, we read, were these: "I go up alone, with an Infinite Almighty God to direct and guide me; and am glad to so trust Him as to fear nothing, and indeed, to feel sure of success." This was after his second appointment; he was Governor-General of an immense territory, not only of the Soudan, but of the whole region south of the Nubian Desert.[1] He was keenly alive to the tremendous responsibilities of such a post; and no wonder, if sometimes the burden of it seemed heavier than he could bear. "With all his strength of will, with all his trust in the guardianship of an unseen Power," says Mr. Hake, "we must not marvel if, alone in the great desert, with the results of ages of evil and wrong, the mystic and the man of action sometimes give way in him, and he utter a cry of despair." He was doing heroic work for the hero's true wages—the love of Christ and the good of his fellow men. He laboured as the hand of the providence of God; he believed that his mission was of God's own setting. And though occasionally great weariness came over him, it quickly fell from him; "the valiant simplicity, the frank and happy faith" of former days, came back to aid

[1] For the first three years (1874—1877), it will be remembered, General Gordon was Governor of the Equatorial Province. In this he succeeded Sir Samuel Baker. During the years 1877—1879 his rule extended over a vastly increased territory.

him in his noble enterprise. He had put his trust in the LORD, and he never was confounded. Nay, as a rule, he took a cheerful view of the difficulties of his task.

"The work he had now undertaken," says Mr. Hake, "was fraught with peculiar perils. It demanded a tact, an energy, and a force of will, almost superhuman. He had to deal not only with worthless and often mutinous governors of provinces, but with wild and desperate tribesmen as well; he had to disband 6,000 Bashi-Bazouks, who were used as frontier guards, but who winked at slave-hunting and robbed the tribes on their own account; he had to subdue and bring to order the vast provinces of the Bahr Gazelle, but now beneath the sway of the great slaver Sebehr. It was a stupendous task: to give peace to a country quick with war; to suppress slavery among a people to whom the trade in human flesh was life and honour and fortune; to make an army out of perhaps the worst material ever seen; to grow a flourishing trade and a fair revenue in the wildest anarchy in the world."

The immensity of the undertaking (adds Mr. Hake); the infinity of details involved in a single step towards the end; the countless odds to be faced; the many pests—the deadly climate, the horrible vermin, the ghastly itch, the nightly and daily alternation of overpowering heat and bitter cold—to be endured and overcome; the environment of bestial savagery and ruthless fanaticism—all these combine to make the achievement unique in human history. . . . Like the adventurer in Browning's magnificent allegory, my hero was face to face with a vast and mighty wrong; he had everything against him, and he was utterly alone; but he stood for God and the right, and he would not blench. There stood the Tower of Evil—the grim ruined land, the awful presences, the hopeless task, the anarchy of wickedness and despair and wrath. He knew, he felt, he recognised it all; and yet——

> And yet
> Dauntless the stag-horn to my lips I set
> And blew: *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came.*

It was in January, 1879, that the power of Sebehr fell. His son Suleiman was out-manœuvred, beaten, and shot. Sebehr was tried in Cairo for rebellion against the Viceroy, found guilty, and condemned to death. But as Gordon anticipated, "nothing was done to him." He was permitted to live in Cairo, and in fact received a pension of £100 a month from the Khedive. The slave-trade, however, had received a heavy blow; and if a worthy successor to Gordon Pasha had been found, the peaceful results of his splendid successes would undoubtedly have remained. But the Khedive Ismail abdicated; and apart from the difficulties of serving the new Khedive, Gordon longed for rest. "I am neither a Napoleon nor a Colbert," was his reply to some who praised his beneficence in the Soudan; "I do not profess to have been either a great ruler or a great financier; but I can say this—I have cut off the slave-

dealers in their strongholds, and I made the people love me." Eight months earlier, Ismail had said, "Do I mistrust Gordon Pasha? That is an honest man." Before he sailed for England, this "honest man" (it is a curious fact) sent to one of the worst of the Pashas in Egypt a telegram, which ran: "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin."

How General Gordon was invited by the King of the Belgians to conduct an expedition round the Congo, and, while on his way, was summoned by his own Government to see what he could do in the Soudan, is known throughout the civilized world. The course of his mission will be watched with the keenest interest, and prayers will be daily made on his behalf.

ART. V.—DEAN BURGON'S "REVISION REVISED."

The Revision Revised. Three articles reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*—I. "The New Greek Text;" II. "The New English Version;" III. "Westcott and Hort's New Textual Theory." To which is added, "A Reply to Bishop Ellicott's Pamphlet in Defence of the Revisers and their Greek Text of the New Testament, including a Vindication of the Traditional Reading of 1 Timothy iii. 16." By JOHN WILLIAM BURGON, B.D., Dean of Chichester. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.

HAD the reprint of these articles been issued shortly after their first appearance, no doubt the book would have been eagerly bought and read. But the delay of more than a year between the publication of the third article and the appearance of the present volume has produced two distinct results. In the first place, the blow struck by the three articles has had its full effect. The Revised New Testament does not, at present, show much sign of vitality. It may be a book for scholars, or a book of reference for the many. It has not yet taken the place of the Authorised Version. Nor is it likely to do so, in our judgment. Hence there seems but little necessity, at the moment, for any renewed attack upon it. Why should we draw the sword against the slain?

But this book of Dean Burgon's also presents us with another result, of a somewhat different and special kind. The year's delay, which we have referred to, has been a year's hard work for the Dean. Seldom leaving his desk, except for the cathedral, for meals, or for his bed, he has steadily devoted himself to a question raised by the chairman and another member of the New Testament Company in their published reply to his